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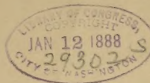
THE
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IRELAND'S POETS,
WITH
FULL AND CHOICE SELECTIONS FROM
THE
Irish-American Poets,
AND A COMPLETE DEPARTMENT OF
AUTHENTIC BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

33

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY
DANIEL CONNOLLY.

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PREFACE.

As the compilation of Poetry contained in this book has been prepared in the belief that its merit will sufficiently commend it to the public, an extended introduction to it is not deemed necessary. A few words bearing upon the character and influence of Irish poetry, and especially Irish national poetry, by writers whose authority to speak upon the subject is beyond any doubt, may, however, be given. And first, the glowing phrases of Thomas Davis, in one of his most eloquent and stirring national essays. "National poetry," he says, "is the very flowering of the soul,—the greatest evidence of its health, the greatest excellence of its beauty. Its melody is a balsam to the senses. It is the play-fellow of childhood, ripens into the companion of manhood, consoles age. It presents the most dramatic events, the largest characters, the most impressive scenes, and the deepest passions, in the language most familiar to us. It shows us magnified, ennobles our hearts, our intellect, our country and our countrymen,—binds us to the past by its condensed and gem-like history, to the future by examples and aspirations. It solaces us in travel, fires us in action, prompts our invention, sheds a grace beyond the power of luxury round our homes, is the recognized envoy of our minds among all mankind and to all time. In possessing the power and elements of a glorious nationality, we owned the sources of a national poetry. In the combination and joint development of the latter, we find a pledge and a help to that of the former."

One of the first creditable collections of Irish ballad-poetry was made by Charles Gavan Duffy, in 1845—a period especially marked by the spirited literary revival attending the Young Ireland movement. Speaking of the growth of Irish verse in English words, in his preface to that useful and unpretentious book ("The Ballad Poetry of Ireland"), Mr. Duffy said:—"Our Anglo-Irish ballads, like our best Anglo-Irish families, grew to be national gradually, but instinctively and half consciously. Before the time of Swift, they were chiefly written by followers of the Court. They were, of course, satires on the country, or caricatures on the manners and language of the natives. Swift snatched these weapons out of the hands of the English faction and turned them against their own breasts. He rescued our popular poetry from fribbles on the one hand, and from ignorant strollers on the other; and gave it a vigor and concentration which it never has wholly lost. . . . That strange tenacity of the Celtic race, which makes a description of their habits and propensities when Cæsar was still a proconsul in Gaul, true of the Irish people of this day, has enabled them to infuse the ancient and hereditary spirit of the country into all that is genuine in our

modern poetry. And even the language grew almost Irish. The soul of the country stammering its passionate grief and hatred in a strange tongue, loved still to utter them in its old idioms and cadences; uttering them, perhaps, with more piercing earnestness because of the impediment, and winning out of the very difficulty an unconscious grace and triumph. Some of the nameless, indefinite charms that win every reader of genuine Anglo-Irish song are traceable to this source."

Referring to Mr. Duffy's valuable little volume in his supplemental "*Book of Irish Ballads*," which quickly followed it, one of Ireland's most successful poets, Denis Florence MacCarthy, admirably says:—"To us there can scarcely be anything more interesting than these snatches and fragments of old songs and ballads, which are the chapters of a nation's history. Without these, how difficult would it be for the best disposed and the most patriotic amongst us to free our minds from the false impressions which the study (superficial as it was) of the history of our country, as told by those who were not her children or her friends, had made upon us. Instead of the rude kerns that anti-Irish historians represent our forefathers to have been, forever hovering with murderous intent round the fortresses of the Pale, we see them, in their own ballads, away in their green valleys and inaccessible mountains, as fathers, as brothers, as lovers and as husbands, leading the old patriarchal life with their wives and children, while the air is musical with the melody of their harps and the lowing of their cattle: we see them hunting the red deer over the brown mountains, or spearing the salmon in the pleasant rivers,—or, borne on their swift horses, descending in many a gallant foray on the startled intruders of the Pale. What is of more importance, we look into the hearts and minds of these people,—we see what they love with such passion—what they hate with such intensity—what they revere with such sacred fidelity. We find they had love, they had hate, they had loyalty, they had religion, they had constancy, they had an undying devotion for the 'green hills of holy Ireland': and as such they are entitled to our respect, our affection and our imitation."

All the conditions pertaining to Irish poetry—its inspiration, form, and expression—have, however, undergone very great change since the period thus referred to. The songs and ballads of the bards belong to a distant age, when all things except human nature itself were very different from those of the present time. To-day, the poetry of the Irish race, like the race itself, is widely scattered. It may, indeed, be said to mingle with the literature of the world. Not only are the more popular Irish songs and ballads known in all civilized parts of the globe, but many of the most spirited poems relating to Ireland have been written thousands of miles distant from the sources of their inspiration. In the circumstances of its production, as well as in its most salient characteristics, the poetry identified with the Ireland of the present generation and the one preceding it, differs from that of every other country. All the poets of America, England, Scotland, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, have written at home, but it has not been so with their brethren of Ireland. Even the most gifted of Erin's minstrels sang some of his sweetest strains in a country that was not his own. It is in America, however, which now contains in its great national family so many millions of the Celtic race, that the largest and worthiest external contributions to Irish poetical literature have been made. Almost as much poetry that may be called Irish has been written in America during the past thirty or forty years as in

Ireland itself. And it may with truth be added that the intrinsic value of the verse thus produced does not suffer by comparison with the poetry written in Ireland during the same period.

This book, then, is designed to present as complete and varied a collection of the best Irish and Irish-American poetry as can be offered in a single volume of convenient size. Much time and care have been given to its preparation, and a distinct purpose to make it worthy of the title selected for it has guided all the research and other labor it has demanded. As an actual cyclopedia of the poetry of Ireland and the Irish race, it takes a place that has not hitherto been occupied. The various collections of Irish verse which have from time to time appeared have been restricted in character and material, and have, consequently, failed to meet the demand for a complete work of this kind. An exception might, perhaps, be made in the case of the "Ballads of Ireland" compiled a generation ago by Edward Hayes; but in addition to the circumstance that it is now practically out of print, that collection contained very few poems written later than 1850, or by other than distinctively native Irish authors. The ground covered by it was, therefore, necessarily limited, and to the present generation the book is but little known.

Much good poetry drifts hither and thither on the stream of fugitive verse, and, if not wholly lost, is likely to become forgotten. Many of the pieces here presented have been rescued from the oblivion that seemed awaiting them in this way. It is not improbable that some others of equal merit have escaped the Editor's search, but it may at least be said that the search has been made with an active desire to obtain all worthy poems of this class which it was possible to find. It has not proved practicable to examine *every* publication in which such poems may have appeared, but all available means to discover good fugitive pieces have been employed, with results which, it is hoped, will be accepted as showing an impartial purpose in performing this somewhat difficult part of the work.

In arranging the poems according to the theme or motive of each, rather than chronologically, or by inserting all the pieces by each author in consecutive order, the Editor has followed the plan of the well-known "Household Book of Poetry," and the Library of Poetry and Song," edited respectively by Charles A. Dana and William Cullen Bryant. This has been done because the plan appears to be the most systematic of the many whereon compilations of poetry have been prepared. It has involved much labor which could have been avoided by adopting any of the more usual methods; but a desire for thoroughness in every respect has prevailed over all other considerations, and it is believed that the readers of the book will find the arrangement convenient and satisfactory. A perplexing difficulty has been to find for each poem a place exactly suited to its theme, and this, it must be confessed, has not been wholly overcome. A few pieces may possibly appear misplaced, but in extenuation of this fault it may be said that a gem is usually valued for itself, without special reference to its setting. If the divisions were ten times the number they are, some poems might still seem to be out of their proper place.

It will be observed that the part of the book occupied by humorous verse is not large. It could easily be extended by inserting pieces of the kind called "comic," whereof there is an offensive and quite unnecessary abundance. But this kind of verse is, in the main, merely vulgar, and wholly unfit for admittance into decent company. Much of it that

passes as Irish is not Irish at all, but was written by persons totally incapable of giving in song or otherwise, the peculiar and elusive lights and shades of true Irish humor. Some, however, is due to writers of Irish birth, who could easily have found better use for such talent as they possessed than to exercise it for the gratification of depraved tastes, whether among their own people or others. All verse of this class is rigorously excluded from the present compilation, as it should be from every book having the slightest claim to a respectable character.

As a few of the writers introduced are but remotely Irish, the propriety of introducing them at all may possibly be questioned. It should, therefore, be said that no broader claim than the circumstances warrant is made in the case of any of these. They are not presented as Irish, but simply as poets who are partly, at least, of Irish extraction. It would be obviously absurd, for example, to put the name of Mrs. Whitman or Dr. English on a list of Irish poets, the blood of each having been well mixed on American soil. A kindred statement may be made with reference to a few who were born in England. Any reader who is curious to know why such writers are included in the book will find the reason set forth in the Biographical Notes. The lines of Irish connection are there plainly and carefully drawn.

No effort has been spared to make the Biographical Notes full and accurate in all essential respects. They are compiled from the results of diligent inquiry and research, and can be commended as strictly authentic. It is not supposed that all readers of the poems will consult them, but it is believed that those who do so will thereby enhance their appreciation of the book as a whole. In some cases the notes have a direct bearing on the poems, and the author and his verses should be brought together to assure a proper understanding of his motive. So far as the Editor is aware, the plan of giving what is substantially a dictionary of authors, in a special department, has not hitherto been used in a book of this character.

The work now completed was undertaken solely from a conviction that it needed to be done. Several schemes similar in purpose to the one it represents have been projected from time to time, but the work itself has remained unperformed. In the form in which it now stands, it represents several years of labor, pursued with a fixed purpose to reach a worthy end. It doubtless contains some defects, but not many books of the class to which it belongs are perfect in the eyes of all who read them. All that can be desired is, that it will be judged with fairness, and received with such favor as it may deserve. It is, at all events, the first complete compilation of good Irish and Irish-American poetry that has been placed before the public.

In the course of its preparation much valuable aid has been rendered by various friendly hands, both in Ireland and throughout the United States. For all such assistance, which has in some instances amounted to coöperation, and for many courtesies kindly extended by publishers, the Editor's most cordial thanks are due. An undertaking in which much pleasure has lightened labor is now closed, but its results, it is hoped, will endure

D. C.

O Poet Prophets! God hath sent ye forth
 With lips made consecrate by altar fire,
 To guide the Future, not to tread the Past;
 To chant in glorious music Man's great Hymn,
 The watchword of Humanity—Advance!
 Advance in Wisdom, Nobleness and Truth,
 High aims, high purposes and self-control,
 Which is self-reverence, knowing we shall stand
 With crown'd angels before God's great throne.
 The Poet nerves the arm to do great deeds,
 Inspires great thoughts, flings o'er the tears of life
 The rainbow-arch, to save us from despair;
 Quickens the stagnant energies to act,
 Bears the advancing banner of the age,
 Full in the van of all Humanity;
 And with a strength God-given, rolls the stone,
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LADY WILDE.

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PART I.

POEMS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

I said it was a willful, wayward thing,
And so it is,—fantastic and perverse,—
Which makes its sport of persons and of seasons,
Taking its own way, no matter right or wrong.
It is the bee that finds the honey out
Where least you dream 'twould find that nectarous store—
And 'tis an arrant masker—this same Love—
That most outlandish, freakish faces wears,
To hide his own. Looks a proud Spaniard now;
Now a grave Turk; hot Ethiopian next,
And then phlegmatic Englishman; and then
Gay Frenchman; by-and-by, Italian,
All things a song; and in another skip,
Gruff Dutchman; still is Love behind the mask!
It is a hypocrite! looks every way
But that where lie its thoughts! will openly
Frown at the thing it smiles in secret on;
Shows most like hate, e'en when it most is Love;
Would fain convince you it is very rock
When it is water! ice when it is fire!
Is oft its own dupe, like a thorough cheat;
Persuades itself 'tis not the thing it is;
Holds up its head, purses its brows and looks
Askant, with scornful lip, hugging itself
That it is high disdain,—till suddenly
It falls on 'ts knees, making most piteous suit
With hail of tears and hurricane of sighs,
Calling on heaven and earth for witnesses
That it is Love, true Love—nothing but Love!

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

POEMS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

O, the days are gone when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove ;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream :
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past ;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last ;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one lov'd name.

No,—that hallowed form is ne'er forgot
Which first love trac'd ;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odor fled
As soon as shed ;
'Twas morning's winged dream ;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream :
O, 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

THOMAS MOORE.

LOVE'S LANGUAGE.

Need I say how much I love thee ?—
Need my weak words tell,
That I prize but heaven above thee,
Earth not half so well ?
If this truth has failed to move thee,
Hope away must flee ;
If thou dost not feel I love thee,
Vain my words would be !

Need I say how long I've sought thee ?—
Need my words declare,
Dearest, that I long have thought thee
Good and wise and fair ?
If no sigh this truth has brought thee,
Woe, alas ! to me ;
Where thy own heart has not taught thee,
Vain my words would be !

Need I say when others wooed thee,
How my breast did pine,
Lest some fond heart that pursued thee
Dearer were than mine ?
If no pity then came to thee,
Mixed with love for me,
Vainly would my words imbue thee,
Vain my words would be !

Love's best language is unspoken,
Yet how simply known ;
Eloquent is every token,
Look, and touch, and tone.
If thy heart hath not awoken,
If not yet on thee
Love's sweet silent light hath broken,
Vain my words would be !

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

THE WREATH AND THE CHAIN.

I bring thee, love, a golden chain,
 I bring thee too a flowery wreath;
 The gold shall never wear a stain,
 The flow'rets long shall sweetly breathe.
 Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
 To bind thy gentle heart to me.

The Chain is form'd of golden threads,
 Bright as Minerva's yellow hair,
 When the last beam of evening sheds
 Its calm and sober lustre there.
 The Wreath's of brightest myrtle wove,
 With sun-lit drops of bliss among it,
 And many a rose leaf, cull'd by Love,
 To heal his lip when bees have stung it.
 Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
 To bind thy gentle heart to me.

Yes, yes, I read that ready eye,
 Which answers when the tongue is loath,
 Thou lik'st the form of either tie,
 And spread'st thy playful hands for both.
 Ah!—if there were not something wrong,
 The world would see them blended oft;
 The Chain would make the Wreath so strong!
 The Wreath would make the Chain so soft!
 Then might the gold, the flow'rets, be
 Sweet fetters for my love and me.

But, Fanny, so unblest they twine,
 That (heaven alone can tell the reason)
 When mingled thus they cease to shine,
 Or shine but for a transient season.
 Whether the Chain may press too much,
 Or that the Wreath is slightly braided,
 Let but the gold the flow'rets touch,
 And all their bloom, their glow is faded!
 O, better to be always free,
 Than thus to bind my love to me.

The timid girl now hung her head,
 And, as she turn'd an upward glance,
 I saw a doubt its twilight spread
 Across her brow's divine expanse.
 Just then, the garland's brightest rose
 Gave one of its love-breathing sighs—
 O, who can ask how Fanny chose,
 That ever look'd in Fanny's eyes?
 "The Wreath, my life, the Wreath shall be
 The tie to bind my soul to thee."

THOMAS MOORE.

THE ANXIOUS LOVER.

I saw a damsel in a somber room,
 Laid low in beds of purple violet,
 And pale, sweet roses, that perfumed the gloom;
 And then I thought: This is a gray sunset
 Of days of loving life. Shall he who stands
 Beside her bier, in sorrow for his love,
 Be first in Heaven to clasp her gentle hands,
 To bow with her before the Lord above?

If love can die, let my heart be as cold
 As Galatea's was before the words
 Of the warm sculptor drew it from the mold
 And made her hear the sound of singing birds.
 Love's sunshine and love's shadows, are they all
 Like April sun and shadow on the earth?
 If love can die at sight of funeral-pall,
 Would I had strangled it in its sad birth.

I know that the sweet Spring will surely go,
 And leave no trace, except a blossom dry;
 I know that life will pass as passes snow
 When March winds blow and river-floods are
 high;
 I know that all the maples on the hill,
 That fire the air with flame, to ashes burn;
 I know that all the singing birds that fill
 The air with song, to silent dust will turn.

Oh! love, my love, can it, then, ever be
 That thou or I may gaze upon love's death?
 That thou shalt some day, sad and silently,
 Look on me dumb and cold and without
 breath?
 Or, shall I see thee lying white and wan,
 Like yonder damsel in the flower-bed,
 And only say: "My lady sweet has gone;
 She's lost to me; she's dead; *what meaneth*
dead?"

If love can die, then I will no more look
 Into thy eyes, and see thy pure thoughts there,
 Nor will I read in any poet's book
 Of all the things that poets make so fair.
 If love can die, the poet's art is vain,
 And thy blue eyes might well be blossoms blue,
 And thy soft tears be only senseless rain,
 Since love can die, like flowers and soulless
 dew.

I care not for thy smile, if love can die.
 If I must leave thee, let me leave thee now.
 Shall I not know thee, if in Heaven high
 I enter and before the Holy bow?

Shalt thou not know me when before the throne
Thou, white-robed one, shalt enter into light?
I cannot think the Lord of Love has sown
His precious seed to make but one day bright.

Would I were dead, if death is then the end
Of all the loving that makes life so fair.
If love can die, I pray the sun may send
An arrow through my head, that death may tear
Away my soul, and make me soon forget
The fair, false hope of an eternal dawn,
Which yet may die like purple violet
Strewn on the robe of that sweet damsel wan.

Ah! love, my love, when I look in thy eyes,
And hear thy voice, like softened village-bells,
Coming to one who long has sent up sighs
From foreign lands to be where his love dwells,
My heart lifts up itself in ecstasy.
"Life were not life if our strong love could die.
The earth may crumble, but our love and we
Shall live forever. 'This is true!' I cry.

MAURICE F. EGAN

TIME AND LOVE.

Old Time is a pilgrim; with onward course
He journeys for months, for years;
But the traveler to-day must halt perforce,—
Behold, a broad river appears.
"Pass me over!" Time cried; "Oh! tarry not,
For I count each hour with my glass;
Ye, whose skiff is moored to yon pleasant spot,—
Young maidens, old TIME come pass!"

Many maids saw with pity, upon the bank,
The old man with his glass in grief;
Their kindness, he said, he would ever thank,
If they'd row him across in their skiff.
While some wanted Love to unmoor the bark,
One wiser in thought sublime:
"Oft shipwrecks occur," was the maid's remark,
"When seeking to pass old TIME!"

From the strand the small skiff Love pushed
He passed to the pilgrim's side, [afloat.—
And taking old Time in his well trimmed boat,
Dipped his oars in the flowing tide.
Sweetly he sung as he worked at the oar,
And this was his merry song,—
"You see, young maidens who crowd the shore,
How with Love TIME passes along!"

But soon the boy of his task grew tired,
As he often had been before;
And faint from his toil, for mercy desired
Father Time to take up the oar.
In his turn grown tuneful, the pilgrim old
With the paddles resumed the lay; [hold
But he changed it, and sung, "Young maids, be-
How with TIME Love passes away!"

FRANCIS S. MAHONY.

THE BELOVED.

You know not of my love, and need not know;
Why should you heed, if once again the snare
Of those clear eyes and crown of comely hair
Have brought another victim to lie low
Before your conquering feet, that well might go
Treading on lovers' bodies everywhere?
The thing is common, and you need not care.
Who have grown sick of loving long ago.
But for my part, it pleases me to lie
So in Love's chains, and dream glad hours away,
To sing you fair all other fair above.
Perchance I may prove wiser by-and-by,
And weep for this my folly; but to-day
It pleases me to love you, and I love.

JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY.

THE ONE YOU LOVED THE BEST.

Oh! love—love well, but only once! for never
never shall the dream
Of youthful hope return again on life's fast roll-
ing stream;
No love can match the early one which young
affection nursed,—
Ah! no—the one you loved the best is she you
loved the first.
Once lost—that gladsome vision past—a fairer
form may rise,
And eyes whose lustre mocks the light of starry
southern skies;
But vainly seek you to enshrine the charmer in
your breast,
For still the one you loved the first is she you
loved the best.
Again—'tis gone, 'tis passed away; those gentle
tones and looks
Have vanished like the feathery snow in sum-
mer's running brooks;

With weary pinions, wandering love forsakes
the heart — his nest,
And fain would rest again with her whom first
you loved, and best.

Perchance some faithful one is found, when
love's romance is o'er,

With her you safe thro' storms may glide, to
reach life's farthest shore ;

But all too cold and real now you deem your
home of rest,

And you sigh for her you loved the first, for her
you loved the best.

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

LOVE'S BLISS.

Flow on, my soul, in rills of pleasure bright !
Attune each chord to notes of deepest bliss ;
My lips have tasted of the rapt delight
That springs from Love's first kiss !

I seem to tread a newer, brighter land,
To breathe a sweeter and a purer air,
Since I have won the spotless heart and hand
Of her to me most fair.

I gazed into her eyes of liquid blue,
And saw there beam the rays of holiest love ;
Rang in my ears her promise to be true,
Like strains from heaven above, —

While o'er her cheeks the blushes crept and stole,
As steals the wind through fields of waving
Clear imaging the feelings of her soul, [grass,
As in a polished glass.

My soul rejoiced the while her hand in mine
Was prisoned close ; her eyes to mine were
turned ;
The incense sweet of quenchless love divine
Within my bosom burned.

O, Love ! pure Love ! without thee, bleak and
bare [dole
This life would be, with nought but grief and
To haunt man's weary footsteps everywhere,
And torture heart and soul !

O, Love, sweet Love ! what blisses now are
mine ! [sess
What joys erstwhile unknown my heart pos-
Since I have knelt me at thy sacred shrine,
And felt thy fond caress !

JAMES RYAN.

PARTING LOVERS.

Winding upward rose a slender vine tree,
Winding upward round the fort of Buda.
Ah, no vine tree was it winding upward,
But a loving maiden round her lover !
Early had the twain begun their loving,
Loving ever since their days of childhood ;
Now they had to say farewell forever.

To the maiden thus the stripling murmured :
" Three broad rivers, maiden, run before thee,
Nigh the third a garden green is growing ;
In the garden blooms a tree of roses ;
From that rose-tree pluck a rose, O maiden,
Lay it near thy heart, within thy bosom :
Faster than the rose leaves fade within it,
Faster fades my heart for thee, beloved !"

To the stripling thus the maiden answered :
" Three high mountains, youth, arise before thee,
From the third there flows a quiet fountain ;
Nigh the fountain lies a rock of marble ;
On the marble stands a silver chalice ;
In the silver chalice lies a snowflake.
Bear away the snowflake from the beaker,
Lay it near thy heart, upon thy bosom :
Faster than the flake of snow dissolveth,
Faster melts my heart for thee, beloved !"

—From the Serbian.

WHITLEY STOKES.

LOVE'S REMONSTRANCE.

Dear Tom, my brave, free-hearted lad,
Where'er you go, God bless you !
You'd better speak than wish you had,
If love for me distress you.
To me, they say, your thoughts incline,
And possibly they may so ;
Then, once for all, to quiet mine,
Tom, if you love me, say so.

On that stout heart and manly frame
Sits lightly sport or labor,
Good-humored, frank, and still the same
To parent, friend, or neighbor.
Then why postpone your love to own
For me, from day to day so ?
And let me whisper, still alone,
" Tom, if you love me, say so."

How oft when I was sick or sad
 With some remembered folly,
 The sight of you has made me glad,
 And then most melancholy!
 Ah! why will thoughts of one so good,
 Upon my spirits prey so?
 By you it should be understood—
 Tom, if you love me, say so!

Last Monday, at the cricket-match,
 No rival stood before you;
 In harvest time, for quick despatch
 The farmers all adore you;
 And evermore your praise they sing,
 Though one thing you delay so;
 And I sleep nightly murmuring,
 "Tom, if you love me, say so!"

Whate'er of ours you chance to seek,
 Almost before you breathe it,
 I bring, with blushes on my cheek,
 And all my soul goes with it.
 Why thank me, then, with voice so low,
 And faltering turn away so?
 When next you come, before you go,
 Tom, if you love me, say so!

When Jasper Wild, beside the brook,
 Resentful round us lowered,
 I oft recall that lion-look
 That quelled the savage coward.
 Bold words, and free you uttered then:—
 Would they could find their way so,
 When these moist eyes so plainly mean,
 "Tom, if you love me, say so!"

My friends, 'tis true, are well to do,
 And yours are poor and friendless;
 Ah, no! for they are rich in you,—
 Their happiness is endless.
 You never let them shed a tear,
 Save that on you they weigh so;
 There's one might bring you better cheer,—
 Tom, if you love me, say so!

My uncle's legacy is all
 For you, Tom, when you choose it;
 In better hands it cannot fall,
 Or better trained to use it.
 I'll wait for years, but let me not
 Nor wooed nor plighted stay so;
 Since wealth and worth make even lot,—
 Tom, if you love me, say so!

JAMES KENNY.

OH! WERE MY LOVE.

Oh! were my Love a country lass,
 That I might see her every day;
 And sit with her on hedgerow grass
 Beneath a bough of May;
 And find her cattle when astray,
 Or help to drive them to the field,
 And linger on our homeward way,
 And woo her lips to yield
 A twilight kiss before we parted,
 Full of love, yet easy-hearted.

Oh! were my Love a cottage maid,
 To spin through many a winter night,
 Where ingle-corner lends its shade
 From fir-wood blazing bright.
 Beside her wheel what dear delight
 To watch the blushes go and come
 With tender words, that took no fright
 Beneath the friendly hum;
 Or rising smile, or tear-drop swelling,
 At a fireside legend's telling.

Oh! were my Love a peasant girl
 That never saw the wicked town;
 Was never dight with silk or pearl,
 But graced a homely gown.
 How less than weak were fashion's frown
 To vex our unambitious lot;
 How rich were love and peace to crown
 Our green secluded cot;
 Where age would come serene and shining,
 Like an autumn day's declining.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

HITHER, O LOVE!

Hither, O Love! Come hither
 On pinions of young delight,
 Ere the bloom of the morning wither,
 While the dew lies bright;
 The meadows their balm are breathing,
 Day bends o'er the limpid lake,
 All nature her beauties wreathing
 For thy sweet sake!

O, joy is the mate of morning,
 And love is the child of light,
 And youth is the time for scorning
 The bonds of night!

Then come — while the world lies jaded,
The elves of the woodland wake,
And dawn keeps her fields unfaded
For thy sweet sake!

JOHN TODHUNTER

FLORENCE MACCARTHY'S FAREWELL TO HIS ENGLISH LOVE.

My pensive-browed Evangeline!
What says to thee old Windsor's pine,
Whose shadow o'er thy pleasance sways?
It says, "Ere long the evening star
Will pierce my darkness from afar:
I grieve as one with grief who plays."

Evangeline! Evangeline!
In that far distant land of mine
There stands a yew-tree among tombs!
For ages there that tree has stood,
A black pall dash'd with drops of blood;
O'er all my world it breathes its glooms.

England's fair child, Evangeline!
Because my yew-tree is not thine,
Because thy gods on mine wage war,
Farewell! Back fall the gates of brass;
The exile to his own must pass:
I seek the land of tombs once more.

AUBREY T. DE VERE.

WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

What will you do, love, when I am going,
With white sail flowing,
To seas beyond?
What will you do, love, when waves divide us,
And friends may chide us,
For being fond?
Tho' waves divide us, and friends be chiding,
In faith abiding,
I'll still be true.
And I'll pray for thee on the stormy ocean,
In deep devotion —
That's what I'll do!
What would you do, love, if distant tidings,
Thy fond confidings
Should undermine;
And I abiding 'neath sultry skies,
Should think other eyes
Were as bright as thine?

Oh, name it not, for though guilt and shame
Were on thy name,
I'd still be true;
But that heart of thine, should another share it,
I could not bear it —
What would I do?

What would you do, love, when home returning,
With hopes high burning,
With wealth for you —
If my bark, that bounded o'er foreign foam,
Should be lost near home —
Ah, what would you do?
So thou wert spared, I'd bless the morrow,
In want and sorrow,
That left me you;
And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow,
My heart thy pillow! —
That's what I'd do.

SAMUEL LOVER.

A DECADE OF LOVE.

An angel came down with a golden lyre,
And the strings of the lyre were ten,
And the sound of its notes, played one by one,
Trembled and intertwined;
And he passed away ere the playing was done,
But the harmony dwelt on the wind,
Like the mingling of all the celestial choir —
And the echoes it waked were ten.

A spirit came bearing a chalice of tears,
And the sighs that he breathed were ten,
And the tears from the chalice dropped one by
On my bride's fair face and mine; [one
But above us was glowing Love's glorious sun,
Whose rays are a joy divine
That shines serene through the passing years —
And the drops that it dried were ten.

A nymph came laughing o'er fields of June,
And the roses she bore were ten,
And they dropped from her fingers, one by one,
Kissing our brows as they fell, [run,
While her laughter rang clear as the steamlets
Or the tones of our marriage bell,
Till our hearts beat time to the lightsome tune,
And the perfumes she breathed were ten.

Oh, decade of love to my marvelling soul!
Can the years be truly ten
That have flown like a rhapsody, one by one,
O'er me and my darling bride?

Was it yesterday morn that her heart was won?
 Oh, years that in moments glide!
 Still rapt into ecstasy may ye roll
 Though time counts slowly ten.

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

LOVE SONG.

Sweet in her green dell the flower of beauty
 slumbers,
 Lulled by the faint breezes sighing through
 her hair!
 Sleeps she and hears not the melancholy numbers
 Breathed to my sad lute amid the lonely air!

Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming
 To wind round the willow banks that lure
 him from above;

Oh that, in tears, from my rocky prison streaming,
 I, too, could glide to the bower of my love!

Ah, where the woodbines with sleepy arms have
 wound her,

Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,
 List'ning, like the dove, while the fountains
 echo round her,

To her lost mate's call in the forests far away!

Come, then, my bird! for the peace thou ever
 bearest,

Still heaven's messenger of comfort to me—
 Come! this fond bosom, my faithfulest, my fairest,
 Bleeds with its death-wound, but deeper yet
 for thee!

GEORGE DARLEY.

THE VISION OF LOVE.

Oh, daring Muse, wilt thou indeed essay
 To paint the wonders which that lamp could
 show?

And canst thou hope in living words to say
 The dazzling glories of that heavenly view?
 Ah, well I ween, that if with pencil true
 That splendid vision could be well express'd,
 The fearful awe imprudent Psyche knew
 Would seize with rapture every wondering
 breast,

When love's all-potent charms divinely stood
 confess'd.

All imperceptible to human touch,
 His wings display celestial essence light,
 The clear effulgence of the blaze is such,
 The brilliant plumage shines so heavenly bright,
 That mortal eyes turn dazzled from the sight;
 A youth he seems, in manhood's freshest years;
 Round his fair neck, as clinging with delight,
 Each golden curl resplendently appears,
 Or shades his darker brow, which grace majes-
 tic wears.

Or o'er his guileless front the ringlets bright
 Their rays of sunny lustre seem to throw,
 That front than polished ivory more white.
 His blooming cheeks with deeper blushes glow
 Than roses scatter'd o'er a bed of snow;
 While on his lips, distill'd in balmy dews
 (Those lips divine, that even in silence know
 The heart to touch), persuasion to infuse,
 Still hangs a rosy charm that never vainly sues.

The friendly curtain of indulgent sleep
 Disclos'd not yet his eyes' restless sway,
 But from their silky veil there seem'd to peep
 Some brilliant glances with a soften'd ray,
 Which o'er his features exquisitely play,
 And all his polish'd limbs suffuse with light.
 Thus thro' some narrow space the azure day,
 Sudden its cheerful rays diffusing bright,
 Wide darts its lucid beams to gild the brow of
 night.

His fatal arrows and celestial bow
 Beside the couch were negligently thrown,
 Nor needs the god his dazzling arms to show
 His glorious birth; such beauty round him shone
 As sure could spring from Beauty's self alone,
 The bloom which glow'd o'er all of soft desire,
 Could well proclaim him Beauty's cherish'd son;
 And Beauty's self will oft those charms admire,
 And still reveal his witching smile, his glance's
 living fire.

Speechless with awe, in transport strangely lost,
 Long Psyche stood with fix'd adoring eye;
 Her limbs immovable, her senses toss'd
 Between amazement, fear and ecstasy,
 She hangs enamor'd o'er the deity:
 Till from her trembling hand extinguish'd falls
 The fatal lamp—he starts—and suddenly
 Tremendous thunders echo thro' the halls,
 While ruin's hideous crash bursts o'er the
 affrighted walls.

MARY TIGHE.

—From "*Psyche, or the Legend of Love.*"

A DREAM.

I dreamed I went to seek for her whose sight
Is sunshine to my soul; and in my dream
I found her not; then sank the latest beam
Of day in the rich west; upswam the Night
With sliding dews, and still I searched in vain,
Thro' thickest glooms of garden-alleys quaint,
On moonlit lawns, by glimmering lakes where faint
The ripples brake and died, and brake again.
Then said I, "At God's inner court of light
I will beg for her;" straightway toward the
same

I went, and lo! upon the altar-stair
She knelt with face uplifted, and soft hair
Fallen upon shoulders purely gowned in white,
And on her parted lips I read my name.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

CORINNE'S LAST LOVE SONG.

How beautiful, how beautiful you streamed
upon my sight,
In glory and in grandeur, as a gorgeous sunset-
light!
How softly, soul-subduing, fell your words
upon mine ear,
Like low aerial music when some angel hovers
near!
What tremulous, faint ecstasy to clasp your
hand in mine,
Till the darkness fell upon me of a glory too
divine!
The air around grew languid with our inter-
mingled breath,
And in your beauty's shadow I sank motionless
as death.
I saw you not, I heard not, for a mist was on
my brain—
I only felt that life could give no joy like that again.

And this was Love—I knew it not, but blindly
floated on,
And now I'm on the ocean waste, dark, deso-
late, alone;
The waves are raging round me—I'm reckless
where they guide;
No hope is left to light me, no strength to stem
the tide.
As a leaf along the torrent, a cloud across the sky,
As dust upon the whirlwind, so my life is drift-
ing by.

The dream that drank the meteor's light—the
form from Heav'n has flown—
The vision and the glory, they are passing—
they are gone.
Oh! love is frantic agony, and life one throb of
pain;
Yet I would bear its darkest woes to dream
that dream again.

LADY WILDE.

IRISH LOVE SONG.

Breathe gently, ye breezes, across the high
meadow,
Fall softly, ye shadows, dark robes of the night,
Unfold all your petals, wild mint and blue pansy,
Exhale all your odors, O, brook-lily bright:—
For she comes when the deep Sabbath stillness
of evening [west—
Steals out from the darkening woods in the
When the glen-throistle sings 'mid the chestnut's
dim branches,
And the twilight mist glides o'er the blue
lakelet's breast.

I'll weave this bright garland now here in the
shadow,
And think of her glances and greeting the while,
Till I hear the green wicket swing round on its
hinges,
And the light little foot on the steps of the stile:
She comes! that's her voice from the low wood-
land pathway; [brake;
The sweet-brier fragrance floats up from the
She comes! and auroral light swims round and
round her,
And fairy-like music her light footfalls make.

I see her glide out from the sycamore's shadow—
The white moon shines full on her beautiful
face; [glowing;
On her cheek the soft flush of the May-dawn is
And what nymph ever tripped with so dainty
a pace?
O, tender-souled darling, come—quicker, come
quicker—
I'll crown with this rose wreath my heart's
summer queen;
What are all the rich dow'rs of earth's opulent
kingdoms
To the joy of now kissing my blue-eyed
Kathleen!

JOHN LOCKE.

AN IRISH MAIDEN'S LOVE.

My love he has a soft blue eye,
 With silken lashes drooping;
 Its glances are like angels' smiles,
 From heaven's gates down-stooping;—
 As bright as beams of Paradise,
 As joyous and serene,
 And when they shine upon me
 I am jeweled like a queen.

My love he has the fondest heart
 That maiden e'er took pride in;
 'Twas nurtured in the fair green land
 His fathers lived and died in.
 He holds us dear—that native land,
 And me, his dark colleen,
 And just because he loves me
 I am happy as a queen.

My love he wraps me all around
 With his true heart's devotion;
 With wealth more rare than India's gold,
 Or all the gems of ocean;
 He clothes me with his tenderness,
 The deepest ever seen,
 And while I wear such costly robes
 I'm richer than a queen.

Oh! kindly does he soothe me when
 My heart is faint and low;
 My joy is his delight, and all
 My griefs are his, I know.
 In the spring-time he is coming,
 And I count the days between,
 For, with such a royal king to rule,
 Who would not be a queen?

MARY E. MANNIX.

THE BANKS OF THE LEE.

Oh, the banks of the Lee, the banks of the
 And love in a cottage for Mary and me! [Lee:
 There's not in the land a lovelier tide, [bride.
 And I'm sure that there's no one so fair as my
 She's modest and meek,
 There's a down on her cheek,
 And her chin is as sleek
 As a butterfly's wing.—
 Then her step would scarce show
 On the new-fallen snow;
 And her whisper is low,
 But as clear as the spring.

Oh! the banks of the Lee, the banks of the
 And love in a cottage for Mary and me! [Lee:
 I know not how love is happy elsewhere,
 I know not how any but lovers are there.

Oh! so green is the grass, so clear is the
 stream,
 So mild is the mist, and so rich is the beam,
 That beauty should never to other lands
 roam,

But make on the banks of the river its home.

When dripping with dew,

The roses peep through,

'Tis to look in at you

They are growing so fast;

While the scent of the flowers

Must be hoarded for hours,

'Tis poured in such showers

When my Mary goes past.

Oh! the banks of the Lee, the banks of the
 Lee,

And love in a cottage for Mary and me!—

Oh, Mary for me—oh, Mary for me,

And 'tis little I'd sigh for the banks of the Lee!

THOMAS DAVIS.

SUPREME SUMMER.

O heart full of song in the sweet song weather,
 A voice fills each bower, a wing shakes each tree,
 Come forth, O winged singer, on song's fairest
 feather,

And make a sweet fame of my love and of me.

The blithe world shall ever have fair loving
 leisure,

And long is the summer for bird and for bee;
 But too short the summer and too keen the
 pleasure

Of me kissing her and of her kissing me.

Songs shall not cease of the hills and the
 heather;

Songs shall not fail of the land and the sea;

But, O heart, if you sing not while we are to-
 gether,

What man shall remember my love or me?

Some million of summers hath been and not
 known her,

Hath known and forgotten loves less fair
 than she;

But one summer knew her, and grew glad to
 own her,

And made her its flower, and gave her to me.

And she and I, loving, on earth seem to sever
Some part of the great blue from heaven
each day—

I know that the heaven and the earth are forever,
But that which we take shall with us pass away.

And that which she gives me shall be for no lover
In any new love-time, the world's lasting while;
The world, when it loses, shall never recover
The gold of her hair nor the sun of her smile.

A tree grows in heaven, where no season
blanches

Or stays the new fruit through the long
golden clime;

My love reaches up, takes a fruit from its
branches,

And gives it to me to be mine for all time.

What care I for other fruits, fed with new fire,
Plucked down by new lovers in fair future line;
The fruit that I have is the thing I desire,
To live of and die of—the fruit she makes mine.

And she and I, loving, are king of one summer
And queen of one summer to gather and glean;
The world is for us what no fair future comer
Shall find it or dream it could ever have been.

The earth, as we lie on its bosom, seems pressing
A heart up to bear us and mix with our heart;
The blue, as we wander, drops down a great
blessing

That soothes us and fills us and makes the
tears start.

The summer is full of strange hundredth-year
flowers,

That breathe all their lives the warm air of
our love,

And never shall know a love other than ours
Till once more some phoenix-star flowers above.

The silver cloud passing is friend of our loving;
The sea, never knowing this year from last year,
Is thick with fair words, between warring and
soughing,

For her and me only to gather and hear.

Yea, the life that we lead now is better and
sweeter,

I think, than shall be in the world by and bye;
For those days, be they longer or fewer or
sweeter,

I will not exchange on the day that I die.

I shall die when the rose-tree about and above me
Her red-kissing mouth seems hath kissed
summer through;

I shall die on the day that she ceases to love me—
But that will not be till the day she dies too.

Then, fall on us, dead leaves of our dear love-
roses,

And, ruins of summer, fall on us ere long,
And hide us away where our dead year reposes;
Let all that we leave in the world be—a song.

And, O song that I sing now while we are to-
gether,

Go sing to some new year of women and men,
How I and she loved in the long loving weather,
And ask if they love on as we two loved then.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

NOT FOR RANK OR GOLD.

I LOVE thee not for rank or gold,

For land or social fashion:

I have lived too long with the gallant and bold,

I have learned too much from the great of old,
To coin a true man's passion.

I love thee not for thy wavy hair,

Which falls in shadowy showers;

Not for the form, so *debonair*;

Not for the footstep, light as air,
Or the step of spring over flowers.

I love thee not for the loving eye,

So full of earnest beaming,

Which has caught its hue from the deep blue sky,

When the feathery clouds in slumber lie,
And Nature's soul is dreaming.

I love thee not for the noble brow,

Where the shadow of thought reposes;

Not for the bosom, like sifted snow;

Nor the cheek where rival flow'rets glow—
The lilies beside the roses.

I love thee not for the gentle lays

Which thrill my bosom thorough,—

The faint, sweet echoes of olden days,

Ere life had proved a troubled maze
Of endless hope and sorrow.

I love thee for the trace of care

Which on thy forehead hovers,

Like a shadow from thy clustering hair;

For the mystic sorrow sleeping there,
No eye but mine discovers.

And for the ghost of by-gone fears
Which is floating still above thee;
For the secret sorrows and silent tears;
For the mystery of thy early years,—
I love thee, dear, I love thee.

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

THINE EYES OF BLUE.

Thine eyes of blue, the heaven's own hue,
Thy soft eyes thrill my fevered pulse;
The light that lies within thine eyes
Hath blinded me to all things else.
Thine eyes of blue, etc.

Love at a single word may bloom,
The quick heart blossoming fair and free;
One glance may gild the future's gloom,
And now thy bright eyes shine on me.
Thine eyes of blue, etc.

And canst thou ask me why my cheek,
Where thou art not, grows pale and wan?
Why sadness that I can not speak
Surrounds my path when thou art gone?
Thine eyes of blue, etc.

And, farther, canst thou wish to know
What change comes o'er me when we meet,
And why my pallid brow will glow,
And why my quivering pulses beat?
Thine eyes of blue, etc.

—From the French.

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

THE IVORY GATE.

Beautiful, burning eyes, that I have prayed to
forget,
Why do you trouble my dreams? Why do you
haunt me yet?
Lit, as of old, by love that shone in the van-
ished years
Through a mist, that else were hidden—a lustre
of happy tears.

Lovely and laughing eyes, that I have prayed to
forget,
Why do you vex my visions? Why do you
haunt me yet?

Bright as of old with laughter that rippled o'er
every look,
As the wayward sunbeams ripple o'er a danc-
ing woodland brook.

Deep—dark—dreamy eyes, that I have prayed
to forget,
Why do you break my slumber? Why do you
haunt me yet?
Rapt as of old from earth, again you try to
forecast
The joys of a happy future—now only a shat-
tered past.

Sweet eyes, I scarcely marvel that you should
pursue me yet,
For the soul in dreams remembers what it has
prayed to forget—
Its wreathed flowers of joyaunce, when it
should be garbed in care—
Forgets what it should remember, and hopes
when it should despair.

'Tis vain, bright eyes, I cannot—I know not
how to forget;
Love laughs at the lapse of ages; I love you, I
love you yet.
Oh! come to me in my visions; I will bear for
the brief delight
The cold, gray dawn that glimmers after the
dreams of night.

EDMOND G. A. HOLMES.

LOST—FOUND.

I.

I wandered from my mother's side
In the fragrant path of morn;
Naked, weary and forlorn
I fainted in the hot noon-tide.

For I had met a maiden wild,
Singing of love and love's delight;
And with her song she me beguiled,
And her soft arms and bosom white.

I followed fast, I followed far,
And ever her song flowed blithe and free
"Where love's own flowery meadows are,
There shall our golden dwelling be!"

I followed far, I followed fast.
 And oft she paused and cried, "O here!"
 But where I came no flower would last,
 And joy lay cold upon his bier.
 I wandered on, I wandered wide.
 Alas! she fled with the morn!
 Weary, weeping and forlorn,
 She left me in the fierce noon-tide.

11.

Naked, bleeding and forlorn,
 I wandered on the mountain side;
 To hide my wounds from shame and scorn,
 I made a garment of my pride.
 Till there came a tyrant gray;
 He stript and chained me with disgrace;
 He led me to the public way,
 And sold me in the market-place.
 To many masters was I bound,
 And many a grievous load I bore,
 But in the toil my flesh grew sound,
 And from my limbs the chains I tore.
 I ran to seek my mother's cot,
 And I found Love singing there,
 And round it many a pleasant plot,
 And shadowy streams and gardens fair.
 Like virgin gold the thatch I see;
 Like virgin gold the doorway sweet;
 And in the blissful noon each tree
 A ladder for the angels' feet.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

PARTED.

Fair scenes in our remembrance dwell
 When we have wandered far away,
 Soft strains through memory's caverns swell
 Though every chord hath ceased to play;
 So from my heart thy voice—thy face
 Time shall not steal nor distance sever,
 Though from my path thine every trace
 Hath passed away for ever.
 When some bright dream of vanished hours
 Is in thy heart up-springing,
 When some loved song through fancy's bow'rs
 In faded tones is singing,
 When some faint chord long hushed and mute
 'Neath memory's touch doth quiver—
 Then think of one whose wayward foot
 Hath passed away forever.

EDWARD HARDING.

HEARTS AND FLOWERS.

Is Love like the sunbeam
 That gleams through a shower,
 And kisses off gently
 The dew from the flower;
 That cheers up the blossoms
 And bids them be gay,
 And lends them the fragrance
 That perfumes the day?
 Yes! Love is the sunbeam
 That garlands the bowers,
 And hearts that are freshest,
 Life's blossoming flowers.

Is Love like the zephyr
 Of calm summer eves,
 That whispers soft music
 Through half-opened leaves;
 That steals from the flow'rets
 The sweets they are given,
 And bears on his pinions
 Their odors to heaven?
 Yes! Love is the zephyr
 Of calm sunny hours,
 That wafts through the valleys
 The breath of the flowers.

Is Love like the tempest
 That wantonly shakes
 The buds from the stem
 That he crushes and breaks.
 That frights with his terrors
 The bloom from the rose,
 And scatters all beauties
 The gardens disclose?
 No! Love is no tyrant
 That frowningly lowers;
 He wooes like the zephyr
 Where Hearts are the flowers.

JOHN CRAWFORD WILSON.

A MAY CAROL.

I shall see her to-day!
 No wonder the skies are blue,
 No wonder the world in its best array
 Flaunts as tho' fashioned anew;
 No wonder the world is at play, at play,
 In green, and purple, and gold,
 For I shall see her to-day, to-day,
 Who is all my joy to behold.

I shall see her to-day !

I woke with the joyful words,
And the blue sky laughed upon where I lay
With the twitter of leaves and birds ; [May,
And the soft winds brought me the scents of
And the sun sent goldenest light
To say, I shall see her to-day, to-day,
Who had filled my dreams all night.

The village will hold its festival,
And the joybells joyously chime :
My darling is coming, my all, my all,
The joy of the joyful time. [fly,
And the children will dance, and the flags will
And all hearts with the music stir,
And the birds, the winds and the flowers and I
Will have all our joys in her.

The earliest roses peep,
For they know she will surely come,
And the lilac thicket, so sweet and deep,
Puffs down on her, fume on fume,
And the bluebells and lilies will all look up
As she comes by the greenwood way,
Where primrose and violet linger in hope
To see her, to see her to-day

I shall see her to-day !
I dream of her night by night ;
No wonder my blood makes holiday,
And goes half mad with delight ;
No wonder the sunshine fills the air,
And the whole wide world is gay ;
For my love, my love, O so fair, so fair,
I shall see her to-day !

WILLIAM WILKINS.

KATE OF ARRAGLEN.

When first I saw thee, Kate,
That summer ev'ning late,
Down at the orchard gate
Of Arraglen,
I felt I'd ne'er before
Seen one so fair, asthore,
And fear'd I'd nevermore
See thee again.

I stopped and gazed at thee ;
My footfall luckily
Reach'd not thy ear, though we
Stood there so near ;

While from thy lips a strain,
Soft as the summer rain,
Sad as a lover's pain,
Fell on my ear.

I've heard the lark in June,
The harp's wild plaintive tune,
The thrush, that aye too soon
Gives o'er his strain,—
I've heard in hush'd delight
The mellow horn at night,
Waking the echoes light
Of wild Loch Lene ;

But neither echoing horn,
Nor thrush upon the thorn,
Nor lark at early morn,
Hymning in air,
Nor harper's lay divine,
E'er witch'd this heart of mine,
Like that sweet voice of thine,
That ev'ning there.

And when some rustling, dear,
Fell on thy listening ear,
You thought your brother near,
And named his name ;
I could not answer, though,
As luck would have it so,
His name and mine, you know,
Were both the same.

Hearing no answering sound,
You glanced in doubt around,
With timid look, and found
It was not he ;
Turning away your head,
And blushing rosy red,
Like a wild fawn you fled
Far, far from me.

The swan upon the lake,
The wild rose in the brake,
The golden clouds that make
The west their throne ;
The wild ash by the stream,
The full moon's silver beam,
The evening star's soft gleam,
Shining above ;

The lily robed in white,—
All, all are fair and bright,
But ne'er on earth was sight
So bright, so fair,

As that one glimpse of thee
That I caught then, machree;
It stole my heart from me
That ev'ning there.

And now you're mine alone,
That heart is all my own—
That heart that ne'er hath known
A flame before;
That form of mold divine,
That snowy hand of thine,
Those locks of gold, are mine
For evermore.

Was lover ever seen
As blest as thine, Kathleen?
Hath lover ever been
More fond, more true?
Thine is my every vow!
For ever, dear, as now,
Queen of my heart be thou,
*Mo cailín ruadh!**

DENNY LANE.

KATE OF KENMARE.

O! many bright eyes full of goodness and glad-
ness,

Where the pure soul looks out, and the heart
loves to shine,

And many cheeks pale with the soft hue of sad-
ness,

Have I worshipped in silence and felt them
divine!

But hope in its gleamings, or love in its dreamings,
Ne'er fashioned a being so faultless and fair
As the lily-cheeked beauty, the rose of the
Roughy,

The fawn of the valley, sweet Kate of Ken-
mare!

It was all but a moment, her radiant existence,
Her presence, her absence, all crowded on me;
But time has not ages, and earth has not dis-
tance

To sever, sweet vision, my spirit from thee!
Again am I straying where children are playing—
Bright is the sunshine and balmy the air,
Mountains are heathy, and there do I see thee,
Sweet fawn of the valley, young Kate of Ken-
mare!

Thy own bright arbutus hath many a cluster
Of white waxen blossoms like lilies in air;
But, O! thy pale cheek hath a delicate lustre,
No blossoms can rival, no lily doth wear!
To that cheek softly flushing, to thy lip brightly
blushing,
O! what are the berries that bright tree doth
bear?

Peerless in beauty, that rose of the Roughy,
That fawn of the valley, sweet Kate of Ken-
mare!

O! beauty, some spell from kind Nature thou
bearest,

Some magic of tone or enchantment of eye,
That hearts that are hardest, from forms that
are fairest,

Receive such impressions as never can die!
The foot of the fairy, though lightsome and airy,
Can stamp on the hard rock the shape it doth
wear,

Art cannot trace it nor ages efface it—
And such are thy glances, sweet Kate of
Kenmare!

To him who far travels how sad is the feeling—
How the light of his mind is o'ershadowed
and dim,

When the scenes he most loves, like the river's
soft stealing,

All fade as a vision and vanish from him!
Yet he bears from each far land a flower for
that garland,

That memory weaves of the bright and the
fair;

While this sigh I am breathing my garland is
wreathing,

And the rose of that garland is Kate of Ken-
mare!

In lonely Lough Quinlan in summer's soft hours,
Fair islands are floating that move with the
tide,

Which, sterile at first, are soon covered with
flowers,

And thus o'er the bright waters fairy-like
glide!

Thus the mind the most vacant is quickly
awakened,

And the heart bears a harvest that late was
so bare,

Of him who in roving finds objects in loving,
Like the fawn of the valley, sweet Kate of
Kenmare!

*My golden-haired girl.

Sweet Kate of Kenmare, though I ne'er may
behold thee—

Though the pride and the joy of another you
be—

Though strange lips may praise thee and strange
arms enfold thee—

A blessing, dear Kate, be on them and on
thee!

One feeling I cherish that never can perish—

One talisman proof to the dark wizard, care—

The fervent and dutiful love of the beautiful,
Of which thou art the type, gentle Kate of
Kenmare!

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

KATE OF GARNAVILLA.

Have you been at Garnavilla?

Have you seen at Garnavilla

Beauty's train trip o'er the plain

With lovely Kate of Garnavilla?

Oh! she's pure as virgin snows

Ere they light on woodland hill;—ah,

Sweet as dew-drop on wild rose

Is lovely Kate of Garnavilla!

Philomel, I've listened oft

To thy lay, nigh weeping willow,

Oh, the strain, more sweet, more soft,

That flows from Kate of Garnavilla!

Have you been at Garnavilla?

Have you seen at Garnavilla

Beauty's train trip o'er the plain

With lovely Kate of Garnavilla?

As a noble ship I've seen

Sailing o'er the swelling billow,

So I've marked the graceful mien

Of lovely Kate of Garnavilla!

Have you been at Garnavilla?

Have you seen at Garnavilla

Beauty's train trip o'er the plain

With lovely Kate of Garnavilla?

If poet's prayers can banish cares,

No cares shall come to Garnavilla;

Joy's bright rays shall gild her days,

And dove-like peace perch on her pillow,

Charming maid of Garnavilla!

Lovely maid of Garnavilla!

Beauty, grace and virtue wait

On lovely Kate of Garnavilla!

EDWARD LYSAGHT.

KATE KEARNEY.

O, did you not hear of Kate Kearney?

She lives on the banks of Killarney; [and fly,

From the glance of her eye shun danger,

For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.

For that eye is so modestly beaming,

You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming:

Yet oh, who can tell how fatal's the spell

That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney!

O, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,

Who lives on the banks of Killarney,

Beware of her smile, for many a wile

Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,

There's mischief in every dimple;

And who dares inhale her mouth's spicy gale

Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

LADY MORGAN.

KATEY'S LETTER.

Och, girls dear, did you ever hear I wrote my
love a letter?

And although he cannot read, sure I thought
'twas all the better;

For why should he be puzzled with hard spelling
in the matter,

When the *maning* was so plain that I loved
him faithfully?

I love him faithfully, and he knows it, O! he
knows it,

Without one word from me.

I wrote it, and I folded it, and put a seal
upon it;

'Twas a seal almost as big as the crown of my
best bonnet;

For I would not have the postmaster make his
remarks upon it,

As I said inside the letter that I loved him
faithfully.

I love him faithfully, and he knows it, O! he
knows it,

Without one word from me.

My heart was full, but when I wrote, I dared
not put the half in;

The neighbors know I love him, and they're
mighty fond of chaffin',

So I dared not write his name *outside*, for fear
they would be laughin'.

So I wrote, "From little Kate, to one whom she loves faithfully."

I love him faithfully, and he knows it, O! he knows it,

Without one word from me.

Now, girls, would you believe it, that post-man's so consaid,

No answer will he bring me, so long as I have waited;

But maybe there mayn't be one, for the raisin that I stated,

That my love can neither read nor write, but he loves me faithfully.

He loves me faithfully, and I know, where'er my love is,

That he is true to me.

LADY DUFFERIN.

SWEET KILKENNY TOWN.

I was walking in the fields near fair Boston city,

Thinking sadly of Kilkenny, and a girl that's there;

When a friend came and tould me—late enough, and more's the pity—

"There's a letter waitin' for ye, in the post-man's care."

Oh! my heart was in my mouth all the while that he was spakin',

For I knew it was from Katey—she's the girl that can spell.

And I could'nt spake for cryin', for my heart had nigh been breakin',

With longin' for a word from the girl I love so well.

Oh! I knew it was from Katey. Who could it be but Katey?

The poor girl that loves me well in sweet Kilkenny town.

Oh! 'twas soon I reached the place, and thanked them for the trouble

They were takin' with my letter, a-sortin' with such care;

And they asked me "was it single?" and I tould them 'twas a double!

For wasn't it worth twice as much as any letter there?

Then they sorted and they searched, but something seemed the matter,

And my heart it stopped beatin' when I thought what it might be;—

Och! boys, would you believe it? they had gone and lost my letter—

My poor Katey's letter that had come so far to me.

For I knew it was from Katey. Who could it be but Katey?

The poor girl that loves me well in sweet Kilkenny town.

I trembled like an aspen, but I said, "'tis fun your makin'

Of the poor foolish boy that's so asy for to craze;

Och, gentlemen, then look again, maybe you were mistaken.

For letters, as ye know, boys, are just as like as pase!"

Then they bade me look myself, when they saw my deep dejection,

But, och! who could search when the tears blind the sight?

Moreover (as I tould them), I'd another strong objection,

In regard of never learnin' to read or to write.

For I wasn't cute like Katey, my own darlin' Katey,

The poor girl that loves me well in sweet Kilkenny town.

Then they laughed in my face, and they asked me (tho' in kindness),

What good would letters do me that I couldn't understand.

And I answered "were they cursed with deafness and with blindness,

Would they care less for the clasp of a dear loved hand?"

Oh! the folks that read and write (tho' they're so mighty clever),

See nothin' but the words, and they're soon read through.

But Katey's unread letter would be spakin' to me ever

Of the dear love that she bears me, for it shows she is true;

Oh! well I know my Katey, my own darlin' Katey,

The poor girl that loves me well in sweet Kilkenny town.

LADY DUFFERIN.

TO KATHLEEN.

My Kathleen dearest ! in truth or seeming
 No brighter vision ere blessed mine eyes
 Than she, for whom, in Elysian dreaming,
 Thy tranced lover too fondly sighs.
 O ! Kathleen fairest ! if elfin splendor
 Hath ever broken my heart's repose,
 'Twas in the darkness, ere purely tender,
 Thy smile, like moonlight o'er ocean, rose.

Since first I met thee thou knowest thine are
 This passion-music, each pulse's thrill—
 The flowers seem brighter, the stars diviner,
 And God and Nature more glorious still.
 I see around me new fountains gushing,
 More jewels spangle the robes of night ;
 Strange harps are pealing, fresh roses blushing,
 Young worlds emerging in purer light.

No more thy song-bird in clouds shall hover—
 O ! give him shelter upon thy breast,
 And bid him swiftly, his long flight over,
 From heav'n drop into that love-built nest.
 Like fairy flow'rets is Love thou fearest,
 At once that springeth like mine from earth ;
 'Tis friendship's ivy grows slowly, dearest,
 But Love and lightning have instant birth.

The mirthful fancy and artful gesture,
 Hair black as tempest, and swan-like breast,
 More graceful folded in simplest vesture
 Than proudest bosoms in diamonds drest
 Not these, the varied and rare possession
 Love gave to conquer, are thine alone ;
 But, O ! there crowns thee divine expression,
 As saints a halo, that's all thine own.

Thou art, as poets, in olden story,
 Have pictur'd woman before the fall—
 Her angel beauty's divinest glory—
 The pure soul shining, like God, thro' all.
 But vainly, humblest of leaflets springing,
 I sing the queenliest flower of love :
 Thus soars the sky-lark, presumptuous singing
 The orient morning enthroned above.

Yet hear, propitious, belovéd maiden,
 The minstrel's passion is pure as strong,
 Though Nature fated, his heart, love-laden,
 Must break, or utter its woes in song.
 Farewell ! if never my soul may cherish
 The dreams that bade me to love aspire,
 By memory's altar ! thou shalt not perish,
 First Irish pearl of my Irish lyre !

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best !

If fifty girls were round you I'd hardly see the rest.

Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,

Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly they bloom before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,

How clear they are, how dark they are, and they give me many a shock,

Red rowans warm with sunshine and wetted with a show'r,

Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its pow'r.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted up,

Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup,

Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine ;

It's rolling down upon her neck, and gather'd in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit-Monday night exceeded all before ;

No pretty girl for miles about was missing from the floor ;

But Mary kept the belt of love, and O, but she was gay !

She danced a jig, she sang a song, that took my heart away.

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,

The music nearly kill'd itself to listen to her feet ;

The fiddler moan'd his blindness, he heard her so much praised,

But bless'd himself he wasn't deaf when once her voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or lilting what you sung,

Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my tongue ;

But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on both your hands,

And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger stands.

Oh, you're the flower o' womankind in country
or in town ;

The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast
down ;

If some great lord should come this way, and
see your beauty bright,

And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

O might we live together in a lofty palace hall,
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet cur-
tains fall !

O might we live together in a cottage mean and
small ;

With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the
only wall !

O lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my distress,
It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never
wish it less.

The proudest place would fit your face, and I am
poor and low ;

But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you
may go.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

SWEET SIBYL.

My love is as fresh as the morning sky,

My love is as soft as the summer air,

My love is as true as the saints on high,

And never was saint so fair !

O, glad is my heart when I name her name,

For it sounds like a song to me—

I'll love you, it sings, nor heed their blame,

For you love me, *Astor machree* !

Sweet Sibyl ! sweet Sibyl ! my heart is wild

With the fairy spell that her eyes have lit ;

I sit in a dream where my Love has smil'd—

I kiss where her name is writ !

O, darling, I fly like a dreamy boy ;

The toil that is joy to the strong and true,

The life that the brave for their land employ,

I squander in dreams of you.

The face of my Love has the changeful light

That gladdens the sparkling sky of spring ;

The voice of my Love is a strange delight,

As when birds in the May-time sing.

O, hope of my heart ! O, light of my life !

O, come to me, darling, with peace and rest !

O, come like the summer, my own sweet wife,

To your home in my longing breast.

Be blessed with the home sweet Sibyl will sway
With the glance of her soft and queenly eyes ;

O ! happy the love young Sibyl will pay

With the breath of her tender sighs,

That home is the hope of my waking dreams—

That love fills my eyes with pride—

There's light in their glance, there's joy in their
beams,

When I think of my own young bride.

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

BY A DAISY-BROWED STRAME.

Oh, she dwells by a daisy-browed strame,

In one of the purtiest valleys—

The girl I'm not goin' to name,

For she's none of your Jennys or Sallys.

So there shan't be a slur or a slight

On Derry's wee blossomin' daughter,

That's as pure in my heart, and as bright

As the sun on the breast of Foyle water

Wee birds on the bushes all round,

So merrily whistlin' and singin' ;

Wee calves skippin' over the ground,

Where the shamrock and daisy are springin'—

Your time appears almost as fine

As your forebearers friskin' through Aiden ;

But your pleasures are nothin' to mine,

By the side of my innocent maiden.

Her cheek colors red and then white,

When up the green loanin' I'm comin',

For she drapped a wee saicret one night

By the star that shines first in the gloamin'.

Iver since it, by night and by day,

I'm beside myself fairly with gladness !

And faith, I heerd somebody say,

That love's but a beautiful madness.

Not a blot on her brightness I see,

She's the goold of perfection all over ;

But her faults would be beauties to me,

If a fault I had eyes to discover.

This evenin' down by the spring,

Where the moon at her shadow is gazin',

We'll meet when the bat's on the wing,

And the craiks clamor over the grazin'.

HENRY M. FLETCHER.

KITTY BAHN.

Before the first ray of blushing day,
 Who should come by but Kitty Bahn, [snow,
 With her cheeks like the rose on a bed of
 And her bosom beneath like the sailing swan.
 I looked and looked till my heart was gone.

With the foot of the fawn she crossed the lawn,
 Half confiding and half in fear ;
 And her eyes of blue they thrilled me through,
 One blessed minute ; then like the deer,
 Away she darted, and left me here.

O sun, you are late at your golden gate,
 For you've nothing to show beneath the sky
 To compare to the lass that crossed the grass
 Of the shamrock field ere the dew was dry,
 And the glance she gave me as she went by,

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

SWEET KITTY NEIL.

" Ah, sweet Kitty Neil ! rise up from your
 wheel,

Your neat little foot will be weary from spin-
 ning ;

Come trip down with me to the sycamore tree—
 Half the parish is there and the dance is be-
 ginning.

The sun is gone down, but the full harvest
 moon

Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened
 valley,

While all the air rings with the soft, loving
 things

Each little bird sings on the green shaded
 alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the
 while,

Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair,
 glancing ;

'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
 So she couldn't but choose to—go off to the
 dancing.

And now on the green the glad groups are seen,
 Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his
 choosing ;

And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty
 Neil—

Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought
 of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipe to his knee,
 And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in
 motion ;

With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the
 ground—

The maids move around just like swans on the
 ocean,

Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the
 doe's—

Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing ;
 Search the world all round, from the sky to the
 ground,

No such sight can be found as an Irish lass
 dancing !

Sweet Kate ! who would view your bright eyes
 of deep blue

Beaming humbly through their dark lashes so
 mildly—

Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded
 form—

Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb
 wildly ?

Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
 Subdued by the smart of such painful yet
 sweet love ;

The sight leaves his eye as he cries, with a sigh,
 " *Dance light, for my heart it lies under your
 feet, lov. !*"

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

THE PILGRIM HARPER.

The night was cold and dreary !—no star was in
 the sky,

When, travel-tired and weary, the harper raised
 his cry ;

He raised his cry without the gate, his night's
 repose to win,

And plaintive was the voice that cried : " Ah,
 won't you let me in ?"

The portal soon was opened, for in the land of
 song,

The minstrel at the outer gate yet never lingered
 long ;

And inner doors were seldom closed 'gainst
 wand'ers such as he,

For, locks of hearts to open soon, sweet music
 is the key.

But if gates are oped by melody, so grief can
 close them fast,

And sorrow o'er that once bright hall its silent
 spell had cast ;

All undisturb'd, the spider there his web might
safely spin,
For many a day no festive lay—no harper was
let in.

But when this harper entered, and said he came
from far,
And bore with him from Palestine the tidings of
the war,
And he could tell of all who fell, or glory there
did win,
The warder knew his noble dame would let
that harper in.

They led him to the bower, the lady knelt in
prayer;
The harper raised a well-known lay upon the
turret stair;
The door was oped with hasty hand, true love
its meed did win,
For the lady saw her own true knight, when that
harper was let in!

SAMUEL LOVER.

FANNY POWER.

The lady's son rode by the mill;
The trees were murmuring on the hill,
But in the valley they were still,
And seemed with heat to lower:
They said that he should be a priest,
For so had vowed his sire, deceased;
They should have told him, too, at least,
To fly from Fanny Power.

The lonely student felt his breast
Was like an empty linnet's nest,
Divinely moulded to be blest,
Yet pining every hour;
For see, amid the orchard trees,
Her green gown kirtled to her knees,
Adown the brake, like whisp'ring breeze,
Went lightsome Fanny Power.

Her eyes cast down a mellow light
Upon her neck of glancing white,
Like starshine on a snowy night,
Or moonlight on a tower.
She sang—he thought her songs were hymns;
An angel's grace was in her limbs;—
The swan that on Lough Erne swims
Is rude to Fanny Power,

Returned, he thought the convent dull,
At best a heavy, heartless lull,—
No hopes to cheer, no flowers to cull,
No sunshine and no shower.
The abbot sent him to his cell,
And spoke of penance and of hell;
But nothing in his heart to quell
The love of Fanny Power,

He dreamed of her the live-long day;
At evening when he tried to pray,
Instead of other saints, he'd say,
Oh holy—Fanny Power!
How happier seemed an exile's lot
Than living there, unloved, forgot;
And, oh! best joy, to share his cot
His own dear Fanny Power!

'Tis vain to strive with Passion's might,—
He left the convent's walls one night,
And she was won to join his flight
Before he wooed an hour;
So, flying to a freer land,
He broke his vow at Love's command,
And placed a ring upon the hand
Of happy Fanny Power.

THOMAS DAVIS.

WHY ARE YOU WANDERING HERE?

"Why are you wandering here, I pray?"
An old man asked a maid one day,
"Looking for poppies, so bright and red,
Father," said she, "I'm hither led."
"Fie! fie!" she heard him cry,
"Poppies, 'tis known to all who rove,
Grow in the field and not the grove."

"Tell me again," the old man said,
"Why are you loitering here, fair maid?"
"The nightingale's song, so sweet and clear,
Father," said she "I'm come to hear."
"Fie! fie!" she heard him cry,
"Nightingales all, so people say,
Warble by night, and not by day."

The sage looked grave, the maiden shy,
When Lubin jumped over the stile hard by;
The sage looked graver, the maid more glum,
Lubin, he twiddled his finger and thumb.
"Fie! fie!" was the old man's cry,
"Poppies like this, I own, are rare,
And of such nightingale's songs beware."

JAMES KENNY.



your affectionate brother
Lera Griffin

AILEEN AROON.

When like the early rose,
Aileen aroon!

Beauty in childhood blows,
Aileen aroon!

When like a diadem,
Buds blush around the stem,
Which is the fairest gem?
Aileen aroon!

Is it the laughing eye?
Aileen aroon!

Is it the timid sigh?
Aileen aroon!

Is it the tender tone,
Soft as the stringed harp's moan?
Oh, it is truth alone,
Aileen aroon!

I know a valley fair,
Aileen aroon!

I knew a cottage there,
Aileen aroon!

Far in that valley's shade
I knew a gentle maid,
Flower of the hazel glade,
Aileen aroon!

Who in the song so sweet?
Aileen aroon!

Who in the dance so fleet?
Aileen aroon!

Dear were her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy—
Aileen aroon!

Were she no longer true,
Aileen aroon!

What should her lover do?
Aileen aroon!

Fly with his broken chain
Far o'er the sounding main,
Never to love again,
Aileen aroon!

Youth must with time decay,
Aileen aroon!

Beauty must fade away,
Aileen aroon!

Castles are sacked in war,
Chieftains are scattered far,
Truth is a fixed star,
Aileen aroon!

GERALD GRIFFIN.

ROBIN ADAIR.

What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near—

He whom I wished to see,
Wished for to hear;
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made life a heaven on earth?
O, they've all fled with thee,
Robin Adair!

What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair:

What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there:
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
O, it was parting with
Robin Adair!

But now thou art far from me,
Robin Adair;

But now I never see
Robin Adair;
Yet him I loved so well
Still in my heart shall dwell;
O, I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair!

Welcome on shore again,
Robin Adair!

Welcome once more again,
Robin Adair!

I feel thy trembling hand;
Tears in thy eyelids stand,
To greet thy native land,
Robin Adair!

Long I ne'er saw thee, love,
Robin Adair;

Still I prayed for thee, love,
Robin Adair;

When thou wert far at sea,
Many made love to me,
But still I thought on thee,
Robin Adair!

Come to my heart again,
Robin Adair;

Never to part again,
Robin Adair;
And if thou still art true,
I will be constant, too,
And will wed none but you,
Robin Adair!

LADY CAROLINE KEPPEL.*

* See biographical note.

IF I WERE NOT TOO YOUNG.

In holiday gown and my new-fangled hat,
 Last Monday I tript to the fair;
 I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what—
 Brisk Roger I guessed would be there.
 He wooes me to marry whenever we meet;
 There's honey sure dwells on his tongue;
 He hugs me so close, and he kisses so sweet,
 I'd wed—if I were not too young.

Fond Sue, I'll assure you, laid hold of the boy
 (The vixen would fain be his bride),
 Some token she claimed, either ribbon or toy,
 And said that she'd not be denied.
 A top-knot he bought her, and garters of green;
 Pert Susan was cruelly stung;
 I hate her so much that, to kill her with spleen,
 I'd wed—if I were not too young.

He whispered such soft pretty things in mine
 ear!
 He flattered and promised and swore!
 Such trinkets he gave me, such laces and gear,
 That, trust me, my pockets ran o'er;
 Some ballads he bought me, the best he could
 find,
 And sweetly their burden he sung;
 Good faith, he's so handsome, so witty, and
 kind,
 I'd wed—if I were not too young.

The sun was just setting; 'twas time to retire,
 (Our cottage was distant a mile),
 I rose to be gone—Roger bowed like a squire,
 And handed me over the stile.
 "His arm he threw round me—love laughed in
 his eye,
 He led me the meadows among,
 And prest me so close I agreed, with a sigh,
 To wed—for I was not too young.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

NANNY.

O for an hour when the day is breaking
 Down by the shore, when the tide is making!
 Fair as a white cloud, thou, love, near me,
 None but the waves and thyself to hear me:
 O, to my breast how these arms would press thee;
 Wildly my heart in its joy would bless thee;
 O, how the soul thou hast won would woo thee,
 Girl of the snow-neck! closer to me.

O for an hour as the day advances, [dances.]
 (Out where the breeze on the broom-bush
 Watching the lark, with the sun-ray o'er us,
 Winging the notes of his heaven-taught chorus;
 O to be there, and my love before me,
 Soft as a moonbeam smiling o'er me;
 Thou would'st but love, and I would woo thee:
 Girl of the dark eye! closer to me.

O for an hour where the sun first found us,
 (Out in the eve with its red sheets round us),
 Brushing the dew from the gale's soft winglets,
 Pearly and sweet with thy long dark ringlets:
 O to be there on the sward beside thee,
 Telling my tale though I know you'd chide me;
 Sweet were thy voice though it should undo me—
 Girl of the dark locks! closer to me.

O for an hour by night or by day, love,
 Just as the heavens and thou might say, love;
 Far from the stare of the cold-eyed many,
 Bound in the breath of my dove-souled Nanny!
 O for the pure chains that have bound me,
 Warm from thy red lips circling round me!
 O, in my soul, as the light above me,
 Queen of the pure hearts, do I love thee!

FRANCIS DAVIS.

O'DONOVAN'S DAUGHTER.

One midsummer's eve, when the Bel-fires were
 lighted,
 And the bag-piper's tone call'd the maidens
 delighted,
 I joined a gay group by the Araglin's water,
 And danced till the dawn with O'Donovan's
 daughter.

Have you seen the ripe monadan glisten in
 Kerry?
 Have you mark'd on the Galtes the black
 whortleberry?
 Or ceanaban wave by the wells of Blackwater?
 They're the cheek, eye and neck of O'Donovan's
 daughter!

Have you seen a gay kidling on Claragh's round
 mountain?
 The swan's arching glory on Sheeling's blue
 fountain?
 Heard a weird woman chant what the fairy choir
 taught her?
 They've the step, grace and tone of O'Donovan's
 daughter!

Have you mark'd in its flight the black wing of
the raven ?
The rose-buds that breathe in the summer-
breeze waven ?
The pearls that lie hid under Lene's magic
water ?
They're the teeth, lip and hair of O'Donovan's
daughter !

Ere the Bel-fire was dimm'd, or the dancers
departed,
I taught her a song of some maid broken-
hearted ;
And that group, and that dance, and that love-
song I taught her,
Haunt my slumbers at night with O'Donovan's
daughter !

God grant 'tis no fay from Cnoc-Firinn that
wooes me,
God grant 'tis not Cliodhna the queen that
pursues me,
That my soul lost and lone has no witchery
wrought her,
While I dream of dark groves and O'Donovan's
daughter !

If, spell-bound, I pine with an airy disorder,
Saint Gobnate has sway over Musgry's wide
border ;
She'll scare from my couch, when with prayer
I've besought her,
That bright airy sprite like O'Donovan's daugh-
ter.

EDWARD WALSH.

MARY MAGUIRE.

Oh ! That my love and I
From life's crowded haunts could fly,
To some deep shady vale, by the mountain,
Where no sound could make its way
Save the thrush's lively lay,
And the murmur of the clear-flowing fountain ;
Where no stranger should intrude
On our hallowed solitude,
Where no kinsman's cold glance could annoy us ;
Where peace and joy might shed
Blended blessings o'er our bed,
And love ! love alone still employ us.

Still, sweet maiden, may I see
That I vainly talk of thee ;
In vain in lost love I lie pining ;
I may worship from afar
The beauty-beaming star
That o'er my dull pathway keeps shining.
But in sorrow and in pain,
Fond hope will still remain,
For rarely from hope can we sever ;
Unchanged in good or ill,
One dream is cherished still—
Oh ! my Mary, I must love thee for ever.

How fair appears the maid
In loveliness arrayed,
As she moves forth at dawn's dewy hour ;
Her ringlets richly flowing,
And her cheek all gaily glowing,
Like a rose in her blooming bower.
Oh ! lonely be his life,
May his dwelling want a wife,
And his nights be long, cheerless and dreary,
Who cold or calm could be,
With a winning one like thee,
Or for wealth could forsake thee, my Mary.

THOMAS FURLONG.

—From the Irish.

POLLY O'CONNOR.

I will not venture to compare
Those flashing eyes
To sunny skies ;
To threads of gold thy wealth of hair ;
Thy cheek unto the rose's glow,
Thy polished brow,
To lilacs glancing in the light,
Or Parian white ;
Thy bosom to the virgin snow ;—
For these
Are weak and well-worn similes.

Thine eyes are like — like — let me see,
The violet's hue
Reflected through
A drop of dew ;—
No, that won't do,
No semblance true
In ample nature can there be
To equal their intensity,—
Their heavenly blue.

'Twere just as vain to seek,
Thro' every flower to match thy glowing cheek.
No gold could shed
Such radiant glory as ensaints thy head;
Besides, I now remember,
That golden tresses are but flattered red,
And thine are living amber,—
As when 'tis ripest, through the waving corn
The sunbeams glance upon a harvest morn.

To the pale lustre of thy brow
The lily's self perforce must bow;
Thy bosom as the new-fallen snow
Is quite
As white,
And melts as soon with love's warm glow;
But then,
While that receives an early stain,
Thy purer bosom doth still pure remain.

Since to my mind
I cannot find
A simile of any kind,
I argue hence
Thou art the sense
And spirit of all excellence;
The charm-bestowing fountain whence
Fate doth dispense
Its varied bounties to the fair,
The loveliest of whom but share
A portion of the gifts thou well canst spare.

JOHN BROUGHAM.

THE FLOWER OF CUSHENDALL.

O Con, benevolent hand of peace!
O tower of valor firm and true!
Like mountain fawns, like snowy fleece,
Move the sweet maidens of Tírugh.
Yet though through all thy realm I've strayed,
Where green hills rise and white waves fall,
I have not seen so fair a maid
As once I saw by Cushendall.

O Con, thou hospitable Prince!
Thou, of the open heart and hand
Full oft I've seen the crimson tints
Of evening on the western land.
I've wandered north, I've wandered south,
Throughout Tírugh in hut and hall,
But never saw so sweet a mouth
As whispered love by Cushendall.

O Con, munificent in gifts!
I've seen the full round harvest moon
Gleam through the shadowy autumn drifts
Upon thy royal rock of Doune.
I've seen the stars that glittering lie
O'er all the night's dark mourning pall,
But never saw so bright an eye
As lit the glens of Cushendall.

I've wandered with a pleasant toil,
And still I wander in my dreams;
Even from thy white-stoned beach, Loch Foyle,
To Desmond of the flowing streams.
I've crossed the fair green plains of Meath
To Dublin, held in Saxon thrall;
But never saw such pearly teeth
As her's that smiled by Cushendall.

O Con! thou'rt rich in yellow gold,
Thy fields are filled with lowing kine,
Within thy castle wealth untold,
Within thy harbors fleets of wine;
But yield not, Con, to worldly pride,
Thou may'st be rich, but hast not all;
Far richer he who for his bride
Has won fair Anne of Cushendall.

She leans upon a husband's arm,
Surrounded by a valiant clan,
In Antrim's Glynnnes, by fair Glenarm,
Beyond the pearly paven Bann;
'Mid hazel wood, no stately tree
Looks up to heaven more graceful tall,
When summer clothes its boughs, than she,
McDonnell's wife of Cushendall!

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

—From "*The Foray of Con O'Donnell*."

THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.

Maid of all maids!—and the wide earth is full
of them,
Tender and witching, and slender and tall—
I know a maid takes the shine off the whole of
them;
Kitty, agra, you outrival them all. [you,
Pretty and sweet are you, neat and complete are
Type of the grace of an old Irish stock;
Rich are you, rare are you, fresh are you, fair are
you—
Kitty, agra, you're the flower of the flock.

When I kneel down at Mass where are my
thoughts, alas?

Naught but the light of a bright face I see;
All that my praying is, all that I'm saying is,
"God bless sweet Kitty, and keep her for me."
Hourly I sigh for you, proudly I'd die for you,
Joyfully lay down my life on the block;
King on his throne for you true love might own
for you,
Reigning alone for you, flower of the flock.

Maid of all maidens, my life is entwined in thine,
Turning to thee like the flowers to the sun;
Tell me, oh! tell me, thy heart is enshrined in
mine—

Tell me, asthore, we had better be one.
Come with me, roam with me, over the foam
with me,

Come to my home with me, near Carrig rock,
Light of my life to be, sweetheart and wife to be,
Free from all strife to be, flower of the flock.

FRANCIS A. FAHY.

THE MILKMAID.

"O, where are you going so early?" he said;
Good luck go with you, my pretty maid;
To tell you my mind I'm half afraid.

But I wish you were my sweetheart.

When the morning sun is shining low,
And the cocks in every farm-yard crow,

I'll carry your pail

O'er hill and dale,

And I'll go with you a-milking

I'm going a-milking, sir, says she,
Through the dew and across the lea;
You ne'er would even yourself to me,
Or take me for your sweetheart.

When the morning sun, etc.

Now give me your milking-stool a while,
To carry it down to yonder stile;
I'm wishing every step a mile,
And myself your only sweetheart.

When the morning sun, etc.

"O, here's the stile in-under the tree,
And there's the path in the grass for me,
And I thank you kindly, sir, says she,
And wish you a better sweetheart.
When the morning sun, etc.

Now give me your milking-pail, says he,
And while we're going across the lea,
Pray, reckon your master's cows to me,
Although I'm not your sweetheart.
When the morning sun, etc.

Two of them red, and two of them white,
Two of them yellow and silky bright;
She told him her master's cows aright,
Though he was not her sweetheart.
When the morning sun, etc.

She sat and milked in the morning sun,
And when her milking was over and done,
She found him waiting, all as one
As if he were her sweetheart.
When the morning sun, etc.

He freely offered his heart and hand;
Now she has a farm at her command,
And cows of her own to graze the land;
Success to all true sweethearts!
When the morning sun is shining low,
And the cocks in every farm-yard crow,
I'll carry your pail
O'er hill and dale,
And I'll go with you a-milking.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

GILLE MACHREE.

Gille machree,* sit down by me,
We now are joined and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth's our own, our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever!

When I was poor, your father's door
Was closed against your constant lover;
With care and pain, I tried in vain
My fortunes to recover.

I said: "To other lands I'll roam,
Where Fate may smile on me, love;"

I said: "Farewell, my own old home!"

And I said: "Farewell to thee, love!"

Sing *Gille machree*, etc.

I might have said, my mountain maid,
Come live with me, your own true lover;
I know a spot, a silent cot,
Your friends can ne'er discover:

* Brightener of my heart.

Where gently flows the waveless tide
 By one small garden only ;
 Where the heron waves his wings so wide,
 And the linnet sings so lonely !
 Sing *Gille machree*, etc.

I might have said, my mountain maid,
 A father's right was never given
 True hearts to curse with tyrant force,
 That have been blest in Heaven.
 But then, I said : " In after years,
 When thoughts of home shall find her,
 My love may mourn with secret tears
 Her friends thus left behind her."
 Sing *Gille machree*, etc.

O, no, I said, my own dear maid,
 For me, though all forlorn for ever,
 That heart of thine shall ne'er repine
 O'er slighted duty — never.
 From home and thee tho' wandering far
 A dreary fate be mine, love ;
 I'd rather live in endless war,
 Than buy my peace with thine, love.
 Sing *Gille machree*, etc.

Far, far away, by night and day,
 I toiled to win a golden treasure ;
 And golden gains repaid my pains
 In fair and shining measure.
 I sought again my native land,
 Thy father welcomed me, love ;
 I poured my gold into his hand,
 And my guerdon found in thee, love.
 Sing *Gille machree*, etc.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

MY OWEN BAWN CON.

My Owen Bawn's hair is of thread of gold spun ;
 Of gold in the shadow, of light in the sun ;
 All curled in a coolun the bright tresses are —
 They make his head radiant with beams like a star !

My Owen Bawn's mantle is long and is wide,
 To wrap me up safe from the storm by his side ;
 And I'd rather face snow-drift and winter-wind
 there,
 Than lie among daisies and sunshine elsewhere.

My Owen Bawn Con is a hunter of deer,
 He tracks the dun quarry with arrow and spear—
 Where wild woods are waving, and deep waters
 flow,
 Ah, there goes my love, with the dun-dappled roe.

My Owen Bawn Con is a bold fisherman,
 He spears the strong salmon in midst of the Bann ;
 And rock'd in the tempest on stormy Lough
 Neagh, [spray.
 Draws up the red trout through the bursting of

My Owen Bawn Con is a bard of the best,
 He wakes me with singing, he sings me to rest ;
 And the cruit 'neath his fingers rings up with a
 sound, [ground.
 As though angels harped o'er us, and fays under-

They tell me the stranger has given command,
 That crommeal and coolun shall cease in the land,
 That all our youth's tresses of yellow be shorn,
 And bonnets, instead, of a new fashion, worn ;

That mantles like Owen Bawn's shield us no more,
 That hunting and fishing henceforth we give o'er,
 That the net and the arrow aside must be laid,
 For hammer and trowel, and mattock and spade ;

That the echoes of music must sleep in their caves,
 That the slave must forget his own tongue for a
 slave's, [our ears,
 That the sounds of our lips must be strange in
 And our bleeding hands toil in the dew of our
 tears.

O, sweetheart and comfort ! with thee by my side,
 I could love and live happy, whatever betide ;
 But *thou*, in such bondage, wouldst die ere a day—
 Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen, away !

There are wild woods and mountains, and streams
 deep and clear,
 There are lochs in Tir-oën as lovely as here ;
 There are silver harps ringing in Yellow Hugh's
 hall,
 And a bower by the forest side, sweetest of all !

We will dwell by the sunshiny skirts of the brake,
 Where the sycamore shadows glow deep in the
 lake ; [there,
 And the snowy swan stirring the green shadows
 Afloat on the water, seems floating in air.

Farewell, then, black Slemish, green Collon adieu,
 My heart is a-breaking at thinking of you ;
 But tarry we dare not when freedom hath gone,—
 Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen Bawn Con !

Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen away!
 We will leave them the dust from our feet as
 a prey,
 And our dwellings in ashes and flames for a
 spoil,—
 'Twill be long ere they quench them with
 streams from the Foyle!

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

MAIRE BHAN ASTOR.

In a valley far away,
 With my Maire bhan astór,
 Short would be the summer-day,
 Ever loving more and more;
 Winter days would all grow long,
 With the light her heart would pour,
 With her kisses and her song,
 And her loving mait go leór.
 Fond is Maire bhan astór,
 Fair is Maire bhan astór,
 Sweet as ripple on the shore,
 Sings my Maire bhan astór.

Oh! her sire is very proud,
 And her mother cold as stone;
 But her brother bravely vow'd
 She should be my bride alone;
 For he knew I lov'd her well,
 And he knew she loved me too,
 So he sought their pride to quell,
 But 'twas all in vain to sue.
 True is Maire bhan astór,
 Tried is Maire bhan astór,
 Had I wings I'd never soar
 From my Maire bhan astór.

There are lands where manly toil
 Surely reaps the crop it sows,
 Glorious woods and teeming soil,
 Where the broad Missouri flows;
 Thro' the trees the smoke shall rise,
 From our hearth with mait go leór,
 There shall shine the happy eyes
 Of my Maire bhan astór.
 Mild is Maire bhan astór,
 Mine is Maire bhan astór,
 Saints shall watch about the door
 Of my Maire bhan astór.

THOMAS DAVIS.

MY KALLAGH DHU ASTHORE.

Again the flowery feet of June
 Have tracked our cottage side;
 And o'er the waves the timid moon
 Steals, smiling like a bride;
 But what were June or flowers to me,
 Or waves, or moon, or more,
 If evening came and brought not thee—
 My Kallagh dhu asthore!

Let others prize their lordly lands,
 And sceptres gemmed with blood,
 More dear to me the honest hands
 That earn my babes their food;
 And little reck we queens or kings
 When daily labor's o'er;
 And by the evening embers sings
 My Kallagh dhu asthore.

And when he sings, his every song
 Is sacred freedom's own;
 And like his voice his arm is strong,
 For labor nursed the bone;
 And then his step, and such an eye!
 Ah, fancy! touch no more;
 My spirit swims in holy joy
 O'er Kallagh dhu asthore!

His voice is firm, his knee is proud
 When pomp's imperious tone
 Would have the freeborn spirit bowed,
 That right should bow alone;
 For well does Kallagh know his due,
 Nor ever seeks he more;
 Would heaven mankind were all like you,
 My Kallagh dhu asthore!

And Kallagh is an Irishman
 In sinew, soul, and bone;
 Not e'en the veins of old Slieveban
 Are purer than his own;
 The wing of woe has swept our skies,
 The foreign foe our shore,
 But stain or change thy race defies,
 My Kallagh dhu asthore!

What wonder, then, each word he said
 Fell o'er my maiden day,
 Like breathings o'er the cradle-bed
 Where mothers kiss and pray;
 Though dear your form, your cheek, and eye,
 I loved those virtues more,
 Whose bloom nor ills nor years destroy,
 My Kallagh dhu asthore!

O, could this heart, this throbbing thing,
 Be made a regal chair,
 I'd rend its every swelling string.
 To seat you, Kallagh, there ;
 And O, if honest worth alone
 The kingly bauble bore,
 No slave wert thou, my blood, my bone,
 My Kallagh dhu asthore !

FRANCIS DAVIS.

MY ULICK.

My Ulick is sturdy and strong,
 And light is his foot on the heather,
 And truth has been wed to his tongue
 Since first we were talking together.
 And though he is lord of no lands,
 Nor castle, nor cattle, nor dairy,
 My Ulick has health and his hands,
 And a heart-load of love for his Mary,—
 And what could a maiden wish more ?

One night at the heel of the eve,—
 I mind it was snowing and blowing,—
 My mother was knitting, I b'lieve :
 For me, I was sitting and sewing ;
 My father had read o'er the news,
 And sat there a-humming, "We'll wake him,"
 When Ulick stepped in at the door,
 As white as the weather could make him ;—
 True love never cooled with the frost.

He shook the snow out from his frieze,
 And drew a chair up to my father ;
 My heart lifted up to my eyes
 To see the two sitting together.
 They talked of our isle and her wrongs
 Till both were as mad as starvation ;
 Then Ulick sang three or four songs,
 And closed with, "Hurrah for the Nation !"
 O, Ulick, an Irishman still !

My father took him by the hand,
 Their hearts melted into each other ;
 While tears that she could not command
 Broke loose from the eyes of my mother.
 "Ah, Freedom !" she cried, "worrasthrue,
 A woman can say little in it ;
 But if it could come by you two,
 I've a guess at the way you would win it,—
 'Twould not be by weeping, I swear."

CHARLES J. KICKHAM

MOLLY ASTHORE.

As down by Banna's banks I strayed
 One evening in May,
 The little birds, with sweetest notes
 Made vocal every spray ;
 They sung their tender tales of love,
 They sung them o'er and o'er—
 Ah ! gra-machree, ma colleen oge,
 My Molly Asthore !

The daisy pied, and all the sweets
 The dawn of nature yields,
 The primrose pale, the violet blue.
 Lay scattered o'er the fields ;—
 Such fragrance in the bosom dwells
 Of her whom I adore,—
 Ah ! gra-machree, ma colleen oge,
 My Molly Asthore !

I laid me down upon a bank,
 Bewailing my sad fate,
 That doomed me thus the slave of love,
 And cruel Molly's hate.
 How can she break the honest heart
 That wears her in its core ?
 Ah ! gra-machree, ma colleen oge,
 My Molly Asthore !

You said you loved me, Mary, dear—
 Ah ! why did I believe ?
 Yet who would think such tender words
 Were meant but to deceive ?
 That love was all I asked on earth ;
 Nay, Heaven could grant no more.
 Ah ! gra-machree, ma colleen oge,
 My Molly Asthore !

Oh, had I all the flocks that graze
 On yonder yellow hill,
 Or lowed for me the numerous herds
 That yon green pastures fill,
 With her I love I'd gladly share
 My kine and fleecy store,—
 Ah ! gra-machree, ma colleen oge,
 My Molly Asthore !

Two turtle doves above my head,
 Sat courting on a bough ;
 I envied them their happiness,
 To see them bill and coo.
 Such fondness once for me was shown,
 But now, alas ! 'tis o'er,—
 Ah ! gra-machree, ma colleen oge,
 My Molly Asthore !

Then, fare thee well, my Molly dear,
 Thy loss I e'er shall mourn!
 While life remains in Strephon's heart,
 'Twill beat for thee alone;
 Tho' thou art false, may Heaven on thee
 Its choicest blessings pour!
 Ah! gra-machree, ma colleen oge,
 My Molly Asthore!

GEORGE OGLE.

MY BRIDEEN.

My Brideen! O, my Brideen wherever my lot
 may be,
 My heart in its fondest longings will ever turn
 back to thee;
 Whether where snows are deepest, or tropical
 sunbeams shine,
 O maid of the eyes like mountain lakes, this heart
 will ever be thine.

With a soul that had never a stain, and a heart
 that knows nothing of guile,
 I think I catch glimpses of heaven whenever I
 see thy smile:
 A smile that with thoughts is teeming as lovely
 as summer flowers,
 And making a garden whenever it comes in the
 heart of the passing hours.

I dreamt of you once in the summer, when the
 birds sang on every tree,
 And the heart of the earth was beating with the
 glory of being free,
 And I knew that the flowers were happier when-
 ever they felt thy foot,
 For thy touch, like the touch of a goddess, thrill'd
 them down to the very root.

My Brideen! O, my Brideen! in vain may the
 sunbeams fall,
 In vain may the birds, the children of heaven,
 sing songs for all,
 For my heart, in its strong, strong longing, no
 beauty or light can see,
 Nor feel the wierd music of nature, unless when
 they're shared by thee.

My Brideen! O my Brideen, when I look on
 those eyes of light,
 I feel as my soul were bathed in an ocean of
 thoughts too bright—

Too bright for the earth that is groaning with
 tears for the living and dead,
 And only fit for the heaven where never a tear
 was shed.

My Brideen! O my Brideen! I think of the long
 ago,
 When no cloud ever darken'd the skies, or
 shadow the earth below,
 Till all things transfigured by love, seem touch'd
 by a grace divine,
 And the beauty that is around me seems but the
 reflection of thine.

Till my soul in thy soul seems lost, as a river is
 lost in the sea,
 And the earth is the earth no longer, but only a
 part of thee;
 And the heaven I see in the future doth seem to
 me only fair,
 For I know that where heaven is heavenliest my
 spirit shall find thee there.

ANONYMOUS.

—From the Irish.

MO CRAOIBHIN CNO.

My heart is far from Liffey's tide
 And Dublin town;
 It strays beyond the southern side
 Of Cnoc-Maol-Donn.
 Where Cappelquin hath woodlands green,
 Where Amhan-Mhor's waters flow,
 Where dwells unsung, unsought, unseen,
*Mo craoibhin cno,**
 Low clustering in her leafy screen,
Mo craoibhin cno!

The high-bred dames of Dublin town
 Are rich and fair,
 With wavy plume, and silken gown,
 And stately air;
 Can plumes compare thy dark brown hair?
 Can silks thy neck of snow?
 Or measur'd pace thine artless grace,
Mo craoibhin cno.
 When harebells scarcely show thy trace,
Mo craoibhin cno?

* Pronounced *Ma Creevin Kno*; figurative meaning, "My nut brown maid."

I've heard the songs by Liffey's wave
 The maidens sung —
 They sung their land the Saxon's slave,
 In Saxon tongue —
 Oh! bring me here that Gaelic dear
 Which cursed the Saxon foe,
 When thou didst charm my raptured ear
Mo craoibhin cno!
 And none but God's good angels near,
Mo craoibhin cno!

I've wandered by the rolling Lee!
 And Lene's green bowers —
 I've seen the Shannon's wide-spread sea,
 And Limerick's towers —
 And Liffey's tide, where hills of pride
 Frown o'er the flood below;
 My wild heart strays to Amhan-Mhor's sid
Mo craoibhin cno!
 With love and thee for aye to hide,
Mo craoibhin cno!

EDWARD WALSH.

MO CAILIN DONN.

The blush is on the flower and the bloom is on
 the tree,
 And the bonnie, bonnie sweet birds are carolling
 their glee;
 And the dew upon the grasses are made dia-
 monds by the sun,
 All to deck a path of glory for my own Cáilin
 Donn!
 O, fair she is! O, rare she is! O, dearer still
 to me!
 More welcome than the green leaf to winter-
 stricken tree,
 More welcome than the blossom to the weary,
 dusty bee,
 Is the coming of my true love — my own
 Cáilin Donn!
 O Sycamore, O Sycamore! wave, wave your
 banners green:
 Let all your pennons flutter, O Beech, before
 my queen!
 Ye fleet and honeyed breezes, to kiss her hand
 ye run,
 But my heart has passed before ye to my own
 Cáilin Donn!
 O, fair she is! etc.

* My brown-haired girl.

Ring out, ring out, O Linden, your merry, leafy
 bells:
 Unveil your brilliant torches, O Chestnut, to the
 dells;
 Strew, strew the glade with splendor, for morn
 it cometh on,
 O, the morn of all delight to me — my own
 Cáilin Donn!
 Q, fair she is! etc.

She is coming where we parted, where she wan-
 ders every day;
 There's a gay surprise before her, who thinks
 me far away.
 O, like hearing bugles triumph when the fight of
 freedom's won,
 Is the joy around your footsteps, my own Cáilin
 Donn!
 O, fair she is! etc.

GEORGE SIGERSON.

From the Irish.

AILLEEN.

'Tis not for love of gold I go,
 'Tis not for love of fame;
 Tho' fortune should her smile bestow,
 And I may win a name,
 Aileen,
 And I may win a name.

And yet it is for gold I go,
 And yet it is for fame,
 That they may deck another brow,
 And bless another name,
 Aileen,
 And bless another name.

For this, but this, I go — for this
 I lose thy love a while;
 And all the soft and quiet bliss
 Of thy young, faithful smile,
 Aileen,
 Of thy young, faithful smile.

And I go to brave a world I hate.
 And woo it o'er and o'er,
 And tempt a wave, and try a fate
 Upon a stranger shore,
 Aileen,
 Upon a stranger shore.

O! when the bays are all my own,
 I know a heart will care!
 O! when the gold is wooed and won,
 I know a brow shall wear,
Ailleen,
 I know a brow shall wear!

And when with both returned again,
 My native land to see,
 I know a smile will meet me there,
 And a hand will welcome me,
Ailleen,
 And a hand will welcome me!

JOHN BANIM.

TALK BY THE BLACKWATER.

Faint are the breezes and pure is the tide,
 Soft is the sunshine and you by my side;
 'Tis just such an evening to dream of in sleep—
 'Tis just such a joy to remember and weep;
 Never before, since you called me your own,
 Were you, I, and Nature, so proudly alone—
Cushlamacree, 'tis blessed to be
 All the long summer eve talking to thee.

Dear are the green banks we wander upon—
 Dear is our own river, glancing along—
 Dearer the trust that as tranquil will be,
 The tides of the future for you and for me;
 Dearest the thought, that, come weal or come
woe, [they'll flow—
 Through storm or through sunshine together
Cushlamachree, 'tis blessed to be
 All the long summer eve thinking of thee,

Yon bark o'er the waters how swiftly it glides—
 My thoughts cannot guess to what haven it rides;
 As little I know what the future brings near,
 But our bark is the same, and I harbor no fear;
 Whatever our fortunes, our hearts will be true—
 Wherever the stream flows 'twill bear me with
Cushlamachree, 'tis blessed to be [you—
 Summer and winter time clinging to thee.

ELLEN DOWNING.

A WOOLING.

O! when I think of you, dear,
 At once my voice becomes a song!
 Your eyes so deeply blue, dear,
 The clustering curls that richly throng,
 Revealing, concealing,
 The sweetest charms of hue and form;
 Your face's soft graces—
 The eyes that awe and lips that warm!
 My thoughts to love's heat new, dear,
 Expand, gush o'er, and sweep along,
 And, as I think of you, dear,
 At once my voice becomes a song!

I've listened with devotion
 To many a sweet old Irish air,
 But deeper my emotion
 While gazing on your face so fair.
 Like moonlight at lone night
 That music falls—each timid lay
 Gloom-fringed, and tinged—
 But you are like the light of day.
 Though heaven's sunny blue, dear,
 That falls so wide, endures so long,—
 Lark-like!—awaked by you, dear,
 At once my voice becomes a song!

Ambition's fire may heat us,—
 But ah! the flame, while heating, sears;
 And patriot love, though sweet, is
 Like flowers nourished half in tears!
 The brave dies, and death buys
 The freedom won in thundering fight;
 And faint woe and graves strow
 The long, long way from Wrong to Right.
 I ask of Heaven but you, dear:
 Pure joys alone to love belong;
 And Heaven is kind to woo, dear,
 At once my voice becomes a song!

O have me! and I'll give you
 A heart, with all its errors, true;
 I'll love you and believe you,
 And you will smile on all I do!
 Yes, you'll cheer my home here,
 And I'll strive for you abroad;
 By day, toils—by night, smiles,
 And mutual tears and prayer to God!
 So fadeless flowers will strew, dear,
 The humble path we pass along;
 And life to me and you, dear,
 Will be one high, harmonious song!

MARTIN MAC DERMOTT.

AT THE TRYST.

O sun! lift your head from its soft sky-pillow,
 And loosen your golden locks! [low—
 There's something a-stir in the heart o' the wil-
 There's something a-stir in the flocks.
 A baby-bird's cradle is slowly rocking,
 Like boat on an untried stream,
 And a lambkin's low bleat
 Sounds as softly and sweet,
 As music that floats through a dream,
 O sun —
 As music that floats through a dream!

O baby-bird, aren't you weary of resting?
 Hark how the waking wind blows!
 Hey! little eyes, that shine out from your nesting
 Like dewdrops that hide in a rose.
 The grasses are bending their heads in greeting,
 The clover-blooms pinkly smile;
 And soon, soon it may be
 That—ah! well, you will see—
 If you wait but a little while,
 O bird—
 If you wait but a little while!

Meadow-face, meadow-face, how you are beam-
 Tell me, who is it you see? [ing!
 Nay, pansy-eyes, you may never be streaming
 Shy glances, so tender, for *me*. [ing.
 Oh! buttercups, bowed 'neath your yellow crown-
 Heavy with over-warm sun,
 I am heavy with love!—
 For the blue tide above,
 And the grass-waves that greenly run,
 Bright cups—
 And the grass-waves that greenly run!

Daisy-buds, daisy-buds, where are you drifting?
 Whom do you quiver to meet?
 Little white arms, are you lifting, lifting,
 To beckon two tarrying feet?
 May somebody softly be stealing, stealing,
 Over the meadow-lands green?
 Oh! my daisy-buds, say,
 Is he coming to-day?
 Your golden-crowned monarch, I mean,
 O buds—
 Your golden-crowned Sun-king, I mean!

He comes! he comes! O, the glory out-welling
 From meadow and mount and wold!
 He comes! he comes! O, the song up-swelling
 From the nest in the willow-hold!

The lamb from her folding in white approaches
 Like bride in her pure array;
 And my heart is as light
 As a zephyr-wind's flight
 Through the calm of a summer's day.
 O Love—
 Through the calm of a summer's day!

Ay, he is coming! pale star-grass and clover
 And dainty blue flax a-tween, [cover,
 Ah! fern-maiden, weep 'neath your bright hair
 Since your smiling will not be seen.
 Never a look for the up-looking daisy,
 Never a glance to the lea!
 But the red rose of Love
 On his bosom doth move,
 And my love is coming to me,
 O heart—
 My lover is coming to me!

MINNIE GILMORE.

IRISH CASTLES.

"Sweet Norah, come here and look into the fire.
 Maybe in its embers good luck we might see;
 But don't come too near, or your glances so
 shining
 Will put it clean out, like the sunbeams, ma-
 chree!
 "Just look 'twixt the sods, where so brightly
 they're burning:
 There's a sweet little valley with rivers and
 trees,
 And a house on the bank quite as big as the
 squire's,—
 Who knows but some day we'll have some-
 thing like these?"

"And now there's a coach and four galloping
 horses,
 A coachman to drive, and a footman behind;
 That betokens some day we will keep a fine
 carriage,
 And dash through the streets with the speed
 of the wind."

As Dermot was speaking, the rain down the
 chimney
 Soon quenched the turf-fire on the hollowed
 hearth stone,
 While mansion and carriage in smoke circles
 vanished,
 And left the poor dreamers dejected and lone.

Then Norah to Dermot these words softly whispered,
 " 'Tis better to strive than to vainly desire ;
 And our little hut by the roadside is better
 Than palace and servants, and coach—in the
 fire !"

'Tis years since poor Dermot his fortune was
 dreaming,

Since Norah's sweet counsel effected his cure :
 For ever since then hath he toiled night and
 morning,

And now his snug mansion looks down on the
 Suir,

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

HARRY'S AWAY.

Oh ! my sperrits are down, and I'm troubled and
 pale,

And I shiver and quake as I listen the gale—
 When I think of the ships tossed about on the
 saye,

For my darling's upon it—my Harry's away.

In the day I can't work, and at night I can't
 sleep,

For my heart and my head that it aises to weep.
 Folk stare at the girl that was happy and gay,
 But it's hard to be happy and Harry away.

The winds, when I'm up at the midnight alone,
 In the windeys they sigh, in the chimley they
 groan ;

And I always keep list'nin' to hear what they
 say,

For fear it's the ghost of my love that's away

When I'm knitting I look at the nice rosy tree,
 That he planted fornt the front windey for me ;
 And the path he walked up in the dim evenings
 grey,

I love to stroll down it since Harry's away.

And my heart it grows sick when I call to my
 mind

Iv'ry sence I said, either cowl'd or unkind.

If the Lord send him back—and for that I will
 pray—

I'll niver spake cross to my love that's away.

Autumn blasts, as ye're strippin' the valley and
 plain,

Ye have wakened worse storms in my timorous
 brain ;

But waft him back safe, and I'll watch your wild
 play

With delight, when—my Harry's no longer away !

HENRY M. FLETCHER.

SLEEP ON, MAVOURNEEN.

Sleep on, for I know 'tis of me you are dream-
 ing,

Sleep on, till the sun comes to give you a call,
 Though the pride of my heart is to see your eye
 beaming,

Yet still to be dreamt of is better than all.

For then 'tis to yours that my heart's always
 speaking, [way,

And then 'tis the spell that enchains it gives
 And reveals all the love that I never, when wak-
 ing, [to say.

Could get round my tongue, in the daylight

Yes, sleep on, mavourneen, my joy and my
 treasure,

Not often does sleep get a comrade so fair,
 And no wonder it is that his eye takes a pleasure
 To watch by your pillow while you slumber
 there. [breaking,

Then sleep, softly sleep, till the day-dawn is
 And peeps in to give you a smile and a call ;
 For though great as my joy is to see you when
 waking,

Yet still to be dreamt of is better than all.

FLORENCE BEAMISH.

SWEET GLENGARIFF'S WATER.

Where wildfowl swim upon the lake

At morning's early shining,

I'm sure, I'm sure my heart will break

With sadness and repining.

As I went out one morning sweet,

I met a farmer's daughter,

With gown of blue, and milk-white feet,

By sweet Glengariff's water.

Her jet-black locks, with wavy shine,

Fell sweetly on her shoulder,

And, ah ! they make my heart repine

Till I again behold her.

She smiled and passed me strangely by,
Though fondly I besought her,
And long I'll rue her laughing eye
By sweet Glengariff's water.

Where wildfowl swim upon the lake
At early morning splendor,
Each day my lonely path I'll take,
With thoughts full sad and tender.
I'll meet my love, and sure she'll stay
To hear the tale I've brought her,
To marry me this merry May
By sweet Glengariff's water.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

MY BEAU.

Oh, I am dinned with rolling drums
And oft repeated cheers,
And tired of marching 'mid the throng
Beside the volunteers!
For all day long my heart and eyes
Went with the foremost row,
Where, handsomest among them all,
I saw my darling beau.

The tears were on my cheeks unchecked
Throughout this woeful day;
I did not heed the people's looks,
I cared not what they'd say;
For why should I disguise my grief,
Or strive to hide the woe
That burst unbidden at the thought
Of parting with my beau?

You surely must have noticed,
As the ranks went marching by,
That tall young fellow in the front,
With such a bright blue eye.
I know a dozen hearts that ached
This day to see him go;
But I alone among them all
Could claim him as a beau.

He was the only beau I had:
Of all the lads but he
Seemed ever to have cared to win,
Or thought of loving me.
But had a thousand sought my hand,
Howe'er so rich, I'd throw
The greed of gold from out my heart,
And give it to my beau.

Yon starlit flag is dear to me,
Because beneath its shade,
To fight for what we all believe
Is right, he stands arrayed.
Though were he on the other side,
The stars and bars, I know,
Would be as dear as stripes and stars,
While floating o'er my beau.

A victory would be death to me,
Were he among the slain;
I care not who shall win the fight,
So he comes back again;
Nor to which side the bloody tide
Of war shall ebb or flow,
If it but brings me home unwrecked
That man-of-war, my beau.

MICHAEL O'CONNOR

MY BETROTHED.

O! come, my betrothed, to thine anxious bride,
Too long have they kept thee from my side;
Sure I sought thee by meadow and mountain,
asthore,

And I watched and wept till my heart was sore,
While the false to the false did say:
We will lead her away by the mound and the rath,
And we'll nourish her heart in its worse than
death,
Till her tears shall have traced a pearly path,
For the work of a future day.

Ah! little they knew what their guile could do—
It has won me a host of the stern and true,
Who have sworn by the eye of the yellow sun,
That my home is their hearts till thy hand be won;
And they've gathered my tears and sighs;
And they've woven them into a cloudy frown,
That shall girt my brow like an ebony crown,
Till these feet, in my wrath, shall have trampled
down

All, all that betwixt us rise.

Then come, my betrothed, to thine anxious bride!
Thou art dear to my breast as my heart's red tide;
And a wonder it is you can tarry so long,
And your soul so proud, and your arm so strong,
And your limb without a chain; [wind,
And your feet in their flight like the midnight
When he laughs at the flash that he leaves behind;
And your heart so warm, and your look so kind—
O! come to my arms again!

O, my dearest has eyes like the noontide sun ;
 So bright that my own dare scarce look on ;
 And the clouds of a thousand years gone by,
 Brought back, and again on the crowded sky,
 Heaped haughtily pile o'er pile,
 Then all in a boundless blaze outspread,
 Rent, shaken and tossed o'er their flaming bed,
 Till each heart by the light of the heavens was
 Were as naught to his softest smile ! [read,

And to hear my love in his wild mirth sing
 To the flap of the battle-god's fiery wing !
 How his chorus shrieks through the iron tones
 Of crashing towers and creaking thrones,
 And the crumbling of bastions strong !
 Yet, sweet to my ear as the sigh that slips
 From the nervous dance of a maiden's lips,
 When the eye first wanes in its love eclipse,
 Is his soul-creating song !

Then come, my betrothed, to thine anxious bride !
 Thou hast tarried too long, but I may not chide ;
 For the prop and the hope of my home thou art,
 Ay, the vein that suckles my growing heart :
 O, I'd frown on the world for thee !
 And it is not a dull, cold, soulless clod,
 With a lip in the dust at a tyrant's nod,
 Unworthy one glance of the patriot's God
 That you ever shall find in me !

FRANCIS DAVIS.

CONAL AND EVA.

My Conal was poor and he never would sue—
 I said, "I have riches enough for us two ;"
 My Conal was proud, from his girl he would take
 No more than her heart—he has left it to break ;
 For, O ! he is toiling far over the sea,
 He never would stoop to owe riches to me,
 My proud love.

The gold is all mine ; now there's no one to
 share,
 But for treasure or pleasure 'tis little I care,
 For I'm dreaming all night, and I'm thinking all
 day,
 How he's poor and deserted, and far, far away,
 With none to console him if sickness should
 smite,—
 With none to watch o'er him by day or by night,
 My own love.

If I thought in the land of the stranger he'd find
 A voice that could soothe him, a tie that could
 bind—

If I thought he'd forget me, or wished to resign,
 O ! never should reach him one murmur of mine ;
 But I'd pray that the fair girl he chose for his own
 Might love him and guard him as I would have
 done,

My dear love.

But always he told me wherever he'd roam,
 His heart would be true to the true heart at
 home ;

That he'd love his poor Eva, though far from
 her side,

And come back, with God's blessing, to make
 her his bride ;

And sure when I think of each look and each
 vow,

It seems like a sin to be doubting him now,
 My fond love.

I'll not wrong him or grieve him by doubting or
 care,

But watch o'er him still with my blessing and
 prayer ;

I'll go down to the sea-side, for there I can see
 The spot where my darling last parted from me,
 And I'll kneel on the bare stones the saints to
 implore

That Conal and Eva may meet there once more,
 My true love.

ELLEN DOWNING.

MY SAILOR BOY.

There is beauty in Willie's soft smile,
 There is love in my Willie's blue eye ;
 And his voice has the ring
 Of the song-birds in spring,
 And he's straight as the feathery rye.

I know that the wild cherry's bloom
 Took its tint from his brow, that's so fair,
 And the nuts of Glendhu,
 They have borrowed their hue
 From my true-lover's clustering hair.

I've found out for myself the fair star
 That the mariner loveth to view ;
 And through the lone night
 I watch its pale light,
 For my sailor's eye rests on it too.

And I listen the wind of the South,
 As it talks with the leaves on the tree;
 For that merry South breeze
 Has come over the seas,
 And I'm sure it has tidings for me.

JAMES MCKOWEN.

MY SOUTHWARD WINGING ORIOLE.

The fading sunset's golden light
 Was glancing over town and river,
 When flashed a vision on my sight,
 One moment seen, yet fixed forever.

On memory's retina still glows
 That picture, all my heart entrancing;
 The rosy mouth — the brow of snow,
 The blue eyes in sweet dalliance dancing.

The dimples in her soft chin set,
 Her maiden smile serene and peaceful,
 And those brown locks — ah! never yet
 Were tendrils of the vine more graceful.

She came in robes of Quaker hue,
 Such livery as the fawns inherit;
 But then her bonnet's dazzling blue
 Gave hint of her celestial spirit.

"Great heavens!" I cried; "sweet sunny South,
 Your praise — all poets well may rhyme it,
 If such bright flowers as yonder mouth
 Are native to this glowing climate?"

"But no; this fresh and joyous face,
 This eye from which gay fancy sallies,
 This artless and yet winning grace
 All speak of Northern hills and valleys.

"The languid beauties hereaway,
 Who half the year for cool air stifle,
 Their features lack the subtle play
 Which leaves this face without a rival."

And thus I thought, and thus I dreamed,
 Your life in various colors painting;
 Now hope's blest ray upon me beamed,
 Now left me in the darkness fainting.

Ah! well, these dreams are idle all —
 Mere shadows — and we chase them blindly;
 But yet my pulses rise or fall
 Just as I find you cross or kindly.

And still on memory's retina glows
 Thy picture, heart and brain entrancing;
 The rosy mouth — the brow of snow,
 And those small feet just made for dancing.

Ne'er may the future bring regret
 For these bright dreams which now caress me,
 But, long in golden circle set,
 May this fair image smile to bless me.

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

A HARVEST IDYL.

The sun goes down, and the shadows deepen,
 The gloam steals soft o'er land and sea;
 The birds grow still, and the winds go sweeping
 Along the hush of the fragrant lea;
 The stars peep out from their purple vesture,
 The round moon smiles thro' her golden veil,
 And o'er the air there is trembling sweetly
 The first low note of the nightingale.

Across the dark she can hear him coming —
 The reaper, bent 'neath his yellow sheaves —
 A glory breaks from the red log's shining,
 And glows on high from the ruddy eaves.
 A glory breaks from her heart and flickers
 Along her cheek in a crimson flame,
 As some one steps o'er the old farm threshold,
 With lips closed soft on her spoken name.

She meets his eyes, in their blue reflecting
 The fair young bloom of the early corn.
 His hair sweeps hers with a golden ripple,
 As break of sun on the dusky morn;
 His lips are sweet, and his cool breath passes
 Across her face, like a wind of May,
 While hand folds hand in a swift, strong pressure,
 Warm with the words that he dare not say.

Ah! young reaper, fear not for thy harvest,
 Lift the sickle and call for the wain;
 Low before thee, in tremulous waiting,
 She droops her head, like the ripened grain.
 She waits, not long! for her eyes have spoken,
 And heart reads heart, tho' the lips be mute —
 Love was the seed of the reaper's sowing,
 And love bears love as a fitting fruit!

MINNIE GILMORE.

THE FALSE ORACLE.

She picked a little daisy flower,
 With fringe of snow and heart of gold,
 All pure without and warm within,
 And stood to have her fortune told.

"He loves me," low she musing said,
 And plucked the border, leaf by leaf,
 "A little — too much — not at all —
 With truest heart, beyond belief.

"A little — too much — not at all —"
 So rang the changes o'er and o'er;
 The tiny leaflets fluttered down,
 And strewed the meadow's grassy floor.

"A little — too much — not at all
 With truest heart." — Oh magic brief!
 Ah, foolish task, to measure out
 Love's value on a daisy leaf!

For, as she plucked the latest left, —
 With "Not at all," I heard her say:
 "Ah, much you know, you silly flower —
 He'll love me till his dying day!"

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

A MARRIAGE.

They stood together, he and she,
 As tenderly as lovers may
 Who know the breaking dawn will be
 Their wedding day.

His flashing eyes told half his bliss;
 But hers seemed full of silent prayer.
 As if a mightier voice than his
 Had named her there.

Behind the altar and the ring,
 Behind the brimming cup love holds,
 Her timid soul sought wondering,
 The future's folds.

His eyes were sweet; she looked beyond
 Through waiting years of sun and rain.
 His clasp was dear; she felt the bond
 That might be pain!

Yet he all gladness, she half fear,
 Gave kisses only of delight;
 Love touched and brought them close and near
 That happy night.

Long afterward he waked to doubt
 But she, with care-worn matron grace,
 Shut patience in and passion out,
 And held her place.

And never thought nor word went wild —
 Content if only she could see
 His features in the sleeping child
 Across her knee.

Her doubt had end where his begun;
 She smiled, nor knew the bitter cost
 At which his prison calm was won —
 His freedom lost!

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

AMOR TYRANNUS.

Now could I weep with Autumn-time betrayed
 To Winter's kiss, or mourn the dateless lease
 Of Death's dominion, and the chill surcease
 Of youth, and beauty harshly disarrayed.
 Not by the common destiny dismayed,
 But grieving to behold my wisdom cease,
 Since Love has rudely shattered ancient peace,
 And bears at me with all his arms displayed.
 Can I pluck patience from the stars, to teach
 My sick soul comfort, bidding 'Be of cheer,'
 That am like one who strives in vain to steer
 His storm-shook vessel from some angry reach
 Of dangerous rocks, where breaking terribly
 Thunders the hoarse rebellion of the sea?

JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee;
 But, while Fame elates thee,
 Oh! still remember me,
 When the praise thou meetest,
 To thine ear is sweetest,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Other arms may press thee,
 Dearer friends caress thee,
 All the joys that bless thee
 Sweeter far may be;
 But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest,
 Oh! then remember me.

When, at eve, thou rovest,
 By the star thou lovest,
 Oh ! then remember me.
 Think, when home returning,
 Bright we've seen it burning,
 Oh ! thus remember me.
 Oft as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes
 On its ling'ring roses
 Once so loved by thee,
 Think of her who wove them,
 Her who made thee love them ;
 Oh ! then remember me.

When, around thee, dying,
 Autumn-leaves are lying,
 Oh ! then remember me.
 And, at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh ! still remember me.
 Then should Music, stealing
 All the soul of Feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee ;
 Then let mem'ry bring thee
 Strains I us'd to sing thee ;
 Oh ! then remember me.

THOMAS MOORE.

GO! FORGET ME.

Go ! forget me ; why should sorrow
 O'er that brow a shadow fling ?
 Go ! forget me—and to-morrow
 Brightly smile, and sweetly sing.
 Smile—though I shall not be near thee ;
 Sing—though I shall never hear thee.
 May thy soul with pleasure shine,
 Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing
 Clothes the meanest things in light ;
 And when thou, like him, art going,
 Loveliest objects fade in night.
 All things looked so bright about thee,
 That they nothing seem without thee.
 By that pure and lucid mind
 Earthly things were too refined.

Go ! thou vision, wildly gleaming,
 Softly on my soul that fell,
 Go ! for me no longer beaming,
 Hope and beauty, fare ye well !

Go ! and all that once delighted
 Take—and leave me, all benighted,
 Glory's burning gen'rous swell,
 Fancy and the poet's shell.

CHARLES WOLFE

FORGIVE, BUT DON'T FORGET.

I'm going, Jessie, far from thee,
 To distant lands beyond the sea ;
 I would not, Jessie, leave thee now,
 With anger's cloud upon thy brow.
 Remember that thy mirthful friend
 Might sometimes *tease*, but ne'er *offend* ;
 That mirthful friend is sad the while,—
 Oh, Jessie, give a parting smile.

Ah, why should friendship harshly chide
 Our little faults on either side ?
 From friends we love we bear with those,
 As thorns are pardoned for the rose ;—
 The honey-bee, on busy wing,
 Produces sweets, yet bears a sting ;
 The purest gold most needs alloy,
 And sorrow is the nurse of joy.

Then, oh ! forgive me ere I part,
 And if some corner in thy heart
 For absent friend a place might be,—
 Ah, keep that little place for me !
 "Forgive — Forget," we're wisely told,
 Is held a maxim good and old ;
 But half the maxim's better yet :—
 Then, oh ! *forgive, but don't forget !*

SAMUEL LOVER

A PLACE IN THY MEMORY.

A place in thy memory, dearest,
 Is all that I claim,
 To pause and look back when thou hearest
 The sound of my name ;
 Another may woo thee nearer,
 Another may win and wear,—
 I care not though he be dearer,
 If I am remembered there.

Remember me — not as a lover
 Whose hope was crossed,
 Whose bosom can never recover
 The light it hath lost ;

As the young bride remembers the mother
 She loves, tho' she never may see;
 As a sister remembers a brother,
 O dearest, remember me!

Could I be thy true love, dearest,
 Could'st thou smile on me,
 I would be the fondest and nearest
 That ever loved thee!
 But a cloud on my pathway is glooming
 That never must burst upon thine;
 And Heaven, that made thee all blooming,
 Ne'er made thee to wither on mine.

Remember me, then, O remember,
 My calm, light love!
 Though bleak as the blasts of November
 My life may prove,
 That life will, though lonely, be sweet,
 If its brightest enjoyment should be
 A smile and kind word when we meet,
 And a place in thy memory!

GERALD GRIFFIN.

REMEMBERED.

Remembered still, my dearest! remembered!
 Can it be
 That, after all my waywardness, I'm still so dear
 to thee?
 Though changed my outward seeming, that thy
 heart no change hath known,
 And the love I thought had left me is still my
 own—my own?

O I remembered! but I said, "I, too, can be
 unheeding,"
 With smiling eyes and aching heart I stilled sweet
 memory's pleading—
 Or dreamed I stilled it—murmuring, "Soon shall
 my strength atone
 For the cares and joys he shares not, and the
 triumphs won alone."

One word from thee, beloved, and the pent-up
 fount's unsealed,
 And all my self-deceiving to sense and soul re-
 vealed.
 And all that lonesome, toilsome past clear-pic-
 tured unto me,—
 O it never had a day, dear, unlit by prayer for
 thee!

Fore'er divided?—yea, for earth; but our lives
 have wider scope.
 And the bonds between us strengthen with our
 strong supernal hope.
 For oh, my friend, my dearest, how God's love
 halloweth
 This love that, unaffrighted, looks in the face of
 Death!

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

SILENTIUM AMORIS.

As oftentimes the too resplendent sun
 Hurries the pallid and reluctant moon
 Back to her somber cave, ere she hath won
 A single ballad from the nightingale,
 So doth thy beauty make my lips to fail,
 And all my sweetest singing out of tune.

And as at dawn across the level mead
 On wings impetuous some wind will come
 And with its too harsh kisses break the reed
 Which was its only instrument of song,
 So my too stormy passions worked me wrong,
 And for excess of love my love is dumb.

But surely unto thee mine eye did show
 Why I am silent, and my lute unstrung;
 Else it were better we should part, and go,
 Thou to some lips of sweeter melody,
 And I to nurse the barren memory
 Of unkind kisses, and songs never sung.

OSCAR WILDE.

WE PARTED IN SILENCE.

We parted in silence, we parted by night,
 On the banks of that lonely river;
 Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,
 We met—and we parted forever!
 The night-bird sung, and the stars above
 Told many a touching story,
 Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,
 Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence,—our cheeks were wet
 With the tears that were past controlling;
 We vowed we would never, no, never, forget,
 And those vows at the time were consoling.
 But those lips that echoed the sounds of mine
 Are as cold as that lonely river;
 And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine,
 Has shrouded its fires forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
 And my heart grows full of weeping,
 Each star is to me a sealed book,
 Some tale of that loved one keeping.
 We parted in silence, we parted in tears,
 On the banks of that lonely river,
 But the odor and bloom of those by-gone years
 Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

JULIA CRAWFORD.

A BURDEN.

Have I not dreamed of you all night long,
 Love, my Love?
 Shall I not tell my dream in a song,
 O, my Love?

Have I not worshiped you six long years,
 Love, my Love?
 Have I not given you bounteous tears,
 O, my Love?

Have I not said, when the spring was here—
 "Sweet, my Sweet.
 More than the pride and flower of the year,
 O, my Sweet?"

Have I not said in the dawning grey—
 "Heart, my Heart,
 I shall see my lady ere close of day,
 O, my Heart?"

Have I not said in the silent night—
 "Dove, my Dove,
 So soft of voice and rapid of flight,
 O, my Dove?"

Have I not said in the summer hours—
 "Rose, my Rose,
 Greatly exalted above all flowers,
 O, my Rose?"

Have I not said in my great despair—
 "Soul, my Soul,
 Love is a grievous burden to bear,
 O, my Soul?"

Have I not turned to the sea and said—
 "Life, my Life,
 If she be not mine, be thou my bed,
 O, my Life?"

Have I not dreamed of your eyes and cried—
 "Light, my Light,
 Lead me where love may be satisfied,
 O, my Light?"

Have I not trodden a weary road,
 Saint, my Saint?
 And where, at last, shall be my abode,
 O, my Saint?

Sometimes I say, in an hour supreme—
 "Bride, my Bride!
 I shall hold you fast, and not in a dream,
 O, my Bride!"

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

THE SILENT FAREWELL.

In silence we parted, for neither could speak,
 But the tremulous lips and the fast-fading cheek,
 To both were betraying what neither could tell,—
 How deep was the pang of the silent farewell!

There are signs—ah, the slightest!—that love
 understands, [hands,—
 In the meeting of eyes,—in the parting of
 In the quick-breathing sighs that of deep passion
 tell;

Oh! such were the signs of our silent farewell!

There's a language more glowing love teaches
 the tongue [sung;
 Than poets e'er dreamed, or than minstrel e'er
 But oh, far beyond all such language could tell,
 The love that was told in that silent farewell.

SAMUEL LOVER.

GOOD-BYE.

The winter trees are full of woe;
 The winter winds are wet with tears;
 The melancholy waters flow
 And sob and mutter secret fears;
 And trees and winds and waters sigh
 As I, love, say to you, Good-bye.

I know not why my spirits fail
 While I, love, press your hand in mine.
 I know my tears cannot avail
 To give me other hours divine,
 Like those when my love's lips were red
 For kiss to come, for kisses sped.

Your voice was silent, but your eye
And clinging pressure of your hand
Have given me a sweet reply
My heart stood still to understand.
You know my love is strong and pure;
I feel your love is deep and sure.

I take your hand, but dare not meet
The meaning of your gentle look:
Love verses I've deemed over sweet,
But warmest glow in poet's book
Is cold to this soul-lighted haze
That blue eyes are to lover's gaze.

Good-bye: I pray that fate be kind,
And give me to your presence soon.
Oh, if a garland I may bind
Of roses for my love in June,
I'll crown my love with flow'rs, to be
Queen Absolute of love and me!

RICHARD DOWLING.

OUTCRY.

In all my singing and speaking,
I send my soul forth seeking:
O, soul of my soul's dreaming,
When wilt thou hear and speak?
Lovely and lonely seeming,
Thou art there in my dreaming;
Hast thou no sorrow for speaking?
Hast thou no dream to seek?

In all my thinking and sighing,
In all my desolate crying
I send my heart forth yearning,
O, heart that may'st be nigh!
Like a bird weary of flying,
My heavy heart returning,
Bringeth me no replying,
Of word, or thought, or sigh.

In all my joying and grieving,
Living, hoping, believing,
I send my love forth flowing,
To find my unknown love,
O, world that I am leaving,
O, heaven where I am going,
Is there no finding and knowing,
Around, within, above?

O, soul of my soul's seeing,
O, heart of my heart's being,
O, love of dreaming and waking
And living and dying for—
Out of my soul's last aching,
Out of my heart just breaking,
Doubting, falling, forsaking,
I call on you this once more.

Are you too high or too lowly
To come at length unto me?
Are you too sweet and holy
For me to have and to see?
Wherever you are, I call you,
Ere the falseness of life enthral you,
Ere the hollow of death appal you,
While yet your spirit is free.

Have you not seen, in sleeping,
A lover that might not stay,
And remembered again with weeping,
And thought of him through the day?—
Ah! thought of him long and dearly,
Till you seemed to hold him clearly,
And could follow the dull tune merely
With heart and love far away.

Have you not known him kneeling
To a deathless vision of you,
Whom only an earth was concealing,
Whom all that was heaven proved true?
O, surely some wind gave motion
To his words like a wave of the ocean;
Ay! so that you felt his devotion,
And smiled, and wondered, and knew.

And what are you thinking and saying,
In the land where you are delaying?
Have you a chain to sever?
Have you a prison to break?
O, love! there is one love forever,
And never another love—never;
And hath it not reached you, praying
And singing these years for you—sake?

We two, made one, should have power
To grow to a beautiful flower,
A tree for men to sit under
Beside life's flowerless stream:
But I without you am only
A dreamer, fruitless and lonely;
And you without me a wonder
In my most beautiful dream.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADE.

"Which would you for Friendship, my own pretty maid,

The sunlight of noon or the twilight of shade?"

"I would," said the maiden, "the sunlight of noon.

For in it all nature seems glad;

When songsters of air their sweet voices attune,

Our spirits should never be sad. [may;

Pure Friendship we always embrace when we

And seems it not purest in sunlight and day?"

"Which would you for Love, then, my own pretty maid,

The sunlight of noon or the twilight of shade?"

"I would," said the maiden, "for Love that is pure,

The soft placid shadow of even;

Then contact is rapture!—Oh, could it endure,

To lovers our earth would be heaven.

Love needs not the sunlight his wooings to aid;

His whispers sound sweetest when breathed in the shade."

JOHN CRAWFORD WILSON.

O! IF, AS ARABS FANCY.

Oh! if, as Arabs fancy, the traces on thy brow
Were symbols of thy future state, and I could
read them now,

Almost without a fear would I explore the my-
stic chart,

Believing that the world were weak to darken
such a heart.

As yet to thy untroubled soul, as yet to thy young
eyes,

The skies above are very heaven, the earth is
paradise;

The birds that glance in joyous air, the flowers
that happiest be.

They toil not, neither do they spin,—are they not
types of thee?

And yet, and yet, beloved child, to thy enchanted
sight,

Blest as the present is, the days to come seem
yet more bright;

For thine is hope, and thine is love, and thine the
glorious power

That gives to hope its fairy light, to love its rich-
est dower.

For me that twilight time is past, those sunrise
colors gone —

The prophecies of childhood and the promises of
dawn;

And yet, what is, though scarcely heard, will
speak of what has been,

While love assumes a gentler tone, and love a
calmer mien.

JOHN ANSTER.

HAD I A HEART.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,

I ne'er could injure you,

For, tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,

Your charms would make me true;

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,

Nor fear to suffer wrong,

For friends in all the aged you'll meet,

And lovers in the young.

But when they find that you have bless'd

Another with your heart,

They'll bid aspiring passion rest,

And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,

Nor fear to suffer wrong.

For friends in all the aged you'll meet,

And brothers in the young.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

"Thrice hallow'd be that beautiful dream of love
when the maiden's cheek still blushes at the conscious
secretness of her own innocent thoughts."—*Jean Paul.*

Ask not if she loves, but look

In the blue depths of her eye,

Where the maiden's spirit seems

Tranced in happy dreams to lie.

All the blisses of her dreams,

All she may not, must not speak,

Read them in her clouded eye,

Read them on her conscious cheek.

See that cheek of virgin snow

Damask'd with love's rosy bloom;

Mark the lambent thoughts that glow

Mid her blue eye's tender gloom.

As if in a cool, deep well,
Filled by shadows of the night,
Slanting through, a starbeam fell,
Filling all its depth with light.

Something mournful and profound
Saddens all her beauty now,
Falls her dark eye to the ground,—
Flings a shadow o'er her brow.

Hath her love-illumined soul
Raised the veil of coming years—
Read upon life's mystic scroll
Its doom of agony and tears?

Tears of tender sadness fall
From her soft and love-lit eye,
As the night-dews heavily
Fall from summer's cloudless sky.

Still she sitteth coyly drooping
Her white lids in virgin pride,
Like a languid lily stooping
Low her folded blooms to hide.

Starting now in soft surprise
From the tangled web of thought,
Lo, her heart a captive lies,
In its own sweet fancies caught

Ah! bethink thee, maiden yet,
Ere to passion's doom betrayed;
Hearts where love his seal has set,
Sorrow's fiercest pangs invade.

Let that young heart slumber still,
Like a bird within its nest;
Life can ne'er its dreams fulfill—
Love but yield thee long unrest.

Ah! in vain the dovelet tries
To break the web of tender thought,—
The little heart a captive lies,
In its own sweet fancies caught.

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

OFTEN I DREAM OF THE DAY.

Often I dream of the day, *asthore*,
With secret sighs and laughter,
When you went reaping the oats before,
And I came gathering after;

And tenderly, tenderly, with the corn,
Looks of love you threw me,
Till I stood up with looks of scorn
And withered your hopes to woo me.

Often and often I'm dreaming still,
With tears and smiles together,
Of the month I lay so weak and ill,
In the wild and wintry weather;
While tenderly, tenderly, you would tap
To know the news of Nora,
Till I grew fonder of your rap
Than my father's voice, *achora*.

But most I remember the plan concealed,
That through the spring amused you;
To watch till you found me in the field
Where in autumn I refused you;
Then earnestly, earnestly, in my eyes
To gaze till I returned you
The look of looks and the sigh of sighs,
On the spot where once I spurned you.

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

THE MOTHER'S WARNING.

He's false and he's cruel!
Oh! Cathleen, my jewel,
The depth of my trouble there's nobody knows,
While sweetly you're sleeping,
I'm waking and weeping—
This sad heart can find neither peace nor repose!

Ah! child, you're deceiving
My fond hopes, and grieving [day,
The love that would guard you by night and by
Oh, don't I know rightly,
He's meeting you nightly,
The schemer, that's plotting to lead you astray!

There's danger before you!
Take heed, I implore you!
Give ear to his lies, and his blarney no more;
Mavrone! he'd deceive you,
He'd wrong and he'd leave you,
As false man has left many a poor girl before!

You mind Dan O'Leary,
And his daughter Mary, [gay;
That sweet blue-eyed colleen, so winsome and
With rosy cheeks glowing,
And fair ringlets flowing, [day.
You'd scarce meet her like in a long summer's

With tears now we name her,
 (Hush, Cathleen! don't blame her),
 Poor thing she was motherless, thoughtless and
 And she never detected, [young,
 Nor even suspected, [tongue!
 The poison that dropp'd from his flattering

With false vows he sought her,
 The old man's one daughter,
 Alas! for the fond heart that loved him too well!
 Alas! for O'Leary!
 And woe to poor Mary!
 Sure, angels above might have wept when she fell!

The low winds are sighing
 Where Mary is lying,
 And gently the summer dews fall on her grave;
 There comes old O'Leary
 To pray for his Mary, [wave,
 While o'er him the green willows mournfully

He's false and he's cruel!
 Come hither, my jewel,
 Bend low, till I whisper the black traitor's name;
 The serpent whose wiling,
 So sweetly beguiling, [shame!
 Brought that poor young colleen to sorrow and

EILEEN FORRESTER.

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning;
 Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
 Bent o'er the fire her old grandmother, sitting,
 Is crooning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting—
 "Eileen, *achora*, I hear some one tapping."
 "'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass
 flapping."
 "Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."
 "'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer
 wind dying."
 Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the
 foot's stirring;
 Sprightly and lightly and airily ringing,
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden
 singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I
 wonder?" [under."

"'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush

"What makes you be shoving and moving your
 stood on. [Colleen?"
 And singing all wrong that old song of 'The
 There's a form at the casement—the form of her
 true love. [for you, love;
 And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting
 Get up on the stool, through the lattice step
 lightly; [brightly."
 We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining
 Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the
 foot's stirring;
 Sprightly and lightly, and airily ringing,
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden
 singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her
 fingers, [lingers;
 Steals up from the seat—longs to go, and yet
 A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grand-
 mother, [the other
 Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with
 Lazily, easily, spins now the wheel round;
 Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
 Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
 The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her
 lover. [swings;
 Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel
 Lower—and lower—and lower the reel
 rings; [and moving
 Ere the wheel and the reel stop their ringing
 Through the grove the young lovers by moon-
 light are roving.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

THE BONNIE GRAY MARE.

"Come saddle me quickly, my bonnie gray mare;
 And whisper, here, Andy—I'm going to the fair!
 Bring down my drab breeches, my best coat of
 frieze—

There's somebody there that I mean to surprise!
 My stout loaded whip—I might want it by
 chance— [dance!

And the new yellow waistcoat I wore at the
 My Colleen shall see that there's few can compare
 With Denis Malone and his bonnie gray mare!"

The gray mare is saddled, and bridled and all;
 And mounted by Denis, so handsome and tall,
 With his glossy black hair, and his laughing gray
 eye. [sigh!

And a smile that would make all the pretty girls

"So-ho! now my beauty! we'll show them this
day

What mettle we're made of"—so off and away!
Over hedges and ditches, away to the fair,
Hie Denis Malone and his bonnie gray mare!

Over high-ways and bye-ways, through bogs and
through brakes;

By dark purple mountains, and blue sunny lakes;
Over broom-covered brae, over rush-covered
plain; [lane;

Past many an old farm-house, and many a green
And orchard, and meadow, and river, and stream,
And castle, and cabin, fly past like a dream,
As headlong they scamper away to the fair—
Young Denis Malone and his bonnie gray mare!

The bright summer sun had gone down in the
west, [nest;

And the weary-winged bird had gone home to its
The path was all silent—the hour was so still—
When, hark! how they thunder along by the
mill—

One, two, three, four horsemen!—five, six! on
the track

Of *one* who would rather not show them his back;
But what can he do with that sweet Kitty Clare,
Clasp'd firmly and fast on the bonnie gray mare?

Her brothers and cousins are chasing behind,—
Their loud shouts of vengeance borne past on
the wind;

But Denis he stops not to heed, or to hear,
Till their voices grow distant and faint on his ear,
And Father O'Connor's white cottage at last
Beams brightly upon them—the danger is past!
Ah! Denis, avourneen! what makes you stop
there,
And lift pretty Kate from the bonnie gray mare?

The priest was at home, and the knot was soon
tied; [bride!

And Denis Malone kissed his blushing young
And now the long years have passed lightly
away— [day,

They laugh and they talk of that fine summer's
When, o'er mountains, and moorlands, and many
a wild track, [back!

They rattled along with their friends (?) at their
Kate, smiling, assures us, and Denis will swear,
The best horse in all Ireland's the bonnie gray
mare!

ELLEN FORRESTER.

MAYING.

"Let us go maying!" Robin said
To Maud, as he helped her over
A rustic stile, whence the pathway led
Thro' meadow lands that were white and red
With blossoms of the clover;
Where daisies lifted their starry head,
And violets grew, moreover.

And, side by side, as the youth and lass,
Went through the blossomy heather,
Love followed their footsteps in the grass
And, in that mischievous way he has,
Began to ponder whether
Or good or evil would come to pass
If he tied the twain together.

But, when their quest of the mayflowers through,
In the meadows they abided,
Under the boughs of the trees that grew
On a sloping bank, where soft winds blew
And silver waters glided;
Then I, who heard their whisperings, knew
How the little god had decided.

WILLIAM D. KELLY.

THE BANK OF THE DAISIES.

When first I saw young Molly
Stretched beneath the holly,
Fast asleep, forewent her sheep, one dreamy sum-
mer's day,
With daisies laughing round her,
Hand and foot I bound her,
Then kissed her on her blooming cheek, and
softly stole away.

But, as with blushes burning,
Tip-toe I was turning,
From sleep she starts, and on me darts a dread-
ful lightning ray;
My foolish flowery fetters
Scornfully she scatters,
And like a winter sunbeam she coldly sweeps
away.

But Love, young Love, comes stooping
O'er my daisies drooping,
And oh! each flower with fairy power the rosy
boy renews:

Then twines each charming cluster
In links of starry lustre,
And with the chain enchanting my colleen proud
pursues.

And soon I met young Molly
Musing melancholy,
With downcast eyes and starting sighs, along
the meadow bank ;
And, oh ! her swelling bosom
Was wreathed with daisy blossom,
Like stars in summer heaven, as in my arms she
sank.

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

THE BANKS OF BANNA.

Shepherds, I have lost my Love,—
Have you seen my Anna?
Pride of every shady grove
On the banks of Banna.
I for her my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain ;
Left my flocks, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood shade and fountain.

Never shall I see them more
Until her returning ;
All the joys of life are o'er,—
From gladness changed to mourning.
Whither is my charmer flown ?
Shepherds, tell me whither ?
Ah ! woe for me, perhaps she's gone
Forever and forever !

GEORGE OGLE.

A PASTORAL.

Her sheep had in clusters crept close by the grove,
To hide from the rigors of day,
And Phillis herself, in a woodbine alcove,
Among the fresh violets lay ; [dam,
A youngling, it seems, had been stolen from its
(Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot).
That Corydon might, as he searched for his lamb,
Arrive at this critical spot.

As thro' the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
He saw the sweet maid with surprise ; [sleeps,
"Ye Gods, if so killing," he cried, "when she
I'm lost when she opens her eyes !

To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
I'll onwards my lambkin to trace ;"
But in vain honest Corydon strove to depart,
For love had him nailed to the place.

"Hush, hushed be these birds ! what a bawling
they keep !"

He cried, "you're too loud on the spray :
Don't you see, foolish lark, that the charmer's
You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day. [asleep ?
How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid !
Her cheek he mistakes for the rose ;
I'd put him to death if I was not afraid
My boldness would break her repose."

Young Phillis looked up with a languishing smile,
"Kind shepherd," she said, "you mistake ;
I laid myself down just to rest me a while,
But, trust me, have still been awake."
The shepherd took courage, advanced with a bow,
He placed himself close by her side,
And managed the matter, I cannot tell how,
But yesterday made her his bride.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

AMONG THE HEATHER.

One morning walking out, I o'ertook a modest
colleen,

When the wind was blowing cool, and the har-
vest leaves were falling ;

"Is our road by chance the same ? might we
travel on together ?"

"O, I keep the mountain side," she replied,
"among the heather."

"Your mountain air is sweet when the days are
long and sunny,

When the grass grows round the rocks, and the
whin bloom smells like honey ;

But the winter's coming fast with its foggy,
snowy weather,

And you'll find it bleak and chill on your hill
among the heather."

She praised her mountain home : and I'll praise
it too, with reason,

For where Molly is, there's sunshine and flow'rs
at every season.

Be the moorland black or white, dees it signify
a feather,

Now I know the way by heart, every part,
among the heather ?

The sun goes down in haste, and the night falls
thick and stormy;
Yet I'd travel twenty miles with the welcome
that's before me;
Singing hi for Eskydun, in the teeth of wind and
weather!
Love 'ill warm me as I go through the snow,
among the heather.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

ENDYMION.

The apple trees are hung with gold,
And birds are loud in Arcady,
The sheep lie bleating in the fold,
The wild goat runs across the wold.
But yesterday his love he told,
I know he will come back to me.
O, rising moon! O, Lady moon!
Be you my lover's sentinel,
You cannot choose but know him well,
For he is shod with purple shoon.
You cannot choose but know my love,
For he a shepherd's crook doth bear,
And he is soft as any dove,
And brown and curly is his hair.

The turtle now has ceased to call
Upon her crimson-footed groom,
The gray wolf prowls about the stall,
The lily's singing seneschal
Sleeps in the lily-bell, and all
The violet hills are lost in gloom.
O, risen moon! O, holy moon!
Stand on the top of Helice,
And if my own true love you see,
Ah! if you see the purple shoon,
The hazel crook, the lad's brown hair,
The goat-skin wrapped about his arm,
Tell him that I am waiting where
The rushlight glimmers in the farm.

The falling dew is cold and chill,
And no bird sings in Arcady,
The little fawns have left the hill,
Even the tired daffodil
Has closed its gilded doors, and still
My lover comes not back to me.
False moon! False moon! O, waning moon!
Where is my own true lover gone,
Where are the lips vermillion,

The shepherd's crook, the purple shoon?
Why spread that silver pavilion,
Why wear that veil of drifting mist?
Ah! thou hast young Endymion,
Thou hast the lips that should be kissed!

OSCAR WILDE.

PREFERENCE.

Not in scorn do I reprove thee,
Not in pride thy vows I waive;
But, believe, I could not love thee
Wert thou prince, and I a slave.
These then, are thine oaths of passion!
This thy tenderness for me?
Judged even by thine own confession,
Thou art steeped in perfdy.

Having vanquished, thou wouldst leave me—
Thus I read thee long ago;
Therefore dared I not deceive thee
Even with friendship's gentle show;
Therefore, with impassive coldness
Have I ever met thy gaze;
Though full oft with daring boldness
Thou thine eyes to mine didst raise.

Why that smile? Thou now art deeming
This my coldness all untrue,—
But a mask of frozen seeming,
Hiding secret fires from view,
Touch my hand, thou self-deceiver;
Nay—be calm, for I am so:
Does it burn? Does my lip quiver?
Has mine eye a troubled glow?

Canst thou call a moment's color
To my forehead—to my cheek?
Canst thou tinge their tranquil pallor
With one flattering, feverish streak?
Am I marble? What! no woman
Could so calm before thee stand?
Nothing living, sentient, human,
Could so coldly take thy hand?

Yes—a sister might, a mother:
My good-will is sisterly:
Dream not, then, I try to smother
Fires that inly burn for thee.
Rave not, rage not, wrath is fruitless;
Fury cannot change my mind
I but deem the feeling rootless
Which so whirls in passion's wind.

Can I love? O, deeply—truly—
 Warmly—fondly—but not thee;
 And my love is answered duly,
 With an equal energy!
 Wouldst thou see thy rival? Hasten,
 Draw that curtain soft aside;
 Look where yonder branches chasten
 Noon with shades of eventide;

In that glade where foliage blending
 Forms a green arch overhead.
 Sits thy rival, thoughtful bending
 O'er a stand with papers spread,—
 Motionless, his fingers plying
 That untired, unresting pen—
 Time and tide unnoticed flying,
 There he sits, the first of men!

Man of conscience—man of reason;
 Stern, perchance, but ever just;
 Foe to falsehood, wrong and treason,—
 Honor's shield and virtue's trust!
 Worker, thinker, firm defender
 Of Heaven's trust—man's liberty;
 Soul of iron,—proof to slander,
 Rock where founders tyranny!

Fame he seeks not, but full surely
 She will seek him in his home;
 This I know, and wait securely
 For the atoning hour to come.
 To that man my faith is given,
 Therefore, soldier, cease to sue;
 While God reigns in earth and heaven,
 I to him will still be true!

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

CYCLOPS TO GALATEA.

Softer than lambs and whiter than the curds,
 O Galatea, swan-nymph of the sea!
 Vain is my longing, worthless are my words;
 Why do you come in night's sweet dreams to
 me,

And when I wake, swift leave me, as in fear
 The lambkin hastens when the wolf is near?

Why did my mother on a dark-bright day
 Bring you for hyacinths a-near my cave?
 I was the guide, and through the tangled way
 I thoughtless led you; I am now your slave.
 Peace left my soul when you knocked at my heart—
 Come, Galatea, never to depart.

Though I am dark and homely to the sight—
 A Cyclops I, and stronger there are few—
 Of you I dream through all the quick-paced night.
 And in the morn ten fawns I feed for you,
 And four young bears; O rise from grotts below;
 Soft love and peace with me forever know.

Last night I dreamed that I, a monster gilled,
 Swam in the sea and saw you singing there;
 I gave you lilies, and your grotto filled
 With the sweet odors of all flowers rare;
 I gave you apples, as I kissed your hand,
 And reddest poppies from my richest land.

Oh, brave the restless billows of your world:
 They toss and tremble; see my cypress-grove,
 And bending laurels, and the tendrils curled
 Of honeyed grapes, and a fresh treasure trove
 In vine-crowned Ætna, of pure-running rills!
 O Galatea, kill the scorn that kills!

Softer than lambs and whiter than the curds,
 O Galatea, listen to my prayer,
 Come, come to land, and hear the song of birds:
 Rise, rise, from ocean-depths, as lily-fair
 As you are in my dreams! Come, then, O Sleep,
 For you alone can bring her from the deep.

And Galatea, in her cool, green waves,
 Plaits her long hair with purple flower-bells,
 And laughs and sings, while black-browed
 Cyclops raves

And to the wind his love-lorn story tells:
 For well she knows that Cyclops will ere long
 Forget, as poets do, his pain in song.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

—Paraphrase from *Vincennes*.

SONG OF GOLDEN-HEADED NIAMH.

Oh! come with me to Tirnan-og;
 There fruit and blossoms bend each tree,
 Red sparkling wine and honey flow,
 And beauty smiles from sea to sea.
 Your flowing locks will ne'er turn gray,
 No wrinkles on your forehead come,
 Nor burning pain nor grim decay,
 Across the threshold of your home.
 So haste away to Tirnan-og,
 My white steed waits in golden sheen;
 A diadem shall crown thy brow,
 And I will be thy bridal queen.

The feast is spread, within the hall
Flash drinking cups with gold encrowned ;
The harp leans lightly 'gainst the wall
To strike for thee the welcome sound.
A hundred sword-blades for thy hand,
A hundred of the swiftest steeds,
A hundred hounds, a matchless band
Where'er the hunted quarry leads.
So haste away to Tirnan-og, etc.

A hundred robes of precious silk,
And gems from an enchanted mine,
A hundred kine of sweetest milk,
And armor of the brightest shine.
And thou shalt wear that wondrous sword
Of keenest edge, whose flash is death ;
The summer wind will hear thy word,
And gently pour its tender breath.
So haste away to Tirnan-og, etc.

Young virgins, sweetest in the song,
And beauteous as the morning sun,
Around thy noble steps will throng
To make thy path a joyous one ;
And heroes, in the combat stern,
In speed and boldness unsurpassed,
Before whose prowess Fionn would learn
To bow his haughty head at last.
So haste away to Tirnan-og, etc.

O Oisín of the powerful hand !
First in the chase, first in the war,
Over our sweet and glorious land
Thy gallant deeds were borne afar.
Loch Leine is deep, but deeper still
In Niamh's soul thy image dwells ;
Then turn thee westward from this hill
To where the sun-hued billow swells.
Oh ! haste away to Tirnan-og, etc.

JOHN KEEGAN CASEY.

GWENDOLINE AND HER DOVE.

"Come hither, come hither, thou snowy dove,
Spread out thy white wings fast and free ;
And fly over moorland, hill and grove,
Till thou reach the castle of gay Tralee.
Sir Gerald bides in the northern turret,
While heather is purple and leaves are green ;
Go, bid him come to thy lady's bower,
For the love of his own dear Gwendoline !

"Come hither, come hither, thou lily-white dove,
Spread out thy white wings fast and free ;
When thou'st given Sir Gerald my troth and love ;
In the northern turret of gay Tralee,—
Then speed thy flight to Dunkerron gate,
While heather is purple and leaves are green ;
And tell its lord of thy lady's hate, [line."
That he'll never look more on young Gwendoline—

Away, away went the faithless dove,
Away over castle, and mount, and tree,
Till he lighted Dunkerron's gate above,—
Not the northern turret of gay Tralee ;
"Sir Donald, my lady hath lands and power,
While heather is purple and leaves are green ;
And she bids thee come to her far-off bower
For the love of thine own dear Gwendoline !"

Away, away went the false, false dove,
Nor rested by castle, or mount, or tree,
Till he lighted a corbeil stone above,
On the northern turret of gay Tralee ;
"Sir Gerald, my lady hates thee sore,
While heather is purple and leaves are green,
While the streams dance down the hills ; no more
Shalt thou look on the face of fair Gwendoline !"

"Thou liest, thou liest, O, faithless dove !
I'll take my good steed speedily,
And hie to the bower of my lady-love,
And ask at its door if she's false to me ;
I'll ne'er believe but her heart is true,
While heather is purple and leaves are green !"
And never a bridle-rein he drew
Till he rode to the bower of Gwendoline.

Dunkerron's lord came by the gate—
A stout and a deadly foe was he—
And with lance at rest and with frown of hate
He rode at Sir Gerald of fair Tralee.
Sir Gerald bent over his saddle-bow,—
While heather is purple and leaves are green—
Struck his lance thro' the heart of his bravest foe
For the love of his own dear Gwendoline.

"Fair Gwendoline, 'twas a faithless dove,
Yet I knew thou wert ever true to me ;
'Twas his words were lies, and thy troth to prove
I rode o'er the mountains from fair Tralee !"
He clasped his arms round that lady gay,
While heather is purple and leaves are green,
And the summer-tide saw their wedding day—
That trusting knight and fair Gwendoline.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

THE WELCOME.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without
warning;

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll
adore you.

Light is my heart since the day we were
plighted.

Red is my cheek that they told me was
blighted;

The green of the trees looks far greener than
ever,

And the linnets are singing, "true lovers don't
sever."

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose
them;

Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my
bosom,

I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire
you:

I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
Oh, your step's like the rain to the summer-
vex'd farmer,

Or saber and shield to a knight without
armor;

I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars 'rise
above me,

Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to
love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff, and the
eyrie,

We'll tread 'round the rath on the track of the
fairy,

We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can
give her.

Oh, she'll whisper you: "Love as unchange-
ably beaming,

And trust, when in secret most tunefully
streaming,

Till the starlight of Heaven above us shall
quiver,

As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're look'd for, or come without
warning;

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll
adore you.

Light is my heart since the day we were
plighted,

Red is my cheek that they told me was
blighted;

The green of the trees looks far greener than
ever,

And the linnets are singing, "true lovers don't
sever."

THOMAS DAVIS.

WELCOME HOME TO YOU.

A hundred thousand welcomes, and 'tis time for
you to come

From the far land of the foreigner, to your coun-
try and your home.

O! long as we are parted, ever since you went
away,

I never passed a dreamless night or knew an easy
day.

Do you think I would reproach you with the sor-
rows that I bore?

Sure the sorrow is all over, now I have you here
once more—

And there's nothing but the gladness and the love
within my heart,

And the hope, so sweet and certain, that again
we'll never part.

Did the strangers come around you with true
heart and loving hand?

Did they comfort and console you when you sick-
ened in their land?

Had they pleasant smiles to court you, and silver
words to bind?

Had they hearts more fond and loyal than the
hearts you left behind?

There's a quiver on your proud lip, and a pale-
ness on your brow;

Maybe if they had so loved you, you would not
be near me now.

O! cruel was the coldness which my darling's
heart could pain!

O! blessed was whatever sent him back to me
again!

A hundred thousand welcomes!—how my heart
is gushing o'er

With the love and joy and wonder thus to see
your face once more;

How did I live without you through these long,
long years of woe?
It seems as if 'twould kill me to be parted from
you now.

You'll never part me, darling — there's a promise
in your eye;
I may tend you while I'm living — you will watch
me when I die;
And if death but kindly lead me to the blessed
home on high,
What a hundred thousand welcomes shall await
you in the sky!

ELLEN DOWNING.

WELCOME AS FLOWERS IN MAY.

At day's declining a maid sat twining
A garland shining with wild-flowers gay;
But her heart was sore, and the tears swelled o'er
Her eye at the door on that eve in May.

"And take," she cried, to her young heart's pride,
"From your plighted bride, on this holy day,
A true-love token of fond vows spoken
That may not be broken — these flowers of May.

"In life and in death, if you hold to your faith,
Keep ever this wreath, 'twill be sweet in decay;
Come poor or with wealth, come in sickness or
health, [May.
To my heart you'll be welcome as flowers in

"Yet oh, if ever, when wide seas sever
Our hearts, you waver in faith to me,
A true Irish maid will never upbraid
Affection betrayed — from that hour you're free!

'I set small store upon golden ore, [the sea;
I'll not love you the more for your wealth from
The hand that will toil at our own loved soil,
Free from crime or spoil, is the hand for me."

The blessing half spoke, her fast tears choke,
And strong sobs broke the young man's prayer;
One blending of hearts, and the youth departs, —
The maid weeps alone in the silent air.

Full many a score the lone maid counted o'er
Of day-dawns and night-falls — a year to the
day —

When sadly once more at the seat by the door,
Stood the youth as before, on that eve in May.

For the love of that maid, wherever he strayed,
Kept his soul from stain and his heart from guilt,
Like an angel from God, till his feet retrod
The cherished sod where his first love dwelt.

"I bring you no store of the bright gold ore,
But, poor as before, I return to decay;
For my bride I've no wealth but broken health,
Hopes withered and dead as these flowers of
May."

The maiden has prest her true love to her breast,
Her joyful haste makes no delay;
In his arms she sighs, " 'Tis yourself I prize —
To my heart you are welcome as flowers in
May."

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

MY AIN DONALD.

Hey, Donald, my ain Donald!
The sun is sinking doon,
The weary songsters, ere they rest,
Have piped their gloamin' tune.
The dew is fallin' on the leaf,
The breezes stir the flower,
And nature's heart is beatin' calm —
It is the evenin' hour.
You're a' my dreams by night, Donald.
You're a' my thoughts by day!
But, ah! they baith are full of care
Whene'er you are away —
Hey, Donald, my ain Donald!

Hey, Donald, my ain Donald!
You'll soon be hame wi' me,
And ilka darksome cloud will fade
Before your sunny e'e.
The mither bird that frae the nest
Can never dare to flee,
Greets not its mate wi' blither breast
Than, Donald, I do thee!
You're all my dreams, etc.

Hey, Donald, my brave Donald!
I know that, leal and true,
Your thought is never turned frae me,
As mine ne'er falls frae you.
Thus hand in hand and heart in heart,
We'll share life's joy or gloom,
And, when the night comes, gently sleep
Beneath the bonnie broom.
You're all my dreams, etc.

JOHN BROUGHAM

DONAL KENNY.

"Come, piper, play the 'Shaskan Reel,'
 Or else the 'Lasses on the Heather';
 And, Mary, lay aside your wheel
 Until we dance once more together.
 At fair and pattern oft before
 Of reels and jigs we've tripped full many;
 But ne'er again this loved old floor
 Will feel the foot of Donal Kenny."

Softly she rose and took his hand,
 And softly glided through the measure,
 While, clustering round, the village band
 Looked half in sorrow, half in pleasure.
 Warm blessings flowed from every lip
 As ceased the dancers' airy motion;
 O Blessed Virgin! guide the ship
 Which bears bold Donal o'er the ocean!

"Now God be with you all!" he sighed,
 Adown his face the bright tears flowing—
 "God guard you well, *avie*," they cried,
 "Upon the strange path you are going."
 So full his breast, he scarce could speak,
 With burning grasp the stretched hands taking,
 He pressed a kiss on every cheek,
 And sobbed as if his heart was breaking.

"Boys, don't forget me when I'm gone,
 For sake of all the days passed over—
 The days you spent on heath and bawn,
 With *Donal Ruadh*, the rattlin' rover.
 Mary, *agra*, your soft brown eye
 Has willed my fate" (he whispered lowly);
 "Another holds thy heart: good bye!
 Heaven grant you both its blessings holy!"

A kiss upon her brow of snow,
 A rush across the moonlit meadow,
 Whose broom-clad hazels, trembling slow,
 The mossy breen wrapped in shadow;
 Away o'er Tully's bounding rill,
 And far beyond the Inny river;
 One cheer on Carrick's rocky hill,
 And Donal Kenny's gone for ever.

* * * * *
 The breezes whistled thro' the sails,
 O'er Galway Bay the ship was heaving,
 And smothered groans and bursting walls
 Told all the grief and pain of leaving.
 One form among that exiled band
 Of parting sorrow gave no token;
 Still was his breath and cold his hand,
 For Donal Kenny's heart was broken.

JOHN KEEGAN CASEY.

THE PILOT'S PRETTY DAUGHTER.

O'er western tides the fair Spring Day
 Was smiling back as it withdrew,
 And all the harbor, glittering gay,
 Return'd a blithe adieu;
 Great clouds above the hills and sea
 Kept brilliant watch, and air was free
 For last lark first-born star to greet—
 When, for the crowning vernal sweet,
 Among the slopes and crags I meet
 The Pilot's pretty Daughter.

Round her gentle, happy face,
 Dimpled soft, and freshly fair,
 Danced with careless ocean grace
 Locks of auburn hair;
 As lightly blew the veering wind,
 They touch'd her cheeks, or waved behind,
 Unbound, unbraided, and unlooped;
 Or when to tie her shoe she stooped,
 Below her chin the half-curled drooped,
 And veiled the Pilot's Daughter.

Rising, she tossed them gaily back,
 With gesture infantine and brief,
 To fall around as soft a neck
 As the wild rose's leaf,
 Her Sunday frock of lilac shade
 (That choicest tint) was neatly made,
 And not too long to hide from view
 The stout but no-way clumsy shoe,
 And stocking's smoothly filling blue
 That graced the Pilot's Daughter.

With look half timid and half droll,
 And then with slightly downcast eyes,
 And something of a blush that stole
 Or something from the skies—
 Deepening the warmth upon her cheek,
 She turned when I began to speak;
 The firm young step a sculptor's choice;
 How clear the cadence of her voice!
 Health bade her virgin soul rejoice—
 The Pilot's lovely Daughter.

Were it my lot (the sudden wish)—
 To hand a pilot's oar and sail,
 Or haul the dripping moonlight mesh,
 Spangled with herring-scale;
 By dying stars, how sweet 'twould be,
 And dawn-blow freshening the sea,
 With weary, cheery pull to shore,
 To gain my cottage-home once more,
 And clasp, before I reach the door,
 My love, the Pilot's Daughter!

This element beside my feet
 Allures, a tepid wine of gold ;
 One touch, one taste dispels the cheat,
 'Tis salt and nipping cold :
 A fisher's hut, the scene perforce
 Of narrow thoughts and manners coarse
 Coarse as the curtains that beseech
 With net-festoons the smoky beam,
 Would never lodge my favorite dream.
 E'en with my Pilot's Daughter.

To riches of the common earth,
 Endowing men in their own spite,
 The *Poor*, by privilege of birth,
 Stand in the closest right.
 Yet not the land alone grows dull
 With clayey delve and watery pull :
 And this for me,—or hourly pain.
 But could I sink and call it gain?
 Unless a pilot true, 'twere vain
 To wed a Pilot's Daughter.

Lift *her*, perhaps?—but ah! I said,
 Much wiser leave such thoughts alone.
 So may thy beauty, simple maid,
 Be mine, yet all thy own.
 Join'd in my free contented love
 With companies of stars above;
 Who from their throne of airy steep
 Do kiss these ripples as they creep
 Across the boundless darkening deep,—
 Low voiceful wave! hush soon to sleep
 The gentle Pilot's Daughter!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE PEASANT'S PILGRIMAGE.

One morn, as through the dewy air,
 The sun rose o'er the eastern flood,
 A peasant youth and maiden fair
 Within a hillside cottage stood ;
 And round them gathered young and old,
 Tall sires, and mothers gray and mild,
 And pressed their hands in happy fold,
 And murmured blessings on each child,
 For swiftly comes their marriage day,
 And by the custom of the age,
 Unto a saintly shrine to-day
 They'll pace in pious pilgrimage.
 With faith and love each bosom heaves,
 And happiness brims every heart,
 As clustering by the cottage eaves
 They stand to watch the pair depart.

"Good by, good by!" the inmates cry,
 And cheeks are kissed and hands are pressed ;
 The sunbeams fleck his bronzed neck,
 And brood upon her gentle breast ;
 And warm and kind the summer wind
 Before them waves the woods divine,
 As down the path of purple heath
 They wander toward the sacred shrine.

Now onward through the golden morn
 Above the summer ocean's flow,
 By side-long fields of popped corn,
 And sunny winding roads they go.
 The warm wind, busy with the leaves
 Of twinkling oaks that skirt the way,
 Comes breathing of the wheaten sheaves
 That tent the uplands o'er the bay ;
 From cottage hearths the smoke doth rise,
 And thro' the wooded mountain-breaks
 They see, amid the opening skies,
 The green ravines and purple peaks
 That look along the harvest land,
 And shadow many a singing guest,
 And lapped awhile in noonday dreams,
 Beside a wayside well they rest.
 He plucks the flowers that round it spring,
 And o'er her brow a chaplet weaves,
 The while their happy whispering
 Blends with the murmur of the leaves.
 Till once again by wooded glen
 And hills that greenly watch the brine,
 With autumn's sun they wander on
 Until they reach the sainted shrine.

"Ah, what," the peasant cried, "is wealth
 That cannot banish care, asthore?
 Sure we've light hearts, and strength and health,
 And what can any lord have more?
 We've song and work for summer's hour,
 And cottage hearths for winter's cold,
 And peace is rarer far than power,
 And love, my Mary sweet, than gold!"
 And as amid the woodland halls
 They pace from out the noonday flame,
 He hears the tinkling waterfalls
 In sprayey accents shape her name :
 All beauteous things that round him lie
 He loves to blend with her and trace
 In glimmering lake, and golden sky,
 The tender image of her face.
 The sun itself is like her crown ;
 He thinks the lustrous stream that there
 Through shadows brown is flowing down,
 Is like the ripple of her hair ;

And leaves that stray in crispy play
But fall to make her pathway fine,
As softly o'er the forest floor
They wander to the sainted shrine.

Now o'er the distant slopes of heath
The sea-ascending mists are rolled;
Now sinks the autumn sun beneath
The cooling chasm of pallid gold:
Beside the songless forest's crown
A star looks o'er their dusty way;
Above the comfortable town,
The homely cloud of evening gray:
And now beyond the wild ravine,
Through branches wet with drizzling rills,
In darkness clear and cold is seen
The sullen lake and leaden hills
That guard the ruined isle below,
And o'er its leafy altar brood,
Mid hermit shadows moving slow,
Along the sacred solitude.
And as before the cross they stand
Through breathless spaces of the night,
The river murmurs glad, the land
Breathes round in desolate delight;
And clear and far each spirit star
That sparkles thro' the depths divine,
Seems pausing there to hear the prayer
They murmur by the sainted shrine.

Oh, sacred is the watch they keep
Throughout the live-long night alone;
In holy silence calm and deep
They worship till the stars are gone;
And day flits past in wandering dreams,
O'er lessening lengths of road, till dawn
The western steeps sweet heaven seems
To smile above their straw-thatched town,
Where welcome rings amid the glow
Of yellow evening calm and still,
And dear old faces smile below,
As they ascend the homeward hill.
Come, maidens, wreath the village doors
With greenest leaves, above, beneath,
And deck the walls and strew the floors
With apron-full of blossomed heath;
And twine the bridal crown of corn,
And leave it in the star-lit air,
Until the freckled autumn morn
Shall touch it, and the youthful pair,
'Mid joyous eyes, and happy skies,
And singing birds and breathing kine,
Along the ways of olden days
Shall pace unto the Marriage Shrine.

THOMAS C. IRWIN.

THE HERMIT.

"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here, forlorn and lost I tread
With fainting steps and slow,
Where wilds immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom,
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still,
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows—
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn—
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring—
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger slowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay,
A refuge to the neighboring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care,
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimmed his little fire,
And cheered his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly pressed and smil'd ;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries—
The cricket chirrups on the hearth,
The crackling fagot flies ;

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe,
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied—
With answering care oppress'd ;
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast ?

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove ?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love ?

"Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay—
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep ;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep ?

"And love is still an emptier sound—
The modern fair-one's jest :
On earth unseen, or only found,
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said ;
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view—
Like colors o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms ;
The lovely stranger stands confess'd,
A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried,
"Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where Heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray—
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine ;
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came ;
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt or feigned a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove ;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talked of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"And when beside me in the dale,
He carol'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of Heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his ; but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain ;
And while his passion touched my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there, forlorn, despairing, hid—
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin died,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast;
The wondering fair one turned to chide,—
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

"Turn, Angelina! ever dear—
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign;
And shall we never—never part,
My life—my all that's mine?"

"No; never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

O'DONNELL AND THE FAIR FITZGERALD.

A fawn that flies with sudden spring,
A wild bird fluttering on the wing,
A passing gleam of April sun,
She flashed upon me and was gone!
No chance did that dear face restore,
Nor then, nor now—nor evermore.
But sure I see her in my dreams,
With eyes where love's first dawning beams,
And tones, like Irish music, say—
"You ask to love me, and you may;"
And so I know she will be mine,
That rose of princely Geraldine.

A voice that thrills with modest doubt
A tale of love can ill pour out;
But, oh! when love wore manly guise,
And warrior's feats woke woman's sighs,

With Irish sword, on Irish soil,
I might have won that kingly spoil.
But then, perchance, the Desmond race
Had deemed to mate with mine disgrace;
For mine's that strain of native blood
That last the Norman lance withstood;
And still when mountain war was waged,
Their *sparths* among the Normans raged,
And burst through many a serried line
Of Lacy, Burke and Geraldine.

And yet methinks in battle press
My love, I could not love you less;
For, oh! 'twere sweet brave deeds to do
For our old sainted land and you!
To sweep, a storm, through Barrensmore,
With Dower's scattered ranks before,
Like chaff upon our northern blast,
Nor rest till Bann's broad waves were passed;
Till Inbhar sees our flashing line,
Till Darha's lordly towers are mine,
And backward borne, as seal and sign,
The fairest maid of Geraldine!

But, holy Bride,* how sweeter still
A hunted chief on Faughart hill,
With all the raging Pale behind,
So sweet, so strange a foe to find!
Soft love to plant where terror sprung,
With honey speech of Irish tongue;
Again to dare Clan Geralt's swords
For hope of some sweet, stolen words.
Till many a danger past and gone,
My suit has sped, my Bride is won,—
She's proud Clan Connell's queen, and mine,
Young Geraldine, of Geraldine!

But sure that time is dead and gone,
When worth alone such love had won;
For hearts are cold, and hands are bright,
And faith, and lore, and love are naught!
Ah, trust me, no! The pure and true
The genial past may still renew;
Still love as then; and still no less
Strong hearts shall snatch a brave success;
And to their end right onward go,
As Erna's tide to Assaroe.
Oh! saints may strive for martyr's crown,
And warriors watch by leaguered town,
But poor is all their toil to mine
Till I have won my Geraldine!

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

* St. Bride, or St. Bridgid.

THE OLD STORY.

He came across the meadow-pass
That summer eve of eves,—
The sunlight streamed along the grass,
And glanced amid the leaves;
And from the shrubbery below,
And from the garden trees,
He heard the thrushes' music flow
And humming of the bees;
The garden gate was swung apart—
The space was brief between;
But there, for throbbing of his heart,
He paused perforce to lean.

He leaned upon the garden gate;
He looked, and scarce he breathed;
Within the little porch she sate,
With woodbine overwreathed;
Her eyes upon her work were bent,
Unconscious who was nigh;
But oft the needle slowly went,
And oft did idle lie;
And ever to her lips arose
Sweet fragments, sweetly sung,
But ever, ere the notes could close,
She hushed them on her tongue.

Her fancies, as they come and go,
Her pure face speaks the while,
For now it is a flitting glow,
And now a beaming smile;
And now it is a graver shade,
When holier thoughts are there—
An angel's pinion might be stayed
To see a sight so fair.
But still they hid her looks of light,
Those downcast eyelids pale—
Two lovely clouds so silken white,
Two lovelier stars that veil.

The sun at length his burning edge
Had rested on the hill,
And save one thrush from out the hedge,
Both bower and grove were still.
The sun had almost bade farewell;
But one reluctant ray
Still loved within that porch to dwell
As charmed there to stay—
It stole aslant the pear-tree bough,
And through the woodbine fringe,
And kissed the maiden's neck and brow,
And bathed her in its tinge.

"O, beauty of my heart!" he said
"O, darling, darling mine,
Was ever light of evening shed
On loveliness like thine?
Why should I ever leave this spot,
But gaze until I die?"
A moment from that bursting thought
She felt his footstep nigh.
One sudden, lifted glance—but one,
A tremor and a start;
So gently was their greeting done
That who would guess their heart?

Long, long the sun hath sunken down,
And all his golden hail
Had died away to lines of brown
In duskier hues that fail;
The grasshopper was chirping shrill—
No other living sound
Accompanied the tiny rill
That gurgled underground,—
No other living sound, unless
Some spirit bent to hear
Low words of human tenderness,
And mingling whispers near.

The stars, like pallid gems at first,
Deep in the liquid sky,
Now forth upon the darkness burst
Sole kings and lights on high;
For splendor, myriad-fold, supreme,
No rival moonlight strove;
Nor lovelier e'er was Hesper's beam,
Nor more majestic Jove.
But what if hearts there beat that night
That recked not of the skies,
Or only felt their imaged light
In one another's eyes?

And if two worlds of hidden thought
And longing passion met,
Which, passing human language, sought
And found in utterance yet;
And if they trembled as the flowers
That droop across the stream,
And muse the while the starry hours
Wait o'er them like a dream;
And if, when comes the parting time,
They faltered still, and clung,—
What is it all?—an ancient rhyme
Ten thousand times besung—

That part of Paradise which man
Without the portal knows,—
Which hath been since the world began,
And shall be till its close!

JOHN O'HAGAN.

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.

None, unless the saints above,
Knew the secret of their love;
For with calm and stately grace
Isolde held her queenly place,
Tho' the courtiers' hundred eyes
Sought the lovers to surprise,
Or to read the mysteries
Of a love, so rumor said,
By a magic philtre fed,
Which forever in their veins
Burned with love's consuming pains.

Yet their hands would twine unseen
In a clasp 'twere hard to sever;
And whoso watched their glances meet,
Gazing as they'd gaze forever,
Might have marked the sudden heat
Crims'ning on each flushing cheek,
As the tell-tale blood would speak
Of love that never should have been—
The love of Tristan and his Queen.

But, what hinders that the two,
In the spring of their young life,
Love each other as they do?
Thus the tempting thoughts begin—
Little recked they of the sin;
Nature joined them hand in hand,
Is not that a truer band
Than the formal name of wife?

Ah! what happy hours were theirs!
One might note them at the feast
Laughing low to loving airs,
Loving airs that pleased them best;
Or interchanging the swift glance
In the mazes of the dance,
So the sunny moments rolled,
And they wove bright threads of gold
Through the common web of life;
Never dreaming of annoy,
Or the wild world's wicked strife;
Painting earth and heaven above
In the light of their own joy,
In the purple light of love.

Happy moments, which again
Brought sweet torments in their train:
All love's petulance and fears,
Wayward doubts and tender tears,
Little jealousies and pride,
That can loving hearts divide;
Murmured vow and clinging kiss,
Working often bane as bliss;

All the wild capricious changes
Thro' which lovers' passion ranges,
Yet would love in every mood,
Find Heaven's manna for its food;
For love will grow wan and cold,
And die ere ever it is old,
That is never assailed by fears,
Or steeped in repentant tears,
Or passed thro' the fire like gold.

So loved Tristan and Isolde,
In youth's sunny, golden time,
In the brightness of their prime;
Little dreaming hours would come,
Like pale shadows from the tomb,
When an open death of doom
Had been still less hard to bear
Than the ghastly, cold despair
Of those hidden vows whose smart
Pale the cheek and break the heart.

LADY WILDE.

DEIRDRE AND THE KING.

It chanced, upon a morn of early spring,
When flowers began to bloom and birds to sing,
That Starn, the royal steward, passing by
The camp of Usna, cast his prying eye
On Deirdre, as she sat beneath a tree
Outside her tent door. Long and curiously
He eyed her from the grove wherein he stood,
Then walked away in silent, gladsome mood,
Like one who by a lucky chance hath found
Some treasure long since hidden underground.
Yet said he naught until the king came home
From hostile shores, washed by the North Sea's
foam,

Where he and his and Usna's host imbrued
Their spears in blood, and many a tribe subdued;
Then went he to the king. "Now, by thy head!
And by my father's hand, O King!" he said,
"The gem of gems I've found thee. I have seen
In Usna's camp bright beauty's peerless queen,

The wife of Naisi—beautiful beyond
 All youth's imaginings or day dreams fond,—
 Yea, yea! so beautiful that I—even I—
 Stood for a moment in wild ecstasy, [then
 And blessed the gods that made her! Take her
 Unto thy throne, and slay these stranger men
 In open hall, or bid me privately
 To slay them." But the King said, "Far from me,
 O Starn, be that fell day when friendship's band
 And honor's law I break with my own hand.
 Then tempt me not." But 'Starn said, "Though
 the blood

Within the heart from childhood frozen stood,
 'Twould melt, O King, before her face divine
 And run through all thy veins like boiling wine!
 But go thyself. Watch from the grove and see.
 Then try and measure what thy love shall be."
 And the King sought the grove himself and saw;
 And friendship's sacred tie, and honor's law,
 And fame and shame, and sense of wrong and
 right,

Fled from his maddened bosom at the sight,
 And in their stead there burned a raging flame
 Of blindfold love no power on earth could tame.
 "O Starn," he said, "go seek her privily,
 And promise all a Queen should have from me!"

One morn while King and prince a hosting made
 From the west; while every grove and glade
 Around the camp with fragrant bloom was
 bright

Of daisies, primroses and shamrocks white,
 And hyacinths, that with their trembling bells
 Like a blue robe from heaven shone down the
 dells, [screen

Twinkling with diamond dew-drops—to the
 Of the sweet grove the old man came unseen,
 And looked, and by the tent found Deirdre there,
 Sitting and weaving flowers in garlands fair,
 To crown her little boy, who on her knee
 Laughed in the dancing shadows of the tree
 That o'er them spread, rustling with young birds'
 wings.

"Sweet is the song each bird of beauty sings
 To him that owns it," Starn thought, as he came
 Out from the grove and told his tale of shame
 And purpose dread. Then rose the loyal wife,
 Grasping her babe full firm. "Now, by thy life,
 O aged dog!" she cried, "Come here no more!
 Thy little King! Upon our native shore
 The true hand of a king worth ten like thine
 I cast away for this brave lord of mine!
 Begone! and leave me to my thoughts alone!"
 He fled, and sinking down she made her moan,

Clasping her child, and rocking to and fro
 In trembling fear and new awakened woe!

Four days before the Baeltin Feast at noon
 The hosts returned in triumph, and full soon
 Went Starn unto the king and told his tale,
 Whereat the monarch's brow with wrath grew
 pale,
 And ten times stronger his hot bosom strove
 With thoughts of vengeance and unlawful love.
 And fierce he cried: "O Starn, come woe or weal,
 Usna shall fall beneath the Alban steel
 Before to-morrow's light!" "Nay, nay, O king!"
 Old Starn replied. "The Baeltin Feast will bring
 The hour to slay them, when unguardedly
 They sit around the board and in their glee
 Quaff the red wine within thy royal hall:
 Then let them feel the Alban sword and fall,
 Else, by the gods! full stern shall be the fight
 Ere they are slain!" But on that very night,
 When Naisi knew the Alban's treacherous mind,
 He struck his camp and left the town behind—
 Full many a mile ere rose the morning ray,
 As eastward to his fleet he made his way.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

—From "*Deirdre*."

THE FEAST OF ROSES.

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
 With its roses, the brightest that earth ever
 gave,
 Its temples, and grottoes, and fountains as clear
 As the love-lighted eyes that hang over its
 wave?

O, to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the lake
 Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,
 Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring to take
 A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!—
 When the shrines through the foliage are gleam-
 ing half shown, [own.

And each hallows the hour by some rites of its
 Here the music of prayer from some minaret
 swells [swinging,

Here the Magian his urn, full of perfume is
 And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells

Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is
 ringing.

Or to see it by moonlight, when mellowly shines
 The light o'er its palaces, gardens and shrines;
 When the waterfalls gleam, like a quick fall of
 stars [Chenars

And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of

Is broken by laughs and light echoing feet
From the cool shining walks, where the young
people meet.—

Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one
Out of darkness, as if but just born of the Sun;
When the spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
From his harem of night—flowers stealing away;
And the wind, full of wantonness, wooes like a
lover

The young aspen trees, till they tremble all over;
When the East is as warm as the light of first
hopes,

And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurl'd,
Shines in thro' the mountainous portal that opes,
Sublime, from that Valley of Bliss to the world!

But never yet, by night or day,
In dew of spring, or summer's ray,
Did the sweet Valley shine so gay

As now it shines,—all love and light,
Visions by day and feasts by night!
A happier smile illumines each brow,
With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
And all is ecstasy,—for now

The Valley holds the Feast of Roses;
The joyous time, when pleasures pour
Profusely round, and, in their shower,
Hearts open, like the Summer's Rose,—

The flow'ret of a hundred leaves,
Expanding while the dew full flows,
And every leaf its balm receives.

'Twas when the hour of evening came
Upon the lake, serene and cool,
When Day had hid his sultry flame

Behind the palms of Baramoule,
When maids began to lift their heads,
Refresh'd, from their embroider'd beds,
Where they had slept the sun away,
And wak'd to moonlight and to play.
All were abroad,—the busiest hive
On Bela's hills is less alive.

When saffron beds are full in flow'r,
Than looked the Valley in that hour.
A thousand restless torches play'd
Through every grove and island shade;
A thousand sparkling lamps were set
On every dome and minaret;
And fields and pathways, far and near,
Were lighted by a blaze so clear,
That you could see, in wandering round,
The smallest rose leaf on the ground.

Yet did the maids and matrons leave
Their veils at home, that brilliant eve;
And there were glancing eyes about,
And cheeks, that would not dare shine out
In open day, but thought they might
Look lovely then, because 'twas night.

And all exclaim'd to all they met,
That never did the summer bring
So gay a Feast of Roses yet;—
The moon had never shed a light
So clear as that which blessed them there;
The roses ne'er shone half so bright.

Nor they themselves looked half so fair.
And what a wilderness of flowers!
It seemed as though from all the bowers
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoil were scattered here.

The Lake, too, like a garden breathes
With the rich buds that o'er it lie,
As if a shower of fairy wreaths

Had fall'n upon it from the sky!
And then the sound of joy,—the beat
Of tabors and of dancing feet;
The minaret crier's chant of glee,
Sung from his lighted gallery,
And answered from a ziraleet
From neighboring harem, wild and sweet;
The merry laughter, echoing
From gardens, where the silken swing
Wafts some delighted girl above
The top leaves of the orange grove;
Or, from those infant groups at play
Among the tents that line the way,
Flinging, unawed by slave or mother
Handfuls of roses at each other.

Then the sounds from the Lake,—the low whis-
pering in boats,

As they shoot through the moonlight;—the
dipping of oars,
And the wild, airy warbling that everywhere
floats,

Through the groves, round the islands, as if
all the shores,

Like those of Kathay, utter'd music and gave
An answer in song to the kiss of each wave.
But the gentlest of all are those sounds, full of
feeling,

That soft from the lute of some lover are steal-
ing,—
Some lover, who knows all the heart-touching
power

Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.

O, best of delights, as it everywhere is,
 To be near the lov'd *One*,—what a rapture is his
 Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may
 glide [his side!
 O'er the Lake of Cashmere, with that *One* by
 If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
 Think, think what a heav'n she must make of
 Cashmere!

So felt the magnificent son of Acbar, [war
 When from power and pomp and the trophies of
 He flew to that Valley, forgetting them all
 With the Light of the Harem, his young Nour-
 mahal;

When free and uncrown'd as the Conqueror rov'd
 By the banks of that Lake, with his only below'd
 He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully
 snatch [match,
 From the hedges, a glory his crown could not
 And preferred in his heart the least ringlet that
 curl'd [world.

Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the
 There's a beauty forever unchangingly bright
 Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer day's
 light, [der,
 Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made ten-
 Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendor,
 This *was* not the beauty—O, nothing like this,
 That to young Nourmahal gave such magic of
 bliss!

But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
 Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
 Now here and now there, giving warmth as it
 flies [eyes;

From the lip to the cheek, from the cheek to the
 Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
 Like the glimpses a saint hath of heav'n in his
 dreams,

When pensive, it seemed as if that very grace,
 That charm of all others, was born with her face!
 And when angry,—for ev'n in the tranquildest
 climes [times—

Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms some-
 The short passing anger but seemed to awaken
 New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when
 shaken.

If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
 At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
 From the depth of whose shadow, like holy re-
 vealings [feelings.

From innermost shrines, came the light of her
 Then her mirth—O, 'twas sportive as ever took
 wing [spring;

From the heart with a burst, like the wild bird in

Illum'd by a wit that would fascinate sages,
 Yet playful as *Peris* just loos'd from their cages,
 While her laugh, full of life, without any control
 But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from
 her soul; [discover,

And where it most sparkled no glance could
 In lip, cheek, or eye, for she brighten'd all over,
 Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon, [sun.
 When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the
 Such, such were the peerless enchantments that
 gave [slave:

Nourmahal the proud Lord of the East for her
 And though bright was his harem,—a living
 parterre [were there,

Of the flow'rs of this planet,—though treasures
 For which Soliman's self might have giv'n all the
 store [shore,—

That the navy from *Ophir* e'er wing'd to his
 Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,
 And the Light of his Harem was young Nour-
 mahal!

But where is she now, this night of joy.

When bliss is every heart's employ?—

When all around her is so bright,

So like the visions of a trance,

That one might think, who came by chance

Into the vale this happy night,

He saw that City of Delight

In Fairyland, whose streets and towers

Are made of gems and light and flowers!

Where is the lov'd Sultana? where,

When mirth brings out the young and fair,

Does she, the fairest, hide her brow,

In melancholy stillness now?

Alas!—how light a cause may move

Dissension between hearts that love!

Hearts that the world in vain had tried,

And sorrow but more closely tied;

That stood the storm, when waves were rough,

Yet in a sunny hour fall off,

Like ships that have gone down at sea,

When heaven was all tranquility!

A something, light as air—a look,

A word unkind or wrongly taken—

O love, that tempests never shook,

A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.

And ruder words will soon rush in

To spread the breach that words begin;

And eyes forget the gentle ray

They wore in courtship's smiling day;

And voices lose the tone that shed

A tenderness round all they said;

Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesses of love are gone,
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
 That smiling left the mountain's brow
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,
 Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
 Breaks into floods that part forever.

O, you, that have the charge of Love,
 Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
 As in the Fields of Bliss above
 He sits, with flow'rets fetter'd round;
 Loose not a tie that round him clings,
 Nor ever let him use his wings;
 For ev'n an hour, a minute's flight
 Will rob the plumes of half their light.
 Like that celestial bird, whose nest
 Is found beneath far Eastern skies,—
 Whose wings, though radiant when at rest
 Lose all their glory when he flies!

Some difference, of this dangerous kind,—
 By which, though light, the links that bind
 The fondest hearts may soon be riven;
 Some shadow in Love's summer heaven,
 Which, though a fleecy speck at first,
 May yet in awful thunder burst;
 Such cloud it is, that now hangs over
 The heart of the Imperial Lover,
 And far hath banish'd from his sight
 His Nourmahal, his Harem's Light!
 Hence is it, on this happy night,
 When Pleasure through the fields and groves
 Has let loose all her world of loves,
 And every heart has found its own,
 He wanders, joyless and alone,
 And weary as that bird of Thrace,
 Whose pinion knows no resting-place.

In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes
 This Eden of the Earth supplies
 Come crowding round—the cheeks are pale,
 The eyes are dim:—though rich the spot
 With every flower this earth has got,
 What is it to the nightingale
 If there his darling rose is not?
 In vain the Valley's smiling throng
 Worship him as he moves along;
 He heeds them not,—one smile of hers
 Is worth a world of worshippers;
 They but the Star's adorers are,—
 She is the Heav'n that lights the Star!

Hence is it, too, that Nourmahal,
 Amid the luxuries of this hour,
 Far from the joyous festival,
 Sits in her own sequester'd bower,
 With no one near to soothe or aid
 But that inspired and wondrous maid,
 Namouna, the Enchantress;—one
 O'er whom his race the golden sun
 For unremember'd years has run,
 Yet never saw her blooming brow
 Younger or fairer than 'tis now.
 Nay, rather, as the west wind's sigh
 Freshens the flower it passes by,
 Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing o'er,
 To leave her lovelier than before.
 Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,
 And when, as oft, she spoke or sung
 Of other worlds, there came a light
 From her dark eyes so strangely bright,
 That all believ'd nor man nor earth
 Were conscious of Namouna's birth!
 All spells and talismans she knew,

From the great Mantra which around
 The Air's sublimer Spirits drew,
 To the gold gems of Afric, bound
 Upon the wandering Arab's arm
 To keep him from the Siltim's harm.
 And she had pledg'd her powerful art,
 Pledged it with all the zeal and heart
 Of one who knew, though high her sphere,
 What 'twas to lose a love so dear—
 To find some spell that should recall
 Her Selim's smile to Nourmahal!

'Twas midnight:—thro' the lattice wreath'd
 With woodbine many a perfume'd breath'd.
 From plants that wake when others sleep,
 From timid jasmine buds that keep
 Their odor to themselves all day,
 But, when the sunlight dies away,
 Let the delicious secret out
 To every breeze that roves about;
 When thus Namouna:—" 'Tis the hour
 That scatters spells on herb and flower,
 And garlands might be gather'd now,
 That, twined around the sleeper's brow
 Would make him dream of such delights,
 Such miracles and dazzling sights,
 As Genii of the sun behold
 At evening, from their tents of gold
 Upon th' horizon—where they play
 Till twilight comes, and ray by ray,
 Their sunny mansions melt away.

Now, too, a chaplet might be wreath'd
Of buds o'er which the moon has breath'd,
Which worn by her whose love has stray'd

Might bring some Peri from the skies,
Some sprite, whose very soul is made

Of flow'ret's breaths and lovers' sighs,
And who might tell——"

"For me, for me,"

Cried Nourmahal impatiently,—

"O, twine that wreath for me to-night!"

Then rapidly, with foot as light
As the young musk-roe's, out she flew
To cull each shining leaf that grew
Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams,
For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams,
Anemones and Seas of Gold.

And new-blown lilies of the river,
And those sweet flow'rets that unfold
Their buds on Camadeva's quiver;
The tuberose, with her silvery light
That in the gardens of Malay

Is called the Mistress of the Night,
So like a bride, scented and bright,

She comes out when the sun's away,—
Amaranths, such as crown the maids
That wander through Zamara's shades,
And the white moon-flower, as it shows
On Serendib's high crags to those
Who near the isle at evening sail,
Scenting the clove-trees in the gale;
In short, all flow'rets and all plants
From the divine Amrita tree,

That blesses heaven's inhabitants
With fruits of immortality,

Down to the basil tuft that waves
Its fragrant blossoms over graves,

And to the humble rosemary
Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
To scent the desert and the dead:—
All in that garden bloom, and all
Are gather'd by young Nourmahal,
Who heaps her baskets with the flowers
And leaves, till they can hold no more;
Then to Namouna flies, and showers
Upon her lap the shining store.

With what delight th' Enchantress views
So many buds, bathed with the dews
And beams of that bless'd hour!—her glance
Spoke something past all mortal pleasures,
As, in a kind of holy trance,
She hung above those fragrant treasures,

Bending to drink their balmy airs
As if she mix'd her soul with theirs.
And 'twas, indeed, the perfume shed
From flowers and scented flame that fed
Her charmed life—for none had ere
Beheld her taste of mortal fare,
Nor ever in aught earthly dip,
But the morn's dew, her roseate lip.
Filled with the cool, inspiring smell,
Th' Enchantress now begins her spell,
Thus singing, as she winds and weaves
In mystic form the glittering leaves:

I know where the winged visions dwell

That around the night bed play,
I know each herb and flow'ret's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.

Then hasten we, maid,

To twine our braid;

To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The image of love that nightly flies

To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
Its soul, like her, in the shade;

The dream of a future, happier hour
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond flower,
That blooms on a leafless bough.

Then hasten we, maid,

To twine our braid;

To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The visions that oft to worldly eyes

The glitter of mines unfold,
Inhabit the mountain herb that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold;

The phantom shapes—O touch not them—
That appal the murderer's sight,
Lurk in the fleshly mandrake's stem,
That shrieks when pluck'd at night!

Then hasten we, maid,

To twine our braid;

To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injur'd patient mind

That smiles at the wrongs of men,
Is found in the bruise'd and wounded ring
Of the cinnamon, sweetest then.

Then hasten we, maid,

To twine our braid;

To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

No sooner was the flowery crown
 Placed on her head than sleep came down,
 Gently as nights of summer fall,
 Upon the lids of Nourmahal;—
 And, suddenly, a tuneful breeze,
 As full of small, rich harmonies
 As ever wind, that o'er the tents
 Of Azab blew, was full of scents,
 Steals on her ear, and floats and swells,
 Like the first air of morning creeping
 Into those wreathy, Red Sea shells,
 Where Love himself, of old, lay sleeping;
 And now a spirit form'd, 'twould seem,
 Of music and of light,—so fair,
 So brilliantly his features beam,
 And such a sound is in the air
 Of sweetness when he waves his wings,—
 Hovers around her, and thus sings:

From Chindara's warbling fount I come,
 Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell;
 From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
 Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.
 Where lutes in the air are heard about,
 And voices are singing the whole day long,
 And every sigh the heart breathes out
 Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song!
 Hither I come
 From my fairy home,
 And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
 I swear by the breath
 Of that moonlight wreath,
 Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
 And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
 That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
 And melt in the heart as instantly;—
 And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
 Refines the bosom it trembles through.
 As the musk wind, over the waters blowing,
 Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too.

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
 The Spirits of past Delight obey;—
 Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
 And they come, like Genii, hovering round.
 And mine is the gentle song that bears
 From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
 As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
 The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
 The past, the present, and future of pleasure,

When Memory links the tone that is gone
 With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;
 And Hope from a heavenly note flies on
 To a note more heavenly still that is near.

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,
 Can as downy soft and as yielding be
 As his own white plume, that high amid death
 Through the field has shone—yet moves with a
 breath!

And, O, how the eyes of Beauty glisten,
 When Music has reach'd her inward soul,
 Like the silent stars, that wink and listen
 While Heaven's eternal melodies roll.
 So, hither I come
 From my fairy home,
 And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
 I swear by the breath
 Of that moonlight wreath,
 Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

'Tis dawn—at least that earlier dawn
 Whose glimpses are again withdrawn,
 As if the morn had waked, and then
 Shut close her lids of light again;
 And Nourmahal is up and trying
 The wonders of her lute, whose strings—
 O bliss! now murmur like the sighing
 From that ambrosial Spirit's wings.
 And then her voice,—'tis more than human—
 Never till now had it been given
 To lips of any mortal woman
 To utter notes so fresh from heaven
 Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,
 When angel sighs are most divine,—
 "O let it last till night!" she cries
 "And he is more than ever mine."
 And hourly she renews the lay,
 So fearful lest its heavenly sweetness
 Should, ere the evening, fade away,—
 For things so heavenly have such fleetness.
 But, far from fading, it but grows
 Richer, diviner as it flows;
 Till rapt she dwells on every string,
 And pours again each sound along,
 Like echo, lost and languishing,
 In love with her own wondrous song.

That evening (trusting that his soul
 Might be from haunting love releas'd—
 By mirth, by music, and the bowl),
 Th' imperial Selim held a feast
 In his magnificent Shalimar:—
 In whose saloons, when the first star

Of evening o'er the waters trembled,
 The Valley's loveliest all assembled ;
 All the bright creatures that, like dreams,
 Glide through its foliage and drink beams
 Of beauty from its founts and streams ;
 And all those wandering minstrel maids—
 Who leave—how can they leave ?—the shades
 Of that dear Valley, and are found
 Singing in gardens of the South
 Those songs that ne'er so sweetly sound
 As from a young Cashmerian's mouth.

There, too, the harem's inmates smile,—
 Maids from the West, with sun-bright hair,
 And from the Garden of the Nile,
 Delicate as the roses there ;—
 Daughters of Love from Cyprus' rocks,
 With Paphian diamonds in their locks
 Light Peri forms, such as there are
 On the gold meads of Candahar ;
 And they before whose sleepy eyes,
 In their own bright Kathaian bowers,
 Sparkle such rainbow butterflies
 That they might fancy the rich flowers
 That round them in the sun lay sighing,
 Had been by magic all set flying.

Every thing young, every thing fair
 From east and west is blushing there,
 Except—except—O, Nourmahal !
 Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,
 The one, whose smile shone out alone,
 Amidst a world the only one ;
 Whose light, among so many lights,
 Was like that star on starry nights,
 The seaman singles from the sky,
 To steer his bark forever by !
 Thou wert not there—so Selim thought,
 And every thing seem'd drear without thee ;
 But, ah ! thou wert, thou wert,—and brought
 Thy charm of song all fresh about thee.
 Mingling unnotic'd with a band
 Of lutanists from many a land,
 And veil'd by such a mask as shades
 The features of young Arab maids,
 A mask that leaves but one eye free,
 To do its best in witchery,—
 She rov'd, with beating heart, around,
 And waited, trembling, for the minute,
 When she might try if still the sound
 Of her lov'd lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wine ;
 With grapes of gold, like those that shine
 On Casbin's hills ;—pomegranates full
 Of melting sweetness, and the pears,
 And sunniest apples that Caubul
 In all its thousand gardens bears ;—
 Plantains, the golden and the green,
 Malaya's nectar'd mangusteen ;
 Prunes of Bokara, and sweet nuts
 From the far groves of Samarcand,
 And Basra dates, and apricots,
 Seed of the Sun, from Iran's land :—
 With rich conserve of Visna cherries
 Of orange flowers, and of those berries
 That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles
 Feed on in Erac's rocky dells.
 All these in richest vases smile,
 In baskets of pure santal wood,
 And urns of porcelain from that isle
 Sunk underneath the Indian flood,
 Whence oft the lucky diver brings
 Vases to grace the halls of kings.
 Wines, too, of every clime and hue,
 Around their liquid lustre threw ;
 Amber Rosolli,—the bright dew
 From vineyards of the Green Sea gushing ;
 And Shiraz wine, that richly ran
 As if that jewel, large and rare,
 The ruby for which Kublai-Khan
 Offer'd a city's wealth, was blushing,
 Melted within the goblets there !

And amply Selim quaffs of each,
 And seems resolv'd the flood shall reach
 His inward heart,—shedding around
 A genial deluge, as they run,
 That soon shall leave no spot undrown'd,
 For Love to rest his wings upon.
 He little knew how well the boy
 Can float upon a goblet's streams,
 Lighting them with his smile of joy ;—
 As bards have seen him in their dreams,
 Down the blue Ganges laughing glide
 Upon a rosy lotus wreath,
 Catching new lustre from the tide
 That with his image shone beneath.

But what are cups, without the aid
 Of song to speed them as they flow ?
 And see—a lovely Georgian maid,
 With all the bloom, the freshest glow

Of her own country maidens' looks,
When warm they rise from Teflis' brooks
And with an eye, whose restless ray,

Full, floating, dark—O, he, who knows
His heart is weak, of Heav'n should pray
To guard him from such eyes as those!
With a voluptuous wildness flings
Her snowy hand across the strings
Of a syrinda, and thus sings:—

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day,
We linger in pleasures that never are gone;
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
And the love that is o'er, in expiring, gives birth
To a new one as warm, as unequall'd in bliss;
And, O, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh
As the flower of the Amra just op'd by a bee;
And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.
O, think what the kiss and the smile must be worth
When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in
bliss,
And own if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here sparkles the nectar, that, hallow'd by love,
Could draw down those angels of old from
their sphere, [above,
Who for wine of this earth left the fountains
And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we
have here.
And, bless'd with the odor our goblet gives forth,
What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would
For, O, if there be an Elysium on earth, [miss?
It is this, it is this.

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,
When the same measure, sound for sound,
Was caught up by another lute,
And so divinely breathed around,
That all stood hush'd and wondering,
And turn'd and look'd into the air,
As if they thought to see the wing
Of Israfil, the Angel, there;—
So powerfully on every soul
That new, enchanted measure stole.
While now a voice, sweet as the note
Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float

Along its chords, and so intwine
Its sounds with theirs, that none knew whether
The voice or lute was most divine,
So wondrously they went together:—

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has
told,
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on thro' all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And, O, if there be an Elysium on earth
It is this, it is this.

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words
But that deep magic in the chords
And in the lips, that gave such power
As music knew not till that hour
At once a hundred voices said,
"It is the mask'd Arabian maid!"
While Selim, who had felt the strain
Deepest of any, and had lain
Some minutes rapt, as in a trance,
After the fairy sounds were o'er,
Too inly touch'd for utterance,
Now motion'd with his hand for more:

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But, O, the choice, what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
The acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lovely and sweet, nor lov'd the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gayly springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—Thy Arab maid will be
The lov'd and lone acacia tree,
The antelope whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loveliness.

O, there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then.

So came thy every glance and tone
When first on me they breath'd and shone;
Now, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if lov'd for years.

Then fly with me, if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee—
Fresh as the fountain underground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid and rudely break
Her worship'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruined place;—

Then, fare thee well.—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing sun begins to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!

There was a pathos in this lay
That, e'en without enchantment's art,
Would instantly have found its way
Deep into Selim's burning heart;

But, breathing, as it did, a tone
To earthly lutes and lips unknown,
With every chord fresh from the touch
Of Music's spirit—'twas too much!

Starting, he dash'd away the cup,
Which, all the time of this sweet air,

His hand had held, untasted, up,
As if 'twere fixed by magic there;
And naming her so long unnam'd,
So long unseen, wildly exclaimed,
"O Nourmahal! O Nourmahal!

Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,
I could forget—forgive thee all,
And never leave those eyes again!"

The mask is off—the charm is wrought,
And Selim to his heart has caught,
In blushes, more than ever bright,
His Nourmahal, his Harem's Light!
And well do vanished frowns enhance
The charm of every brighten'd glance;

And dearer seems each dawning smile
For having lost its light awhile;
And happier now for all her sighs,
As on his arm her head reposes,
She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
"Remember, love, the Feast of Roses."

THOMAS MOORE.

—From "*Lalla Rookh*."

O! THE MARRIAGE.

O! the marriage, the marriage,
With love and *no buachail* for me,
The ladies that ride in a carriage
Might envy my marriage to me;
For Owen is straight as a tower,
And tender and loving and true;
He told me more love in an hour
Than the Squires of the county could do.
Then, O! the marriage, etc.

His hair is a shower of soft gold,
His eye is as clear as the day,
His conscience and vote were unsold
When others were carried away;
His word is as good as an oath,
And freely 'twas given to me;
O! sure 'twill be happy for both
The day of our marriage to see.
Then, O! the marriage, etc.

His kinsmen are honest and kind,
The neighbors think much of his skill,
And Owen's the lad to my mind,
Though he owns neither castle nor mill.
But he has a tilloch of land,
A horse, and a stocking of coin,
A foot for the dance, and a hand
In the cause of his country to join.
Then, O! the marriage, etc.

We meet in the market and fair—
We meet in the morning and night—
He sits on the half of my chair,
And my people are wild with delight.
Yet I long through the winter to skim,
Though Owen longs more, I can see,
When I will be married to him,
And he will be married to me.
Then, O! the marriage, etc.

THOMAS DAVIS.

COME TO ME DEAREST.

Come to me dearest, I'm lonely without thee ;
 Day-time and night-time I'm thinking about thee ;
 Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee,
 Unwelcome the waking that ceases to fold thee.
 Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
 Come in thy beauty, to bless and to brighten,
 Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
 Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows shall flit round the desolate ruin,
 Telling of spring and its joyous renewing ;
 And thoughts of thy love, and its manifold
 treasure,

Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure ;
 O Spring of my spirit ! O May of my bosom !
 Shine out on my soul till it burgeon and blossom—
 The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,
 And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figure that moves like a song thro' the even—
 Features lit up by a reflex of heaven—
 Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
 Where sunshine and shadows are chasing each
 other ;

Smiles coming seldom, but child-like and simple,
 And opening their eyes from the heart of a
 dimple—

O thanks to the Savior, that even thy seeming
 Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming !

You have been glad when you knew I was glad-
 dened ;

Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened ?
 As octave to octave and rhyme unto rhyme, love,
 Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love ;
 I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing—
 You cannot smile but my cheeks will be glowing—
 I would not die without you at my side, love—
 You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,
 Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow,
 Strong, swift and fond as the words which I
 speak, love ; [cheek, love.
 With a song on your lip and a smile on your
 Come, for my heart in your absence is dreary ;
 Haste, for my spirit is sickened and weary ;
 Come to the arms which alone should caress
 thee ; [thee.
 Come to the heart which is throbbing to press

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken dear !
 Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is
 still here ;

Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
 And the heart and the hand all thy own to the
 last !

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same,
 Thro' joy and thro' torments, thro' glory and
 shame ?

I know not, I ask not if guilt's in that heart,
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art !

Thou hast called me thy Angel, in moments of
 bliss,

Still thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this—
 Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pur-
 sue, [too.

And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there

THOMAS MOORE.

JANETTE'S HAIR

Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,
 Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet,
 For the world to me had no daintier sight
 Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders
 white,

As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
 It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet,
 'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist,
 'Twas a thing to be braided, and jeweled, and
 kissed—

'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
 It was sinewy, bristled, and brown, my pet,
 But warmly and softly it loved to caress
 Your round white neck and your wealth of tress—
 Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Janette,
 Revealing the old, dear story, my pet — [sky,
 They were gray, with that chastened tinge of the
 When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly.

And they matched with your golden hair,
 my pet.

Your lips—but I have no words—Janette—
 They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet,
 When the spring is young, and the roses are wet
 With the dew-drops in each red bosom set, [pet.
 And they suited your gold-brown hair, my

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette,
 'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet,
 But, so gentle the bondage, my soul did implore
 The right to continue your slave evermore, [pet.
 With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette,
 With your lips, your eyes, and your hair, my pet;
 In the darkness of desolate years I moan,
 And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
 That covers your golden hair, my pet.

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

THE LITTLE WIFE.

Frown not, my love! ah, let me chase
 Away the shade of care that lies
 To-night so darkly on your face,
 And mist-like o'er your manly eyes.
 Ah, let me try the winning ways
 You said were mine—the angel art
 To pour at once ten thousand rays
 Of dancing sunlight on your heart!
 My love, my life!
 Your little wife
 Must bid these gloomy thoughts depart.

When love was young and hopes were bright,
 I thought, 'midst all our dreams of bliss,
 That clouds might come like these to-night,
 And hours of sorrow such as this.
 And, then, I said, my task shall be
 To soothe his heart so fond and true,
 And he who loves me thus, shall see
 How much his little wife can do.
 My heart, my life,
 Your little wife
 Must bid you dream those dreams anew.

Then let me lift those locks that fall
 So wildly o'er your lofty brow,
 And smooth, with fingers soft and small,
 The veins that cord your temples now.

How oft, when ached your wearied head,
 From manly care, or thought divine,
 You've held me to your heart, and said
 You wanted love so deep as mine!

My own, my life!
 Your little wife,
 That love is all her life's design.

And here it is—a love as wild
 As e'er defied the world's control;
 The fondness of a tearful child,
 The passion of a woman's soul,
 All mingled in my breast for thee,
 In one hot tide—I cannot speak:
 But feel my throbbing heart, and see
 Its brightness in my burning cheek—
 My love, my life!
 Your little wife
 Must cheer you, or her heart will break.

Ah, now the breast I found so cold,
 Grows warm within my close embrace;
 And smiles as sweet as those of old
 Are stealing softly o'er your face;
 And far within your brightening eyes
 My image, true and clear, I see;
 Each shade of care and sorrow flies,
 And leaves your heart again to me—
 My love, my life!
 Your little wife
 Its joy and light must ever be.

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN.

WERE I BUT HIS OWN WIFE.

Were I but his own wife, to guard and to guide him,
 'Tis little of sorrow should fall on my dear;
 I'd chant my low love verses, stealing beside him,
 So faint and so tender his heart would but hear;
 I'd pull the wild blossom from valley and high-
 land, [down;
 And there at his feet would I lay them all
 I'd sing him the songs of our poor stricken island,
 Till his heart was on fire with a love like my own.

There's a rose by his dwelling—I'd tend the lone
 treasure, [should come;
 That he might have flow'rs when the summer
 There's a harp in his hall—I would wake its
 sweet measure,
 For he must have music to brighten his home.

Were I but his own wife, to guide and to guard
him,

'Tis little of sorrow should fall on my dear;
For every kind glance my whole life would award
him,—

In sickness I'd soothe and in sadness I'd cheer.

My heart is a fount welling upward forever,
When I think of my true love by night or by day;
That heart keeps its faith like a fast-flowing river
Which gushes forever and sings on its way.

I have thoughts full of peace for his soul to re-
pose in,

Were I but his own wife to win and to woo—
Oh, sweet if the night of misfortune were closing,
To rise, like the morning star, darling, for you!

ELLEN DOWLING.

THE IRISH WIFE.

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land—

I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand.

For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life—

An outlaw—so I'm near her
To love till death my Irish wife.

O, what would be this home of mine—

A ruined, hermit-haunted place,
But for the light that nightly shines
Upon its walls from Kathleen's face?

What comfort in a mine of gold—

What pleasure in a royal life,
If the heart within lay dead and cold,
If I could not wed my Irish wife?

I knew the law forbade the bans—
I knew my King abhorred her race—

Who never bent before their clans,
Must bow before their ladies' grace.

Take all my forfeited domain,
I cannot wage with kinsmen strife—

Take knightly gear and noble name,
And I will keep my Irish wife.

My Irish wife has clear blue eyes,
My heaven by day, my stars by night—
And twinlike truth and fondness lie,
Within her swelling bosom white.

My Irish wife has golden hair—
Apollo's harp had once such strings—
Apollo's self might pause to hear
Her bird-like carol when she sings.

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land—

I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand.

For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life,—

In death I would lie near her,
And rise beside my Irish wife.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

TO THE RECORDING ANGEL.

Cherub of Heaven, that from thy secret stand
Dost note the follies of each mortal here,

Oh, if Eliza's* steps employ thy hand,
Blot the sad legend with a mortal tear!

Nor when she errs, thro' passion's wild extreme,
Mark then her course, nor heed each trifling
wrong;

Nor when her sad attachment is her theme,
Note down the transports of her erring tongue.

But when she sighs for sorrow not her own,
Let that dear sigh to mercy's cause be given,

And bear that tear to her Creator's throne
Which glistens in the eye upraised to Heaven.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

A NEW LIFE.

Is it fancy? Am I dreaming?

Do I tread the realms of fairy

Do my hopings mock my wild heart with the
echoes of itself?—

Is my soul lit by the beaming

Of your radiant face, fair Lilla

Or am I witch'd, like pilgrim, by the lagoon's
midnight elf?

Sweet words are ringing o'er me,

And beside me and before me,

Yet I fear to think them truthful, lest I wake to
find me wrong;

And the bliss of the first minute,

When my heart caught them within it,

Would woo me to eternal sleep, to ever dream
such song.

* Eliza's wife, previously Miss Lilla.

God is loving—God is jealous.
 And we're every mortal fashioned
 In the likeness of the Moulder! and our sympathies so bent;
 Can my words be over zealous,
 Or my love be too impassioned?
 No, I cannot outstrip nature, though I fail to be content.

I have had my dream of glory,
 And have quaffed my youthful chalice—
 What bitter dregs lay thickening beneath it:
 starry foam?
 And my life broke, like the story
 Of that oriental palace
 Whose magic marble fabric sunk, and left no trace of home.

In my thought's dim lonely prison,
 Where I dwelt, a voice has risen,
 As the Angel's unto Peter, giving comfort, hope and cheer;
 And so full of light 's the tremor,
 It now pulses through the dreamer,
 He'd bless the thought that chains him to have that angel near.

Was your heart so sympathetic
 That it caught my words unspoken,
 As they welled up, seeking utterance, love-confused to very fear?
 Was it you that said, "I love thee?"
 Was it I that said, "I love thee?"
 Or did we each the other's heart unburden to the ear?

When you twined your arms about me,
 Saying life was dark without me—
 That I was the one comforter you prayed of
 God to give—
 That among the thousands fleeing
 Past, you knew me as *that* being;
 My heart, beneath the revelation, paused to say,
 "I live!"

There's a strange new life upon me,
 With a clarion-toned suffusion
 Of Joy, that cannot sound itself with words of mortal speech:
 But it is no fancy won me,
 No mere student-bred delusion;
 'Tis thy vatic words that make a dual future in my reach.

What a bounteously decreeing
 Gift hath love, when it receiving
 Love for love, transfigures us to things undreamed before!
 Now I've two lives in my being,
 You have two lives in your living,
 And yet we have but one dear life between us evermore!

JOHN SAVAGE.

STEERING HOME.

Far out beyond our sheltered bay,
 Against the golden evening sky,
 A brown speck rises, then away
 It sinks—it dwindles from my eye.
 Again it rises: drawing nigh,
 Its well-known shape grows sharp and clear—
 It is his bark, my Donal dear!
 And oh! tho' small a speck it be,
 Kind Heaven, that knows my hope and fear,
 Can tell the world it holds for me.

My boat of boats is steering home—
 She bends and sways before the wind;
 I cannot see the milky foam
 Beneath her bows and far behind.
 But oh! I know my love will find,
 Howe'er the evening current flows,
 Howe'er the rising night wind blows,
 The shortest course his keel can dart
 From where he is to where he knows
 I wait to clasp him to my heart.

Come, Donal, home! See by my side
 Your little sons, impatient too.
 All day they loitered by the tide,
 And prattled of your boat and you.
 Into the glancing waves they threw
 Some little chips: the surges bore
 Their tiny vessels back to shore,
 Then would they clap their hands and say
 The first was yours: then o'er and o'er,
 Would ask me why you stayed away.

Come, Donal, home! The red sun sets;
 Come to your children dear, and me;
 And bring us full or empty nets,
 A scene of joy our hearth shall be.
 You'll tell me stories of the sea;

And I will sing the songs you said
 Were sweet as wild sea-music made
 By mermaids on the weedy rocks,
 When in some sheltered quiet shade,
 They sing, and comb their dripping locks.

He comes! he comes! My boat is near;
 I know her mainsail's narrow peak,
 They haul her flowing sheets—I hear
 The dry sheeves on their pivots creak.
 He waves his hand; I hear him speak
 Come to the beach, my sons, with me;
 He'll greet us from her side; and we
 Shall meet him when he leaps to shore;
 Then take him home, and bid him see
 Our brighter deck—our cottage floor.

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN.

MY CONNOR.

His eye is as black as the sloe,
 His skin is as white as its blossom;
 He loves me,—but hate to the foe
 Has the uppermost place in his bosom.
 I forgive him, for sorrow unmixed
 His child, like himself, should inherit,
 If hatred to chains had not fixed
 The strong kernel-stone in his spirit.

The lark never soars but to sing,
 Nor sings but to soar; but my Connor
 Surpasses the lark on the wing,
 Tho' walking the earth without honor.
 The fetters—the fetters awake
 Deep passionate songs that betoken
 The part and the place he will take
 When bonds are held up to be broken.

He loves me more dearly than life,
 Yet would he forsake me to-morrow,
 And lose both his blood and his wife
 To free his loved island from sorrow;
 And could I survive but to see
 The land without shackle upon her,
 I freely a widow would be,
 Tho' dearly I dote on my Connor.

There is hope for the land where the ties
 "Twixt husband and wife have been reckoned
 As virtue the first, in strange eyes,
 Yet one, in their own, but the second!

The sun never shines from the sky
 If the country be long in dishonor,
 With women—all braver than I—
 And men—all as brave as my Connor.

JOHN D. FRASER.

ROVING BRIAN O'CONNELL.

"How do you like her for your wife,
 Roving Brian O'Connell?
 A loving mate and true for life,
 Roving Brian O'Connell."
 "She's as fit to be my wife
 As my sword is for the strife,"
 Said the Rapparee trooper,
 Roving Brian O'Connell!

"Ne'er to Mabel prove untrue,
 Roving Brian O'Connell,
 For oh! she'd die for love of you,
 Roving Brian O'Connell!"
 "Oh! my wild heart never knew
 A flame so warm, so constant, too,"
 Said the Rapparee trooper,
 Roving Brian O'Connell!

"Her father died as dies the brave,
 Roving Brian O'Connell;
 Beneath the blow the Saxon gave,
 Roving Brian O'Connell."
 "Next we'll meet the Saxon knave
 He'll get pike and gun and glaive!"
 Said the Rapparee trooper,
 Roving Brian O'Connell.

"How will you your young bride keep,
 Roving Brian O'Connell?
 The foeman's bands are ne'er asleep,
 Roving Brian O'Connell."
 "In our hold by Conail's steep
 Who dare make my Mabel weep?"
 Said the Rapparee trooper,
 Roving Brian O'Connell.

"This day in ruined church you stand,
 Roving Brian O'Connell;
 To take your young bride's priceless hand,
 Roving Brian O'Connell."
 "Oh, my heart, my arm, my brand,
 Are for her and our own dear land!"
 Said the Rapparee trooper,
 Roving Brian O'Connell.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

THE PEASANT'S BRIDE

I was a simple country girl
That loved the morning dearly;
My only wealth a precious pearl
I found one morning early.
I milked my mother's only cow,
My kind poor lovin' *Drimin*;
I never envied then nor now
The kine of richer women.

The sun shone out in bonnie June,
And fragrant were the meadows;
A voice as sweet as an Irish tune
(I know it was my Thady's),
Said, "Mary dear, I fain would stay,
But where's the use repining?
I must away to save my hay
Now while the sun is shining."

Now Thady was as stout a blade
As ever stood in leather,
With hook or scythe, with plough or spade,
He'd beat ten men together;
He's just the man, thought I, for me,
He is working late and early,
He shall be mine if he is free,
He takes my fancy fairly.

I gave my hand, though I was young,
And heart, too, like a feather,
Our marriage song by the lark was sung
When we were wed together;
And many a noble lord, I'm told,
And many a noble lady,
Would gladly give a crown of gold
To be like me and Thady.

ANONYMOUS.

THE PATRIOT'S BRIDE.

O! give me back that royal dream
My fancy wrought,
When I have seen your sunny eyes
Grow moist with thought; [mine
And fondly hop'd, dear love, your heart from
Its spell had caught;
And laid me down to dream that dream divine,
But true, methought,
Of how my life's long task would be, to make
yours blessed as it ought.

To learn to love sweet nature more
For your sweet sake,
To watch with you—dear friend, with you!—
Its wonders break;
The sparkling spring in that bright face to see
Its mirror make—
On summer morns to hear the sweet birds sing
By linn and lake;
And know your voice, your magic voice, could
still a grander music wake!

On some old shell-strewn rock to sit
In autumn eves,
Where gray Killiney cools the torrid air
Hot autumn weaves:
Or by that Holy Well in mountain lone,
Where Faith believes
(Fain would I b'lieve) its secret, darling wish
True love achieves.
Yet, O! its Saint was not more pure than she to
whom my fond heart cleaves.

To see the dark, mid-winter night
Pass like a noon,
Sultry with thought from minds that teemed,
And glowed like June:
Whereto would pass in sculp'd and pictured train
Art's magic boon;
And music thrill with many a haughty strain,
And dear old tune,
Till hearts grew sad to hear the destined hour to
part had come so soon.

To wake the old weird world that sleeps
In Irish lore;
The strains sweet foreign Spenser sung
By Mulla's shore;
Dear Curran's airy thoughts, like purple birds
That shine and soar;
Tone's fiery hopes and all the deathless vows
That Grattan swore;
The songs that once our own dear Davis sung—
ah, me! to sing no more.

To search with mother-love the gifts
Our land can boast—
Soft Erna's isles, Neagh's wooded slopes,
Clare's iron coast;
Kildare, whose legions gray our bosoms stir
With fay and ghost;
Gray Mourne, green Antrim, purple Glenmalur—
Lene's fairy host;
With raids to many a foreign land to learn to
love dear Ireland most.

And all those proud old victor-fields
 We thrill to name;
 Whose mem'ries are the stars that light
 Long nights of shame; [Keep,
 The Cairn, the Dun, the Rath, the Tower, the
 That still proclaim [deep,
 In chronicles of clay and stone, how true, how
 Was Eiré's fame,
 O! we shall see them all, with her, that dear, dear
 friend we two have lov'd the same.

Yet ah! how truer, tend'rer still
 Methought did seem
 That scene of tranquil joy, that happy home,
 By Dodder's stream;
 The morning smile, that grew a fixed star
 With love-lit beam,
 The ringing laugh, locked hands, and all the far
 And shining stream
 Of daily love, that made one daily life diviner
 than a dream.

For still to me, dear friend, dear Love,
 Or both—dear wife,
 Your image comes with serious thoughts,
 But tender, rife;
 No idle plaything to caress or chide
 In sport or strife;
 But my best chosen friend, companion, guide,
 To walk through life,
 Linked hand in hand, two equal, loving friends,
 true husband and true wife.

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

THE BLIND MAN TO HIS BRIDE.

When first, beloved, in vanished hours,
 The blind man sought thy hand to gain,
 They said thy cheek was bright as flowers
 New freshened by the summer rain.
 They said thy movements, swift yet soft,
 Were such as make the wingéd dove
 Seem, as it gently soars aloft,
 The image of repose and love.

They told me, too, an eager crowd
 Of wooers praised thy beauty rare;
 But that thy heart was all too proud
 A common lot to meet or share.
 Ah! thine was neither pride nor scorn,
 But in thy coy and virgin breast
 Dwelt preference, not of passion born,—
 The love that hath a holier zest!

Days came and went;—thy step I heard
 Pause frequent, as it passed me by:—
 Days came and went;—thy heart was stirred,
 And answered to my stifled sigh!
 And thou didst make an humble choice,
 Content to be the blind man's bride,
 Who loved thee for thy gentle voice,
 And owned no joy on earth beside.

And well by that sweet voice I knew
 (Without the happiness of sight)
 Thy years, as yet, were glad and few,
 Thy smile most innocently bright:
 I knew how full of love's own grace
 The beauty of thy form must be,
 And fancy idolized the face
 Whose loveliness I might not see!

Oh! happy days were those, beloved!
 I almost ceased for light to pine,
 When thro' the summer vales we roved,
 Thy fond hand gently linked in mine.
 Thy soft "good night" still sweetly cheered
 Th' unbroken darkness of my doom;
 And thy "good morrow, love," endeared
 Each sunrise that returned in gloom!

At length, as years rolled swiftly on,
 They spoke to me of Time's decay—
 Of roses from the smooth cheek gone,
 Of ebon ringlets turned to gray.
 Ah! then I blessed the sightless eyes
 Which could not feel the deepening shade,
 Nor watch beneath succeeding skies
 Thy withering beauty faintly fade.

I saw no paleness in thy cheek,
 No lines upon thy forehead smooth,—
 But still the blind man heard thee *speak*
 In accents made to bless and soothe.
 Still he could feel thy guiding hand
 As thro' the woodland wilds we ranged,—
 Still in the summer light could stand,
 And know thy heart and voice unchanged.

And still, beloved, till life grows cold,
 We'll wander 'neath a genial sky,
 And only know that we are old,
 By counting happier years gone by:
 For thou to me art still as fair
 As when those happy years began,—
 When first thou camest to soothe and share
 The sorrows of a sightless man!

Old Time, who changes all below,
 To wean men gently for the grave,
 Hath brought us no increase of woe,
 And leaves us all he ever gave:
 For I am still a helpless thing,
 Whose darkened world is cheered by thee,
 And thou art she whose beauty's spring
 The blind man vainly yearned to see.

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

A MAN'S DEVOTION.

Thou dear, false-hearted, beautiful frail child,
 Though when thine eyes go wandering o'er my
 face,

Searching for true love-tokens, I can trace
 Sweet fraud in all their glances free and mild,
 And in thy lip's light smile I find not truth,
 Nor steadfast love in pressure of thy hand,
 Nor in thy love-words music meet to soothe
 A man's strong soul, clear as they run, and bland.

Though I have read thy soul, child, through and
 through,

And firm I am of will that no eye's glance
 Could lull me into any amorous trance;
 Yet doth my love spring evermore anew.
 I dare not cast thee from me—thou, so frail
 Who hast so trusted me, when I so long [fail,
 Have wrought and toiled for—lest thy foot should
 And thou be trodden by the brute-heart throng.

God loves the worst of us, His book declares:
 Perchance 'tis god-like thus for men to cleave
 To weak things He hath fashioned,—not to leave
 The gem to perish for the crust it bears.
 Howe'er it be, come, dear one, to my arms:
 My summer glory in high Heaven is gained,
 If only through the rough seas and the storms
 Thou art borne back to God unscathed, unstained.

GEORGE F. ARMSTRONG.

DANGEROUS FRANKNESS.

Inconstant? And why not, O fair Hélène?—
 You have the bluest eyes I've ever seen.
 Blue as the violets in that season when [green,
 The fields and hills are tinged with faintest

But you have not fair Marie's tender voice,
 Or Constance' smile in which all hearts rejoice.
 Inconstant! Why? I love the good in all,

The good in one, and like the roving bee,
 (Are you *bas bleu*, fair Hélène, will you call
 My "roving bee" a threadbare simile?)
 I go from flower to fruit, and I love each,
 The faint-tinged rose-bud and the carmine peach.

I love you for your eyes, O fair Hélène,
 Your blue, blue eyes, so deep and limpid-clear,
 In whose deep depths are drowned many men,
 And for their deaths have you not shed a tear;
 And yet I love dear Rosalind's shy grace,
 And—can I help it?—little Celia's face.

I love the good in all, the good in one;
 Too frank am I? Can't help it! 'tis my way,
 If you'll be Clytie, I will be the sun,
 And you can follow me about all day,
 And yet I'll smile on all and that will be
 Love universal, not inconstancy.

Conceited? How you wrong me, fair Hélène,
 I'm not Apollo, and I know that well,
 But you're not Clytie; if you were, why then
 I'd follow you. Good gracious! who could tell
 The girl would get so mad? A temper, too!
 I'll never trust in meekest eyes of blue!

MAURICE F. EGAN.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

When first I met thee, warm and young,

There shone such truth about thee,
 And on thy lip such promise hung,
 I did not dare to doubt thee.

I saw thee change, yet still relied,
 Still clung with hope the fonder,
 And thought, though false to all beside,
 From me thou couldst not wander.

But go, deceiver, go!
 The heart, whose hopes could make it
 Trust one so false, so low,
 Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
 I fled the unwelcome story;
 Or found, in ev'n the faults they blam'd,
 Some gleams of future glory.

I still was true, when nearer friends
 Conspired to wrong, to slight thee ;
 The heart that now thy falsehood rends,
 Would then have bled to right thee.
 But go, deceiver ! go !
 Some day, perhaps thou'lt waken
 From pleasure's dream, to know
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, tho' youth its bloom has shed,
 No lights of age adorn thee :
 The few, who lov'd thee once, have fled,
 And they, who flatter scorn thee.
 Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
 No genial ties inwreath it ;
 The smiling there, like light on graves,
 Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
 Go—go—though worlds were thine,
 I would not now surrender
 One taintless tear of mine
 For all thy guilty splendor !

And days may come, thou false one ! yet,
 When even those ties shall sever ;
 When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
 On her thou'st lost forever ;
 On her who, in thy fortune's fall
 With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
 And gladly died to prove thee all
 Her fancy first believ'd thee.
 Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ;
 Hate cannot wish thee worse
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE LOST MADONNA.

O lost Madonna, young and fair !
 O'er-leant by broad embracing trees
 A streamlet to the lonely air
 Murmurs its meek low melodies ;
 And there, as if to drink the tune,
 And 'mid the sparkling sands to play,
 One constant sunbeam still at noon
 Shot thro' the glades its golden ray.

My lost Madonna, whose glad life
 Was like that ray of radiant air,
 The March-wind's violet scents blew rife
 When last we sought that fountain fair.

Blithe as the beam from heaven arriving,
 Thy hair held back by hands whose gleam
 Was white as stars with night-clouds striving--
 Thy bright lips bent and sipped the stream.

Fair fawn-like creature ! innocent
 In soul as faultless in thy form,—
 As o'er the wave thy beauty bent
 It blushed thee back each rosy charm
 How soon the senseless wave resigned
 The tints, with thy retiring face,
 While glassed within my mournful mind
 Still glows that scene's enchanting grace.

Ah, every scene, or bright or bleak,
 Where once thy presence round me shone,
 To echoing Memory long shall speak
 The Past's sweet legends, Worshipp'd One !
 The wild blue hills, the boundless moor,
 That, like my lot, stretched dark afar,
 And o'er its edge, thine emblem pure,
 The never-failing evening star.

My lost Madonna, fair and young !
 Before thy slender-sandalled feet
 The dallying wave its silver flung,
 Then dashed far ocean's breast to meet ;
 And farther, wider, from thy side
 Than unreturning streams could rove,
 Dark Fate decreed me to divide—
 To me, my henceforth buried Love !

Yes ! far for ever from my side,
 Madonna, now for ever fair,
 To death of Distance I have died,
 And all has perished, but—Despair.
 Whether thy fate with woe be fraught,
 Or Joy's gay rainbow gleams o'er thee,
 I've died to all but the mad thought
 That what was once no more shall be.

'Tis well :—at least I shall not know
 How time or tears may change that brow ;
 Thine eyes shall smile, thy cheek shall glow
 To me in distant years as now.
 And when in holier worlds, where Blame,
 And Blight and Sorrow, have no birth,
 Thou'rt mine at last—I'll clasp the same
 Unaltered Angel known on earth.

BARTHOLOMEW SIMMONS.

PART II.

POEMS OF HOME AND CHILDHOOD.

Yes, there is the dwelling ; the warmth of the year
Still lives in each blossom that flourishes here ;
Yes, there is the dwelling, but lonely it seems,
As a land in which fancy stalks silent in dreams.
The door-way that welcomed the guest to the hall,
The creepers that whispered along the white wall ;
Each sweet of the summer smiles tenderly there,
But where are the dear hands that trained them ? oh, where ?

Ah, true to remembrance ! Ah, true to the thought,
Deep hid in my heart, of that love-lighted spot
Ay, there are the flower-bordered paths where we walked,
And there are the groves where we listened and talked.
All lonesomely blooming ! I look, but in vain
For a symbol of light in the quiet domain ;
The lawn where the children once gamboll'd is there,
But where are the innocent faces ? oh, where ?

GERALD GRIFFIN.

POEMS OF HOME AND CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

I passed through the open gateway and under
the bending trees ;

The boughs of the stooping beeches stirred in
the summer breeze ;

The branching shadows fluttered as asleep on
the lawn they lay,

And up through the sunny meadow the avenue
wound its way.

I passed through the open gateway, and I was a
child again :

The grass and the leaves were sparkling in jewels
of last night's rain ;

But lo ! a turn in the pathway clouded my eyes
with tears,

And I stood and gazed with rapture on the home
of my early years.

The same—and yet I marvelled, for surely of
old it stood

Fronting a boundless meadow, on the skirts of
a boundless wood ;

With a stately hill behind it, from whose heights
I used to gaze

To where the horizon bounded the world of my
childhood's days.

But the hill was a little hillock, the wood was a
little grove ;—

'Twas only a little paddock through which I
loved to rove ;

I climbed, but the wizard fancy had somewhere
lost his wand :

I looked to the far horizon, but the world lay
far beyond.

Yet the grass had its wonted verdure, the sun
had its wonted gold,

The raindrops trembled and sparkled, as ever in
days of old :

And clouds were ne'er more fleecy, and never a
fresher breeze

Passed with a crisper murmur through depths
of the greenwood trees.

And I wondered if one of the dear ones, who
left us and went his way

Into the kingdom of twilight, misty and cold
and gray,

Could rise from the depths of silence and come
for a little while,

And hear the breezes rustle and see the green
earth smile ;—

Would the earth he had left behind him, the
earth he had loved so well,

That once was higher than heaven, and deeper
than depths of hell—

Seem now but a mote in the sunbeam, a drop in
the water race,

Its life the pulse of a moment,—a foothold its
orb of space ?

Would he learn that its ancient limits, now
grown so narrow and near,

Had veiled from imagination the skirts of a
boundless sphere ?

Would he look to the uttermost verges that ever
his feet had trod,

And blot for a passing moment the world of the
Heaven of God ?

Yet perchance as he gazed around him a tear of
regret might rise,

And blot for a passing moment all else but earth
from his eyes :

He would murmur, " Oh God, I know thee in the
least of thy works complete :

It is all as of old I left it—and then it was, oh !
how sweet."

EDMOND G. A. HOLMES.

WINGS FOR HOME.

My heart hath taken wings for home;
 Away! away! it cannot stay.

My heart hath taken wings for home,
 Nor all that's best of Greece or Rome
 Can stop its way.

My heart hath taken wings for home,
 Away!

My heart hath taken wings for home,
 O Swallow, Swallow, lead the way!

O little bird! fly north with me,
 I have a home beside the sea

Where thou canst sing and play.
 My heart hath taken wings for home,
 Away!

My heart hath taken wings for home,
 But thou, O little bird! wilt stay;
 Thou hast thy young ones with thee here,
 Thy mate floats with thee through the clear
 Italian depths of day.

My heart hath taken wings for home,
 Away!

My heart hath taken wings for home,
 Away! away! it cannot stay.

One spring from Brunelleschi's dome,
 To Venice by the Adrian foam,
 Then westward be my way.

My heart hath taken wings for home,
 Away!

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

AWAY FROM HOME.

The sunset falls across the sea
 In flakes of golden light,
 While the good ship sails fast and free
 Into the silent night;

But while I watch with dazzled eyes
 The fading smile of day,
 My heart is with our eastern skies,
 And loved ones far away.

I hear the rippling of the waves
 Like some sweet thought that thrills
 When the cool evening breezes play
 On our New England hills,
 While at each murmured word that breaks
 Across the tinkling spray,
 Some echoing chord of memory wakes
 For loved ones far away.

And as the moonbeams' silver light
 Falls trembling from above,
 To shine across the wooded height
 And bless the home I love,
 I know what eyes will meet it there,
 What soul and lip will pray
 That God may hold in tender care
 Their loved one far away.

O life is bright as heaven above
 When youth and hope are free;
 O earth is fair and full of love
 On land and shore and sea;
 But earth would dim and hope depart
 If nearer day by day
 I could not lead this longing heart
 To loved ones far away.

MARY E. BLAKE.

THE LOST HOME.

Come sit, my son, beneath the shade where
 autumn winds are sighing;
 The shadows, creeping down the woods, an-
 nounce that day is dying;
 And far the murky clouds outspread the
 floating flags of warning,
 Where Alleghanies' giant hills were seen at
 early morning.

Behold, my son, the fertile fields where golden
 grain is swelling;
 And far away the crested pines thy brother's
 axe is felling;
 And yonder see our cheerful cot beside the
 mountain river—
 Thy father knows no master here but God
 the mighty Giver!

In other days, when life was young, and hope
 was beaming o'er me,
 I loved my father's lowly cot—I loved the isle
 that bore me,
 And love it still, the dear old land:—tho'
 ocean's waves divide us,
 Still, still shall memory's magic spell bring its
 sweet shores beside us.

O land of sorrows, Innisfail! the saddest, still
 the fairest!
 Tho' ever-fruitful be thy breast, tho' green the
 garb thou wearest,

In vain thy children seek thy gifts, and fondly
gather round thee;
They live as strangers mid thy vales since dark
oppression bound thee.

My cherished home beside the glen, how could
I cease to love thee?
The yellow thatch was o'er thy walls, the beeches
waved above thee;
Thy skies were like the seagull's wings, of purest
snowy whiteness;
They woo'd the sun till round thy porch he flung
his golden brightness.

Methinks I still behold thy smoke ascend from
yonder thicket,
Methinks I see my aged sire beside thy open
wicket,
And hear my brothers' notes of mirth along the
valleys ringing,
Where maidens o'er the milking pails the rural
songs are singing.

Around thy hearth, at day's decline, arose the
voice of gladness;
The fleeting years, as on they sped, flung in no
seeds of sadness;
And tho' the swelling tide of care oft rolled its
wave beside us,
We clung in hope around our home—no perils
could divide us.

But ah! at last dread Famine's breath brought
direful desolation;
While tyrants bound their cruel laws around the
dying nation,
And spurned the wasted, withered poor, for help,
for mercy crying,—
The Saxons smiled with joy to hear that Celtic
sons were dying!

My God! it came—the fearful gale, against our
happy dwelling;
We strove and stood the shock awhile, tho' waves
of woe were swelling;
Whilst, like a monster 'midst the deep, that loves
the tempest's thunder,
The lord who owned our lands desired to see us
sinking under.

In vain we fed the hopes awhile! in vain each
dear endeavor!
My father's father's natal home was lost to us
forever;

And cozy roof and porch and walls were cast to
earth together,
And we, in woe, were forced to face the winter's
direful weather.

Alanna! 'neath their native soil my parents'
hearts are sleeping,—
Across their lonely, grassy graves the shamrock
leaves are creeping;
And we are here amidst these wilds, where
tyrants ne'er can bind us,
With lands as fertile—not so fair—as those we've
left behind us.

Yes, true, my son, thy father's soul has drunk
the bitter potion;
Yet often 'midst these lonely woods he thinks
with fond emotion,
That yonder billows seek our isle—that gentle
zephyrs fan her,—
Oh, may her exiles see her too—to raise her
drooping banner!

THOMAS AMBROSE BUTLER.

LONGING.

"Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the day."—*McCarthy*.

I wish I was home in Ireland,
For the summer will soon be there,
And the fields of my darling sire-land
To my heart will be fresh and fair.—

Down where the deep Blackwater
Glides on to its ocean rest,
And the hills, with their green-clad bosoms,
Roll up from the river's breast.

To sit where the waters murmur
To the birds in the bending trees,
While the silver wavelets glitter,
Stirred by the evening breeze;

To watch while the silent fisher
Quivers his trembling line,
Where the trout from the golden river
Bound to the red sunshine,

While the song of the distant milker
Comes down with the evening cloud,
And the mist from the lowland valleys
Steals up like a snow-white shroud;

To muse where the deep Blackwater,
Like a courser, comes bounding in,
With a rush, through the marble arches
That span it by Cappoquin,

When the dews on the woodlands glitter,
And the rocks rise so tall and grand,
And when all living things are happy,
But the sons of that hapless land.

For they sit by the stranger's waters,
As did Israel's sons of yore,
And their harps are hung on the willows,
And their hearts are crushed and sore.

As if from a plague-struck country,
Far off flies the sun-brown Gael,
And his voice in the land that bore him
Is sunk to a fainting wail.

Like leaves in the autumn tempest,
Or clouds in the wintry wind,
Is he sweeping from green old Ireland,
While the Tyrant remains behind :—

To waste his young life in sadness,
And toiling from day to day,
To long for a glimpse of Erin,
Ere he sleep in his bed of clay

I wish I was home in Ireland,
For the flowers will soon be there,
Clothing each vale and highland,
And loading the perfumed air.

For, in spite of the Saxon's scowlings,
The land to my heart is dear,
And to be but one day in Ireland
Were worth a whole lifetime here.

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

THE WANDERER'S HOME.

The river beneath me is flowing
To its grave in the solemn sea,
And the winds and the mists are blowing ;
Yet my feverish cheek is glowing
With burning thoughts of thee, my home,
With burning thoughts of thee.

All wearied around me are sleeping,
But my heart all slumbers flee ;
For I think of a willow weeping,
And the dead, that are silent keeping
My sorrowing tears at parting,
My early home, from thee.

The roses are long ago withered
That I plucked there by the sea,
But the love of my soul forever
Flows on like this ceaseless river,
As deep and strong, for thee, my home.
My Island Home, for thee.

PATRICK CRONIN

A LETTER FROM HOME.

'Tis a dark rainy morning, and dreary,
I'm vex'd, till I'm ready to scold ;
Here I've sat, till my heart has grown weary,
And my feet are benumbed with the cold.
I have watched for an hour, ay, and better,
Still thinking the postman would come.
And bring me a long, pleasant letter,
A darling long letter from home.
Each morning my work I'm neglecting,
Still thinking the postman will come ;
Still watching, and always expecting
A darling long letter from home !

There's much that I'd like to be knowing—
And first, there's the health of poor Jane ;
And Lucy, if she has done growing,
And has she grown handsome or plain :
Does Willie get on with his schooling ;
Does Charley still play on the flute ;
Does Harry go on with his fooling,
And writing love songs to Miss Foote ?
My work every morning neglecting,
Still thinking the postman will come—
Still watching, and always expecting
A darling long letter from home !

They wrote when dear Annie got married—
'Twas a week after her wedding day,—
Then they told me their plans had miscarried
Concerning Miss Isabel Grey,
How I wish I could only discover
The name of Kate's tall, dashing beau :
And I'd like to hear news of the lover
Of poor little Bessie Munroe,
Thus musing and gravely reflecting,
And wishing the postman would come,
Here I sit every morning, expecting
A darling long letter from home,

There, there ! Rat-tat ! Well, I declare he
Has letters for Mistress McKay ;
And surely—good gracious ! why, there, he
Is coming right over this way !

Rat-tat! Oh, I'm all in a tremble!

But really, I think it's too bad
That people can't learn to dissemble,
And not seem so vulgarly glad.
Oh, nonsense!—of course there are others
As glad for the postman to come,
With gossip from sisters and brothers,
With darling long letters from home!

ELLEN FORRESTER.

THE FIRESIDE AT HOME.

WHEN, tossed on the billows of life's dreary
We drift o'er the waters afar, [ocean,
And vainly look up to the storm-clouds above
To catch the pale beam of a star,— [us
When sorrow's dark veil, like the wing of the
O'ershadows our path as we roam, [tempest
One heart-cheering beacon shines out through
the darkness—
The glow of the fireside at home.

Oft back to the light of the dear days departed
Does memory tenderly turn,
And for the sweet peace and contentment
that crowned them,
The heart must unceasingly yearn;
For then, when the night over valley and
Had folded her mantle of gloom, [mountain
Loved faces, so dear that their smiles were our
Encircled the fireside at home. [sunshine

Oh, friends long departed, oh, bright days
long vanished,
When back to the years that are fled
We turn, from the joys and the woes of the
To think of the loved and the dead, [present,
The light wing of Fancy with fairy touch
brushes

The dust from the doors of the tomb.
And once more unites us—the dead and the
Around the bright fireside at home. [absent,

Oh, when the dim twilight of death is approach—
Our wearisome journey near done, [ing,
And faintly and cold o'er our closing eyes
gleameth

The pale beams of life's setting sun,—
Then, Father Almighty, across the dark valley,
Its doubts and its shadows and gloom,
We pray that the light of Thy love and Thy
May guide us at last to our home. [mercy

MARY A. McMULLIN.

A QUIET HOUSE.

My house is quiet now—so still!
All day I hear the ticking clock;
The hours are numbered clear and shrill;
Outside the robin's chirp and trill;
My house is quiet now—so still!

But silence breaks my heart. I wait!
And waiting, yearn for call or knock;
To hear the creaking of the gate,
And footsteps coming soon or late—
The silence breaks my heart. I wait.

All through the empty house I go,
From hall to hall, from room to room;
The heavy shadows spread and grow,
The startled echoes mock me so,
As through the empty house I go.

Ah, silent house! If I could hear
Sweet noises in the tranquil gloom—
The joyous tumult, loud and near,
That vexed me many a happy year—
Ah, silent house, if I could hear!

Ah, lonely house, if once—once more,
My longing eyes might see the stain
Of little footprints on the floor,
The sweet child-faces at the door,
Ah, blessed Heaven—but once—once more!

My house and home are very still;
I watch the sunshine and the rain;
The years go on . . . perhaps Death will
Life's broken promises fulfil—
My house, my home, my heart are still!

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

FAREWELL, THOU SUNNY ISLE.

Farewell to thee, thou sunny isle!
The waves around our bark are dancing,
Our snowy sail, unfurled the while,
In the noonday beam is brightly glancing.
Yet ere we sail,
Once more we hail
The land where first the sun shone o'er us:
Where'er we rove,
With looks of love
We'll turn to thee—the land that bore us!

Farewell to thee, who from our eyes
Are shrouded by the tears that blind us;
Each passing breeze shall waft our sighs
To those we love—and leave behind us!

Yet though we roam
Far, far from home,
Whatever storms may hover o'er us,—
Where'er we rove,
With thoughts of love
We turn to thee—the land that bore us!

Our home!—oh, still that magic name
Shall breathe a holy spell around us,
And make us, e'en 'mid shouts of fame,
Sigh for the early links that bound us!
The flowery ties,
The bright young eyes
That still in dreams seem watching o'er us;
Oh! while we rove,
The forms we love
Still people thee—the land that bore us!

The storms may rise, the winds may roar,
Triumphant still we sail thro' danger,
So we behold the land once more
That welcomes back the weary stranger.

The port we hail,
Furl up our sail,
While those we love stand mute before us;
No more we rove,—
With joyful love

We leap to thee—the land that bore us!

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

THE HAPPY VILLAGE.

As often I pass the roadside,
When wearily falls the day,
I turn to look from the hill-top
At the mountains far away.

The red sun through the forests
Throws hither his parting beams,
And far in the quiet valley,
The happy village gleams.

There the lamp is lit in the cottage
As the husbandman's labors cease,
And I think that all things are gathered
And folded in twilight peace.

But the sound of merry voices
Is heard in the village street,
While pleased the grandame watches
The play of the little feet.

And at night to many a fireside
The rosy children come:
To tales of the bright-eyed fairies
They listen and are dumb.

There seems it a joy forever
To labor and to learn,
For love with an eye of magic
Is patient to discern.

And the father blesses the mother,
And the children bless the sire,
And the cheer and joy of the hearthstone
Is as light from an altar fire.

O flowers of rarest beauty
In that green valley grow;
And whether 'twere earth or heaven
Why shouldst thou care to know?

Save that thy brow is troubled,
And dim is thy helpmate's eye
And graves are green in the valley,
And stars are bright in the sky.

D. KANE O'DONNELL.

THE BLUE, BLUE SMOKE.

O, many and many a time
In the dim old days,
When the chapel's distant chime
Pealed the hour of evening praise,
I've bowed my head in prayer;
Then shouldered scythe or bill,
And travelled free of care
To my home across the hill,
Whilst the blue, blue smoke
Of my cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing,
Waved my thousand welcomes home.

For oft and oft I've stood,
Delighted in the dew,
Looking down across the wood,
Where it stole into my view,—
Sweet spirit of the sod,
Of our own Irish earth,
Going gently up to God
From the poor man's hearth.
O, the blue, blue smoke,
Of my cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing,
Waved my thousand welcomes home.

But I hurried simply on,
 When Herself from the door
 Came swimming like a swan
 Beside the Shannon shore;
 And after her in haste,
 On pretty, pattering feet,
 Our rosy cherubs raced
 Their daddy dear to meet;
 While the blue, blue smoke
 Of my cottage in the coom,
 Softly wreathing,
 Sweetly breathing,
 Waved my thousand welcomes home.

But the times are sorely changed
 Since those dim old days,
 And far, far I've ranged
 From those dear old ways,
 And my colleen's golden hair
 To silver all has grown,
 And our little cherub pair
 Have children of their own;
 And the black, black smoke
 Like a heavy funeral plume,
 Darkly wreathing,
 Fearful breathing,
 Crowns the city with its gloom.

But 'tis our comfort sweet,
 Through the long toil of life,
 That we'll turn with tired feet
 From the noise and the strife,
 And wander slowly back
 In the soft western glow,
 Hand in hand in the track
 That we trod long ago,
 Till the blue, blue smoke
 Of our cottage in the coom,
 Softly wreathing,
 Gently breathing,
 Waves our thousand welcomes home.

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

SONG OF THE PIONEERS.

A song for the early times out West,
 And our green old forest home,
 Whose pleasant memories freshly yet
 Across the bosom come:
 A song for the free and gladsome life
 In those early days we led,
 With a teeming soil beneath our feet,
 And a smiling heaven o'erhead!

Oh, the waves of life danced merrily,
 And had a joyous flow,
 In the days when we were Pioneers,
 Fifty years ago!

The hunt, the shot, the glorious chase,
 The captured elk or deer;
 The camp, the big bright fire, and then
 The rich and wholesome cheer:—
 The sweet sound sleep at dead of night,
 By our camp-fires blazing high,—
 Unbroken by the wolf's long howl,
 Or the panther springing by.
 Oh, merrily passed the time, despite
 Our wily Indian foe,
 In the days when we were Pioneers,
 Fifty years ago!

We shunned not labor; when 'twas due
 We wrought with right good will;
 And for the homes we won for them
 Our children bless us still.
 We lived not hermit lives, but oft
 In social converse met;
 And fires of love were kindled then,
 That burn as warmly yet:
 Oh, pleasantly the stream of life
 Pursued its constant flow,
 In the days when we were Pioneers,
 Fifty years ago!

We felt that we were fellow-men,
 We felt we were a band
 Sustained here in the wilderness
 By Heaven's upholding hand.
 And when the solemn Sabbath came,
 Assembling in the wood,
 We lifted up our hearts in prayer
 To God the only good.
 Our temples there were earth and sky;
 None other did we know
 In the days when we were Pioneers,
 Fifty years ago!

Our forest-life was rough and rude,
 And dangers closed us round;
 But here, amid the green old trees,
 Freedom was sought and found.
 Oft thro' our dwellings wintry blasts
 Would rush with shriek and moan;
 We cared not:—tho' they were but frail,
 We felt they were our own!

Oh, free and manly lives we led,
Mid verdure or mid snow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

CHRISTMAS HEARTHES.

Here in my chamber alone I sit,
Watching the firelight's radiant glow,
While the musical chimes of the Christmas bells
Come solemnly pealing across the snow.
I know 'tis the season of mirth and love,
When yule-logs crackle and hearts beat high,
And pleasure's soft light shines calmly sweet,
Like a rainbow arch in the evening sky;
But my heart is dimmed by a blotch of cloud,
Like a face half hid by a mourner's hand,
As I think and think of the empty chairs
By the Christmas hearths of the olden land.

Here 'tis a cot in the Golden Tale,
There 'tis a garret in Dublin town,
Here 'tis a hut 'neath an Antrim cliff,
Or a home where the Moy goes dancing down;
No matter what threshold our footsteps cross,
In each and all it is Christmas night,
The holly-bough shines in the ingle-nook,
And the feast-board glows in the fagot's light;
But by every hearth there's an empty chair,
Whose shadow falls dark on the Christmas tree;
And at every board there's a vacant place
For some loved one over the black-waved sea.

Ah me! if the zephyrs that sweep to-night
From Ireland's valleys on viewless wing
Could bear us what blessings and sighs they hear,
What a treasure of heart-born love they'd bring!
Prayers for the thousands whose only dirge
Was the seaman's shout or the ship-bell's chime,
Prayers and blessings for all who left
The well-known home for the foreign clime.
God's peace be with them, our island kin!—
Their hearts come to us, ours bound to them,
And the love that is binding us each to each,
We'd abate for no earthly diadem!

O, solacing bells of the Christmas time,
Pealing and pealing across the snow,
There's a whisper of hope in your every chime
For the sad and the travel-stained here below!

In the years that the womb of the future holds,
Let us hope and pray that a vacant place
By the Christmas hearth or the festive board,
Will little be known among Ireland's race.
That hope to the heart of the exiled one
Is as light to the lone on a darkened sea,
For its happy and ample fulfillment means
A race redeemed and a land made free!

JOHN LOCKE.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

Oh! these Christmas times, mavourneen, are not
like the times of old,
When the light of love shone softly, and our
pulses felt no cold;
When the laughter of the young hearts round
the hearth rang merrily;—
Now the laughter and young hearts all are gone,
ashtore machree.

Methinks I see our darling Kate, her blue eyes
fixed on mine;
And dark haired Patrick resting soft his little
hand in mine;
Methinks I hear brave Owen's voice, and Brian's
free and gay,
With soft cheeked Eily's mingling in the holy
Christmas lay.

Dreams! dreams! to-night the ancient hearth no
kindly look doth wear,
There is snow upon the threshold stone and
chilliness everywhere;
No swell of rushing voices pours the holy Christ-
mas lay,
The young hearts, and the merry hearts, ma-
vourneen, where are they?

Ah! blue-eyed Kate and Patrick Dhu, long,
long have found their rest,
Where Shruel's silent churchyard looks across
the Inny's breast;
And, Eily, thy young heart lies cold and pulse-
less 'neath the sea
Full many and many a Christmas tide, alanna
bawn machree.

And by Potomac's blood-tinged wave brave
Owen nobly fell.
My gallant boy! they say he fought right glori-
ously and well;

And Brian's voice is hushed in death, where blue
Australian streams
Fill with their youthful melodies the exile's glow-
ing dreams.

Ashore, ashore, beside the light our faces shine
alone;

But they are clustered with the stars before the
eternal throne :

With St. Patrick and St. Bridget and the angels
robed in white,

They sing the old remembered strains, their
Christmas hymn to-night.

Old love ! old love ! His will be bless'd that left
e'en you to me

To keep my heart from bursting with the wild,
wild memory.

That soothing glance, mavourneen, speaks of
Christmas times to come,

When the scattered hearts shall meet for aye in
God's eternal home,

JOHN KEEGAN CASEY.

SONG OF ALL-HALLOW'S EVE.

The year is growing aged and dull ;
Late rise the days, and weary soon ;
With morning fog the fields are full,
And fall the leaves with evening's moon.
Shut to the doors, and gather nigher,
Our summer time is scarcely past ;
Beside the fire, with cup and lyre,
We'll soon outsing the winter's blast.

Hour upon hour
Over our bower,
Shining and swift, departs, departs ;
Time to-night
Will quicken his flight,
To follow a while our bounding hearts.

Lo ! Autumn passed, with face of care,
This eve along the dusky road ;
Nut-clusters tinkled in his hair,
And rosy apples formed his load.
All friendless, by the withered thorn
The kind brown spirit lingered long—
Log-heap the fire, sing higher, higher,
And cheer his ghost with light and song.

Hour upon hour
Over our bower,
Mellow and mild, departs, departs ;
Time to-night
Must quicken his flight
To follow a while our bounding hearts.

Send round the wine of summer earth,
And speed the winter's twilight game ;
Bend, maidens, round the glowing hearth,
And guess at lovers by its flame ;
Soon Love shall ring from yonder spire
The joy each fairy-nut foretells ;
Love strike the lyre, love guard the fire,
And tune our lives like marriage bells.
Hour upon hour
Over our bower,
Shining and swift, departs, departs ;
Time to-night
Has quickened his flight,
To follow a while our bounding hearts.

Smile, silvered Age, upon the band
Of joyous children grouped below—
Bright travelers from the morning land
Where we have wandered years ago.
The dawning heart to heaven is nigher
Than wisdom's snowiest brow can soar.—
Sing to the lyre, circle the fire,
And mingle with your youth once more !
Hour upon hour
Over our bower,
Shining and swift, departs, departs,
Time to-night
Has quickened his flight
To follow a while our bounding hearts.

Loud on the roof the tempest moans,
And mirth would last as loud and long,
But yonder bell, in trembling tones,
Has blended with our ceasing song.
The children drowse, the girls retire,
To dream of love and fortune's smile.
Farewell, old lyre and friendly fire,
And happy souls, farewell a while.
Hour after hour
Over our bower,
Mellow and mild, departs, departs ;
Now Time will sing
Beneath his wing
A soothing song to our dreaming hearts.

THOMAS C. IRWIN.

FATHER DAN.

In the fairy bark of memory, by love's fragrant
breezes sped,

I sail once more across the wondrous main,
To the hills of holy Ireland, from view forever
fled,

And boyhood's halo beams o'er me again.
Oh, backward I am wafted to the fair and happy
time

When lightly o'er the summer dells I ran,
As rose to heaven, soft and clear, the silv'ry
matin chime,

To answer early Mass for Father Dan.

I'll ne'er forget his greeting as I reached the
vestry door,

His mellow toned "good morning, child," to me;
And oh! while lowly kneeling on the plain and
snow-white floor,

His kindly face I dearly loved to see!

I envied not the wealthiest or proudest in the
land,

When I donned my surplice white, and black
soutane,

And knelt before that altar, in its simple beauty
grand,

To answer early Mass for Father Dan.

I see the little chapel where it stood upon the hill,
And its cross that could be seen for miles
around,

And every dear and charming spot remains in
memory still—

Each sylvan slope, each fertile stretch of
ground.

When the strong frieze-coated peasantry awaited
at the door.

And whiled the time away ere Mass began,
Until the good old pastor came, with kindness
beaming o'er—

Then fond each greeting given to Father Dan.

I wonder if he thinks of me as in that eve gone by,
When he to me his parting blessing gave,

And supplicated fervently the aid of Him on high
To guard my path across the dangerous wave?

I'll think of him, I'll honor him, as in that sun-
bright time,

When lightly o'er the summer dells I ran,
While on the fragrant breezes floated morning's
silv'ry chime,

To answer early Mass for Father Dan!

EUGENE GEARY.

REMINISCENCES.

I remember, I remember, when Sabbath morn-
ing rose,

We changed, for garments neat and clean, our
soiled week-day clothes;

And yet no gaudy finery, nor brooch nor jewel
rare,

But hands and faces looking bright, and
smoothly parted hair.

'Twas not the decking of the head, my father
used to say,

But careful clothing of the heart, that graced
that holy day,—

'Twas not the bonnet nor the dress; and I be-
lieve it true;

But those were very simple times, and I was
simple too.

I remember, I remember, the parlor where we
met;

Its papered wall, its polished floor, and mantel
black as jet;

'Twas there we raised our morning hymn,
melodious, sweet and clear,

And joined in prayer with that loved voice
which we no more may hear.

Our morning sacrifice thus made, then to the
house of God

How solemnly, and silently, and cheerfully we
trod!—

I see e'en now its low, thatched roof, its floor
of trodden clay,

And our old pastor's timeworn face, and wig
of silver gray.

I remember, I remember, how hushed and
mute we were,

While he led our spirits up to God in heartfelt,
melting prayer!

To grace his action or his voice, no studied
charm was lent,—

Pure, fervent, glowing from the heart, so to
the heart it went.

Then came the sermon, long and quaint, but
full of gospel truth;

Ah me! I was no judge of that, for I was then
in youth;

But I have heard my father say, and well my
father knew,

In it was meat for full-grown men, and milk
for children too.

I remember, I remember, the morning sermon
done.

An hour of intermission came—we wandered
in the sun;
How hoary farmers sat them down upon the
daisy sod,
And talked of bounteous Nature's stores, and
Nature's bounteous God;
And matrons talked, as matrons will, of sick-
ness and of health,—
Of births, and deaths, and marriages, of
poverty and wealth;
And youths and maidens stole apart, within
the shady grove,
And whispered 'neath its spreading boughs
perchance some tale of love!

I remember, I remember, how in the church-
yard lone,
I've stolen away and sat me down beside the
rude gravestone,
Or read the names of those who slept beneath
the clay-cold sod,
And thought of spirits glittering bright before
the throne of God!
Or where the little rivulet danced sportively
and bright,
Receiving on its limpid breast the sun's
meridian light,
I've wandered forth, and thought if hearts
were pure like this sweet stream
How fair to heaven they might reflect heaven's
uncreated beam!

I remember, I remember, the second sermon
o'er,
We turned our faces once again to our paternal
door;
And round the well-filled, ample board sat no
reluctant guest,
For exercise gave appetite, and loved ones
shared the feast!
Then ere the sunset hour arrived, as we were
wont to do,
The catechism's well-conned page, we said it
through and through;
And childhood's faltering tongue was heard
to lisp the holy word,
And older voices read aloud the message of
the Lord.

Away back in these days of yore—perhaps the
fault was mine—
I used to think the Sabbath day, dear Lord,
was wholly thine;
When it behooved to keep the heart, and
bridle fast the tongue;

But those were very simple days, and I was
very young.
The world has grown much older since those
sun-bright Sabbath days,—
The world has grown much older since, and
she has changed her ways:
Some say that she has wiser grown; ah me! it
may be true,
As wisdom comes by length of years, but so
does dotage, too.

Oh, happy, happy years of youth, how beauti-
ful, how fair,
To Memory's retrospective eye your trodden
pathways are!
The thorns forgot—remembered still the fra-
grance and the flowers,—
The loved companions of my youth, and sunny
Sabbath hours!
And onward, onward, onward still, successive
Sabbaths come,
As guides to lead us on the road to our eternal
home;
Or like the visioned ladder once to slumbering
Jacob given,
From heaven descending to the earth, lead
back from earth to heaven!

JANE L. GRAY.

ON A CHILD AT PLAY.

On yester eve I saw at play
A child—'twas fancy's precious prize;
The lovely light of gladness lay
Couched softly in his gleaming eyes.
Come, gaze on me, my pretty child,
And smile again as thou hast smiled
Such happiness alive in thee
Makes me a child again to see.

Alone among the flowers he lies,
As fair as they, as coyly wild—
"To droop above thy vernal eyes
I'll set them in thy bonnet, child!"
A painful throb is in my heart,
I will not bid it to depart;
I never knew what 'twas to grieve
With pleasure, till I saw this eve.

The primrose flower of life is here,
The rapturous promise of its spring;
Time touches it with gentle fear
To harshly touch so soft a thing.

So bright a flower was never set
 In Flora's fading coronet;
 "Alas! must thou, too, fade, my child?"—
 The boy looked up at me and smiled.

Sweet spirit newly come from heaven,
 With all the God upon thee still,
 Beams of no earthly light are given
 Thy heart even yet to bless and fill.
 Thy soul, a sky whose sun has set,
 Wears glory hovering round it yet;
 And childhood's *eye* grows sadly bright
 Ere life hath deepened into *night*!

WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER.

CHILDHOOD'S PROMISE.

The lowliest peasant's babe is nobly born;
 Smiles like a princess; waves its tiny arms
 With sparkling flexure Art can but admire,
 Exulting mother-ward. As years unfold,
 Have you not seen beneath the ragged thorn,
 That with scant shadow cools the wayside bank,
 The picture of a child? Its pretty limbs
 Ennobling Poverty, as day's fresh spring
 Glints on a russet heath; its full, clear brow,
 That breaks a tumbling sea of golden curls,
 Bowed o'er its plans of shells or pottery,
 With such a fixture of the studious eye,
 And such a pause of motion as reveals
 A mind conceiving, or a spirit stirred
 With self-discovery,—as an infant first
 Stares at its fingers, wondering what they be.

And is that fairy vision, which reveals
 In every gesture, attitude, the light
 That glows as in some lantern's pictur'd glass
 Within the frame it quickens, but a lump
 Of puddled clay that waits the graver's tool?
 Or a true fragment of the broken crown.
 Ere trodden under foot of man—of swine?
 What is the diamond coated o'er with clay
 But common soil? The sun may shine upon it,
 But it cannot shine back upon the sun;
 But cleanse it—give the setter's patient skill
 To face and educate its sparkling gifts,—
 And, lo! 'tis fitted to converse with Heaven,
 All tremulous in ecstasy of light.

H. V. STOKES.

FLORENCE, MY CHILD.

I.

The little footsteps pattering near,
 The little treble voice,
 Strike to my soul a sense of fear,
 When I would fain rejoice.

The pretty smile, the ringing laugh,
 The peachy cheek to mine;
 The lips whose little kiss I quaff
 More eagerly than wine;

The childish griefs which quickly crowd
 Behind some willful deed—
 The shadows of a summer cloud
 Upon a summer mead;

The wayward ways, the baby talk,
 The sudden searching glance;
 The gallant strivings made to walk,
 And checked by every chance;

All bring a sense of grief and joy,
 Of blessing and of ban,
 Because I see myself a boy,
 And what I am—a man.

Wide are the future's gates unrolled,
 And visions sad and proud
 Come forth,—some clad in robes of gold,
 Some shrouded with a shroud.

A host of hopes come forth with them,
 And then a host of fears;
 For though I see the diadem,
 I see the victor's tears.

And when the night begins to fall,
 I muse, with brain o'erwrought,
 Until the shadows on the wall
 Seem mockeries of thought.

II.

In those dark eyes a genius lies,
 A glory and a might;
 As sleeps within the evening skies
 The coming morning's light.

I recognize the power sublime—
 The synonym of fame—
 Which on the granite walls of Time
 Can cut a deathless name.

I note the glorious strength concealed,
Which signalizes life,
The will to clutch and skill to wield
A weapon in the strife.

Those little hands, like lily leaves,
Are white and frail to view;
But, oh! what work a hand achieves,
If but the heart be true!

May not its wondrous labor fill
The temple and the mart
With symbols of its thought and skill,
And miracles of art?

My Child, that forehead pale and wide
Contains a busy brain;
Oh! may it know the thinker's pride,
But not the thinker's pain!

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

MY DARLING CHILD.

Allana fair, your dark brown hair,
Rests tangling on your neck so rare!
Our Irish skies are in your eyes

My Eileen oge machree! *
Where'er I roam, o'er land and foam,
With me, for aye, abides one thought:
That God, from out His heart of love,
For me a joy has wrought.

Ma viel astore, my darling child,
Allana bhan—so fair and mild!
Come to my kisses and my heart,
My Eileen oge machree!

Allana dear, you're ever near,
You bring me hope, and love and cheer!
My Irish fay, my bloom of May,
My Eileen oge machree!
Where'er I stray, by night or day,
I know God's angels watch your sleep,
And Ireland's fairies thronging round
Sweet vigils ever keep.

Ma viel astore, my darling child,
Allana bhan—so fair and mild!
Come to my kisses and my heart,
My Eileen oge machree!

CHARLES P. O'CONOR.

* Young Ellen of my heart.

THE HOUSE OF THE CHILDREN.

O, the little Western cottage, set around with
grasses greenly!

Tall hills rising high behind it, wide road
sweeping white before;

Shadowed by young trees that ripple up the cool
west wind serenely,

As the spring day breaks in sunshine on that
far Missouri shore.

Skies are blue and bright above it. I can see
the high brown rafter

Warmed to gold beneath their shining, as the
fragrant day grows on;

While ripe prairies run in yellow from swift winds
that follow after,

And the corn ope's blue eyes coyly, to the
kisses of the sun.

There is song of wren and robin; stir of grass
and roll of river;

There is sound of young leaves swaying to the
rhythmic beat of breeze,

But the music that is sweetest is of notes that
ripple ever

From the childish laughter ringing in the
shadow of the trees.

Hand in hand in fairy circle! blithe as birds, no
bees more busy—

Young bough whitely o'er them budding, melts
its snow on their warm hair.

Round and round the dance goes gayly, till the
little heads grow dizzy,

Bells of childish laughter tinkling down the
silence of the air.

O quartet, that rises careless of all tune and time
and measure,

There was sweeter music never, nor a chord
of notes more true;

And the singers fair and famous, whom we tender,
toast and treasure,

Were but tyros, wee musicians, were they side
by side with you!

For their purest strains and strongest, are but
broken chords completed

Where frail nature seeks perfectness from the
molding hand of Art;

But the music of the children is the echo, soft
repeated,

Of the song that God and angels sing within
the spotless heart!

Ah! the song sin oft may silence, ere their
earthly way be wended—

Yet, O angels, shield them ever, till they rest
in sunny skies!

True as mother who leaves cradle not when
slumber song is ended,

But stays on to guard the dreaming she has
summoned to sweet eyes.

Soft spring sun, shine bland and brightly; winds
blow warm, and stars serenely

Crown by night the rafters rising where a road
sweeps white before;

Where fair children flit like flowers thro' the young
spring grass grown greenly

Round the little Western cottage on the far
Missouri shore!

MINNIE GILMORE.

ABSENT CHILDREN.

They were simple of speech and mind,
Peasant mothers and neighbors kind,
Met in the shade of a leafy lime,
At the sweet midsummer's twilight time;
When labor rests and memories wake,
When hearts grow sad for the absents' sake,
Thus of their absent ones they spake:

One said, "My child is far at sea;
He loved the wild waves more than me—
More than his native vale and cot—
And chose the roving sailor's lot.
Some, but they might have feigned, foretold
That he was born for a captain bold,
And would come back with fame and gold.

"But many a day and many a year,
Is the sound of the deep sea in mine ear;
And many a stormy winter's night
I wake with a strange and sore affright:
For the drowning cries of shipwrecked men
Seem mingling with the tempest then;
And my poor heart cannot rest again."

Another said: "My child this day
Dwells in a city far away:
Lightly the young bird leaves the nest,
Though it holds the hearts that love him best,
For sights to see, and for wealth to win.
Early he went from kith and kin,—
'Tis said they prosper who thus begin.

"But still as the seasons come and go,
His thoughts more strange and distant grow:
From us and from our village ways,
The city hath swallowed up his days.
And oft of the sin and of the snare
That lie in wait for his footsteps there,
I think with trembling and a prayer."

"My child," said the third, "hath voyaged o'er
A deeper sea to a farther shore;
A home and a welcome he hath found
In a fairer, mightier city's bound.
Early the songs of its happier bowers
Won him away from us and ours,
Yet my tears are dry that fell in showers.

"Cold hath the love of the living grown,
But I know that his is still my own;
My fears grow dark and my hopes grow dim
For the children with me, but not for him.
Safe to the Ark hath flown my dove;
No change for youth and no chill for love,
Is found in our Father's house above."

FRANCES BROWN.

ADVENTURERS.

When we were children, at our will,
That varnished summer blithe and free,
Dear shipmate! how we loved to float
Thro' wind and calm, in a little boat,
All alone on the sparkling sea!

One morn, defying storms we sailed
And sung our Credo, you and I,—
"Beyond the foam, the surge, the mist,
The sea-fog's moving amethyst,
The peaceful fairy islands lie."

Afar we urged the forward prow,
Half mad with longing as we hied;
Yet at the sunset's dying glow
Faint-hearted, ceased, and homewards so
Came meekly with the evening tide.

Surely the Isle of Rest were near!
Why did our childish ardor tire?
Now more, oh, more the thousandth time!
We thirst for that celestial cure,
We hunger with that old desire.

Some day, when we shall sail again,
 The home-lights late indeed may burn;
 Let signals flutter on the shore,
 Let tides creep up to the open door,
 But with no tide shall we return.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

WHEN MOTHERS WATCH.

When mothers watch beside their children's
 cradles,
 And kiss the snowy brows and golden hair,
 They do not see the future that is coming,
 Though life is made of grief, and pain, and care.

But God is good to all the tender mothers;
 He veils the future, with its pain and sin;
 Though sometimes fears may dim the present
 gladness,
 Yet never can they quench the hope within.

Yes, God is very good to tender mothers;
 They see no thorn upon the golden head
 Of him who plays among life's earliest roses,
 That bloom a fleeting hour, and then are dead.

Yet she, the model of all earthly mothers,
 Was never spared the pain of knowing this:
 That, though the Christ-child played with bloom-
 ing roses,
 The cross must come, for all her prayerful bliss.

To look—He slept—upon his snowy eyelids,
 And know that they should close upon the
 tree;—
 To gaze upon His smooth and stainless forehead,
 And know that there great drops of blood
 should be;—

To catch His dimpled hands and softly warm
 them,
 As mothers do, between her own, was pain;
 She felt the nail prints on their velvet surface—
 She could not save her Lamb from being slain.

When mothers watch beside their children's
 cradles, [fame,
 And dream bright dreams for them of joy and
 Let them remember Mary's trust through an-
 guish,
 And ask all blessings thro' the Holy Name.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

MOTHERS.

Out of pain, into rapture, he is clasped to her
 breast;

"O, my love! O, my dove, welcome home to
 your nest!"

Mother heart beating time to each small cooing
 note,

To each faint, limpid gurgle of the soft little
 throat.

Soon the baby glances wander till they rest,
 where she stands,

Flushed with love and eager longing, shining
 eyes, waiting hands;

Cheek to cheek, lip to lip, as she holds her dar-
 ling fast,

With a gladness that is fear,—“Will it last, *can*
 it last?”

All the day there is the cry of a child in her ears,
 All the day baby hands reaching out to her tears,
 While her arms stretch in vain through the
 emptiness of air,

Though the world is full of him, everywhere,
 everywhere.

She feels a gentle stir, through the night, in her
 sleep,

Turning quick with tender soothing, but to wake
 and to weep;

“O, my baby! O, my baby, you are underneath
 the snow!”—

All the joy there is in loving, all pain mothers
 know.

MARY E. MANNIX.

THE POET'S LITTLE RIVAL.

A dainty desk of rosewood,

With a half-completed sonnet,

And a bunch of summer roses

In a Sèvres vase upon it;

And a bronze and crystal standish,

And a golden pen or two,

Whole reams of satin paper,

Pink and azure and *écru*,

And the poets, great and tiny,

Scattered round in gold and blue.

On the wall a linnet singing,

In a niche a clock of buhl,

Underfoot an Indian matting;

And the casement, low and cool,

Twined about with waving ivy,
Where the sunset glory burns;
And the light and shade go creeping,
Making bright and dark by turns
The pendent basket swinging
From the trellis, full of ferns.

And the poet, ah! the poet,
He quits his pleasant seat,
And sees his little daughter
In the garden at his feet,
Walking with her fair-haired mother,
In a dress of snowy lawn,
Prattling softly to the flowers
As they wander on and on;
Saying, "I must make a poem
Ere the roses all are gone!"

Then the poet leans and listens,
With a quaint and tender air,
As the bird-like child goes darting
Through the beautiful parterre.
"Bravo! bravo! little poet!"
(Startled, flushed with love's sunshine)
"See my poem, papa darling!—
Every word a blossom fine!"
"Sweet!" he says; "God bless thee, daughter,
Ne'er was poem writ like thine!"

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

GLOUCESTER HARBOR.

North from the beautiful islands,
North from the headlands and highlands,
The long sea-wall,
The white ships flee with the swallow;
The day-beams follow and follow,
Glitter and fall.

The brown ruddy children that fear not,
Lean over the quay, and they hear not
Warnings of lips;
For their hearts go a-sailing, a-sailing,
Out from the wharves and the wailing
After the ships.

Nothing to them is the golden
Curve of the sands, or the olden
Haunts of the town;
Little they reck of the peaceful
Chiming of bells, or the easeful
Sport on the down.

The orchards no longer are cherished;
The charm of the meadow has perished:
Dearer, ay me!
The solitude vast, unbefriended,
The magical voice and the splendid
Fierce will of the sea.

Beyond them, by ridges and narrows
The silver prow speed like the arrows
Sudden and fair;
Like the hoofs of Al Borak the wondrous,
Lost in the blue and the thund'rous
Depths of the air;

On to the central Atlantic,
Where passionate, hurrying, frantic
Elements meet;
To the play and the calm and commotion
Of the treacherous, glorious ocean
Cruel and sweet.

In the hearts of the children forever
She fashions their growing endeavor,
The pitiless sea;
Their sires in her caverns she stayeth,
The spirits that love her she slayeth,
And laughs in her glee.

Woe, woe, for the old fascination!
The women make deep lamentation
In starts and in slips;
Here always is hope unavailing,
Here always the dreamers are sailing
After the ships!

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

SUSPIRIA.

Young Mother, with the tearful eyes bent lowly
In love and adoration o'er the child
That slumbers pillowed on your heaving breast,
Be all your thoughts of heaven serene and holy!
By naught of earth be your true soul defiled,—
The only lulling of your babe to rest —
The fond heart beating evenly and slowly,
And the soft breathing, like the music wild
Of summer breezes blowing from the west!

Young Father, do you come to see your boy,
Bearing the gentle mother two-fold joy,
Expectant of your footsteps? Hush! Draw nigh
In silence, for he sleeps—the child of heaven
Dreaming of heaven; wake him not. Your eye
Beholds not those twin spirits hovering by,
One fair as morn, the other dark as even.

One fans the baby-brow with rainbow wings,
The other whispers with low murmurings
Beside his delicate ear. You cannot hear
The sweet mysterious melody, or see
Those dreams of more than poet's fantasy:
Therefore in lowly reverence draw near.

EDMUND J. ARMSTRONG.

THE LITTLE SAILOR KISS.

O kisses they are plenty
As blossoms on the tree!
And be they one, or twenty,
They're sweet to you and me;
And some are for the forehead, and some are
for the lips,
And some are for the rosy cheeks, and some for
finger tips,
And some are for the dimples—but the sweetest
one is this:
When the bonny, bonny bairnie gives his little
sailor kiss.

O I will kiss the sailor,
This sailor lad so true!
I would not kiss a tailor,
A carpenter, or nailer,
But I will kiss this sailor

With bonny eyes of blue!

With a sonsy smile, and yellow hair to snare the
sunshine in,
With a laughing mouth, and a rosy cheek and a
dimple in the chin;
Three years old, with a heart of gold—ah, who
would want to miss
The chance to meet my darling with his little
sailor kiss!

O then the tiny fingers
Creep, pinching, to your face
With a touch that thrills and lingers;
And the rosy palms find place

To come pressing and caressing with soft and
clinging touch,
Not teasing you too little, and yet not overmuch,
While full of love and laughter the pretty blue
eyes glow,
And red lips tightly puckered pout roguishly
below.

O tell me, ye who know it, is there in this world
such bliss
As when the bonny bairnie gives his little sailor
kiss!

MARY E. BLAKE.

THREE KISSES.

I held a little child
Within my arms to-day;
The deep blue eyes unclosed
'Neath morning's golden ray.
I pressed a loving kiss
Upon the infant brow,
And whispered: "There is born
To earth a young life now."

I held the little child
Within my arms to-night;
The deep blue eyes unclosed
Beneath the taper's light.
I pressed a loving kiss
Upon the moistened brow,
And whispered: "There is born
An heir to heaven now."

I lay the little child
Within a casket white;
The deep blue eyes are closed
To all save heaven's light.
I press a loving kiss
Upon the pure white brow,
And whisper: "There is born
To God an angel now."

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

THE LULLABY.

I saw two children hushed to death,
In lap of One with silver wings,
Harkening a lute, whose latest breath
Low lingered on the trembling strings.

Her face is very pale and fair,
Her hooded eyelids darkly shed
Celestial love, and all her hair
Is like a crown around her head.

Each ripple sinking in its place,
Along the lute's faint-ebbing strain,
Seems echo'd slower from her face,
And echo'd back from theirs again.

Yes, now is silence. Do not weep.
Her eyes are fixed: observe them long;
And spell, if thou canst pierce so deep,
The purpose of a nobler song.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

LULLABY.

So tired on this bright day of summer,
 So faint with the fragrance of flowers,
 Her tongue than the green grass is dumber,
 Her senses the heat overpowers;
 And what, now all these overcome her,
 Shall we do for this darling of ours?

A mantle of velvet we give her,
 And jewels that star-like shall gleam,
 And a crown of red poppies to quiver
 And nod as she crosses the stream—
 As she crosses the still Slumber River,
 And enters the broad land of Dream.

In that land let her wander at pleasure,
 And visit the people of Sleep,
 Who are lavish of glittering treasure
 They rather would give her than keep,
 And share in their joy beyond measure,
 Till her heart in an ecstasy leap.

No black, frightful vision pursue her,
 No trouble her senses affright;
 But bright shapes and beautiful woo her,
 Each clad in a vesture of light;
 And exquisite pleasures thrill thro' her
 The whole of the sweet summer night.

And if of her bliss she should weary,
 As weary she possibly may,
 Let the soul of our golden-haired deary
 Come back to its dwelling of clay,
 To make our existence less dreary,
 And add a new light to the day.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

THE LITTLE MAIDEN.

Little maiden in the rain,
 On the mountain road,
 Never bloom of healthier grain
 On a wet cheek glowed;
 Never active little feet
 Hastened footsteps more discreet.

Plain it is it was not play
 Brought thee out of doors,
 This tempestuous autumn day
 O'er the windy moors;
 Something thou hast had to do,
 Deemed of trust and moment too.

Now the errand duly done,
 Home thou hiest fast;
 Through the flying gleams of sun,
 Through the laden blast,
 With the light of purpose high
 Kindling bravely in thine eye.

Oh, 'twas fearful at the top
 While it rained and blew,
 Till the dark cloud lifted up
 And the sun beamed through,
 Showing all the country's side
 Spread beneath thee, grand and wide.

Wondrous wide the world extends!
 Thought'st thou as thy glance
 Traveled to the welkin's ends
 O'er the bright expanse,
 Stubble fields and browsing trees,
 Spires and foreign parishes!

Other children's homes are there
 Sheltered from the storm;
 Others' mothers' arms prepare
 Claspings welcomes warm;
 Others' fathers' fields are made
 Fertile by the plough and spade.

Men and horses on the land,
 Maidens in the byre;
 Boys and girls a merry band,
 Round the evening fire:—
 Such the world, for thee, and, lo
 There it lay in glorious show.

Round thee in the glittering rays
 By the rain-drops shed,
 Shone the blossomed furze ablaze,
 Shone the fern-brake red;
 Rough, but lovely as thy own
 Life's ideal, little one!

Then a glowing thought there came,
 Guess I not aright?—
 That the furze's yellow flame
 Could not shine so bright,
 Nor the fern-leaves spread so fair,
 If the good God were not there.

Rightly to that thought I trace
 All the courage high
 Flashing through thy wetted face,
 Mounting in thine eye,
 Now the cloud and driving rain
 Close around thy path again.

Could these purblind eyes of mine
 Past the curtain, see
 Things unseen and things divine,
 Sure it seems to me
 I would see an Angel glide
 Down the mountain by thy side.

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

THE BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL.

Her blue eyes they beam and they twinkle,
 Her lips have made smiling more fair;
 On cheek and on brow there's no wrinkle,
 But thousands of curls in her hair.

She's little,—you don't wish her taller;
 Just half through the teens is her age;
 And baby or lady to call her,
 Were something to puzzle a sage!

Her walk is far better than dancing;
 She speaks as another might sing;
 And all by an innocent chancing,
 Like lambkins and birds in the spring.

Unskill'd in the airs of the city,
 She's perfect in natural grace;
 She's gentle, and truthful, and witty,
 And ne'er spends a thought on her face;—

Her face, with the fine glow that's in it,
 As fresh as an apple-tree bloom—
 And O! when she comes, in a minute,
 Like sunbeams she brightens the room.

As taking in mind as in feature,
 How many will sigh for her sake!—
 I wonder, the sweet little creature,
 What sort of a wife she would make.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE LITTLE SISTER'S SONG.

Sleep, little brother, you must not awaken
 Till mother comes back to her baby again;
 Weary and long is the way she has taken,
 Over the common and thro' the green glen;
 Up the steep hill by the path that is nearest,
 Thinking of you as she hurries along,
 Sleep, then, and dream that she's watching you,
 dearest,
 Rocking your cradle, and singing her song.

In the still room there's no sound to disquiet,
 Only the clock, ticking even and low,
 Only the bird in his cage hanging by it,
 Chirping a note as he hops to and fro.
 Out in the sunlight the woodbine is stirring,
 Filling the air with its fragrance so sweet;
 On the low window-seat pussy sits purring,
 Washing her face with her little white feet.

Far down the lane merry voices are ringing,
 Comrades have beckoned me out to their play.
 Why did you start? It is I that am singing;
 Why did you frown? I'm not going away.
 Could I forsake you for play or for pleasure,
 Lying alone in your helplessness here?
 How could I leave you, my own little treasure,
 No one to rock you, and no one to cheer?

In the room corners I watch the dark shadows,
 Deep'ning and length'ning as evening comes on;
 Soon will the mowers return from the meadows,
 Far to the westward the red sun is gone.
 By the green hedgerow I see her now coming,
 Where the last sunbeam is just on her track;
 Still I sit by you, love, drowsily humming,
 Sleep, little baby, till mother comes back.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

OBJECT LESSONS FOR EITHNA.

When the Sabbath evening smiles
 Over Carbery's rock-bound isles,
 Winding bays and deep defiles;

And the sun, just half way o'er,
 Flings his beams to either shore,
 Love behind and hope before,—

Emblem of our ancient race,
 Ever bound in glory's trace,
 On the earth no resting place,—

Where the zephyrs, whisp'ring bland,
 Woo the light waves on the strand,
 Lead our Eithna by the hand.

She is coy and finely strung,
 Wistful, weird, and sweet of tongue,—
 Passing wise for one so young;

And her eager eyes and ears
 Treasure all she sees and hears—
 Hers are wonder-working years.

Show her on the sunlit sea,
Links of love to her of me,
And bespeak her tenderly,

Until ocean-sounds and sights
Steep her heart in soft delights;
Point her then the upland heights,

Where commingling cloud and mist,
By the parting sunbeams kissed,
Float like waves of amethyst,

Ever changing form and hue,
By the light winds riven through,
Opening wondrous scenes to view—

Mountains in their vernal glow
Flinging dappled locks of snow
Where the torrents bound below,

Breaking from their wintry hold;
Clasping hills and headlands bold,
Belts of sapphire gemmed in gold;

Valleys filled with topaz glooms,
Yew-trees waving sable plumes
Over old historic tombs,

Rifled fane and hoary tower,
Records of perverted power,
In their most impressive hour.

When the shades are gaining higher,
And the lofty dome and spire
Vanish, touched by sacred fire,—

Fix by all a mother's art,
Irish objects on her heart;
But with life they will depart;

Oft when touched by fancy's wings,
Will those fondly-cherished things
Rise to grand imaginings,

And renew the golden chain,
Severed by the rolling main,
To our native land again.

Weave the outlines, fondly weave,
I shall point and purpose give
To the etchings—if I live.

So her life shall be to thine
As a fondly-clasping vine,
And a glory unto mine.

JOHN ROYLE.

ORIENT BORN.

Beautiful olive-brown brow, chin where the
fairy print lies;

Fragrant dark tresses above splendid myste-
rious eyes;

Mellowest fires that glow under the calm of
her face,

Girl of all girls in the world for mould and
for color and grace.

Such are the opal-like maids that flash in the
groves to and fro.

Dancers Arabian; such, languorous ages ago.

Ptolemy's daughter; and so, breathing faint
cassia and musk.

Veiled young Moors on divans, singing and
sighing at dusk.

Never in opiate dreams have I o'ertaken you,
sweet

Never with senna-tipped hands; never with
silken-shod feet;

Still the love-charm of the East must over
and over be told

By and by havoc with hearts! . . . Ah, slowly,
my seven-year old!

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

MY PRISON.

Nor bolts nor bars my prison has,
No frowning turrets grim and high,
Seem to mock the smiling sky;
Yet could nor hold nor durance be
Stronger than that which bindeth me.

No tyrants stern my jailors are;—
Six merry wardens guard the door,
With fun and frolic evermore;
And one can neither dance nor sing,
But only laugh, "the cunning thing."

A pleasant place my prison is,
With pit-a-pat of childish feet
And baby-kisses, soft and sweet;—
There is no freedom half so dear
As these bright chains that bind me here.

For life and death my bondage is;
Not rarest gem of land or sea,
Nor glittering gold may ransom me—
A willing captive, happier far
Than many crowned monarchs are.

A blessed thing my bondage is:—
O, joyous thralldom, gladly borne,
No chains were e'er so lightly worn,
As fetters held by childish hands,
When mother-love has forged the bands.

MARY T. MANNIX.

THE GODMOTHER'S GIFT.

Beside the baby's cradle
She sat the whole night long,
To lay upon his little lips
The kisses six of song.

"This is the kiss shall make him long
To drink," she softly sighed,
"The fount of beauty with the thirst
That ne'er is satisfied.

"This is the kiss shall ope the eye
And stimulate the brain
To see what others never saw
And he can ne'er attain.

"This is the kiss shall charm his lips
So that his whole life long
There honey bees of thought shall hive
The stinging sweets of song.

"And here the kiss of wandering
I print on feet and breast,
That he may for possession have
Desire and unrest.

"And this shall be the kiss of love,
His life to consecrate
To her that shall be lost too soon,
Or be found out too late.

"These are the kisses five I give
My baby in his sleep;
The sixth, and sacredest of all,
A little while I keep.

"And he shall never know, or, known,
It never shall be told,
Which sweeter is—the kiss I give,
Or the kiss that I withhold."

GEORGE T. LANIGAN.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild, raging sea,
And the tempest was swelling,
Round the fisherman's dwelling—
And she cried: "Dermot, darling, oh! come
back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumber'd,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:
"Oh! blest be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning, [thee.
For I know that the angels are whispering with

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me—
And say thou would'st rather
They'd watch o'er thy father, [thee."
For I know that the angels are whispering with

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning, [see;
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing, [with thee."
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering

SAMUEL LOVER.

ROSY CHILD, WITH FOREHEAD FAIR.

Rosy child, with forehead fair,
Coral lips and shining hair,
In whose mirthful, clever eyes
Such a world of gladness lies;
As thy loose curls, idly straying
O'er thy mother's neck, while playing,
Blend her soft locks' shadowy twine
With the glittering light of thine,—
Which is fairest—she or thou?

In sweet contrast are ye met,
Such as heart could ne'er forget:
Thou art brilliant as a flower,
Crimsoning in the sunny hour;
Merry as a singing bird,
In the greenwood sweetly heard;
Restless as if fluttering wings
Bore thee on thy wanderings;
Ignorant of all distress,
Full of childhood's carelessness.

She is gentle; she hath known
 Something of the echoed tone
 Sorrow leaves where'er it goes,
 In this world of many woes.
 On her brow such shadows are
 As the faint cloud gives the star,
 Veiling its most holy light,
 Though it still be pure and bright;
 And the color in her cheek
 To the hue on thine is weak,
 Save when flushed with sweet surprise
 Sudden welcome lights her eyes;
 And her softly chiselled face
 (But for living, moving grace)
 Looks like one of those which beam
 In the Italian painter's dream—
 Some beloved Madonna, bending
 O'er the infant she is tending;
 Holy, bright and undefiled
 Mother of the Heaven-born child;
 Who, though painted strangely fair,
 Seems but made for holy prayer,
 Pity, tears and sweet appeal,
 And fondness such as angels feel;
 Baffling earthly passion's sigh
 With serenest majesty.

Oh! may those enshrouded years
 Whose fair dawn alone appears,—
 May that brightly budding life,
 Knowing yet nor sin nor strife,
 Bring its store of hoped-for joy,
 Mother, to thy laughing boy!
 And the good thou dost impart
 Lie deep-treasured in his heart,
 That, when he at length shall strive
 In the bad world where we live,
 Thy sweet name may still be blest
 As one who taught his soul true rest!

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

THE FAIRY BOY.

A mother came when stars were paling,
 Wailing round a lonely spring;
 Thus she cried, while tears were falling,
 Calling on the Fairy King:—
 "Why with spells my child caressing,
 Courting him with fairy joy?
 Why destroy a mother's blessing—
 Wherefore steal my baby boy?

"O'er the mountain, thro' the wild wood,
 Where his childhood loved to play,
 Where the flowers are freshly springing,
 There I wander day by day;
 There I wander, growing fonder
 Of the child that made my joy,
 On the echoes wildly calling
 To restore my fairy boy.

"But in vain my plaintive calling,
 Tears are falling all in vain;
 He now sports with fairy pleasure,
 He's the treasure of their train!
 Fare thee well, my child, forever;
 In this world I've lost my joy;
 But in the *next* we ne'er shall sever,—
 There I'll find my fairy boy!"

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE FAIRY CHILD.

The summer sun was sinking
 With a mild light, calm and mellow;
 It shone on my little boy's bonnie cheeks,
 And his loose locks of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly,
 And his song was sad and tender;
 And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,
 Smiled with a sweet, soft splendor.

My little boy lay on my bosom
 While his soul the song was quaffing,
 The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
 And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sate alone in my cottage,
 The midnight needle plying;
 I feared for my child, for the rush's light
 In the socket now was dying!

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
 Like the wind at midnight moaning;
 I knelt to pray, but rose again,
 For I heard my little boy groaning.

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,
 But that night my child departed—
 They left a weakling in his stead,
 And I am broken-hearted!

O! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
 For his eyes are dim and hollow.
 My little boy is gone—is gone,
 And his mother soon will follow!

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
And the mass be chanted meetly,
And I shall sleep with my little boy,
In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

JOHN ANSTER.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

I.

Oh pleasant, pleasant were the days
We listened to the story,
Beloved of children, and beloved
Of story-tellers hoary.

Of Robin Redbreast, kindly bird,
Renowned in childhood's annals,
Whose fame rolls on from age to age
In ever deepening channels;

Who covered up the pretty babes
With leaves and moss and grasses,
And since in nursery legends lives,
And other birds surpasses—

Sweet, touching tale to which young hearts
Still tearful homage render;
But I can tell a truer tale,
More touching and more tender;—

No mythic tale of nursery lore,
No legend quaint and hoary,
But a true modern version of
The dear old precious story.

II.

Hither and thither, up and down,
Through fields and lanes so lonely,
Bordered with berry-bearing trees
And gemmed with wild flowers only;

O'er brooks that babbled as they ran
Some tale well worth the knowing,
Round hillocks green, by sedgy pools,
Where flag and reeds were growing;

Taking no heed of time or tide,
No note of wind or weather,
They wandered on and on and on,
Three little ones together.

Whiles running races with the wind,
That fresh and keen was blowing;
Whiles panting as they paused for breath,
Their cheeks like roses glowing;

Whiles lagging on the level ground,
Whiles climbing o'er the hilly,
Whiles prattling in the puzzling way
That foolish folks call silly,

Of earth and heaven, and home and all
Their joy and all their sorrow—
Of what they did on yesterday,
And what they'll do to-morrow.

So to and fro, with tireless feet
And hearts light as a feather,
And merry, chattering tongues, they went
These little ones together.

III.

The sun went down, the wind blew keen,
The night looked bleak and dreary,
Their little hands grew numb with cold,
Their little feet grew weary.

Ah me, was there no angel voice
To utter words of warning?
Ah me, were there no angel eyes
To guard them till the morning?

"Oh take me home," the youngest cried,
"And me too," said the other;
"It's getting late, and cold and dark,
Oh take us home to mother!"

With loving care she turned to them—
Herself so little older—
And strove to warm each tiny hand
With hands as cold—nay colder.

Her shawl she wrapped about the one,
Her cloak about the other;
And strove with childhood's simple guile
Their vague wild fears to smother.

She led them to a sheltered spot,
Yet there the cold winds found them;
So gathering up the withered leaves,
She piled them close around them.

Then whispering words of love and hope
So brave none could suspect, or
Dream of the terror at heart,
This six-year old protector

Went forth to glean another heap,
 Unknowing and uncaring
 That there was merit in the act
 Or virtue in the daring.

And came and went and went and came
 With cold and terror shivering,
 And every nerve in her slight frame
 With toil unwonted quivering.

"One bundle more," she stooped and said,
 "Will save us from the weather,
 And, darlings, when the morning comes
 We'll all go home together."

IV.

The morning came, the sun shone down
 On hill and vale and meadow;
 The dewdrops glistened on the grass,
 The stream half shine, half shadow.

Went murmuring on its way that led
 Through mazes without number,
 Round by the nook, where 'mid dry leaves
 Two children lay in slumber.

And near them, by a brambly sheaf
 That fell from her o'erladen
 And nerveless arms, lay cold in death
 The little martyr maiden.

MARY MULLALLY.

A LITTLE MOTHER'S LESSON.

Dolly! O Dolly, my darling! you're much too
 naughty to-day!

Come here to my arms this moment, and
 listen to what I must say.

It's horrid to have to scold, and it isn't my
 way at all,

But I must impress on your mind that Pride
 goes before a fall!

There's a wee little scowl on your forehead,
 and a toss on the tip of your nose,

That told me, the moment I saw you, you
 were thinking too much of your clothes;
 After all my carefulest teaching, to think
 that your very first ball
 Should make you forget in a moment, that
 Pride goes before a fall!

I've told you over and over, whenever you had
 a new dress,

That I loved you not one bit better and I
 loved you not one bit less;

That I liked you best for yourself, so pretty
 and sweet and small,

And that Pride was a dreadful thing, dear,
 that goes before a fall!

I used to be just like you, so fond of sashes
 and things,

And when I was dressed in my best it seemed
 that my feet were wings.

And that I could fly with delight—but now I
 am grown so tall,

And I know, for mamma has told me, that
 Pride goes before a fall!

Besides, I have felt it myself; for as sure as
 sure could be,

The time I was most puffed up was a time of
 trial for me;

There was always a slap or a snub from nurse
 or Kitty or Paul—

Oh, indeed I know very well that Pride goes
 before a fall!

So Dolly, Dolly, my darling, be sure you heed
 what I say,

And never look haughty or vain, as I found
 you looking to-day;

Now let me tie on your hat, and we'll go to
 make a call,

But never, never forget, dear, that Pride goes
 before a fall!

MARY E. BLAKE.

PART III.

POEMS OF NATURE AND PLACES.

Let us arise, and shake away the dust
Of brick and pavement from our flying feet ;
All former visions from remembrance thrust,
And even forget that once we trod the street.
Up in the mountains haply we may meet
Those glorious fancies that still shun the throng ;
The rill's wild music, tremulous and sweet,
Will lend a softer cadence to our song.
The cataract's curbless strength may teach us to be strong.

And flowers, and perfumes, and untainted air,
And forest green with dark cathedral glooms,
And the fleet birds, whose mission is to bear
Nature's true music on their outspread plumes ;
And mossy banks, and overhanging blooms
Of trailing honeysuckle—these shall teach
Our tongues to breathe the passion that consumes
The inmost spirit ; and we shall learn a speech
Wide-general enough all human hearts to reach.

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

POEMS OF NATURE AND PLACES.

HYMN OF THE UNIVERSE.

Roll on, thou Sun! in glory roll,
Thou giant, rushing through the Heaven,
Creation's wonder, Nature's soul,
Thou hast no Morn, and hast no Even;
The Planets die without thy blaze;
The Cherubim, with star-dropt wing,
Float on the ocean of thy rays,
Thou brightest emblem of their King!

Roll, lovely Earth, in night and noon,
With Ocean's band of beauty bound,
While one sweet orb, the pearly Moon,
Pursues thee through the blue profound;
And angels, with delighted eyes,
Behold thy plains, and mounts, and streams,
In day's magnificence of dyes,
Swift whirling, like transcendent dreams.

Roll, Planets! on your dazzling road,
Forever sweeping round the Sun
What eye beheld, when first ye glowed?
What eye shall see your courses done?
Roll in your solemn majesty,
Ye deathless splendors of the skies,
Ye Altars, from which angels see
The incense of Creation rise.

Roll, Comets, on your flaming cars,
Ye heralds of sublimer skies;
Roll on, ye million-million stars,
Ye hosts, ye heavens of galaxies!
Ye, who the wilds of Nature roam,
Unknown to all but angels' wings,
Tell us in what more glorious dome
Rules all your world, the KING OF KINGS.

GEORGE CROLY.

THE AWAKENING.

A lady came to a snow-white bier,
Where a youth lay pale and dead;
She took the veil from her widowed head,
And, bending low, in his ear she said
"Awaken! for I am here."

She passed with a smile to a wild wood near,
Where the boughs were barren and bare;
She tapped on the bark with her fingers fair,
And called to the leaves that were buried there:
"Awaken! for I am here."

The birds beheld her without a fear
As she walked thro' the dank-mossed dells;
She breathed on their drowsy citadels,
And whispered the young in their ivory shells:
"Awaken! for I am here."

On the graves of the flowers she dropped a tear,
But with hope and with joy, like us;
And even as the Lord to Lazarus,
She called to the slumbering sweet flowers thus:
"Awaken! for I am here."

To the lilies that lay in the silver mere,
To the reeds by the golden pond;
To the moss by the rounded marge beyond,
She spoke with her voice so soft and fond:
"Awaken! for I am here."

The violet peep'd, with its blue eye clear,
From under its own gravestone;
For the blessed tidings around had flown,
And before she spoke the impulse was known:
"Awaken! for I am here."

The pale grass lay with its long looks sere
On the breast of the open plain;
She loosened the matted hair of the slain,
And cried, as she filled each juicy vein:
"Awaken! for I am here."

The rush rose up with its pointed spear
The flag, with its falchion broad;
The dook uplifted its shield unawed,
As her voice rung over the quickening sod:
"Awaken! for I am here."

The red blood ran through the clover near,
And the heath on the hills o'erhead;
The daisy's fingers were tipp'd with red,
As she started to life, when the lady said:
"Awaken! for I am here."

And the young Year rose from his snow-white
And the flowers from their green retreat; [bier,
And they came and knelt at the lady's feet,
Saying all, with their mingled voices sweet:
"O lady! behold us here."

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

MUSIC IN NATURE.

Far, far away, in fields of waving gold,
I hear the tassels' swaying symphonies,
While myriad insect-orchestras unfold
Their rasping medleys in the apple-trees.

In seas of creamy clover, white and pink,
Hum tipling bells, all drowsy with perfume;
And, in the orchard, one wild bobolink
Breaks the repose of twilight's dreamy gloom.

The wind wakes solos in the sombre pine.
Upon the hillside desolate and lone;
And, in the woods, thro' labyrinths of vine,
Is heard the brooklet's lisping monotone—

Which mossy caverns, echoing, repeat;
While o'er my soul, in tender changes, flows—
Murmurous, melodious, and strangely sweet—
The subtle music no musician knows.

H. K. MUNKITTRICK

THE FIRST SPRING DAY.

But one short week ago the trees were bare,
And winds were keen, and violets pinched with
frost;
Winter was with us; but the larches tossed
Lightly their crimson buds, and here and there
Rooks cawed. To-day the Spring is in the air
And in the blood; sweet sun-gleams come and go
Upon the hills; in lanes the wild flowers blow,
And tender leaves are bursting everywhere.
About the hedge the small birds peer and dart;
Each bush is full of amorous flutterings
And little rapturous cries. The thrush apart
Sits throned, and loud his ripe contralto rings.
Music is on the wind—and, in my hear,
Infinite love for all created things.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

Welcome, O welcome, thou green, green grass,
So sweet through the red clay peeping!
But a month ago, and who'd think the snow
Held such treasure within its keeping?
You look so fresh from your long repose,
In the light of the sun, just risen,
I almost wish that beneath the snows
I had shared your wintry prison.
The winter beheld you for death arrayed
The snow like a shroud above you,
Still was there an essence in every blade,
Which told there was One to love you.

How grand your robe of the emerald sheen,
How graceful your blades, and slender,
From the red earth's crust, all unstained by dust,
So beautiful, soft and tender;
There's a throb of joy in the trees hard by,
As their buds in the dew-drops glisten,
And a voice of love in the air above,
And we pause that our hearts may listen!
Let poets name it the voice of spring,
To the spirit of fragrance calling:—
To me 'tis the voice of the heavenly King
Adown through the azure falling.

Your slight stems bend as the soft winds sigh
Their love to the opening blossoms,
And the hills rejoice as the streams give voice,
Breaking out of their verdant bosoms.

There's a rhythmic stave in each coursing wave,
 There's a spirit of song in the flowers,
 And the lays of the birds, you can note their words:
 "What a beautiful earth 'is ours!"
 Let who will call it the voice of spring,
 Now wooing the flowers and grasses,
 To me 'tis the voice of the heavenly King,
 Still breathing new life as He passes.

And the earth is moved like a young bride loved,
 Who hearkens her loved one's greeting;
 And her heart is stirred to its inmost chord,
 The voice of His love repeating!
 The hills are rocked, and the streams unlocked,
 In the thrill of her heart's expansion,
 And the green and gold, where the snows lay cold,
 Outrival His starry mansion.
 Let poets call this the voice of spring,
 To the spirit of beauty calling;
 But to me 'tis the voice of the Great High King
 Adown through the azure falling.

In the far gone years the gifted seers
 Ennumbered the stars of heaven,
 But what learned sage can unroll one page
 In the light of this morning given?
 O, who can number the blades of grass?
 Or who can reveal their essence?
 Do the hosts of night in their heavenly flight
 Bespeak a more wondrous presence?
 O scientist! go revel in mist,
 Expand and compress your gases;
 But give me the May, at the dawn of day,
 With the hills, the trees, and the grasses!

JOHN BOYLE.

AN IDYL OF APRIL.

The motley month of smiles and tears
 With shambling gait doth come,
 And eager eyes and heedful ears
 And backward crook of thumb.

Ready with many a furtive wile
 The wayside lout to lure,
 And send him from his road a mile,
 Strange nothings to procure.

And laughter in the lanes doth ring,
 And from the village school;
 At every waif the urchins fling
 The cry of "April Fool!"

The grassy lawns are all aglow
 With dandelion flowers,
 And cowslips that in April blow,
 Whether it smiles or showers.

Out in the fields hard by the town,
 Where munching cattle rest,
 The meadow-lark in coat of brown
 And saffron-yellow vest,

From topmost bough of some tall tree
 His vernal song doth pour,
 Piping his little note of glee
 Against the railway's roar.

The robin from the orchard sings,
 The jay screams from the copse,
 Flitting upon his azure wings
 Among the spruce-tree tops.

And hark! the distant campanile
 Rings out a merry chime,
 Saluting with its bells of steel
 The festive Easter time!

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

AN APRIL DAY.

It is the most joyous day
 That ever has found its way
 On the wings of the sunny hours,—
 That ever did stray and roam
 From the heaven that is its home,
 Far down to this world of ours.

There is such a golden air,
 Such radiance everywhere,
 Such song, and odor, and light;
 Such a flood of life supernal,
 That the earth had kept eternal
 Alive in her breast all night.

Oh! fair leaves, visibly budding,
 Oh, birds all the glad land flooding
 With a chorus of singing sweet,
 All my being is one with you,
 Is linked from the heaven's bright blue
 To the wet grass at my feet.

Now the earth must look again
 As she rose from the Deluge rain,
 Clad in garb of morning dew;
 As young, and green, and glorious,
 And spotless as spreads before us
 The sky's unspeakable blue.

Oh! the miracle of spring,
 Oh! gladness of everything,
 Oh! joys the season doth give;
 Oh! ineffable bloom of youth,
 Of freshness, and hope, and truth!—
 I thank Thee, oh God, that I live!

MARY GEOGHEGAN.

WAITING FOR THE MAY.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the May—
 Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
 Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
 With the woodbine alternating,
 Scent the dewy way.
 Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the May.
 Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
 Longing for the May—
 Longing to escape from study,
 To the young face fair and ruddy,
 And the thousand charms belonging
 To the summer's day.
 Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
 Longing for the May.
 Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the May—
 Sighing for their sure returning,
 When the summer beams are burning,
 Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
 All the winter lay.
 Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the May.
 Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May—
 Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
 Or the water-wooing willows;
 Where in laughing and in sobbing
 Glide the streams away.
 Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May.
 Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
 Waiting for the May.
 Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
 Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings;
 Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
 Life still ebbs away:
 Man is ever weary, weary,
 Waiting for the May!

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

ARCADIAN.

His surely is a happy lot who dwells
 In pleasant pastures far removed from town,
 Whose life from sunrise till the sun goes down
 The same unchanging peaceful story tells;
 Deep in the rustic lore of fleecy fells;
 Proud of the harvest he himself has sown,
 The spreading meadows that his hands have
 mown,
 And the great cattle that he buys and sells,
 For whom the placid night brings slumber sweet,
 Stirred by no sound of any dancing feet,
 Lit by no light of any laughing eyes,
 Whose quiet days unmoved by vain desire,
 From summer's sunlight to the winter's fire,
 Creep slowly on, until at last he dies.

JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY.

A SONG IN MAY-TIME.

A song for the joyful May-time,
 A song like the song of a bird,
 A song of the heart in its play-time,
 With never a sorrowful word!
 A song—but whence shall I win it?—
 Winged like the butterflies,
 With the fresh-leaved wood's breath in it,
 And the glow of the glad sunrise!
 This is the song you ask, dear,—
 Would I could do your will!
 But set me a song as a task, dear,—
 A test of the singer's skill?
 A dweller in cities ever,
 A toiler within the walls,
 'Mid the tumult of man's endeavor,
 Where the unseen fetter galls;—
 Little I know of the tender,
 Blithe songs that the free birds sing,
 Little I know of the splendor
 Of the wild wood's blossoming;
 And less of the heart's sweet play-time—
 So brief was mine, you know;—
 And the flowers of my beautiful May-time
 Died under a strange, late snow.
 Out of my life the cheery,
 Sweet spirit of youth is fled;
 My songs are the sighs of the weary,
 Or plaints for my dear ones dead.

Yet, you've loved this sad song-voice, dear,
 You would give it a nobler range,
 And because of your honor and choice, dear,
 'Twere fair to ring out and rejoice, dear,
 With the mirth of the May-time change.

O joy to be your joy-bringer—
 When 'tis joy, dear, even to pray
 That a fairer and gladder singer
 Will sing your song of the May!

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

A VISIT OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

You in the city, there, fallow and sere,
 What shall I tell you?—A visitor's here,
 After a wander of all the round year;
 Gilded and garlanded ever so gay,—
 Pure as God's pearl in the queen-flower's ear,—
 Ah, the sweet stranger's our beautiful May!
 Never were known
 Such hearts as our own,
 Since dropped on us, singing, our beautiful May!

April was loving—had gifts for us, too—
 Primrose and crocus, so golden and blue;
 Pouting so oft, tho', I doubt—to be true—
 Some, in our souls, slyly wished her away.
 Whether she dreamt of it, none of us knew;
 But, while she brightened, the beautiful May
 Flashed on the lawn,
 Singing, "April is gone!"— [May!
 Ah, of all the twelve sisters, be mine the sweet

Now, my young sycamore, tender and tall,
 Comforts my eye with her new em'rald shawl;
 Now, too, the hawthorn, there, over the wall,
 Tasselled with white, looks a queen in her way.
 Who, do you think, and *unasked*, did it all?
 Oh, who but this stranger—our beautiful May!
 Where's there a spot
 To-day by our cot,
 Without some new glory from beautiful May?

Here is she—there is she—all the day long,
 Coaxing up flowers, and singing her song;
 Scenting our lilacs, that dazzle the throng;
 Coming and going there over the way;
 Doing so much—and so little that's wrong.
 Oh, what should we do for the beautiful May?
 Song is not known
 Could equal her own,
 Else might we hymn to our beautiful May!

What, tho' you tell me she'll pass by-and-by?
 So, too, shall we, but like her let us try, [the eye,
 With the smile from the heart looking out from
 To live while we live, if it were but a day—
 To know how to live is to learn how to die,
 With hope of renewal, like beautiful May;
 For death and the tomb,
 And winter and gloom,
 Are harbingers only of Heaven and May.

FRANCIS DAVIS.

A SUMMER SONG.

Oh, lovely sunbeams thro' the meadows dancing,
 On golden pinions, all the livelong day, [ing,
 Kissing young leaves, on crystal streamlets glanc-
 Changing to living gold their silver spray!
 Wee amorous elves, coquetting with the roses,
 Wooing the daisy in her grassy bed,
 Till the shy flower unconsciously uncloses
 Her dew-gemmed leaves, and blushes rosy red!

Gilding gray rocks, on rugged mountains
 streaming,

Bidding the flowers in sheltered nooks awake,
 Calling young song birds from their happy
 dreaming,

Waking the laughter of the dimpling lake!
 Playing "Bo-peep" amid the white buds blowing
 In pearly clusters on the hawthorn tree, [ing
 To the round eyes of wondering childhood show-
 The rapid journeyings of the wandering bee.

Shedding a halo bright on youthful tresses,
 Bidding young hearts for very rapture sing,
 Touching the brow of care with kind caresses,
 Or glinting lightly on the skylark's wing!
 Ah, merry sunbeams, like sly cupids straying
 In the glad footsteps of the rustic lass,
 On sun-tanned cheeks and snow white kerchief
 playing,
 Twinkling like fireflies in the emerald grass.

Oh, lovely sunbeams, like blest angels gliding
 Through courts of squalor, sickness, want and
 gloom,

Telling of clouds like golden chariots riding
 Proudly majestic o'er a world of bloom;
 Of winding lanes, and milk-white homesteads
 peeping

Like modest virgins from secluded bowers;
 Of shallow pools, and baby streamlets leaping
 In giddy gladness 'neath down-drooping flow-
 ers.

Dance, lovely sunbeams, thro' fair country mead—
 Bathe hill and cottage in your holy light. [ows,
 From city slums go chase the mournful shadows
 That fill poor homesteads with eternal night.
 To those who pine in ignorance and sorrow
 May all your tenderest, holiest gifts be given,
 That sorrowing hearts one ray of hope may
 borrow [heaven!
 In the sweet knowledge that you come from

FANNY FORRESTER.

THE WELCOME RAIN.

"Welcome! oh, ye showers," said the flowers,
 parched and dying;
 "Long have we been waiting for the coming
 of the rain;
 We weary of the sunshine, we are wearied with
 our sighing—
 Oh! ye showers," said the flowers, "ye are
 welcome once again."
 "Welcome!" said the brooklet; "in my prison
 on the mountain
 I have sickened, I have thirsted for the pleasant
 plains below;
 But now I hear the murmur of the shower-laden
 south wind,
 And my waters, loosed from bondage, sing a
 paean as they flow.
 "Oh! lily bride who waiteth in the far off glen
 to greet me,
 I am rushing, rushing to thee in a long-hushed
 rippling song;
 Lift thy petals, my beloved, for I hurry on to
 meet thee,
 And bathe thy brow in kisses by the sun with-
 held too long."
 "Oh! the cooling, cooling rain," cried the herb-
 age in the meadows,
 "Let us drink the balmy sweetness of a draught
 for months unknown;
 While in painless peace we slumber, 'neath the
 unaccustomed shadows
 Holding to the generous rain-drops hearts all
 dry and sapless grown."
 "It falls pattering on our leaflets," said the tall
 trees in the forest,
 "It comes dripping down our branches; it
 comes fraught with life and bliss;

It has blessed us with its presence, when we
 deemed our grief the sorest;
 It has lifted us from sorrow with the freshness
 of its kiss."

Thus the flower, and the brooklet, and the herb-
 age in the meadows,
 And the forest trees that panted through the
 summer in their pain.

Looking upward, are rejoicing on the threshold
 of the winter,

At the coming of the healer, at the advent of
 the rain.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

When balmy eve and roseate dawn
 Announce the floral goddess near,
 And over swelling mead and lawn
 The wild flowers, one by one, appear;
 From privet copse or hawthorn bush
 The linnet pours her dulcet strain,
 And the wild solo of the thrush
 Leads captive all the warbling train,
 But round our doors the redbreast pours
 Her ever plaintive minstrelsy,
 Soft, sweet, and low, as if to show
 How true a little friend should be.
 Touched by the summer's fervid breath,
 The flowers, unfolding, woo the bees;
 While droop the feathered tribes beneath
 The arches of the forest trees;
 Then noonday silence reigns o'er all,
 The drooping leaves are hushed, until
 The rail rings out his martial call
 Defiant to the skylark's thrill.
 Then from her trance, with eye askance,
 The redbreast lists their rivalry.
 And pours her note from swelling throat
 To show how true a friend should be.
 Brown, whistling autumn tramps among
 The fruitful trees and golden fields,
 His jocund days are all a song.
 For rich the offering Ceres yields—
 While preens the finch her gorgeous coat
 Among the swaths of new-mown hay;
 The blackbird sounds his bugle note
 Secluded from the glare of day.
 But still before the cottage door
 The little redbreast we may see;
 Near, and more near her song we hear,
 To show how true a friend should be.

The sparrows seek the sheltering eaves,
 For winter's sigh is on the blast,
 And, with the quickly passing leaves,
 The birds of passage, too, have passed;
 When swoops the hawk, on treach'rous wing,
 Upon his weak unwary quest,
 With panting heart and trembling wing
 The robin seeks the gentlest breast,
 And there receives the crumb she gives,
 'Till spring revisits lawn and lea,
 With looks of love still sings to prove
 How true a little friend can be.

Thrice blest the maid whose look and word
 Awake to tenderest sympathies
 The instinct of this lonely bird!
 By such unerring signs as these
 Her name is placed among the good,
 The cherished fav'rite of the plain,
 She bears to stately womanhood
 The household virtues in her train.
 And then her cares the redbreast shares,
 A neighbor in the alder tree,
 And pours her lay, the livelong day,
 To show how true a friend should be.

JOHN BOYLE.

DEI GRATIA.

When hawthorn boughs begin to bud
 In eager green along the way,
 And merry songsters toss a flood
 Of melody from spray to spray,
 And in the budded branches play
 The little winds, not chill or loud,
 But, softly lifted, softly bowed,
 Making the perches rock and sway;
 Then, gladsome as the lamb and lark,
 I break from grievous thoughts away—
 Forget what's wrong, forget what's dark,
 And see the whole world good and gay.

When pearly skies break up in blue,
 Raining out milky, misty gold,
 And all the sweet land through and through
 Is filled with pleasure manifold
 Of growth and light and music bold,
 To close the wound and cure the smart,
 And strengthen all the thankful heart
 In joyful praises dawning rolled;
 Then meekly as the milkmaids bring
 Their primrose posies pure and cold,
 My soul grows happier—thinking spring
 The smile of him beneath the mould.

WILLIAM WILKINS.

A PLEA FOR THE SONG-BIRDS.

Spare the little singing-birds, oh! turn your guns
 away!
 Leave the little singing-birds to sing upon the
 spray!
 Life is all too full of sighs, of sorrows, and of
 wrongs—
 Spare the little melodists that fill the air with
 songs!
 Why should they by cruel shots to gloomy death
 be hurled?
 Surely there is not too much of music in the
 world!
 Fowlers, seek some other spoil; turn your guns
 away.
 Leave the little singing-birds alive upon the
 spray!

In the pleasant summer time, when all the woods
 are green,
 Would you have a solemn silence brooding o'er
 the scene?
 Think how great a charm were lost to tender
 morns and eves,
 If no tuneless little throats sang out amid the
 leaves!
 Not to every bird that flies the bliss of song is
 given,
 Few they are that bear with them that special
 gift of Heaven.
 Sportsmen, if you needs must shoot, choose what
 else you may,
 But leave the little singing-birds alive upon the
 spray!

Gunsmen, by your own firesides, on many a
 pleasant night,
 Did not music touch your hearts with deep and
 fond delight?
 Heard you not the thrilling song with eager
 list'ning ears,
 As it lit your eyes with mirth, or made them
 moist with tears?
 Ah, but if you truly love the sad or merry
 strain,
 If you'd hear sweet music made by gentle hands
 again,
 If you'd have your hearts still gladdened by the
 poet's lay,
 Spare the little singing-birds that sing upon the
 spray!

T. D. SULLIVAN.

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

Beside a little cabin, at the dawning of the day,
Sang a little robin on a newly-budding spray;
Inside the humble dwelling were hearts oppressed
with care,

But the robin's song of joyance came trilling on
the air.

"Cheer up," sang the robin,

"Cheer up, cheer up; see,

All the clouds are passing

For you as well as me!"

Within the little cabin the question pressing sore
Was how the wolf of hunger might be driven
from the door,

And where to get the money for the rent becom-
ing due,

And how to help the children, and what they
were to do.

"Cheer up," sang the robin,

"Cheer up, cheer up; see,

The land grows full of plenty

For you as well as me!"

The toiler in the cabin knit his features to a
frown;

He thought of all the cruelties that kept his
country down;

He prayed aloud to Heaven to end her many
woes,

To bless her friends with triumph and humble
all her foes.

"Cheer up," sang the robin,

"Cheer up, cheer up; see,

Here comes the day of freedom

For you as well as me!"

T. D. SULLIVAN.

THE TROPIC BIRD.

Not of our forests art thou! Here the cold
Of winter soon would mar

Thy glittering plumage.—From afar,
From lands of gold,

And from the streams that roll along beneath
The quivering lotus bowers,

Where spreads the palm, and amaranthine flowers
In blushing wreath

Aye greet the kisses of the Eastern dawn,
Comest thou to us, bright bird.

I envy not his heart who, all unstirred,
Can look upon

Thy glittering wing, nor give his fancy rein
To tropic shore and glowing sky,

Streams, temples, woods, and with a sigh
Receive it back again.

For me, I look on thee, and in a dream,
Before the gazing eye,

The gorgeous pageant of the East rolls by
On Ganges' stream.

Gem-studded galleys, and the crimson slaves
(Their tunics woven o'er

With sapphire studs and braids of yellow ore),
The cedar waves

Her emerald boughs above them; and on high,
Throned on the ivory poop,

The swarthy sultan, with a hoop
That well might buy

Our barren kingdoms, on his ample brow;
And those young Georgian girls—

The raven tresses looped with sparkling pearls—
Before him bow,

All duteous to his nod. The silver oars
Flash as they hurry on

The peopled argosies! 'Tis gone!
The purple shores

Are silent, save the speechless melody
Poured from the myrtle bowers.

What is't to me that here the hours
Of daylight flee?

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

TO THE NIGHTINGALES.

You sweet fastidious Nightingales!

The myrtle blooms in Irish vales,

By Avondhu and rich Lough Lene,

Through many a grove and bowerlet green,

Fair mirror'd round the loitering skiff.

The purple peak, the tinted cliff,

The glen where mountain-torrents rave

And foliage blinds their leaping wave,

Broad emerald meadows fill'd with flow'rs,

Embosom'd ocean-bays are ours

With all their isles; and mystic tow'rs

Lonely and gray, deserted long,—

Less sad if they might hear that perfect song!

What scared ye? (surely ours of old)

The sombre Fowl hatch'd in the cold?

King Henry's Normans, mail'd and stern,

Smiters of gallowglass and kern?

Or, most and worst, fraternal feud,
Which sad Iernè long hath rued?
Forsook ye, when the Geraldine,
Great chieftain of a glorious line,
Was hunted on his hills and slain,
And one to France and one to Spain
The remnant of the race withdrew?
Was it from anarchy ye flew,
And foul oppression's bigot crew,
Wild complaint, and menace hoarse,
Misled, misleading voices, loud and coarse?

Come back, O Birds,—or come at last!
For Ireland's furious days are past;
And, purged of enmity and wrong,
Her eye, her step, grow calm and strong.
Why should we miss that pure delight?
Brief is the journey, swift the flight.
And Hesper finds no fairer maids
In Grecian or Devonian glades,
No loves more true on any shore,
No lovers loving music more.
Melodious Erin, warm of heart,
Entreats you;—stay not then apart,
But bid the Merles and Thrustles know
(And ere another Maytime go)
Their place is in the second row.
Come to the West, dear Nightingales.
The Rose and Myrtle bloom in Irish vales.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE CARDINAL BIRD.

She brought a redbird in a cage
And hung it from my window-sill—
The redbird then was all the rage,
And may be still.
I know not—I so long have been
Amid the city's dust and din.
But when I was a little child
I greatly loved its wood notes wild,
Which lured me many a sunny day
Through maple forests far away;—
For years, though, I had seldom hear
The cardinal bird.

A day and then a week pass'd by—
The redbird hanging from the sill
Sang not; and all were wondering why
It was so still—
When one bright morning, loud and clear,
Its whistle smote my drowsy ear,

Ten times repeated till the sound
Filled every echoing niche around;
And all things earliest loved by me,
—The bird, the brook, the flower, the tree,—
Came back again, as thus I heard
The cardinal bird.

Where maple orchards towered aloft,
And spicewood bushes spread below,
Where skies were blue, and winds were soft,
I could but go—
For, opening through a wildering haze,
Appeared my restless childhood's days;
And truant feet and loitering mood
Soon found me in the same old wood.
—(Illusion's hour but, seldom brings
So much the very form of things)—
Where first I sought, and saw, and heard
The cardinal bird.

Then came green meadows, broad and bright,
Where dandelions, with wealth untold,
Gleam'd on the young and eager sight
Like stars of gold—
And on the very meadow's edge,
Beneath the ragged blackberry hedge,
'Mid mosses golden, gray and green,
The fresh young buttercups were seen,
And small spring beauties, sent to be
The heralds of anemone:
All just as when I earliest heard
The cardinal bird.

And on the slope, above the rill
That wound among the sugar trees,
I heard them at their labors still,
The murmuring bees;
Bold foragers! that come and go
Without permit from friend or foe;
In the tall tulip-trees o'erhead
On pollen greedily they fed;
And from low purple phlox, that grew
About my feet, sipp'd honey-dew.
How like the scenes when first I heard
The cardinal bird!

How like!—and yet . . . The spell grows weak—
Ah, but I miss the sunny brow—
The sparkling eye—the ruddy cheek!
Where, where are now
The three who then beside me stood
Like sunbeams in the dusky wood?
Alas! I am alone. Since then,
They've trod the weary ways of men;—

One on the eve of manhood died;
Two in its flush of power and pride.
Their graves are green, where first we heard
The cardinal bird.

The redbird from the window hung,
Not long my fancies thus beguiled;
Again in maple-groves it sung
Its wood-notes wild;
For, rousing with a tearful eye,
I gave it to the trees and sky.
I miss'd so much those brothers three,
Who walk'd youth's flowery ways with me,
I could not, dared not, but believe
It, too, had brothers, that would grieve
Till in old haunts again was heard
The cardinal bird.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

THE PARADISE OF BIRDS.

It was the fairest and the sweetest scene—
The freshest, sunniest, smiling land that e'er
Held o'er the waves its sheltering arms of green,
Unto the sea and storm-vexed mariner:
No barren waste its gentle bosom scarred, [ice,
Nor suns that burned, nor breezes winged with
Nor jagged rocks (Nature's gray ruins) marred
The perfect features of that paradise.

The verdant turf spreads from the crystal marge
Of the clear stream, up the soft-swelling hill,
Rose-bearing shrub, and stately cedars large
All o'er the land the pleasant prospects fill.
Unnumbered birds their glorious colors fling
Among the boughs that rustle in the breeze,
As if the meadow flowers had taken wing
And settled in the green o'erarching trees.

Oh! Ita, Ita, 'tis a grievous wrong
That man commits who uninspired presumes
To sing the heavenly sweetness of their song,
To paint the glorious tinting of their plumes—
Plumes bright as jewels that from diadems
Fling over golden thrones their diamond rays—
Bright, even as bright as those three mystic gems,
The angels bore thee in thy childhood's days.

There dwells the bird that to the farther west
Bears the sweet message of the coming spring;
June's blushing roses paint his prophet breast,
And summer skies gleam from his azure wing.

While winter prowls around the neighboring seas,
The happy bird dwells in his cedar nest.
Then flies away, and leaves his favorite trees
Unto his brother of the graceful crest.

Birds that with us are clothed in modest brown,
There wear a splendor words cannot express;
The sweet-voiced thrush beareth a golden crown,
And even the sparrow boasts a scarlet dress.
There partial nature fondles and illumines
The plainest offspring that her bosom bears;
The golden robin flies on fiery plumes,
And the small wren a purple ruby wears.

Birds, too, that even in our sunniest hours,
Ne'er to this cloudy land one moment stray,
Whose brilliant plumes, fleeting and fair as
flowers, [decay.
Come with the flowers, and with the flowers
The Indian bird, with hundred eyes, that throws
From his blue neck the azure of the skies,
And his pale brother of the northern snows,
Bearing white plumes mirrored with brilliant
eyes.

Oft in the sunny mornings have I seen
Bright-yellow birds, of a rich lemon hue,
Meeting in crowds upon the branches green,
And sweetly singing all the morning thro'.
And others, with their heads grayish and dark,
Pressing their cinnamon cheeks to the old trees,
And striking on the hard, rough, shrivelled bark,
Like conscience on a bosom ill at ease.

And diamond birds chirping their single notes,
Now 'mid the trumpet-flower's deep blossoms
seen,
Now floating brightly on with fiery throats,
Small-winged emeralds of golden green;
And other larger birds with orange cheeks,
A many-color-painted chattering crowd,
Prattling for ever with their curved beaks,
And through the silent woods screaming aloud.

Color and form may be conveyed in words,
But words are weak to tell the heavenly strains
That from the throats of these celestial birds
Rang through the woods and o'er the echoing
plains.

There was the meadow-lark, with voice as sweet,
But robed in richer raiment than our own;
And as the moon smiled on his green retreat,
The painted nightingale sang out alone.



Words cannot echo music's winged note,
 One bird alone exhausts their utmost power;
 'Tis that strange bird whose many-voiced throat
 Mocks all his brethren of the woodland bower;
 To whom indeed the gift of tongues is given,
 The musical rich tongues that fill the grove,
 Now like the lark dropping his notes from heaven,
 Now cooing the soft earth-notes of the dove.

Oft have I seen him, scorning all control,
 Winging his arrowy flight rapid and strong,
 As if in search of his vanished soul,
 Lost in the gushing ecstasy of song;
 And as I wandered on, and upward gazed,
 Half lost in admiration, half in fear,
 I left the brothers wondering and amazed,
 Thinking that all the choir of heaven was near.

Was it a revelation or a dream?—
 That these bright birds as angels once did dwell
 In starry heaven with Lucifer supreme,
 Half sinned with him, and with him partly fell;
 That in this lesser paradise they stray,
 Float through its air, and glide its stream along,
 And that the strains they sing each happy day
 Rise up to God like morn and even song.

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

From "The Voyage of St. Brendan."

MY BLIND CANARY.

Sweet singer to my dreams,
 My blind canary,
 I dwell upon the liquid note
 That fills thy little breast and throat,
 And comes forth piping, full and airy,
 Reaching far and far away,
 To some dreamy, twilight day
 Whose virgin star with softness beams
 On fairy dell and fairy.

When night kneels down before the West
 In silent prayer,
 That, till the morn unveils her eye
 In tranquil sleep the world shall lie,
 And serf and king like blessings share;
 'Tis then thy voice like music falls
 Along my heart's deserted halls,
 Whose mould'ring rafters find their guest
 Too sweet to bear.

Who made thy song so all divine,
 My blind canary?
 Who taught thy little tongue to sing?
 Who gave thy voice a heavenly ring?
 How learnedst thou thus to sweetly vary
 The long vibrations of thy muse,
 And o'er high angels to diffuse
 A lay too fine for hearts like mine,
 So sad and weary?

What dark-winged fate close-sealed thine eyes,
 My soul's enchanter?
 A fate, may be, of high decree
 Ordained this world thou shouldst not see,
 Or that our life's a cheat and banter.
 The heart's deep wrong, the maiden's tear,
 The pain, the strife, suspense and fear;—
 Our woes to know thou art too wise,
 Sweet heaven haunter.

Dost sing the joys of warmer climes,
 My little stranger?
 Those changeless green Canary Isles,
 Where ever long the summer smiles
 On tamarin and forest ranger?
 On those green isles, lapped by the sea,
 Perennial blooms thy parent tree,
 Far from man's sins, far from his crimes,
 And far from danger.

How cam'st thou from thy sunny isles,
 In cold to wander?
 As poets from the heavens are flung
 Mean mortals of this earth among,
 For bread to sing, and starve, and pander,
 Thou minstrel of the stately palms,
 In frosty climes dost sing for alms,
 Where man beguiles with heartless wiles,
 Deceit and slander.

The yucca and the citron tree
 Thou know'st no more;
 The guavas sweet and mangosteen
 Will never more by thee be seen;
 Thy treble note no more will pour
 O'er mango, palm and asphodel.
 And pomegranate, and aureate bell;
 No more, my bird, thy vision's free
 To see thy native shore.

There is a morn of brighter beams
 Thine eyes beneath,
 Than ever shone to mortal view
 Or fancy's painting ever drew;

Thy downy form is but the sheath,
And music, flashing on its throne
Of paradise and burnished zone.
Thy world illumines, and incense teems
On thy laurel wreath.

When low the plume of awful death
In dusk descends
Upon the couch where life is run,
And cold oblivion's night begun,
Ere yet the soul its casement rends,
The lights of heaven pass in review,
And waning hopes their pulse renew:
Such scenes are thine, to which thy breath
Its sweetness lends.

O! minstrel of the mystic trill,
And rhyme elastic!
There is a singer in my breast
That rises to thy vocal crest,
Tho' long her lute has lain monastic;
Thy dulcet notes with thee she'd share
But since thy song's untinged with care,
She stoops, and droops, and wanders still
Amid her dreams dynastic.

I dwell in space and nothingness;
With thee I'd soar!
I live in echoes of the past,
Which from the grave are to me cast,
Like phantoms on the midnight shore,
When hope would come, a weight is here
Which crushes pride and lightens fear;
For hope's misgivings bring distress
None can explore.

To thy far heights with thee I'd rise,
With soul unchained;
To that domain beyond the sky,
Beyond the clouds that on me lie,
Beyond what thought has e'er attained.
O! there falls a sheen of golden light
Chasing away the pensive night;
It blends with rays of milder glow,
And bears me from this world below,
Till faith's maintained.

HUGH F. McDERMOTT.

THE BATH OF THE GOLDEN ROBIN.

The sun beams over Laurelside
To Ana-lo-mink water,
And nature smiles in rural pride
At all the gifts he brought her.

The merry greenwood branches hold
More cheer than castle's rafter,
The gurgling river ne'er is old
With sly and mellow laughter.

How welcome is the soothing sound
Of mingling water speeding
O'er pebbly bed with laugh and bound,
Through woodland banks receding!
Ah! pleasant 'tis to close one's eyes,
And let the murmurous measure
With liquid tones of gay surprise
Fill up the fancy's pleasure.

But ere my hooded eyes could wake
Sweet fancy's happy scheming,
Came Robin Oriole to break
My sleepless, dulcet dreaming.
For Rob outshines the glowing day,
And in the sun's dominions
Seems like a ball of fire at play
On elfin sable pinions.

He glints the orchard's dropping dew,
Illumes the maple's mazes,
Dispels the pine-shade passing through,
And in the sunshine blazes.
And sweeping to a mossy bank,
His wings the flame deliver
Where fern-encloistered pebbles flank
An eddy from the river.

Here by the stream-indented path,
As master Rob did spy it,
Thought he, what chance for Sunday bath!
So tempting, cool and quiet.
He quaintly eyed the little pool,
And hopt so self-confiding,
And peeked around, like boy from school,
To see none near were hiding.

Then, listening, seemed to mark the tone
Made by the eddies' patter;
But bravely sprang upon a stone,
And plunged with splash and splatter.
The bath comes only to his knees,
But ducking as he flutters,
Against his throat the water sprees,
And round his body sputters.

It leapt in bubbles, as his crest
And wings were merrily toiling;
You'd think his ruffled, fiery breast
Had set the water boiling.

He stopt short in his merry ways,
As coy as any lady,
And, fluttering, sent a diamond haze
Around his bath so shady;

Then popt out on the olive moss
So softly deep and luscious;
Then skimm'd the blue-eyed flow'rs across,
And perched within the bushes.
He perk'd his head like dandy prig,
Now feeling fine and fresher;
And took the air upon a twig,
That scarcely felt his pressure.

Full suddenly he scanned his shank,
As though he had not reckon'd
One dip enough, flew to the bank,
And gayly took a second!
Oh! how the jolly fellow dashed
The little waves asunder!
Dove in his head and breast, and splashed
His pinion-feathers under.

Then standing up, as though to rest,
He looked around discreetly;
Again with zest the pool caress'd,
And made his bath completely.
Out hopt he where the sun-fed breeze
Came streamward warmly tender—
A brilliant piece of Atomies
Amid this mountain splendor.

Oh, balmy is the mountain air
Of May, with sunlight in it!
And blest is he from town-wrought care
Who can in greenwood win it.
But sun on Robin's radiant coat,
All drench'd, he fear'd might spoil it,
So to an alder grove did float
To make his feathery toilet.
He pick'd his wings and smooth'd his neck,
Arrang'd his vest's carnation,
And flew out without stain or speck
To dazzle all creation!

JOHN SAVAGE.

CAPTIVITY.

Within a lofty palace-tower,
Embosomed in a fragrant bower
Of roses, bright with morning dew,
Softening the sunlight passing through,
A captive wildwood songster poured
A lay of such divine accord,

So dulcet soft and silver clear,
Unconsciously I paused to hear;
And lingering in dreamy mood
In that enchanted neighborhood,
Sweet on my soul the melody
Stole, a remembered pain to be,—
A song from bitter sources fed,
That thus my heart interpreted:

"Oh! for the forest's cool green shade,
The freedom of the forest's glade;
The old familiar forest trees,
All glad with sylvan melodies;
Their mossy roots with wild flowers gay,
And many-tinted in the ray
That struggling thro' the leaves lit up
With splendor many a flower cup;
The rivulet, that, clear and bright,
Imprisoned held the noon-day light,
Or to the tranquil Summer moon
Still carolling its cheerful tune,
Lulled in their safe and downy nest
Our young ones' calm, untroubled rest.

"Oh! for the broad and bright expanse
Of Nature's genial countenance;
The fresh and fragrant forest air,
Of life the spirit everywhere
That breathed, like all-pervading love,
Diffusing joy around, above.
Oh! for the sylvan Summer dawn,
When friendly stars that, one by one,
Weary with watching, closed their eyes,
Withdrew from the awakening skies;
In every grove while joyous song
To song responded, loud and long,—
Each wild-wood songster's matin lay
To greet the coming of the Day.
Oh! for the pleasant Summer rain,
Gladdening the sultry woods again,
The ripe fruit hanging from the tree,
And berries wild, a banquet free
For Nature's careless children spread
From Nature's stores unlimited;
Oh! for the birds, the bees, the flowers,
The sharers of those happy hours."

He ceased, yet still the plaintive sound
Seemed lingering in the air around,
Diffusing through it a vague sense
Of doubt, with saddening influence,
That dimmed like clouds the radiant day—
Dull clouds no sun could drive away.

Poor captive!—nature made in vain
 His heritage, her wide domain;
 In vain his wings with power endowed
 To pierce the heaven-ascending cloud;
 One grain of wheat from out the sheaf,
 From boundless forests one poor leaf,
 Was counted bounty liberal
 From him to whom he gave his all;
 His flight, that might have sought the stars,
 Curbed by his prison's gilded bars.

And yet his master held him dear,
 Well pleased his wild sweet songs to hear;
 And often doubtless would requite
 The efforts of his favorite
 With fond caresses; and should death
 Untimely still his slender breath,
 Perchance a silent tear would shed
 On his lost songster's lowly bed,—
 The meed of freedom sacrificed
 To please a thoughtless egoist.

Child of the woods! the splendor rare
 His eye that greeted everywhere,
 To him seemed dull and faded when
 He thought of his own native glen.
 For his own native haunts he pined,
 And fellowship with his own kind;
 For freedom, heritage of all
 Who breathe the vital air and call
 Their common Father Him who gave
 Life both to tyrant and to slave.
 Lacking this wealth he still was poor,
 Rich in all else that could allure,—
 Alas! no splendor can illumine
 The darkness of the captive's doom!

MARY J. SERRANO.

THE EVERLASTING ROSE.

Emblem of hope! enchanted flower,
 Still breathe around thy faint perfume,
 Still smile amid the wintry hour,
 And boast, even now, a spring-tide bloom:
 Thine is, methinks, a pleasant dream,
 Lone lingerer in the icy vale,
 Of smiles that hailed the morning beam,
 And sighs more sweet for evening's gale!
 Still are thy green leaves whispering
 Low sounds to fancy's ear, that tell
 Of mornings when the wild bee's wing
 Shook dew-drops from thy sparkling cell!

With thee the graceful lily vied,
 As summer breezes waved her head;
 And now the snow-drop at thy side
 Meekly contrasts thy cheerful red.

Well dost thou know each varying voice
 That wakes the seasons, sad or gay;
 The summer thrush bids thee rejoice,
 And wintry robin's dearer lay.
 Sweet flower! how happy dost thou seem,
 'Mid parching heat, 'mid nipping frost;
 While gathering beauty from each beam,
 No hue, no grace, of thine is lost!

Thus hope, 'mid life's severest days,
 Still soothes, still smiles away despair;
 Alike she lives in pleasant rays,
 And cold affliction's winter air:
 Charmer alike in lordly bower
 And in the hermit's cell, she glows;
 The poet's and the lover's flower,—
 The bosom's everlasting rose!

JOHN ANSTER.

TO THE MOCKING BIRD

Winged mimic of the woods! thou motley fool
 Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?
 Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule
 Pursue thy fellows still with jest and jibe;
 Wit, sophist, songster, yorick of thy tribe,
 Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school;
 To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe;
 Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of Misrule!
 For such thou art by day—but all night long
 Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain,
 As if thou didst in this thy moonlight song
 Like to the melancholy Jacques complain,
 Musing on falsehood, folly, vice and wrong,
 And sighing for thy motley coat again.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

BLOOMING OUT OF TIME.

Poor flow'rets of the springtime that bloomed
 not in your season,
 Unseemly your unfolding 'mid the summer's
 royal cheer!
 The sweet, red roses question—and, I ween, with
 amplest reason—
 "O me! our frail, pale sisters—but where-
 fore are ye here?"

Hide your wan, wan faces, the radiant roses
shame ye!

Blush for your belatement as mortals blush
for crime!—

But O my shy, sad flow'rets! can I have heart to
blame ye?

Must I crush your tender lives out for bloom-
ing out of time?

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

LINES TO AN EXOTIC PLANT.

Poor exile from the sunny land
Where Nature's wise and friendly care
First made thy fragile leaves expand
Beneath the warm and vital air,—
What adverse fate thy tender bloom
Transferred to an ungenial soil,
Where paler suns thy days illume,
And ruder airs thy sweets despoil?

Of all thy kindred thou most fair!
Recipient of a fatal grace,—
In solitary pride to wear
The fleeting glories of thy race,
The parent flower whose life with thine
In sweet mysterious union blent,
That drew to feed thy bloom divine,
Its virtue from each element,—

When southern airs with fragrance fraught
Thy petals stir, do they respond
To tidings from far regions brought,
That wake the memory of that bond?
Do dreams of that vanished time
Within thy calyx hover now,
And memories of thy natal clime
Thy cold existence still endow?

Do memories alone remain,
Or in thy cup some atom lie,
Left by warm drops of tropic rain
That sprang to kiss thee from the sky?
Inwoven with thy being glows
The genial sunshine still, that first
Thy folded petals bade uncloze,
And into perfect beauty burst?

And when the pallid day is past
Of this cold hemisphere, do gleams
From southern constellations cast,
Revisit thee again in dreams?

Do glowing noons and purple eves
In soft reflected splendor shine,
With shadows of broad tropic leaves,
Of palm and interlacing vine?

Alas! for thee the vine and palm
Shall bud no more; no more be heard
By thee amid the airless calm
Of golden noons the humming bird.
The glancing wings of butterflies
With southern splendors lit, shall gleam
For thee no more; thy native skies
With light eclipsed, for thee, shall beam.

And then a little while shall bloom,
The glory of a hostile soil;
A while shalt waste thy rich perfume
On winds that woo thee to despoil;
Then, chill'd by Death's untimely frost,
For tropic skies no more shalt pine;
But—odor, grace and beauty lost—
Content, thy barren state resign.

MARY J. SERRANO.

THE PLAINT OF THE WILD FLOWER.

I.

I was not born for the town,
Where all that's pure and humble's trodden down;
My home is in the woods—
The over-arching cloistered solitudes,
Where the full-toned psalm
Of Nature at her matin broke the calm
Of cloudy pillowed Night,
With calmness made more visible by light:
And when the Minstrel noon
Made every young stem spring, as to a tune;
Aye, where our joys were led
To suit the fluted measures of the orb o'erhead.
I am forlorn
Here mid the waking jargon of the day;
Noon brings no light, no song of birds at play;
My plume is in the dust: I pine and pray
For the old woods, the grand old woods away
Where I was born.

II.

Here I am dying: I want room;
Room for the air of heaven, for the bloom
Of never-tiring nature; room [boom
For the verdure-freighted clouds, and thunder
That sounds relief to drouthy earth:
Room for the sunlight and the exhaustless mirth

Of laughing July's breeze,
Untangling the meshes of the branching trees;
Room for cool night and ruddy day,
For peace, for health,—aught naturally gay;
Room to take vital breath
And look on anything not painted death!
I am forlorn—
I, who from the earliest golden age,
Sat by the regal oak's foot, like a page,
And, mantled in moss, at the close of day
Slept by my prince, in the woods far away
Where I was born.

III.

Here is no room—no room
For even a flower's life; nothing but a tomb.
O, forest gods! look down,
And shield your other offspring from the town!
Ah! would that I could die [sigh,
Where o'er my wreck the forest-flowers might
And clustering shrubs anear
Weave dirges low, like leaves above my bier;
Where kindly chestnut-leaves
Would shade the woe of every plant that grieves,
And e'en the oak's head [dead.
Let fall the tears of dew when his poor page is
I am forlorn:
Night brings no darkness and the day no light;
Noon brings no noise to vary my affright;
I'm dying 'neath the city's loathsome blight,
Far, O my mother Nature! from thy sight,
Far from thy earth, thy heaven, and the wood-
land bright
Where I was born.

JOHN SAVAGE.

TO THE WIND-FLOWER.

Sweet, winsome flower that decks the wold,
Despite the snowdrift's chilling cold,
Dost thou to March's kiss unfold
Thy petals pure?
Or hast thou wakened at the song
The redbreast thrills, as bold and strong
Through early groves he wings along,
Of summer sure?
Nay, soft as is thy perfume thrown,
So is thy mystic coming known;
Thou bloomest where the winds have blown,
A beauteous thing!

~~That we may know when storms are life;~~
And tawdry joys fade in their strife,
The sweetest flowers of human life
From trouble spring.

Thus thou within this tangled dell,
Where wildling woodsy spirits dwell,
Hast cast the magic of thy spell
O'er all the scene,
Like some fair maid with face demure,
Yet witching glance from eye-depths pure,
Whose every aspect doth allure
With grace serene.

Sure blest, sweet flower, is lot of thine,
And doubly blest compared with mine;
Thou seest content each sun decline,
Nor askest why.
I dumbly watch youth's rosy years,
As each 'twixt meteor hopes and fears
Trembles and fades, and disappears.
In leaden sky.

But e'en upon thy tender leaf
I spy a dew-drop tear of grief—
Would human sorrows were as brief,
And, oh, as few!
Yet oft what seemeth gruesome ill
Is but the dew our souls distil
To keep us sweet against our will,
And fair to view.

ROWLAND B. MAHANY.

THE SUN AND THE FLOWERS.

Come hither with song and with glances bright;
Sing to the Glory who walks this way
Forever unchanged the arching height,
The Helper, the Maker of man's delight.
The Father of Morning, whose piercing ray
Illumes the shores where the darkness lay!—
Sing to the Softener of grief, the Sower,
The Ripener, the Reaper, the Lord of day,
The Slayer of death and the Life bestower!

When Light withdrew from the Darkness old,
And the fresh blue heavens and the crystal sea
Laughed in the primal Morning's gold,
Earth's rocky wastes lay stark and cold,
Without voice of zephyr or streamlet's glee.
Then the golden Sun smote the barren lea

And the shores and the hills and the plains and
passes,

And the birthday was of the shrub and tree,
Of the painted flowers and the fragrant grasses.

The clouds arose from the ocean's breast
And fell on the deserts in silver showers,
The streams awoke in their sweet unrest,
And the new-born winds at the sun's behest
Sang in the leaves of the springing bowers,
Till the waste, transformed, was a world of
flowers, [glisten,
Where the glory of light from the dews would
And they whispered sweet in the windy hours
With no eyes to see them, no ears to listen.

Then the Maker of Gods, who ruled the span
Of the starry kingdoms, the sun, the earth,
To the uttermost spaces ere time began,
Of the red clay wrought him the primal Man,
Of the bright flowers fashioned the woman's
birth;

For the joy of their bodies and hours of mirth
He gave them the grape and the wine to follow,
The game of the forest, the fish of the firth,
And the corn and the fruit of the plain and hollow.

But best for them and the soul's delight, [spun,
The flower-web of glory round the earth he
The purple of Heather, the Mead-blooms bright,
The May and the delicate woodbine's white,
The Daisy fresh, and the darling One,
The hyacinth young; and a splendor shone
From the bloom in meadow and wood-glade stilly,
And the garden glowed in the golden Sun,
With the Pink and the Rose and the saffron Lily.

Come hither, come hither, with garlands meet
For youth's bright brow and for Age's head,
Of the fairest flowers that the mornings greet
With perfumed breath and with kisses sweet
In glen and hollow and garden bed;
For Summer is come and the Winter's sped
From moor and mountain, from field and forest,
And the birds in the greenwood woo and wed,
And the blossoms laugh where the frosts lay
hoarest.

Come hither, come hither, our song to weave
Of joy, where the old Oaks branching rise!
Under their shadows let no heart grieve,
Let love meet love and its truth believe,
And laugh meet laughter!—while sunny skies
Brighten the sward and the sweet hour flies,—

From fell and forest, by spring and river,
From brake and bank where the dewdrop lies,
Gather the garlands and praise the Giver!

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

—From "Blaid."

THE AUTUMN LEAF.

The Summer sun has passed away, and o'er
the mountain's head
A diadem of golden hue is beautifully spread;
A rich and varied mass of leaves, where ev'ry
brilliant tinge
In mingled shade around the pines is shining
like a fringe.

But hark! the wailing wind is heard, it sweeps
in murmurs by;
A thousand rainbow-colored leaves go whirling
down the sky;
They bid the setting sun farewell, whilst chilled
with evening breath
They fall around the parent tree, still beautiful
in death.

The fallen leaf, the fallen leaf, what hand can
now restore
The life that filled its slender veins, the blood it
knew before?
Its beauty all has passed away, its lonely hour
is near.
And man, who blessed its summer shade forgets
that it was dear.

A solemn silence lulls the scene, the ancient
woods are hushed;
The leaves have filled the rocky cleft, where late
the fountain gushed;
Against the clear, cold azure sky the withered
boughs appear,
Where, mournfully, some lingering leaf hangs
desolate and sere.

The colored web which Autumn weaves, of
purple and of gold,
In loom of blue and crimson tints, across the
vale is rolled.
Ah! who will give us back the sun, the fountain
and the shade,
The singing birds that fluttered there, the min-
strels of the glade?

Alas, the leaf which on the branch in verdant
beauty hung,
Its Summer hour of fragrance o'er, upon the
ground is flung;
It never more, refreshed with dew, the radiant
sun shall see,
Nor with its kindred bloom again upon their
parent tree.

The moaning wind is heard at eve its requiem
to wail,
Where, with its brethren of the glen, it slum-
bers in the vale;
And birds that love the genial sun in farewell
numbers sing,
The Autumn leaf, the yellow leaf, the nursling
of the Spring.

But Spring shall come, and every flower again
be lifted up,
The tulip, like a pearl, shall keep the dewdrop
in her cup;
Around the cottage home shall bloom the blue-
bell and the rose,
And trees that drooped in winter winds a thou-
sand buds disclose.

Ah! thus when Death shall close the scene, may
Heaven's eternal spring
Around the soul her fadeless wreaths, her sacred
roses fling;
And, when she looks in triumph back, will not
her world of bliss
Seem happier for the gloom that rests on all
that's found in this?

EDWARD PURCELL.

A NOVEMBER DAY.

As in some day of autumn weather
When winds are still and clouds are low,
And the bare branches crouch together
And Nature's pulse is beating slow;
When heaven is far, and earth anear,
All in her misty shrouding drear,—

Her old blood cold; then suddenly
Some light breeze stirs the heavy air,
The dim clouds break,—an azure sky
Lies far above, so soft and fair,
And in that tiny patch of blue,
Lo! all the ways of spring we view:

The young leaves' stir, the streamlet's rush,
The little breeze that swiftly passes,
The buoyant cadence of the thrush,
The early dew on tender grasses,
The pale young flower beneath our feet,
A thousand perfumes, vague and sweet.

What though cold winter lives around
In blighted grass and songless branches?
What though the dead leaves strew the ground?
Up there they swing in merry dances:
To us somehow the spring hath come,
Though earth below is dark and dumb.

So in some still, sad, pulseless life,
That thus its burden drear is bearing,
When the tired heart, no more at strife
With its poor fate, resolves on wearing
An attitude of patient calm—
Life's music tuned to minor psalm;—

When like dead flowers our hopes are dead,
And all is dull and wintry season,
All fancies flown, all young dreams fled,
No guide henceforth but sober reason;
So through our clouds of apathy
Upreaks a glimpse of ecstasy.

It may be but a few leaves throbbing
Against the bosom of the sky,
It may be but a low breeze sobbing
In a gold twilight's mystery,
The flutter of a swift bird's wings,
Or some note in the song he sings.

And with a rush of fresh desire
Our rapt eyes see, afar,—afar,
As through the glow of sunset fire,
The gates of paradise ajar,
To the fair land of promise leading,
Where sweet gales meet us fresh from Eden.

All great things possible then seem,
All hopes fulfilled, more grand and glorious
Than ever came into the ken
Of the dim life we thought before us;
Transfigured, raised above our will—
Our Canaan viewed from Pisgah's hill.

The commonplace, the low, the mean,
The weary, dull-day life we live,
The petty beings we have been
The thoughts untrue to words we give,
Are blotted out, and for a space
What we would be for once we face.

We breathe in that diviner Spring,
 We live a life that's all-sufficing;
 And what angelic harpists sing
 Falls on our ears in strains enticing
 Bathè in the light above this mist
 In which we live not, but exist,—

Feel some prophetic thrill of bliss,
 Hear some sweet whisper in our ears,
 "It will not be for aye like this,
 Thy crown lies in the coming years,
 Life is not all a sober burden
 For unto each must come some guerdon."

MARY GEOGHEGAN.

SUN-GLOW.

Lo, the sun-light, and the south-wind, and the
 morning;

Lo, the fragrance and the glory of the day;
 You, who sneer at life with wild and bitter scorn-
 ing; [way.
 You, who gather thorns and thistles by the

Lo, the bird-songs, and the blossoms, and the
 beauty;

Lo, the purple and the amber of the sky;
 You, who scoff at hope that clings to toil and
 duty;
 You, who pass love's shining gifts so coldly by.

Lo, the distance, and the star-light, never weary;
 Lo, the river, seaward rushing, brave and true;
 You, who see the weeks keep growing dull and
 dreary; [to do.
 You, who find no work for your strong hands

Lo, the future, grand with purpose, and en-
 deavor; [emprise;
 Lo, the present, rich with struggle, and
 You, who moan and pray for some oblivious
 never, [eyes.
 Shutting out each noble promise from your

Lo, the hand-clasps, and the watching, and the
 waiting;

Lo, the splendor and the faithfulness of love;
 You, who garner to your souls the senseless
 hating, [prove.
 That at last a fierce, destroying flame will

Lo, the music of the robins and the beeches;
 Lo, the gladness of the willow, and the larch;
 You, who wander in life's gray and windless
 reaches;
 You, who in despair's sad army sadly march.

Lo, the cornfields, with the sun-glow on them
 falling;

Lo, the bounty of the ocean and the land;
 Lo, the valleys to the hill-tops bravely calling;
 These are free to willing brain and ready
 hand.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

IN THE GARDEN.

Past the town's clamor is a garden full
 Of loneliness and old greenery; at noon [croon,
 When birds are hushed, save one dim cushat's
 A ripen'd silence hangs beneath the cool
 Great branches; basking roses dream and drop
 A petal, and dream still; and summer's boon
 Of mellow grasses, to be levelled soon
 By a dew-drenched scythe, will hardly stop
 At the uprunning mounds of chestnut trees,
 Still let me muse in this rich haunt by day,
 And know all night in dusky placidness
 It lies beneath the summer, while great ease
 Broods in the leaves, and every light wind's stress
 Lifts a faint odor down the verdurous way.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

THE GOLDEN SEA.

A song for the golden sea!
 A song for the wide and wondrous main!
 For the wind-swept waves of the golden grain
 That sway on the sunlit lea!

Over the mighty deep,
 Over the waste of the waters vast,
 The stormy rack and the roaring blast
 In Nemesis-fury sweep.

Woe for the ships that gave
 Their priceless freight to the trait'rous tide.
 And dared, in their boasted strength, to glide
 Over the slumbering wave!

Woe for the storm-rent sails,
 For the riven masts, and the parted rope;
 And the human power that vainly copes
 With the strength of ocean gales!

But sing for the wave of gold—
For the shining billows that whisper low
To the summer breezes that come and go,
Of their magical wealth untold.

Sweet store of the sunlit lea!
Ah, richest treasures of golden grain!
Ah, priceless freight of the creaking wain,
Of the land's proud argosy!

From heaven that smiles above,
From the golden touch of the royal sun—
The shining sea of the vale hath won
The rarest gift of his love.

For he came in regal pride
To bathe in the dewy and verdant sea,
And lo! on the breast of the fragrant lea,
A bright Pactolus-tide!

Gone was the emerald hue,
But over the wind-swept meadows rolled
The wondrous billows of shining gold,
With diamond crests of dew.

While ships to death go down,
The golden waves of the plain are rife
With glorious dower of wealth and life,
Their glad explorer's crown.

This is the priceless boon
Of the golden sea that the sickle cleaves—
The billowy heaps of the banded sheaves,
Upreared in the summer's noon.

Then swell the harvest glee!
Of gleaner's carol and reaper's strain
Be this the ringing and glad refrain,
"All hail to the golden sea!"

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

THE CLOVER.

Some sings of the lily, and daisy, and rose,
And the pansies and pinks that the summertime
throws

In the green grassy lap of the medder that lays
Blinkin' up at the skyes through the sunshiny days;
But what is the lily, and all of the rest
Of the flowers, to a man with a hart in his breast
That was dipped brimmin' full of the honey and
dew

Of the sweet clover-blossoms his babyhood knew?

I never set eyes on a clover-field now,
Er fool round a stable, er climb in the mow,
But my childhood comes back jest as clear and
as plain

As the smell of the clover I'm sniffin' again;
And I wunder away in a bare-footed dream,
Whare I tangle my toes in the blossoms that
gleam

With the dew of the dawn of the morning of love,
Ere it wept o'er the graves that I'm weepin' above.

And so I love the clover—it seems like a part
Of the sacredest sorrows and joys of my hart,
And wharever it blossoms, oh, there let me bow
And thank the good God as I'm thankin' him

And I pray to him still for the strength when I
To go out in the clover and tell it good-bye,
And lovin'ly nestle my face in its bloom
While my soul slips away in a breth of perfume.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's
in the shock,

And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the
struttin' turkey-cock,

And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin'
of the hens,

And the rooster's halleylooyer as he tiptoes on
the fence;

O it's then's the time a feller is a-feelin' at his
best,

With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of
peaceful rest,

As he leaves the house bare-headed, and goes
out to feed the stock,

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's
in the shock.

There's something kind o' harty-like about the
atmosphere

When the heat of summer's over and the coolin'
frost is here—

Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms
on the trees,

And the mumble of the hummin' birds and
buzzin' of the bees;

But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape
through the haze

Of a crisp and sunny mornin' of the airy autumn
days—

Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to
mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's
in the shock.

The husky, rusty rustle of the tassels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden
as the morn;

The stubble in the furries—kind o' lonesome
like, but still

A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they
grewed to fill;

The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper
in the shed;

The hosses in their stalls below—the clover
overhead!—

O, it sets my heart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a
clock,

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's
in the shock!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

MORNING.

Fair on the eastern hills are the beautiful feet of
the Morning,

Waking the psalm of life and the matin hymn of
labor;

Touching with heavenly fire the looming moun-
tains of shadow,

Till the hidden landscape flames in a sudden
blaze of glory:

Calling with earnest voice the breeze that slept
in the valleys,

Till it beats with a quicker pulse, dashing the
mist before it.

Over her laughing eyes the veil of the dawn is
floating,

Hiding the sudden light that erst would startle
and blind us.

Shading her blushing face, till, casting its veiling
from her

She shines on our dazzled eyes, the fairest queen
of the hours.

Hers are the gentle hands that tap at the dream-
er's window,

Chasing the shapes away that people his land of
shadows,

While, with a voice that falls like the far-off
ripple of fountains

Heard through the summer trees, thus does she
sing beside him:

"Wake! for the darkness flies; wake! for the
world is waiting;

Life is begun anew, with all its promise before
you;

Thine are the golden hours that fill the hand of
the Present.

Wake ere the moments pass, and gathering
strength from prayer,

Light on the altar of life a lamp that shall brighten
the future!"

Hers are the rosy lips that bend by the sick man's
pillow,

Cooling with lingering breath the flush on the
heated forehead,

Waking the smile of hope that fled in the dark
night-watches,

And kissing the restless eyes like touch of a swift-
winged blessing.

Memory holds the past, and shrouding her face
in darkness,

Sits by its silent doors and waits the coming of
evening,

Then on its golden hinge turning the shadowy
portal

Bears to the waiting heart the wealth of its
buried treasure;

But clasping her sister's hand, the angel who
guards the future—

Hope, with her shining hair—walks through the
rose-bright hours,

Cleaving the morning air; then lifting her radi-
ant pinions,

Rises above the clouds, and pierces the blue
beyond them.

Thus when the sunset sleeps on the old man's
silver tresses,

Shading his weary eyes, he turns where Memory
waits him,

Holding again the crown he won in the days
departed.

But in the time when youth stands on the
threshold of manhood,

Daring with eagle glance the blaze of its morning
sunshine,

Hope on her shining wings pierces the way
before him,

Flushing the path with light that soon will be
gone forever,

Pointing to bliss beyond, and urging his swift
feet onward.

MARY E. BLAKE.

TWILIGHT.

Out of the pearly gates and golden portals of
sunset,
Crushing the amber light in the shade of her
night-black tresses,
Weaving with subtle hands the mystical web of
darkness,
Comes through the quiet air the shadowy form
of Twilight.
Wondrously fair is she as the star that gleams on
her bosom,
Holding the splendid robe that airily floats around
her;
Wondrously fair is she, with eyes that are pure
as heaven,—
Eyes from whose quiet light the blessing of
peace ascending
Falls on the cares of the day, hushing them all
to silence.

Out of the pearly gates she leads to their old-
time places
Feet that are silent now,—forms that have passed
forever;
Gently she draws them near, woos them to sit
beside us,
Holding our hands once more, speaking from
soul to spirit.
Back to the white-haired sire she brings the
days of his childhood,
Laughter and noisy games, and visions of boyish
faces,—
Days when his heart was light, and all his hopes
and his longings
Hung like pictures of gold on the beautiful
walls of the future.
Back to the mother's ears it brings the prattle of
children
(Grown to be women and men) clinging again
around her,
Fastens the broken links she lost in the quiet
churchyard,
And shows her the golden chain completed and
clasped in heaven.

But to the young man's eyes it shows in the dawn
of promise
The beautiful days to come, the battles that lie
before him;
Flashes of love and fire, victories worth the
winning,
Honor and wealth and fame, the strife and the
crown of glory.

So does she weave her spells, till on her sombre
garments
Crushed and hidden away lie all the roses of
sunset,
And a quick arrow, shot from the silver quiver
of moonbeams,
Drops through the dim gray trees to tell us the
night approaches;
Then in her shadowy wings folding the gifts she
brought us,—
Dreams of the beautiful past, hopes of the beau-
tiful future,—
Like to a dream herself departs the mystical
Twilight.

MARY E. BLAKE.

NIGHTFALL.

On wood and wave the gathering shadows fall,
The trees are whispering in the twilight gray
As if one last "good-night" they fain would say
Ere darkness shrouds them in her dusky pall.
Now one by one broad oak and poplar tall
Melt into shade, the golden-mantled day
Past the hushed lakelet softly steals away,
And solemn night sits silently on all.
But hark! the night-wind slowly creeping by
With low, dull moan the spreading darkness fills,
And slumbering nature wakes to sympathy—
For one and all the oaks and poplars sigh,
And floating faintly o'er the far-off hills
A deep sad voice comes sobbing from the sea.

EDWARD HARDING.

THE WOODS.

Hail, old woods!—primeval woods!
Nature's holy solitudes;
From age to age, Religion's everlasting pile!
Deep in your midst she raised her vast abode,
Her temple roofed and arched by God,
And solemnly lighted like cathedral aisle.
I never hear your clustered branches stirred
By the hushed anthem of the summer wind,
But call to mind
The solemn hour Jehovah's voice was heard
Passing from tree to tree,
As glides the organ's grand solemnity,—

Summer's bright blush from earth took instant
flight, [blight!

And Autumn threw around her yellow robe of
Altar and temple, both in one—all hail!
The sun on ye like incense pours his light,
And clouds, in passing, weave that holy veil
That screens your inmost shrine from mortalsight.

Ages have past; and human eyes
Have closed in their eternal sleep;
Yet ne'er hath one beheld those mysteries,
Like sacred rites, locked in your bosom deep;
But, like the Ark of Cov'nant, that within
Preserved the record dark of human sin,
The Law, the Manna, and the Rod,
The proofs and miracles of Israel's God,
Age upon age *ye've* shut from mortal eye,
The phantom-secrets that within ye lie!

How softly rests the sun upon ye now,
As tho' all heaven were open to the view,
And its bright Hierarchy showered below,
From 'neath their waving wings of golden hue,
All light they borrowed from th' Eternal throne,

When veiled before their God they stand,
Each casting down His burning zone
The fadeless starlight of that Better Land!
Lo! silence everywhere,
Pillowed on downy waves of sleeping air;
Silence, such as swayed
Creation when God sent his Fiat forth,
Commanding Light to be, and Light was made,
While guilty Darkness fled the face of Earth!

* * * *

Temples of eldest Nature, fare-ye-well!
Cathedrals God-made! ye whose incense streams,
Like adoration's soul
At sound of matin or of vesper bell,
When choiring harmonies roll
'Mid the organ's swell,
And Heaven reveals itself to Worship's dreams!
Farewell! ye Temples piled and arched by Him
Whose praise for aye shall echo 'mid your tra-
cery dim,

Not dark; for while the Sun looks down,
Image of God's fadeless crown,
Or, while the lady Moon
Lights up her cresset for the midnight-noon,
Upon your shrines shall burn that holy ray,
Earth's foretaste of a distant—endless day!
Holy of Holies! bared to Man, adieu!
When Nature consecrates the heart—that heart's
with YOU!

EDWARD MATURIN.

NATURE'S ANSWER.

I stood alone upon the white cliff's verge;
The great blue sea came rolling in below;
I heard the murmur of the restless surge;
I watched the ripples melting into snow.
A few white clouds that floated o'er the blue
Deepened the azure splendor of the sky;
Thro' fields of golden corn the south wind flew,
And ripples tracked it as it wandered by.
I could have thought that Nature lay asleep;
It was the hush of noon when all things rest;
The measured flow and reflow of the deep
Were rhythmic pulsings of her mighty breast.
And when the poppies fluttered, and I heard
The rustling wind—it was her voice that stirred.

Her breath was mine: I breathed and was content;
Her life was flowing in a boundless flood;
No need to ask what Nature's being meant;
My answer was the pulsing of her blood,
I only knew that all around me moved
A vast eternal self-sufficing life;
The faintest flutter of the poppies proved
How deep a harmony controlled the strife.
Somewhere in woodland depths the cooing dove
Sent from afar this message to my soul:
'When life is light and liberty and love,
Life is itself its own supremest goal.'
The south wind whispered as it fanned my hair:
"Be strong—trust Nature—wake from thy
despair."

I heard a voice that was not of the wind,
A laughing sound that was not of the sea;
It came again,—I turned and looked behind,—
A little child was standing near to me.
Her hair was golden as the sun in heaven.
Her arms were browner than the sunburnt wheat;
The ruddy flush that life and health had given,
Rivalled the scarlet poppies at her feet.
She looked at me from eyes of heaven's own blue,
That like the sky, glowed with a sunny smile,—
A smile of joy and innocence, that knew
No tear of misery—no cloud of guile.
I bade her tell the secret of her bliss,
She raised her lips and answered—with a kiss.

But the wind answered as it rustled by,
And the waves answered from the rocks below,—
There came this answer from the azure sky,
This from the ocean's fringe of melting snow:

"She is our sister, and our hearts are glad,
For we are Nature's children, and our breath
Is Nature's breath,—whose eyes are only sad
What time she weaves new life from threads of
death."

And so I learned that joy is all around,
That whoso will can make that joy his own;
I learned of every tint and every sound
That life and happiness are theirs alone,
The central currents of whose being glide
In harmony with Nature's ample tide,

EDMOND G. A. HOLMES.

From "Nature Lost and Found."

THE SEA.

Ebb and flow! ebb and flow!
By basalt crags, by caverns low,
Through rifted rocks, o'er pebbly strand,
On windy beaches of naked strand!

To and fro! to and fro!
Chanting ever and chanting slow,
Thy harp is swept with liquid hands,
And thy voice is breathing of distant lands!

Sweet and low! sweet and low!
Those golden echoes I surely know;
Thy lips are rich with the lazy south,
And the tuneful icebergs have touched thy mouth.

Come and go! come and go!
The sun may shine and the winds may blow,
But thou wilt forever sing, O sea!
And I never, ah! never, shall sing like thee!

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

BY THE SEA.

Bury me by the sea.

When on my heart the hand of death is prest,
If the soul lingereth ere she join the blest,
And haunts awhile her clay,
Then 'mid the forest shades I would not lie,
For the green leaves like me would droop and die.

Nor 'mid the homes of men,
The haunts of busy life, would I be laid:
There ever was I lone, and my vexed shade
Would sleep unquiet then;
The surging tide of life might overwhelm
The shadowy boundaries of the silent realm.

No sculptured marble pile
To bear my name be reared upon my breast,—
Beneath its weight my free soul would not rest;

But let the blue sky smile,
The changeless stars look lovingly on me,
And let me sleep beside this sounding sea:

This ever-beating heart
Of the great Universe! here would the soul
Plume her soiled pinions for the final goal,

Ere she should thence depart;
Here would she fit her for the high abode,
Here by the sea she would be nearer God.

I feel his presence now:
Thou mightiest of his vassals, as I stand
And watch beside thee on the sparkling sand,
Thy crested billows bow;
And as thy solemn chant swells thro' the air,
My spirit, awed, joins in thy ceaseless prayer.

Life's fitful fever o'er,
Here then would I repose, majestic sea;
E'en now faint glimpses of eternity

Come o'er me on thy shore: [given,
My thoughts from thee to highest themes are
As thy deep distant blue is lost in Heaven.

ANNE C. L. BOTTA.

OUT ON THE SEA.

Out on the sea are shadows
From the drifting clouds above,
That drape th' eternal portals
Of the realms of peace and love.

Out on the sea is sunlight
Where never shadow falls,
But floods of golden splendor
From heaven's cerulean halls.

Out on the sea is beauty
In hues that ever change,
In light and shade, in sun and cloud,
And all things bright and strange.

Out on the sea is music,
Where winds and waters meet,—
The wildest, grandest minstrelsy,
Yet strangely, sadly sweet.

Out on the sea is terror,
When the storm-king rages wild,
And to the low'ring heavens above
The giant waves are piled.

Out on the sea is mystery,
A world of fear and dread,—
With the vast unfathomed depths below,
And the white bones of the dead.

Out on the sea are argosies
With treasures rich and rare,—
The wealth that nations interchange,—
Man's choicest works are there.

Out on the sea are armaments
Surcharged with death and doom,
From forth whose yawning mouths of flame
The murderous cannons boom.

Out on the sea is majesty
When the whirlwind rides the wave,
And the dread abyss of ocean yawns
As 'twere creation's grave.

Out on the sea is power,
The might of heaven's great King,
Who speaketh in the thunder
And rides the tempest's wing!

MARY A. SADLIER

THE LIFE OF THE SEA.

These grassy vales are warm and deep,
Where apple-orchards wave and glow;
Upon soft uplands, whitening sheep
Drift in long wreaths.—Below,
Sun-fronting beds of garden thyme, alive
With the small humming merchants of the hive,
And cottage homes in every shady nook [brook.
Where willows dip and kiss the dimples of the

But all too close against my face
My thick breath feels these crowding trees;
They crush me in their green embrace,—
I miss the Life of Seas;
The wild free life that round the flinty shores
Of my bleak isles expanded Ocean pours,—
So free, so far, that, in the lull of even,
Naught but the rising moon stands on your path
to heaven.

I miss the madd'ning Life of Seas,
When the red, angry sunset dies,
And to the storm-lash'd Orcades
Resound the seaman's cries:
'Mid thick'ning night and fresh'ning gale, upon
The stretch'd ear bursts despair's appealing gun,
O'er the low reef that on the lee-beam raves
With its down-crashing hills of wild, devouring
waves.

These inland love-bowers sweetly bloom,
White with the hawthorn's summer snows;
Along soft turf a purple gloom
The elm at sunset throws:
There the fond lover, listening for the sweet
Half soundless coming of his maiden's feet,
Thrills if the linnet's rustling pinions pass, [grass.
Or some light leaf is blown rippling along the

But Love his pain as sweetly tells
Beneath some cavern beetling hoar,
Where silver sands and rosy shells
Pave the smooth glistening shore—
When all the winds are low, and to thy tender
Accents, the wavelets, stealing in, make slender
And tinkling cadence, wafting, every one,
A golden smile to thee from the fast-sinking sun.

Calm through the heavenly sea on high
Comes out each white and quiet star—
So calm up ocean's floating sky
Come, one by one, afar,
White quiet sails from the grim icy coasts
That hear the battles of the whaling hosts,
Whose homeward crews with feet and flutes in
tune, [moon.
And spirits roughly blithe, make music to the

Or if (like some) thou'st loved in vain,
Or madly wooed the already won,
—Go when the passion and the pain
Their havoc have begun,
And dare the thunder rolling up behind
The deep, to match that hurricane of mind:
Or to the sea-winds, raging on thy pale [tale.
Grief-wasted cheek, pour forth as bitter-keen a

For in that sleepless, tumbling tide—
When most thy fever'd spirits reel,
Sick with desires unsatisfied,
Dwell life and balm to heal.
Raise thy free sail, and seek o'er ocean's breast
—It boots not what—those rose-clouds in the
west,
And deem that thus thy spirit freed shall be,
Ploughing the stars thro' seas of blue Eternity.

This mainland life I could not live,
Nor die beneath a rookery's leaves;
But I my parting breath would give
Where chainless Ocean heaves;
In some gray turret, where my fading sight
Could see the lighthouse flame into the night,
Emblem of guidance and of hope, to save;
Type of the Rescuer bright who walked the
howling wave.

Nor dead, amid the charnel's breath,
 Shall rise the tomb with lies befooled,
 But, like the Greek, who faced in death
 The sea in life he ruled,
 High on some peak, wave-girded, will I sleep,
 My dirge sung ever by the choral deep ;
 There, sullen mourner, oft at midnight lone
 Shall thy familiar friend, the thunder, come to
 groan.

Soft vales and sunny hills, farewell !
 Long shall the friendship of yon bowers
 Be sweet to me as is the smell
 Of their strange lovely flowers ;
 And each kind face, like every pleasant star
 Be bright to me, though ever bright afar ;
 True as the sea-bird's wing, I seek my home
 And its glad life, once more, by boundless
 Ocean's foam !

BAR THOLOMEW SIMMONS.

BY SEPTEMBER SEAS.

The wind this morning blows from the sea
 With the sweetness of salt in its breath ;
 The balm of its kisses falls on me,
 Lazily swinging the trees beneath,
 Where my hammock dips like boats that ride
 The white capped billows of yonder tide.

All week, from the inland fields of flowers,
 Had zephyrs wafted odorous scents
 Of roses Flora within her bowers
 Burned to the summer for frankincense ;
 Until I dreamt that my dwelling stood
 In groves of spice-trees and sandalwood.

The green leaves curled on the drooping boughs
 Beneath the warmth of the scented breeze ;
 Knee-deep in deep pools, the drowsy cows
 Resigned themselves unto reveries ;
 The chirping voice of the katydid
 Was all the sound that indolence chid.

And who could linger and keep from dreams
 When summer whispered her late farewells
 To groves and meads, where the falling streams
 Tinkled like music of silver bells ?
 And the sweet voice of the winds which crooned
 Sang to the soul till its senses swooned.

Alas, for songs of the summer days
 Whose sweet enchantment is heard no more !
 I watch the sea where a misty haze
 Drifts slowly out from the sandy shore,
 And the shape it takes, I fancy, seems
 The vanishing wraith of summer dreams.

Over the hills, in a golden dress,
 Autumn is coming adown the path ;
 In new-mown meadows her footsteps press
 Where reapers gather the aftermath ;
 And the trees and vines are all aglow
 With the tints her scarlet banners show.

A truce to dreaming ; the year wanes fast
 And half its labor is still undone ;
 While folded sails hug the idle mast,
 The port lies off by the setting sun ;
 And syren songs and restraining hands
 Delay my vessel in pleasure-lands.

And still the wind that crosses the sea
 With the sweetness of salt on its lips,
 Flings down its kisses which fall on me
 In this hammock that lazily dips
 Down and across, like the boats to-day
 In the crested billows of yonder bay.

WILLIAM D. KELLY.

MY GARDEN BY THE SEA.

There is a garden by the sea,
 Tranquil as eternity,
 Where oft I breathe in happy dreams,
 'Mid bowers so thickly roofed with rose,
 The spirit, lapped in leaves at noon,
 Forgetting earth and all its pain,
 Is lulled asleep by falling rain
 Or liquid lapse of streams ;
 Now where one fronts the sunset glows,
 And one, the rising moon.

And there's a chamber latticed round
 With foliage, where the shady sound
 Is heard of bubbling, mossy springs,
 In which I rest long summer nights
 Girt by the ambrosial solitude ;
 While the doves nestle in sweet air,
 Flamed by one earnest star, and where
 I wake with stir of golden wings
 That round the open casement brood,
 And waves, and wavering lights.

Amid its flowers and fadeless trees
 Its spacious, splendourous silences,
 Its seasonless monotonies
 Of sun and moon and ocean shore,
 And watery woodland's undertone;
 The soul, inspiring mellow breath,
 Secluded past domains of death,
 Thro' Beauty's calm immensities,
 Delighted, silent and alone,
 Would range for evermore.

THOMAS C. IRWIN.

THE DREAMER.

Once more, thou darkly rolling main,
 I bid thy lonely strength adieu;
 And sorrowing leave thee once again,
 Familiar long, yet ever new!
 And while, thou changeless, boundless sea,
 I quit thy solitary shore,
 I sigh to turn away from thee,
 And think I ne'er may greet thee more.

Thy many voices which are one,
 The varying garbs that robe thy might,
 Thy dazzling hues at set of sun,
 Thy deeper loveliness by night.
 The shades that flit with every breeze
 Along thy hoar and aged brow,—
 What has the universe like these?
 Or what so strong, so fair as thou?

And when yon radiant friend of earth
 Has bridged the waters with her rays,
 Pure as those beams of heavenly birth,
 That round a seraph's footsteps blaze,
 While lightest clouds at times o'er cast
 The splendor gushing from the spheres,
 Like softening thoughts of sorrow past,
 That fill the eyes of joy with tears,—

The soul, methinks, in hours like these,
 Might pant to flee its earthly doom,
 And freed from dust to mount the breeze,
 An eagle soaring from the tomb.
 Or mixed in stainless air to roam
 Where'er thy billows know the wind,—
 To make all climes my spirit's home,
 And leave the woes of all behind.

Or wandering into worlds that beam
 Like lamps of hope to human eyes,
 Wake 'mid delights we now but dream,
 And breathe the rapture of the skies.

But vain the thought; my feet are bound
 To this dim planet,—clay to clay,—
 Condemned to tread one thorny round,
 And chained with links that ne'er decay.

Yet while thy ceaseless current flows,
 Thou mighty main, and shrinks again,
 Methinks thy rolling floods disclose,
 A refuge safe, at least from men.
 Within thy gently heaving breast,
 That hides no passions dark and wild,
 My weary soul might sink to rest,
 As in its mother's arms a child.

JOHN STERLING.

THE BED OF OCEAN.

Amazing world! how vain the thoughts of man,
 Thy depths, thy terrors, and thy wealth to scan!
 Down, down unfathomably deep are laid,
 Where plummet never dropped, where thought
 ne'er strayed, [unknown,
 Earth's vast foundations,—wrecks of worlds
 By central shocks dismembered and o'erthrown.
 What fissures, gulfs, and precipices dread,
 And dismal vales with ivory bones o'erspread;
 Vast cemet'ries, where Horror holds his court,
 Prowls the fell shark, and monstrous krakens
 sport.

What mines of gold and gems of emerald ray,
 What floors of pearl the coral grots inlay!
 Here, still as death, the oak-ribbed vessel lies,
 Wedged in the grasping rocks no more to rise;
 Sent hissing down, as thro' the sulph'rous air
 Rang the mixed shouts of triumph and despair;
 Now sluggish limpets on the decks repose;
 Thro' the rent ports the oozy tangle grows,
 And climbs the poop, where Glory's hands un-
 furled

The red-cross flag that awed the watery world.
 The victor here and vanquished side by side,
 Sleep ghastly pale, sad wrecks of human pride;
 Their nerveless hands yet grasp the fatal steel,
 And yet the warriors' ire they seem to feel.
 Unhallowed ire! oh, guilt! oh, rage unblessed!
 Here, here, Ambition, come and plume thy crest!
 Here see thy trophies, relics of the brave,
 Untimely slain, and whelm'd beneath the wave.
 See children, husbands, fathers long deplored,
 Unshrouded, gashed, and mangled by the sword;
 Here build the proud memorial of thy fame,
 And down to hell thy triumphs loud proclaim.

All-righteous Heaven! how long shall murd'rous

WIFE

O'er slaughtered hosts impel his ruthless car;
And cursed Ambition, drunk with folly, plan
The guilt, the crimes, and miseries of man?

WILLIAM H. DRUMMOND.

—From "*The Giant's Causeway*."

And spreading wide across the wold
Wakes into flight some fluttering bird,
And all the chestnut tops are stirred,
And all the branches streaked with gold.

OSCAR WILDE.

IMPRESSIONS.

I.

The sea is flecked with bars of gray,
The dull dead wind is out of tune,
And like a withered leaf the moon
Is blown across the stormy bay.

Etched clear upon the pallid sand
The black boat lies: a sailor boy
Clambers aboard in careless joy
With laughing face and gleaming hand.

And overhead the curlews cry,
Where through the dusky upland grass
The young brown-throated reapers pass,
Like silhouettes against the sky.

II.

To outer senses there is peace,
A dreamy peace on either hand,
Deep silence in the shadowy land,
Deep silence where the shadows cease.

Save for a cry that echoes shrill
From some lone bird disconsolate;
A corncrake calling to its mate;
The answer from the misty hill.

And suddenly the moon withdraws
Her sickle from the lightening skies,
And to her somber cavern flies,
Wrapped in a veil of yellow gauze.

III.

The sky is laced with fitful red,
The circling mists and shadows flee,
The dawn is rising from the sea,
Like a white lady from her bed.

And jagged brazen arrows fall
Athwart the feathers of the night,
And a long wave of yellow light
Breaks silently on tower and hall,

GLENGARIFF.

A sun-burst on the bay! Turn and behold!
The restless waves, resplendent in their glory,
Sweep glittering past yon purpled promontory,
Bright as Apollo's breast-plate. Bathed in gold,
Yon bastioned islet gleams. Thin mists are rolled
Translucent through each glen. A mantle hoary
Veils those peaked hills, shapely as e'er in story
Delphic, or Alpine, or Vesuvian old, [proud
Minstrels have sung. From rock and headland
The wild-wood spreads its arms around the bay;
The manifold mountain comes, now dark, now
bright,

Now seen, now lost, alternate from rich light
To spectral shade; and each dissolving cloud
Reveals new mountains while it floats away.

AUBREY DE VERE.

STEEDS OF THE OCEAN.

O'er the wild gannet's bath
Come the Norse Coursers!
O'er the whale's heritage
Gloriously steering!
With beaked heads peering,
Deep-plunging, high-rearing,
Tossing their foam abroad,
Shaking white manes aloft,
Creamy-necked, pitchy-ribbed
Steads of the ocean!

O'er the sun's mirror green
Come the Norse Coursers!
Trampling its glassy breadth
Into bright fragments!
Hollow-backed, huge-bosomed,
Fraught with mailed riders,
Clanging with hauberks,
Shield, spear, and battle-axe,
Canvas-winged, cable-reined
Steads of the ocean!

O'er the wind's ploughing field
Come the Norse coursers!
By a hundred each ridden,
To the bloody feast bidden,
They rush in their fierceness
And ravine all round them!
Their shoulders enriching
With fleecy-light plunder,
Fire-spreading, foe-spurning
Steeds of the ocean!

GEORGE DARLEY.

—From "*Ethalstan*."

THE COAST OF CLARE.

LISCANNOR BAY.

Two walls of precipices black and steep,
The storm-lashed ramparts of a naked land,
Are parted here by leagues of lonely sand
That make a bay; and up it ever creep
Billowy ocean ripples half asleep,
That cast a belt of foam across the strand,
Seething and white, and wake in cadence grand
The everlasting thunder of the deep.
And there is never silence on that shore;
Alike in storm and calm foam-fringes gird
Its desolation, and the Atlantic's roar
Makes mighty music. Though the sea be stirred
By scarce a breath of breeze, yet evermore
The sands are whitened, and the thunder heard.

NEAR KILKEE.

I once did wander on a misty day
In solitary mood along the verge
Of those dark cliffs that hear the mournful dirge
Of billows breaking in Intrinsic Bay;
Far, far below rose sheets of blinding spray
Flung from the waves that ceaselessly submerge
The fallen fragments of the cliffs, and surge,
And foam, and boil, and then are sucked away.
White sea-mists hid the waters waste and wide:
The winds were hushed, yet broke eternally
The melancholy thunder of the sea,
That voice of solitude: companionless
I wandered on; there reigned on every side
The majesty of utter loneliness.

LOOPHEAD.

A sheer surf-beaten island fronts the shore,
Close to the headland cliffs, whence stormy waves
Have sent it: there the sea imprisoned raves
Between dark dungeon walls, and evermore
Deep in that chasm, with sullen booming roar,

Comes surging in a rushing, raging tide, [side,
That pants and boils, and climbs each dripping
Then sinks as madly as it rose before.
Beyond, bright crests of ocean waves are tost
Into the far faint haze that ends the view:
Northward, the headlands of a rocky coast
Are white with surf; while southward, broad and
The Shannon rolls, in tranquil majesty, [blue,
Into the billows of the boundless sea.

FROM THE CLIFFS OF BALTARD.

Across the heaving ocean's billowy flow
Lie paths of gold that deepen into red:
The west is bright: black storm-clouds overhead
Give a strange sweetness to the evening glow.
The swell of the Atlantic breaks below,
With thunderous resonance: long lines of white
Tell where the iron coast beats back the might
Of stormy seas: dark headlands fringed with
snow—

From blue Loophead to Arran's sunken strand—
Deep gloomy precipice-encircled bays,
Sheer craggy islets, flats of whitened sand,
Are all scarce dimmed by veils of purpling haze:
While somewhere in the glory of the west
Lie the enchanted islands of the blest.

EDMOND G. A. HOLMES.

MORNING ON THE IRISH COAST.

Th' anam au Dhia! but there it is,
The dawn on the hills of Ireland!
God's angels lifting the night's black veil
From the fair, sweet face of my sireland!
Oh, Ireland, isn't it grand you look,
Like a bride in her rich adornin',
And with all the pent up love of my heart,
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.
This one short hour pays lavishly back
For many a year of mourning;
I'd almost venture another flight,
There's so much joy in returning—
Watching out for the hallowed shore,
All other attractions scornin';
Oh, Ireland, don't you hear me shout?
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

Ho! ho! upon Cleena's shelving strand,
The surges are grandly beating,
And Kerry is pushing her headlands out
To give us the kindly greeting;

Into the shore the sea-birds fly
 On pinions that know no drooping;
 And out from the cliffs, with welcomes charged,
 A million of waves come trooping.

Oh, kindly, generous Irish land,
 So leal and fair and loving,
 No wonder the wandering Celt should think
 And dream of you in his roving!
 The alien home may have gems and gold—
 Shadows may never have gloomed it;
 But the heart will sigh for the absent land,
 Where the love-light first illumed it.

And doesn't old Cove look charming there,
 Watching the wild waves' motion,
 Leaning her back up against the hills,
 And the tip of her toes on the ocean?
 I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells,
 Ah, maybe their chiming's over,
 For it's many a year since I began
 The life of a Western rover.

For thirty summers, astore machree.
 Those hills I now feast my eyes on,
 Ne'er met my vision, save when they rose,
 Over Memory's dim horizon.
 Even so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed
 In the landscape spread before me;
 But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope
 To see Texas' sky still o'er me,

Ah! often upon the Texan plains,
 When the day and the chase were over,
 My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave,
 And around this coast-line hover;
 And the prayer would rise, that some future day
 All danger and doubtings scornin',
 I'd help to win my native land
 The light of young liberty's mornin'.

Now fuller and truer the shore-line shows—
 Was ever a scene so splendid?
 I feel the breath of the Munster breeze, —
 Thank God that my exile's ended.
 Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
 The vale and cot I was born in!
 Oh, Ireland, up from my heart of hearts,
 I bid you the top of the mornin'.

JOHN LOCKE

THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
 The rain a deluge showers,
 The clouds were rent asunder
 By lightning's vivid powers:
 The night both drear and dark,
 Our poor devoted bark,
 Till next day there she lay
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dashed upon the billow,
 Our opening timbers creak;
 Each fears a watery pillow,
 None stops the dreadful leak;
 To cling to slippery shrouds,
 Each breathless seaman crowds,
 As she lay till next day
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wished for morrow
 Broke through the hazy sky;
 Absorbed in silent sorrow,
 Each heaved a bitter sigh;
 The dismal wreck to view
 Struck horror to the crew
 As we lay on that day
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent.
 When heaven, all bounteous ever,
 Its boundless mercy sent;
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers:
 Now we sail with the gale
 From the Bay of Biscay, O!

ANDREW CHERRY.

THE WEDDING—A DUET.

Oh! never such a sight:
 As pale and breathless she lies hushing
 The throbbing her young bosom fills,
 And puts her silver fingers forth.
 And through the parted bushes peers
 So anxiously, and sweet and long,
 A wondering at his lonesome stay,
 Whom she, light-footed from the West,
 All through the endless night and wood,
 Hath sought, led on by the Great Spirit,
 She, the soft-voiced, lovely Juniata:
 There in the morning light.

Oh ! never such a sight :
 As flushed and frowning, he came rushing
 Adown between the mist-crowned hills,
 Down from his wigwam in the North,
 Quitting the skies whose watchful tears
 Had shaped him stout of limb, and strong
 Of arm to push his manly way
 Through stubborn ridge from base to crest.
 To where he surely wist he should
 Meet her, led on by the Great Spirit,
 He, the young and lordly Susquehanna,
 There in the morning light.

Oh ! never such a sight :
 He sweeping round the valley's bend
 While she, on maiden tip-toe rising,
 Feasts loving glances on the friend
 She has so lonesome been abiding ;
 He, helpless, seeks the fatal shore,
 Charm-blinded by her eyes, dark-flashing
 Within the portals of the door
 Through which her slender form is passing :
 He opens wide his giant arms,
 The young and lordly Susquehanna ;
 She nestles there her virgin charms,
 The soft-voiced, lovely Juniata ;
 There in the bright sunlight.

Oh ! never such a sight :
 Down in the green-cloak-white-lined bay,
 How snug together they are lying,
 When night shuts up the gates of day,
 And bids the plover stop his piping ;
 All still but assonance of wind
 Humming its ever-changing whimpers
 To consonance of waves, that find
 Shore-rest in unisonic whispers ;
 How lightly sleeps, that wedding-eve,
 The young, true-hearted Susquehanna ;
 And by his side, no more to leave,
 The sweet-breathed, lovely Juniata :
 There in the dim twilight.

JOHN PATRICK BROWN.

SONG OF THE STREAMS.

" The dirge of Nature is her streams ! Their song
 Speaks a soft music to man's grief, and those
 Most love them who have loved all else in vain ;
 We charmed that lone one as he passed along
 From the dark thralldom of his dream of woes,—
 His sadness died before our sadder strain.

" The imaged sun floats proudly on our breast
 Ever beside each wanderer, tho' there be
 Many to tread our path of turf and flowers :
 A thousand sparkling orbs for one impress
 On us—for ours is the bright mimicry
 Of Nature, changing with the changeful hours.

" And thus we have a world, a lovely world,
 A softened picture of the upper sphere
 Sunk in our crystal depths and glassy caves ;
 And every cloud beneath the heavens unfurled,
 And every shadowy tint they wear, sleeps here,
 Here in the voiceless Kingdom of the waves.

" On to the ocean ! ever, ever on !
 Our banded waters, hurrying to the deep,
 Lift to the winds a song of wilder strife ;
 And white plumes glittering in to-morrow's sun
 Shall crest our waves when starting out of sleep
 For the glad tumult of their ocean life.

" On to the Ocean ! through the midnight chill,
 Beneath the glowing stars, by woodlands dim,
 A silvery wreath of beauty shall we twine.
 Thus may our course—ceaseless, unwearied still—
 Pure—blessing as it flows—aye shadow Him
 Our courses who unlocked with hand divine !"

WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER.

—From "*Evensong of the Streams.*"

LAMENT OF THE RIVER.

Mourns the river : I came down from the moun-
 Jubilant with pride and glee, [tain
 Leaping thro' the winds, and shouting
 That I had an errand to the sea !

The rocks stood against me, and we wrestled,
 But I leaped from the holding of their hands,
 Leaped from the holding, and went slipping
 And sliding into lower lands.

I carolled as I went, and the woodlands
 Smiled as my song murmured by,
 And the birds on the wing heard me singing,
 And dropped me a blessing from the sky.

The flowers on the bank heard me singing,
 And the buds that had been red and sweet
 Grew redder and sweeter as they listened,
 And their golden hearts began to beat.

The cities through their din heard me passing,
They came out and crowned me with their
towers;

✓ The trees hung their garlands up above me,
And coaxed me to rest among their bowers.

But I laughed as I left them in the sunshine :
There was never aught of rest for me
Till I mingled my waters with the ocean,
Till I sang in the chorus of the sea.

Ah me! for my pride upon the mountain,
Ah me! for my beauty in the plains,
Where my crest floated glorious in the sunshine,
And the clouds showered strength into my
veins.

Alas! for the blushing little blossoms,
And the grasses with their long golden drifts,
For the shadows of the forest in the noontide,
And the full-handed cities with their gifts.

I have mingled my waters with the ocean,
I have sung in the chorus of the sea,
And my soul from the tumult of the billows
Will nevermore be jubilant and free.

I sing, but the echo of my mourning
Returns to me shrieking back again,
One wild weak note amongst the myriads [main.
That are sobbing 'neath the thunders of the

Oh, well for the dewdrop on the gowan,
Oh, well for the pool upon the height,
Where the kids gather thirsty in the noontide,
And stars watch thro' all the summer night.

There is no home-returning for the waters
To the mountain, whence they came glad and
There is no happy ditty for the singer [free;
That has sung in the chorus of the sea.

ROSA MUEHLLAND.

TROUT-FISHING.

Across the fields and through the dew
Still sparkling on the blossomed clover,
We lightly trudge, with all the blue
Broad arch of morning beaming over;
The woods before are dark and cool,
With here and there a golden glimmer,
And over many a wayside pool,
A gleam, a flash, a shade, a shimmer.

By winding paths and mossy lanes,
All brightly fringed with flower and berry,
We pass, nor pause to note the strains
Of woodland warblers blithe and merry,
Our thoughts are bent on "cast" and "play,"
We hardly heed the splendors o'er us,
But haste with quickening steps away
To reach the glorious sport before us,

With lisping, low-voiced monotone
The brook flows by in curves and sallies,
And bears its rippling music down
To daisied slopes and verdant valleys;
Through serried pines the sunlight falls
Like grains of gold thro' emerald drifted,
And near, the cleft and towering walls
Of ledge and cliff to heaven are lifted.

Soft winds blow down from ridge and grove
Where balsam boughs are gently swaying,
And round a silvery beech above
Two heedless squirrels are briskly playing:—
But now to work with rod and line,
And dainty flies on trusted leader;
We'll take the first auspicious sign,
And cast below yon slanting cedar.

A gleam, a splash! By George, he's fast!
A lusty fellow, and how he rushes,
Now here, now there, now swiftly past
A bend of fern and alder-bushes!
The whistling line spins merrily out;
He leaps, and flings a sparkling torrent
Of crystals round, then wheels about
And heads straight up the foamy current!

Behind a boulder now he darts,
And now across to deep recesses
Beneath a brambly bank, then starts
For sheltering beds of tangled cresses;
But vain, all vain!—subdued at last,
He yields, and faintly gasps and flounders;
'Tis o'er,—your sportive hour is past,
O royal prince of plump two-pounders!

Again with feathery touch the flies
Dance lightly over pool and shallow,
And, darting through reflected skies,
The wary trout retreat or follow;
A "coachman" now their fancy takes,
Or now a "miller" or now a "hack!"
And many a plunging beauty breaks,
To try our skill and test our tackle.

Still higher, higher mounts the sun,
 The morn hastes on and noon is nearing;
 Now varying sounds come borne upon
 The breeze that blows o'er copse and clearing:
 The far cock-crow, the jangling bell
 That tells where browsing herds are straying;
 The quail's clear pipe in lonely dell,
 The woodman's call, the hound's deep baying.

Still down the grassy marge we go,
 Now list'ning to the tall trees moaning,
 Now catching from a glade below
 A drowsy mill's perpetual droning;
 Still on:—the miller's brown-faced boy
 Stands knee-deep in the shining water,
 And near, with startled glance and coy,
 The miller's comely dark-eyed daughter.

So through the long, bright, balmy day
 In shade and sun alternate ranging,
 We speed the hastening hours away,
 Where scene and sound are ever changing,
 Till all the hills are dashed with gold
 That pales eve's dimly dawning crescent,
 And twilight falls on field and wold,
 Like veiling gauze o'er forms quiescent.

Soft, soothing calm of summer woods,
 Of streams that chant in rhythmic numbers,
 Of fragrant, flowery solitudes,
 Where peace with folded pinions slumbers,
 Full oft to thee doth fancy take
 Her airy flight from burdened highways,
 To roam again by brook or lake,
 Or dream in leafy paths and byways.

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

THE LIFFEY.

Delicious Liffey! from the bosoming hills [pure,
 What man who sees thee issuing strong and
 But with some wistful, fresh emotion fills,
 Akin to Nature's own sweet temperature.

And, haply, thinks:—on this green bank 'twere
 sweet

To make one's mansion sometime of the year;
 For health and pleasure on these uplands meet,
 And all the isle's amenities are here.

Hither the merry music of the chase
 Floats up the festive borders of Kildare;
 And slim-bright steeds extending in the race
 Are yonder seen, and camping legions there.

These coverts hold the wary-gallant fox;
 There the parked stag waits his enlarging day,
 And there, triumphant o'er opposing rocks,
 The shooting salmon quivers thro' thy spray.

The heath, the fern, the honey-fragrant furze
 Carpet thy cradling steep; thy middle flow
 Laves lawn and oak-wood: o'er thy downward
 course
 Laburnums nod and terraced roses blow.

To ride the race, to hunt, to fowl, to fish, [do,
 To do and dare whate'er brave youth would
 A fair fine country as the heart could wish,
 And fair the brown-clear river running through.

Such seemest thou to Dublin's youth to-day,
 Oh clear-dark Liffey, mid the pleasant land;
 With life's delights abounding, brave and gay,
 The song, the dance, the softly yielded hand,

The exulting leap, the backward flying fence,
 The whirling reel, the steady-leveled gun;—
 With all attractions for the youthful sense,
 All charms to please the manly mind, but one.

For thou, for them, alas! nor History hast,
 Nor even Tradition; and the Man aspires
 To link his present with his Country's past,
 And live anew in knowledge of his sires;

No rootless colonist of alien earth,
 Proud but of patient lungs and pliant limb,
 A stranger in the land that gave him birth,
 The land a stranger to itself and him.

Yet, though in History's page thou may'st not
 High places set apart for deeds sublime [claim
 That hinge the turnings of the gates of Fame
 And give to view the avenues of Time;

Not all unglorious in the olden day
 Art thou, Moy-Liffey; and the loving mind
 Might round thy borders many a gracious lay
 And many a tale not unheroic find.

Sir Almeric's deeds might fire a youthful heart
 To brave contention 'mid illustrious peers;
 Tears into eyes as beautiful might start
 At tender record of Isolda's tears;

Virtue itself uplift a loftier head, [stancy,
 Linked through the years with Ormond's con-
 And airs from Runnymede around us spread,—
 Yea, all the fragrance of the Charter Tree

Wafted down time, refresh the conscious soul
 With Freedom's balms, when, firm in patient
 Dublin's De Londres, to Pandolfo's scroll [zeal,
 Alone of all refused to set his seal;

Or when her other Henry's happier eyes
 Up-glancing from his field of victory won.
 Beheld, one moment, 'neath adoring skies,
 The lifted isle lie nearer to the sun.—

For others, these. I, from the twilight waste
 Where pale Tradition sits by Memory's grave,
 Gather this wreath, and ere the nightfall haste
 To fling my votive garland on thy wave.

Wave, waft it softly; and when lovers stray
 At summer eve by stream and dimpling pool,
 Gather thy murmurs into voice, and say,
 With liquid utterance, passionate and full,

Scorn not, sweet maiden, scorn not, vigorous
 youth,

The lay, though breathing of an Irish home,
 That tells of woman-love and warrior-ruth
 And old expectancy of Christ to come.

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

—From "Meggda" a

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters
 meet.

Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must depart
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my
 heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the
 scene

Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
 Oh, no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom,
 were near.

Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment
 more dear;

And who felt how the best charms of nature
 improve

When we see them reflected from looks that we
 love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love
 best,

Where the storms which we feel in this cold world
 should cease.

And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in
 peace.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE WINDING BANKS OF ERNE.

Adieu to Ballyshannon! where I was bred and
 born;

Go where I may, I'll think of you, as sure as
 night and morn;

The kindly spot, the friendly town, where every-
 one is known,

And not a face in all the place but partly seems
 my own.

There's not a house or window, there's not a field
 or hill,

But, east or west, in foreign lands, I'll recollect
 them still;

I leave my warm heart with you, though my back
 I'm forced to turn—

So adieu to Ballyshannon and the winding banks
 of Erne!

No more on pleasant evenings we'll saunter
 down the Mall.

Where the trout is rising to the fly, the salmon
 to the fall;

The boat comes straining on her net, and heavily
 she creeps.

Cast off, cast off!—she feels the oars, and to her
 berth she sweeps;

Now stem and stern keep hauling, and gathering
 up the clue,

Till a silver wave of salmon rolls in among the
 crew,

Then they may sit, and have their joke, and set
 their pipes to burn—

Adieu to Ballyshannon, and the winding banks
 of Erne!

The music of the waterfall, the mirror of the
 tide,

When all the green-hilled harbor is full from
 side to side—

From Portnasun to Bulliebawns, and round the
 Abbey Bay,

From the little rocky island to Coolnargit sand-
 hills gray;

While far upon the southern line, to guard it like
a wall,
The Leitrim mountains, clothed in blue, gaze
calmly over all,
And watch the ship sail up or down, the red flag
at her stern ;—
Adieu to these, adieu to all the winding banks of
Erne !

Farewell to you, Kildony lads, and them that
pull an oar,
A lug-sail set, or haul a net, from the Point to
Mullaghmore ;
From Killybegs to Carrigan, with its ocean-
mountain steep,
Six hundred yards in air aloft, six hundred in the
deep ;
From Dooran to the Fairy Bridge, and round by
Tullen strand,
Level and long, and white with waves, where
gull and curlew stand ;—
Head out to sea when on your lee the breakers
you discern ;—
Adieu to all the billowy coast and winding banks
of Erne !

Farewell Coolmore,—Bundoran ! and your sum-
mer crowds that run
From inland homes, to see with joy th' Atlantic
setting sun !
To breathe the buoyant salted air, and sport
among the waves ;
To gather shells on sandy beach, and tempt the
gloomy caves ;
To watch the flowing, ebbing tide, the boats, the
crabs, the fish ;
Young men and maids to meet and smile, and
form a tender wish ;
The sick and old in search of health, for all
things have their turn—
And I must quit my native shore, and the wind-
ing banks of Erne !

Farewell to every white cascade from the Har-
bor to Belleek,
And every pool where fins may rest, and ivy-
shaded creek ;
The sloping fields, the lofty rocks, where ash and
holly grow ;
The one split yew-tree gazing on the curving
flood below ;
The Lough that winds through islands under
Turaw mountain green ;
The Castle Caldwell's stretching woods, with
tranquil bays between ;

And Breesie Hill, and many a pond among the
heath and fern,—
For I must say adieu-adieu to the winding banks
of Erne !

The thrush will call through Camlin groves the
livelong summer day ;
The water run by mossy cliff, and bank with
wild-flowers gay ;
The girls will bring their work and sing beneath
a twisted thorn,
Or stray with sweethearts down the path among
the growing corn ;
Along the river-side they go, where I have often
been,—
Oh, never shall I see again the days that I have
seen. ~
A thousand chances are to one I never may re-
turn,—
Adieu to Ballyshannon, and the winding banks
of Erne !

Adieu to evening dances, when merry neighbors
meet,
And the fiddle says to boys, and girls "get up
and shake your feet,"
To "shanachus" and wise old talk of Erin's days
gone by—
Who trenched the rath on such a hill, and where
the bones may lie,
Of saint, or king, or warrior-chiefs ; with tales of
fairy power,
Add tender ditties sweetly sung to pass the
twilight hour,
The mournful song of exile is now for me to
learn—
Adieu, my dear companions on the winding
banks of Erne !

Now measure from the Commons down to each
end of the Purt,
From the Red Barn to the Abbey, I wish no one
any hurt ;
Search through the streets, and down the Mall
and out to Portnasun,
If any foes of mine be there, I pardon every
one ;
I hope that man and woman kind will do the
same by me,
For my heart is sore and heavy at voyaging the
sea.
My loving friends I'll bear in mind, and often
fondly turn,
To think of Ballyshannon and the winding banks
of Erne !

If ever I'm a moneyed man, I mean, please God,
 to cast
 My golden anchor in the place where youthful
 years were passed;
 Though heads that now are black and brown
 must meanwhile gather gray,
 New faces rise by every hearth, and old ones
 drop away—
 Yet dearer still that Irish hill than all the world
 beside;
 It's home, sweet home, where'er I roam, through
 lands and waters wide.
 And if the Lord allows me, I surely will return
 To my native Ballyshannon, and the winding
 banks of Erne.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

MEMORIES OF THE ERNE.

The summer days are darker now, the wintry
 days more drear,
 And leaf and flower in glen and bower more
 sober seem, and sere,
 Than when, in boyhood's sunny days, which
 knew no hour of shade.
 Along thy banks, O stately Erne, with idle steps
 I strayed!
 'Twas five and twenty years ago, and long years
 they have been,
 Yet freshly still before me spreads the fair,
 familiar scene—
 The blooming slopes, the billowy fields, the
 winding paths and ways,
 The woodlands near, the hills afar, all veiled in
 mystic haze,
 And, gliding grandly to the sea, with many a
 flash and gleam,
 And many a curve by swelling shores, the dear
 old storied stream,
 That flows and frets o'er ford and fall, to meet
 the waves below,
 And murmurs still the song it sang a thousand
 years ago!

To thee, Belleek, where anglers came from all
 the country round,
 And simple lives of lowly toil by simple joys
 were crowned;
 And thee, Rose-isle, whose ivy-crested crumb-
 ling tower hath stood
 Through centuries a warder gray above the foamy
 flood;

And thee, Tetunny, blandly calm, within whose
 solemn shade
 The mingled dust of sire and son in peaceful
 rest is laid;
 Corlea's green vale, Cliff's stately halls, Laputa's
 emerald grove,
 Fair Camlin woods, and Kathleen's Fall, long
 famed in lays of love;
 To Ballyshannon's shingly strand, and bright
 Bundoran Bay—
 To each and every dear old spot doth memory
 fondly stray!

Much changed, I fear, is all the scene, yet
 grandly thou dost flow,
 O stately stream, as erst thou didst a thousand
 years ago!

A mother, parted from her child, whose absence
 spans the years,
 Sees not, when gazing fond and far, with vision
 dimmed by tears,
 A stalwart form, with bearded face and vigor-
 ous, manly ways,
 But still beholds the darling boy she clasped in
 happy days;
 The boy may be to manhood grown, and all his
 ways be strange,
 But to the mother's wistful eye Time's hand hath
 wrought no change;
 And thus doth faithful memory still preserve the
 favorite scene,
 And picture o'er each cherished charm, though
 long years intervene;
 Mayhap the scene is sadly changed, and many a
 charm decayed,
 But o'er the lamp that memory holds no dark-
 ening hand is laid,
 New footsteps press thy banks, O Erne, but still
 thy waters flow
 With rhythmic murmur as they did a thousand
 years ago!

Since last, like soothing strains at eve, their rip-
 pling cadence fell
 On ears not then attuned to notes of prouder,
 loftier swell,
 I've stood where Hudson's mighty tide sweeps
 downward to the sea,
 And gazed on Mississippi's grand expanse of
 majesty;
 Potomac's war-scarred shores I've seen, by sum-
 mer bloom made fair,
 And climbed the hills which sentinel the lordly
 Delaware;

By many a sylvan stream I've strayed, and many
 a mossy shore,
 Where varying splendors glorified the emerald
 landscape o'er;
 To each and all, in north and south, and east,
 and bounteous west,
 I freely grant a generous meed, and hold their
 charms confessed;
 But still to thee my heart returns, and all its
 currents flow,
 Dear Erne, still murmuring as thou didst a
 thousand years ago.

Alas! that from the peaceful vale where calm
 contentment smiled,
 And simple pleasures, sweetly pure, the passing
 hours beguiled—
 Alas! that thence thy children's steps in youth
 or age should turn,
 No more to press thy blooming banks and flowery
 paths, O Erne!
 But chance and fate hath thus decreed, and were
 I now to stand
 Upon thy shore, this face might be a strange one
 in the land!
 The kindly friends, the comrades dear, whom
 last I saw through tears,
 Are changed, I ween, as much as I, by five and
 twenty years!
 And some in calm Tetunny sleep, and some
 have strayed afar,
 To dree or die 'neath tropic sun or glittering
 northern star.
 But thou, bright Erne, thy course doth run, to
 meet the waves below,
 And chanteth still the song they heard a thou-
 sand years ago.

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

THE INNY'S SIDE.

Green grows the turf by Inny's side,
 And white the daisies spring,
 When April cometh forth a bride
 To hear the brown thrush sing.

And peeps my bonny gem of blue,
 Sweet, pure, forget-me-not,
 The sheltering rushes slyly through;
 And by that favored spot

The proud swan sails with open wing,
 The water lilies wait
 Till summer's sun to them shall bring
 The white robes of their state.

On Inny's banks, by Inny's stream,
 In Ballymulvey's grove,
 I dreamt my earliest, tenderest dream
 Of never-ending love.

Vain mortals that we dreamers are—
 All things must end below,
 And after April cometh June,
 And after June tide, snow.

And so, grown old, I ponder on,
 Those days by Inny's stream,
 And find the hopes I built upon
 Were but a sweet, brief dream!

A dream? Well, be it ever so—
 Such visions pleasures bring;
 Too soon comes winter with his snow;
 Let young hearts dream in spring.

WILLIAM GEOGHEGAN.

LOUGH BRAY.

A little, lonely moorland lake,
 Its waters brown and cool and deep—
 The cliffs, the hills behind it make
 A picture for my heart to keep.

For rock and heather, wave and strand,
 Wore tints I never saw them wear;
 The June sunshine was o'er the land—
 Before, 'twas never half so fair!

The amber ripples sang all day,
 And singing spilled their crowns of white
 Upon the beach, in thin pale spray
 That streaked the sober sand with light.

The amber ripples sang their song,
 When suddenly from far o'erhead
 A lark's pure voice mixed with the throng
 Of lovely things about us spread.

Some flowers were there, so near the brink
 Their shadows in the wave were thrown;
 While mosses, green and gray and pink,
 Grew thickly round each smooth dark stone.

And, over all, the summer sky
 Shut out the town we left behind ;
 'Twas joy to stand in silence by,
 One bright chain linking mind to mind.

Oh, little lonely mountain spot !
 Your place within my heart will be
 Apart from all life's busy lot
 A true, sweet, solemn memory.

ROSE KAVANAGH.

SWEET AVONDU.

On Cleada's hills the moon is bright,
 Dark Avondu still rolls in light ;
 All changeless is that mountain's head,
 That river still seeks ocean's bed ;
 The calm blue waters of Loch Lene
 Still kiss their own sweet isles of green ;
 But where's the heart as firm and true
 As hill, or lake, or Avondu ?

It may not be : the firmest heart
 From all it loves must often part ;
 A look, a word will quench the flame,
 That time or fate could never tame ;
 And these are feelings proud and high
 That through all changes cannot die,
 That strive with love, and conquer too—
 I knew them all by Avondu.

Farewell, ye soft and purple streaks
 Of evening on the beauteous Reeks ;
 Farewell, ye mists that love to ride
 On Cahir-bearna's stormy side
 Farewell, November's moaning breeze,
 Wild minstrel of the dying trees ;
 Clara, a fond farewell to you !
 We meet no more by Avondu.

No more ; but thou, O glorious hill,
 Lift to the moon thy forehead still !
 Flow on, flow on, thou dark, swift river
 Upon thy free, wild course forever ;
 Exult, young hearts, in lifetime's spring,
 And taste the joys pure love can bring ;
 But, wanderer, go ! they're not for you—
 Farewell, farewell, sweet Avondu !

To-morrow's breeze shall swell the sail
 That bears me far from Innisfail ;
 But, lady, when some happier youth
 Shall see thy worth and know thy truth,

Some lover of thy native land
 Shall woo thy heart and win thy hand,
 O, think of him who loved thee too,
 And loved in vain by Avondu !

JAMES J. CALLANAN.

DOWN BY THE DODDER.

Nature I love in all her moods,
 But I more oft have sought her
 Where on the silence of green woods
 Breaks in the rush of water.
 The noise of streamlets' ceaseless flow
 Has soothed my spirit ever,—
 Blank seems fair nature's fairest show
 Without some gleaming river.

Had I to own a grand estate
 (The notion makes me shiver)
 For these three things I'd stipulate
 A lake, a hill, a river.
 Your dull, flat, woody parks may be
 Baronialler and broader ;
 A glen for me 'twixt hills and sea,
 With a live stream like Dodder.

Too long have I thy neighbor been,
 Dear stream, without exploring
 Thy course amid the meadows green,
 Thy purling and thy roaring ;
 For thou, too, placid stream, hast roared,
 While in wild wintry weather
 Thou hast thy mountain torrent poured
 Between the crags and heather.

Thy mountain cradle's far away,
 Thy race is run ; and mine is
 Nearer perhaps—ah ! who can say
 How near ? —unto its *finis*.
 And so from life's loud dusty road,
 A somewhat jaded plodder,
 I steal to this serene abode,
 And thee, suburban Dodder.

I lean me on this orchard wall
 And sniff the pears and cherries—
 Each shrub and tree, both great and small,
 Stoops 'neath its load of berries.
 That redbreast thieving yonder, see !
 Poor innocent marauder,
 The seventh commandment binds not thee
 A-robbin' near the Doddic.

And now our seaward ramble meets
 A rustic, quaint and still town,
 Which you must spell with double *l*—
 God bless it, dear old Milltown!
 Yet here, even here, one likes to dine:
 Rich scenery's poor fodder
 For poet going up the Rhine,
 Or going down the Dodder.

My song must cease, but thine goes on;
 Thy musical, meek murmur
 Broke nature's silence ages gone—
 Thy voice has but grown firmer.
 In shade and shine, grave, gay, sing on,
 And scoop thy channel broader;
 From dawn to dark, from dark to dawn,
 Flow on, sing on, O Dodder!

Flow on! Poor Moore once warbled here
 "Flow on, thou shining river!"
 Thy race is run, the sea is near,
 My muse grows sad—forgive her,
 And as we've strewn upon thy banks,
 Our very softest sawder,
 Flash back thy sunniest smile in thanks
 Upon thy Laureate, Dodder!

I leave thee. Shall it be for aye,
 A river's long forever?
 "I will return," we often say,
 And yet return, ah! never.
 Well, on life's road, through dust or flowers,
 A not less useful plodder
 I'll be, please God, for these calm hours
 Spent on the banks of Dodder.

MATTHEW RUSSELL.

LIMERICK TOWN.

Here I've got you, Philip Desmond, standing in
 the market-place,
 'Mid the farmers and the corn-sacks, and the hay
 in either space,
 Near the fruit-stalls, and the woman knitting
 socks and selling lace.

There is High street, up the hill-side, twenty
 shops on either side,
 Queer, old-fashioned, dusky High street—here
 so narrow, there so wide,
 Whips and harness, saddles, signboards, hanging
 out in quiet pride.

Up and down the noisy highway, how the mar-
 ket people go!
 Country girls in Turkey kerchiefs—poppies mov-
 ing to and fro—
 Frieze-clad fathers, great in buttons, brass and
 watch-seals, all a-show.

Merry—merry are their voices, Philip Desmond,
 unto me,
 Dear the mellow Munster accent, with its inter-
 mittent glee;
 Dear the blue cloaks and the gray coats, things
 I long have longed to see.

E'en the curses, adjurations, in my senses sound
 like rhyme,
 And the great rough-throated laughter of that
 peasant, in his prime,
 Winking from the grass-bound cart-shaft, brings
 me back the other time.

Not a soul, observe you, knows me, not a friend
 a hand will yield,
 Would they know, if to the land-marks all around
 them I appealed?
 Know me! If I died this minute—dig for me
 the Potter's field!

Bricks wax gray, and memories grayer, and our
 faces somehow pass
 Like reflections from the surface of a sudden-
 darkened glass.
 Live you do, but as a unit of the undistinguished
 mass.

"Pshaw! you're prosy." Am I prosy? Mark
 you then this sunward flight:
 "I have seen this street and roof-tops ambered
 in the morning's light.
 Golden in the deep of noonday, crimson on the
 marge of night.

"Continents of gorgeous cloud-land, argosies of
 blue and flame,
 With the sea-wind's even pressure o'er this roar-
 ing fabourg came."
 This is fine supernal nonsense. Look, it puts
 my cheek to shame.

Come, I want a storm of gossip, pleasant jests
 and ancient chat;
 At that dusky doorway yonder my grandfather
 smoked and sat,
 Tendrils of the wind-blown clover sticking in his
 broad-leaved hat.

There he sat and read the paper. Fancy I recall
him now!

All the shadow of the house-front slanting up
from knee to brow;

Critic he of far convulsions, keen-eyed judge of
sheep and cow.

Now he lives in God's good judgment. Simon,
much he thought of me,

Laughing gravely at my questions, as I sat upon
his knee—

As I trifled with his watch-seal, red carbuncle
fair to see.

Ancient house that held my father, all are gone
beyond recall,

There's where Uncle Michael painted flower-pots
on the parlor wall,

There's where Nannie, best of she-goats, munched
her hay and had her stall.

Many a night from race and market down this
street six brothers strode,

Finer, blither, truer fellows never barred a coun-
try road,

Shouting, wheeling, fighting, scorning watch-
man's law and borough code.

Hither, with my hand in her hand, came my
mother many a day,

She, the old man's pet and darling, at his side
or far away,

And her chair was near the window, half in
square and half in bay.

Oh, my mother, my pure-hearted, dear to me
as child and wife,

Ever earnest, ever toilsome in this quick unrest-
ing strife,

Ever working out the mission of a silent, noble
life.

Do I love you? Can you ask me? Do I love you,
mother mine?

Love you! Yes, while God exists and while His
sun and moon shall shine,

I was yours. O, sweet, bright darling, in the
Heavens I shall be thine:

If I write this rhyming gossip, all about the
ancient street,

'Tis because the very footpaths were made
blessed by your feet;

Dear, pale mother! writing of you, how my
heart and pulses beat!

Beat and beat with warm convulsions, and my
eyes are thick with tears,

And your low song by my cradle sounds again
within mine ears:

Here's the highway which you trod once, I thrice
filled with childish fears.

Rolled the wagons, swore the carters outside in
the crowded street,

Horses reared, and cattle stumbled, dogs barked
high from loads of wheat,

But inside the room was pleasant, and the air
with thyme was sweet.

Others now are in their places, honest folk who
know us not,

Do I chafe at the transition? Philip, 'tis the com-
mon lot;

Do your duty, live your lifetime, say your pray-
ers, and be forgot.

JOHN FRANCIS O'DONNELL.

ON THE RAMPART: LIMERICK.

Cheerily rings the boatman's song

Across the dark-brown water;

His mast is slant, his sail is strong,

His hold is red with slaughter—

With beeves that cropped the field of Glynn,

And sheep that pricked their meadows,

Until the sunset-cry trooped in

The cattle from the shadows.

He holds the foam-washed tiller loose,

And hums a country ditty;

For under clouds of gold turned puce,

Gleam harbor, mole, and city.

O town of manhood! maidenhood!

By thee the Shannon flashes—

There Freedom's seed was sown in blood,

To blossom into ashes.

St. Mary's, in the evening air,

Springs up austere and olden;

Two sides its steeple gray and bare,

Two sides with sunset golden.

The bells roll out, the bells roll back,

For lusty knaves are ringing;

Deep in the chancel, red and black,

The white-robed boys are singing.

The sexton loiters by the gate
 With eyes more blue than hissoop,
 A black-green skull-cap on his pate
 And all his mouth a-gossip.
 This is the town beside the flood—
 The walls the Shannon washes—
 Where Freedom's seed was sown in blood,
 To blossom into ashes.

How thick with life the Irish town!
 Dear gay and battered portress,
 That laid all save her honor down,
 To save the fire-ringed fortress.
 Here Sarsfield stood, here lowered the flag
 That symbolized the people—
 A riddled rag, a bloody rag,
 Plucked from St. Mary's steeple.
 Thick are the walls the women lined
 With courage worthy Roman,
 When, armed with hate sublime, if blind,
 They scourged the headlong foeman.
 This is the town beside the flood,
 That round its ramparts flashes.
 Where Freedom's seed was sown in blood,
 To blossom into ashes.

This part is mine: to live divorced
 Where foul November gathers,
 With other sons of thine dispersed,
 Brave city of my fathers—
 To gaze on rivers not mine own,
 And nurse a wasting longing,
 Where Babylon, with trumpets blown,
 South, North, East, West, comes thronging—
 To hear distinctly, if afar,
 The voices of thy people—
 To hear through crepitating jar
 The sweet bells of thy steeple—
 To love the town, the hill, the wood,
 The Shannon's stormful flashes,
 Where Freedom's seed was sown in blood,
 To blossom into ashes.

JOHN FRANCIS O'DONNELL.

THE HUDSON.

Sound to the sun thy solemn joy forever!
 Roll forth the enormous gladness of thy waves,
 Mid boundless bloom, thou bright majestic river,
 Worthy the giant land thy current laves!
 Each bend of beauty, from the stooping cliff,
 Whose shade is dotted by the fisher's skiff,—

From rocks embattled, that, abrupt and tall,
 Heave their bulk skyward like a castle-wall,
 And hem thee in, until the rapids hoarse
 Split the huge marble with an earthquake's force,
 To where thy waves are sweet with summer
 scents,

Flung from the highland's softer lineaments—
 Each lovelier change thy broadening billows take,
 Now sweeping on, now like some mighty lake,
 Stretching away where evening-tinted isles
 Woo thee to linger mid their rosy smiles—
 The lonely cove, the village-humming hill,
 The green dell lending thee its fairy rill—
 All, all are old familiar scenes to one
 Who tracks thee but by fancy's aid alone.

Yet well his boyhood's earnest hours adored
 The haunted headlands, since he first explored
 With Weld the vast and shadowy recesses
 Of their grand woods and verdant wildernesses;
 Since first he opened the enchanted books
 Whose words are silver, liquid as the brooks,
 Of that loved wanderer who told the west
 VanWinkle's wondrous tale, and filled each breast
 By turns with awe, delight, or blithe emotion,
 Painting the life thy forest-shadows knew,
 What time the settlers, crowding o'er the ocean,
 Spread their white sails along thy waters blue.

Theirs were the hearts true liberty bestows,
 The valor that adventure lights in men;
 And in their children still the metal glows,
 As well can witness each resounding glen
 Of the fair scene, whose mellow colors shine
 Beneath the splendor of yon evening orb,
 That sinks serene as WASHINGTON'S decline,
 Whose memory here should meaner thoughts
 absorb.

Here rose the ramparts, never reared in vain
 When justice smites in two the oppressor's chain;
Here, year on year, thro' yonder heaven of blue,
 The bomb's hot wrath its rending volleys threw
 Against those towers, which, scorning all attack,
 Still rolled the assailants' shattered battle back;
 Till, as they fled in final rout, behind
 Soared the Republic's flag, high-floating in the
 wind

Long may that star-emblazoned banner wave
 Its folds triumphant o'er a land so brave,
 Fanned by no breeze but that which wafts us now
 The laugh of Plenty, leaning on the plough!

BARTHOLOMEW SIMMONS.

THE VALE OF SHANGANAH.

When I have knelt in the Temple of Duty,
 Worshipping honor and valor and beauty—
 When, like a brave man, in fearless resistance,
 I have fought the good fight on the field of existence;
 When a home I have won in the conflict of labor,
 With truth for my armor and thought for my sabre,
 Be that home a calm home where my old age
 may rally,
 A home full of peace in this sweet pleasant
 valley.
 Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah ! *
 Greenest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah !
 May the accents of love, like the droppings of
 manna, [nah!
 Fall sweet on my heart in the Vale of Shanga-

Fair is this isle—this dear child of the ocean—
 Nurtured with more than a mother's devotion ;
 For see ! in what rich robes has Nature arrayed
 her, [Heder,
 From the waves of the west to the cliffs of Ben
 By Glengariff's lone islets—Loch Lene's fairy
 water, [her;
 So lovely was each that then matchless I thought
 But I feel, as I stray through each sweet-scented
 alley,
 Less wild but more fair is this soft verdant valley !
 Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah !
 Greenest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah !
 No wide-spreading prairie—no Indian savanna,
 So dear to the eye as the Vale of Shanganah !

How pleased, how delighted, the rapt eye reposes
 On the picture of beauty this valley discloses,
 From that margin of silver, whereon the blue
 water [daughter !
 Doth glance like the eyes of the ocean foam's
 To where, with the red clouds of morning combining,
 The tall "Golden Spears" o'er the mountains
 are shining,
 With the hue of their heather, as sunlight
 advances, [lances !
 Like purple flags furled round the staffs of the
 Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah !
 Greenest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah ;
 No lands far away by the calm Susquehannah,
 So tranquil and fair as the Vale of Shanganah !

But here, even here, the lone heart were ben-
 nighted.
 No beauty could reach it, if love did not light it ;
 'Tis this makes the Earth, O ! what mortal can
 doubt it ?
 A garden with it—but a desert without it !
 With the lov'd one, whose feelings instinctively
 teach her, [feature,
 That goodness of heart makes the beauty of
 How glad through this vale would I float down
 life's river,
 Enjoying God's bounty, and blessing the Giver !
 Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah !
 Greenest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah !
 May the accents of love, like the droppings of
 manna, [nah !
 Fall light on my heart in the Vale of Shanga-
 DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

GOUGAUNE BARRA.

There is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra,*
 Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow ;
 In deep-valleyed Desmond—a thousand wild
 fountains
 Come down to that lake from their home in the
 mountains.
 There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken
 willow
 Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow ;
 As, like some gay child that sad monitor scorning,
 It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.
 And its zone of dark hills—oh, to see them all
 bright'ning,
 When the tempest flings out its red banner of
 lightning,
 And the waters rush down, 'mid the thunder's
 deep rattle,
 Like clans from the hills at the voice of the battle ;
 And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
 And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are scream-
 ing,
 Oh, where is the dwelling in valley, or highland,
 So meet for a bard as this lone little island ?
 How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,
 And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera,
 Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home
 by the ocean,
 And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,

* Lying to the south of Killyn hill, near Dublin

* A lake in the western part of the county of Cork, and
 source of the river Lee.

And thought of thy bards, when assembling
together,
In the cleft of thy rocks, or the depth of thy
heather,
They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and
slaughter,
And waked their last song by the rush of thy
water!

High sons of the lyre, oh, how proud was the
feeling,
To think while alone through that solitude
stealing,
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,
And mingled once more with the voice of those
fountains
The song's even echo forgot on her mountains;
And gleaned each gray legend, that darkly was
sleeping
Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty
were creeping.

Last bard of the hills! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp, and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which like thee to our country
has bound me,
Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around
me,
Still—still in those wilds might young liberty
rally,
And send her strong shout over mountain and
valley;
The star of the west might yet rise in its glory,
And the land that was darkest be brightest in
story.

I, too, shall be gone—but my name shall be
spoken
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken;
Some minstrel will come, in the summer eve's
gleaming,
When freedom's young light on his spirit is
beaming,
And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avon-Buce seeks the kisses of
ocean,
Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that
river,
O'er the heart, and the harp, that are weeping
forever.

JAMES J. CALLANAN.

GREEN HILLS OF ADAIR.

How oft in the spirit we yearn
For faces and forms that have fled!
While the calm lights of memory burn,
How oft from the living we turn
To the dead!
So my thoughts now go wandering back,
O'er a quiet and shadowy track,
Till they rest by a murmuring stream,
Where in years gone I dreamed a sweet dream,
Among the green hills of Adair—
The beautiful hills of Adair.

And a maiden, as sweet as the flowers
That bloomed by that murmuring stream,
Walked beside me among the wild bowers,
Thro' the months, and the days, and the hours
Of that dream,
But a messenger cruel as Death
Broke in on that dream, and her breath
Passed away with a prayer and a sigh,
As that murmuring stream glided by,
Among the green hills of Adair—
The beautiful hills of Adair.

But I wander there yet, and I hear
The tones of that murmuring stream;
And the form and the face that were dear,
In the beauty of youth reappear;
And I dream—
Oh, I dream of a land and a life,
Lying far beyond earth and its strife,
Wherein, not again to be crossed,
I shall find the sweet spirit I lost
Among the green hills of Adair,
The beautiful hills of Adair.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

O SWEET ADARE.

O sweet Adare, O lovely vale,
O soft retreat of sylvan splendor!
Nor summer sun nor morning gale
E'er hailed a scene more softly tender.
How shall I tell the thousand charms,
Within thy verdant bosom dwelling,
When lulled in Nature's fost'ring arms,
Soft peace abides and joy excelling!

Ye morning airs, how sweet at dawn
The slumbering boughs your song awaken,
Or linger o'er the silent lawn
With odor of the harebell taken.

Thou rising sun, how richly gleams.
 Thy smile from far Knockfierna's mountain
 O'er waving woods and bounding streams,
 And many a grove and glancing fountain.

Ye clouds of noon, how freshly there,
 When summer heats the open meadows,
 O'er parched hill and valley fair,
 All coolly lie your veiling shadows.
 Ye rolling shades and vapors gray,
 Slow creeping o'er the golden heaven,
 How soft ye seal the eye of day,
 And wreath the dusky brow of even.

In sweet Adare the jocund Spring
 His notes of odorous joy is breathing,
 The wild birds in the woodland sing,
 The wild flowers in the vale are breathing.
 There winds the Mague, as silver clear,
 Among the elms so sweetly flowing,
 There fragrant in the early year
 Wild roses on the banks are blowing.

The wild duck seeks the sedgy bank
 Or dives beneath the glistening billow
 Where graceful droop and clustering dank
 The osier bright and rustling willow;
 The hawthorn scents the sedgy dale,
 In thicket lone the stag is belling,
 And sweet along the echoing vale
 The sound of vernal joy is swelling.

GERALD GRIFFIN

BALLYSPELLIN.

All you that would refine your blood,
 As pure as famed Llewellyn,
 By waters clean, come every year
 To drink at Ballyspellin.*

If lady's cheek be green as leek
 When she comes from her dwelling,
 The kindling rose within it glows
 When she's at Ballyspellin.

The sooty brown, who comes from town,
 Grows here as fair as Helen;
 Then back she goes to kill the beaux
 By drink of Ballyspellin.

* Once a famous Spa in Kilkenny.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
 As Rose, or bright Dunkelling;
 And Mars might make a fair mistake
 Were he at Ballyspellin.

We men submit as they think fit,
 And here is no rebelling;
 The reason's plain: the ladies reign,
 They're queens at Ballyspellin.

By matchless charms, unconquered arms,
 They have the way of quelling
 Such desperate foes as dare oppose
 Their power at Ballyspellin.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
 To bring their Anne or Nell in,
 With so much grace, I'm sure no place
 Can vie with Ballyspellin.

No politics, no subtle tricks,
 No man his country selling;
 We eat, we drink, we never think
 Of these at Ballyspellin.

The troubled mind, the puffed with wind,
 Do all come here pell-mell in,
 And they are sure to work their cure
 By drinking Ballyspellin.

Death throws no darts thro' all these parts.
 No sextons here are knelling;
 Come, judge and try, you'll never die
 But live at Ballyspellin.

Except you feel darts tipt with steel
 Which here are every belle in:
 When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
 We die at Ballyspellin.

Within this ground we all sleep sound,
 No noisy dogs a-yelling;
 Except you wake, for Celia's sake,
 All night at Ballyspellin.

There all you see, both he and she:
 No lady keeps her cell in:
 But all partake the mirth we make
 Who drink at Ballyspellin.

THOMAS SHKRIDAN

AT KILLARNEY,—JULY, 1800.

How soft the pause ! the notes melodious cease,
Which from each feeling could an echo call ;
Rest on your oars, that not a sound may fall
To interrupt the stillness of our peace.
The fanning west wind breathes upon our cheeks,
Yet glowing with the sun's departed beams.
Through the blue heaven the cloudless moon
pours streams
Of pure, resplendent light, in silver streaks
Reflected on the still, unruffled lake ;
The Alpine hills in solemn silence frown,
While the dark woods night's deepest shades
embrown ;
And now once more that soothing strain awake !
Oh, ever to my heart with magic power [hour !
Shall those sweet sounds recall that rapturous

MARY TIGHE.

KILLARNEY.*

By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Emerald isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths, and woodland dells,
Memory ever fondly strays.
Bounteous nature loves all lands ;
Beauty wanders everywhere,
Footprints leaves on many strands,
But her home is surely there,
Angels fold their wings and rest
In that Eden of the west,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Heaven's reflex, Killarney.

Innisfallen's ruin'd shrine
May suggest a passing sigh,
But man's faith can ne'er decline,
Such God's wonders floating by
Castle Lough and Glenna Bay,
Mountains Tore and Eagle's nest ;
Still at Muckross you must pray,
Though the monks are now at rest,
Angels wonder not that man
There would fain prolong life's span,
Beauty's home, etc.

No place else can charm the eye
With such bright and varied tints
Every rock that you pass by
Verdure borders or besprints.

Virgin there the green grass grows,
Every morn spring's natal day,
Bright hued berries daff the snows,
Smiling winters frown away.
Angels often pausing there,
Doubt if Eden were more fair,
Beauty's home, etc.

Music there for echo dwells,
Makes each sound a harmony,
Many voic'd the chorus swells,
Till it faints in ecstasy.
With the charming tints below
Seems the heaven above to vie,
All rich colors that we know
Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky.
Wings of angels so might shine,
Glancing back soft light divine,
Beauty's home, etc.

EDMUND FALCONER.

MALOGA'S HOLY WELL.

I loved to stray where Funcheon's stream
Winds thro' fair meadows, vernal dressed,
And watch the sunlight's farewell gleam
When cloud-isles floated in the west ;
No place was there that nursed its tide,
On which I dearer loved to dwell,
Than when, entranced, I stood beside
Maloga's Holy Well.

The cloister, ivy-clad, looked down
In solemn splendor o'er the scene—
On tombs time-worn to gray or brown—
Memorials of what once had been.
The shadow of the hawthorn tree
Upon its mystic waters fell,
And wrapped in beauteous mystery
Maloga's Holy Well.

Upon its velvet, mossy brink
Betimes I knelt in silent prayer,
Then from the goblet rose to drink
The blessed waters sparkling there ;
I watched its bubbles, rapture-bound,—
How sweet upon it then to dwell,
When dreamy stillness reigned around
Maloga's Holy Well.

* These stanzas are usually ascribed to Balfe, but were written by Falconer (whose real name was O'Rorke), and sung in his drama, "The Peep o' Day Boys."

Still memory often pointing back
 To varied joys of vanished years,
 With roses strewn the exile's track—
 The exile's lonely spirit cheers;
 Its wavering hand might cease to trace
 The changing tints of grove and dell,
 But from it time can ne'er efface

Malaga's Holy Well.

EUGENE GEARY.

CLONDALLAGH.

Are the orchards of Scurragh
 With apples still bending?
 Are the wheat-ridge and furrow
 On Cappaghneale blending?
 Let them bend—let them blend!
 Be they fruitful or fallow,
 A far dearer old friend
 Is the bog of Clondallagh!

How sweet was my dreaming
 By Brosna's bright water,
 While it dashed away, seeming
 A mountain's young daughter!
 Yet to roam with its foam,
 By the deep reach, or shallow,
 Made but brighter at home
 The turf fires from Clondallagh!

If whole days of a childhood
 More mournful than merry,
 I sought thro' the wild wood
 Young bird or ripe berry,
 Some odd sprite, or quaint knight,
 Some Sinbad, or Abdallah,
 Was my chase by the light
 Of bog fir from Clondallagh!

There the wild duck and plover
 Have felt me a prowler
 On their thin, rushy cover,
 More fatal than fowler;
 And regret sways me yet,
 For the crash on the callow;
 When the matched hurlers met,
 On the plains of Clondallagh!

Yea, simply to measure
 The moss with a soundless
 Quick step, was a pleasure
 Strange, stirring, and boundless;

For its spring seemed to fling
 Up my foot, and to hallow
 My spirit with wing,
 O'er the sward of Clondallagh!

But alas! in the season
 Of blossoming gladness,
 May be strewn over reason
 Rank seeds of vain sadness!
 While a wild, wayward child,
 With my young heart all callow,
 It was warmed and beguiled
 By dear Jane of Clondallagh!

On the form with her seated,
 No urchin dare press on
 My place, while she cheated
 Me into my lesson!
 But soon came a fond claim
 From a lover to hallow
 His hearth with a dame—
 In my Jane of Clondallagh!

When the altar had risen,
 From Jane to divide me,
 I seemed in a prison,
 Tho' she still was beside me:
 And I knew more the true,
 From the love, false or shallow,
 The farther I flew
 From that bride, and Clondallagh!

JOHN D. FRAZER

DON ISLE.*

Lonely beneath the silent stars
 It stands, a gray and moldering pile,
 Wrecked in the wild Cromwellian wars,
 The sea-girt castle of Don Isle.
 The wild waves beat the castle wall,
 And bathe the rocks with ceaseless showers;
 Dark heaving billows plunge and fall
 In whitening foam beneath the towers.

High beetling o'er the headland's brow,
 All seamed and battle-scarred it stands,
 And rents and gaping ruins show
 The ravage of the spoiler's hands.

* Cromwell's siege of the sea-girt castle and fortress of Don Isle, which was heroically defended by a female descendant of Nicholas Le Poer, Baron of Don Isle, is represented by Sir Bernard Burke, in his "Romance of Irish History," as full of legendary interest. See biographical note.

Two hundred years have rolled away,
And still, at twilight's haunted hour,
A ghostly lady seems to stray
By ruined barbacan and tower.

Dauntless within her own domain
She held at bay her father's foe,
Till faithless followers fired the train
That laid her feudal fortress low;
Afar her exiled children roam;
She perished in the smouldering pile,
The last of all her house and home,
The lonely lady of Don Isle.

The gray moss gathers on the wall,
And low beneath the crowning stars
The crumbling turrets waste and fall,
Wrecked in the wild Cromwellian wars:
And peasants round their evening fire
With many a tale the hours beguile,
Of warrior ghosts and spectres dire,
That haunt the castle of Don Isle.

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

THE OLD CASTLE.

There is an old Castle hangs over the sea—
'Tis living thro' ages, all wrecked tho' it be;
There's a soul in the ruin that never shall die,
And the ivy clings round it as fondly as I.
O! proud as the waves of that river pass on,
Their tribute they bear to that Castle so lone,
And the sun lights its gray head with beams
from the sky,
For he loves the dear ruin as fondly as I.

Right grand is the freedom which dwells on the
spot,
For the hand of the stranger can fetter it not;
The strength of that Castle its day-spring has
told,
But the soul of the ruin looks out as of old;
And the river—the river no tyrant could tame—
Sweeps boldly along without terror or shame;
Yet she bends by that Castle so stately and high,
And sings her own love-song as gladly as I.

How weird on those waters the shadows must
seem, [dream,
When the moonlight falls o'er them as still as a
And the star-beams awake, at the close of the
day,
To gaze on a river eternal as they!

How the ghosts of dead ages must glide thro'
the gloom,
And the forms of the mighty arise from the tomb,
And the dream of the past through the wailing
winds moan, [own.
For they twine round the ruin as if 'twere their

There is an old Castle hangs over the sea,
And ages of glory yet, yet shall it see, [sky,
And 'twill smile to the river, and smile to the
And smile to the free land when long years go by;
And children will listen, with rapturous face,
To the names and the legends that hallow the
place,

When some minstrel of Erin, in wandering nigh,
Shall sing that dear Castle more grandly than I.

ELLEN DOWNING.

ABBEY ASSAROE.

Grey, grey is Abbey Assaroe, by Ballyshannon
town.

It has neither door nor window, the walls are
broken down;

The carven stones lie scatter'd in briar and nettle-
bed;

The only feet are those that come at burial of
the dead.

A little rocky rivulet runs murmuring to the
tide,

Singing a song of ancient days, in sorrow, not in
pride;

The boor-tree and the lightsome ash across the
portal grow,

And heaven itself is now the roof of Abbey
Assaroe.

It looks beyond the harbor-stream to Gulban
mountain blue;

It hears the voice of Erna's fall,—Atlantic
breakers too;

High ships go sailing past it; the sturdy clank
of oars

Brings in the salmon boat to haul a net upon the
shores;

And this way to his home-creek, when the sum-
mer day is done,

The weary fisher sculls his punt across the set-
ting sun;

While green with corn is Sheegus Hill, his cot-
tage white below;—

But grey at every season is Abbey Assaroe.

There stood one day a poor old man above its
 broken bridge;
 He heard no running rivulet, he saw no moun-
 tain-ridge;
 He turn'd his back on Sheegus Hill, and view'd
 with misty sight
 The abbey walls, the burial-ground with crosses
 ghostly white;
 Under a weary weight of years he bow'd upon
 his staff,
 Perusing in the present time the former's epitaph;
 For, grey and wasted like the walls, a figure full
 of woe,
 This man was of the blood of them who founded
 Assaroe.
 From Derry Gates to Drowas Tower, Tirconnell
 broad was their's;
 Spear-men and horse-men, bards and wine, and
 mitred abbot's prayers;
 With chanting in the holy house which they had
 builded high
 To God and to Saint Bernard—whereto they
 came to die.
 No workhouse grave for him, at least! the ruins
 of his race
 Shall rest among the ruined stones of this their
 saintly place.
 The fond old man was weeping, and tremulous
 and slow
 Along the rough and crooked road he crept from
 Assaroe.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

WICKLOW.

Yes, this is Wicklow; round our feet
 And o'er our heads its woodlands smile;
 Behold it, love,—the garden sweet
 And playground of our stormy isle.
 Look round thee from this wooded height
 Where, girdled in its sheltering trees,
 Our home uprears its turrets bright,—
 Our own dear home of rest and peace.
 Is it not fair, the leafy land?—
 Not boasting Nature's sterner pride,
 Voluptuous beauty, scenes that stand
 By minds immortal deified;
 Yet fraught with sweet, resistless spells
 That wake a deep, a tranquil love,—
 The witchery of the ferny dells
 The magic of the murmuring grove,

The ever-present varying sea,
 The graceful Peaks, the violet hills,
 The fruitful lawn and flowery lea,
 The breezy moors, the golden rills.

A land with every delicate tint
 Of fleeting shadow, wandering light,
 Rich as the rainbows when they glint
 O'er its own bays ere falls the night.

Here all the year the mountains change
 From month to month, from hour to hour,
 Now rosy-flushed, now dim and strange,
 Now sparkling from the sunlit shower,

Now far in moving clouds withdrawn;
 Or gilt with yellowing fern and larch,
 Or smit with crimson beams of dawn,
 Or silvered with the sleets of March.

Fair when the first pale primrose shines,
 The first gay moth the furze has kissed;
 When under Little Gilt-spear's pines
 The bluebells seem an azure mist;

When summer robes with all her leaves
 The rough ravine, the lakelet's shore,
 Or when the reaper piles his sheaves
 Beside the pools of Avonmore;

When the brown bee on Croghan bites
 In eager haste the heathbell through,
 And children climb Glencely's heights,
 To gather fraughans fresh with dew;

When grouse lie thick in lonely plots
 On Lugnaquilla's lofty moor,
 And loud the sportsman's echoing shots
 Ring from the rocks of Glenmalure.

Fair when the woodland strains and creaks
 As loud the gathering whirlwinds blow,
 And thro' the smoke-like mist the Peaks
 In warm autumnal purples glow;

When madly toss the brackens' plumes
 Storm-swept upon the seaward steep,
 And far below them foams and fumes
 On beach and cliff the wrathful deep.

Till cloud and tempest, creeping lower,
 Old Djouce's ridges swathe in night,
 And down through all his hollows pour
 The foaming torrents, swollen and white;

Or when o'er Powerscourt's leafless woods,
 With crests that down the tempest lean,
 Bend, braving winter's fiercest moods,
 The pines in all their wealth of green.

A tract of quiet pastoral knolls;
Of farms; of gardens breathing balm;
Gray beaches where the billow rolls
With wandering voice in storm or calm;

Of sombre glen and lonely lake,
Of ivied castles, ruined fanes,
Wild paths by crag and skyey brake,
And dewy fields and bowery lanes;

With glimpses sweet and prospects wide
Of sea and sky from wood or scar,
And faint hills glimmering from the tide
That tell of other realms afar.

A spot that owns the priceless charm
Of gentler human hearts and minds,—
A people whom the roughest storm
True to its kindlier impulse finds;

A kindly folk in vale and moor,
Unvexed with rancors, frank and free
In mood and manners,—rich with poor
Attuned in happiest amity;

Where still the cottage door is wide,
The stranger welcomed at the hearth,
And pleased the humbler hearts confide
Still in the friend of gentler birth;

A land where always God's right hand
Seems stretching downward to caress
His wayward children as they stand
And gaze upon its loveliness,

GEORGE F. ARMSTRONG.

From "De Verdun of Davragh."

TO WICKLOW.

Adieu, sweet country! O'er the roaring deep,
By the wild tempest on the billows borne,
A waif of youth, I go: and I could weep
With childhood's tears to see thee, this fair morn,
Thy dark peaks lit with blushes of the dawn,
Thy rough shores beaten by the whitening main,
Thy lowland paradise of grove and lawn,—
Encinctured in a bow of jewelled rain;
For I may look upon thy face no more
For many a rolling year. Ah me! how oft
By thy wild rivulets and flowery dales,
Thy broken chapels and thy crumbling towers,
Thy grand old hills and solitary vales,
Have I in childhood wandered . . .

Ah! happy hours forever flown,
Forever flown.

The dark sea with its hollow moan
Of moonlit waves on wintry shores,
The darkling cataract that roars
Through leafless wood and lonely moor,
The gloomy tarn whose dismal sigh
Rolls upward toward a stormy sky
At midnight; such are as the swell
Of marriage music to the mournful knell
Of that deep sigh—"no more!"
No more! no more! 'tis murmured by the breeze,
The sweet wild breeze that stirs the silvery hair,
And blows a mist of tearful memories
In eyes now waxing dim. No more! no more!
The pure sweet perfume of the summer air
At rosy dawn, the heaving ocean-wave
That breaks in playful spray on glimmering sands,
Bearing low whisperings from distant lands
Of those who never may return; the bloom
Of flowers that blossom o'er a lonely grave
Forgotten save by *one*, whose trembling hands
Have twined the chaplets, and whose tender eyes
Weep o'er them year by year; the purple gloom
Of even, and the changing lights that fall
Above the skies of setting suns; all, all
One burthen breathe alone—no more! no more!

EDMUND J. ARMSTRONG.

PLEASANT GLENS OF MUNSTER.

Pleasant glens of Munster, glorious in the noon-
light,

Charming in the moonlight, sparkling in the dew,
When hath seer or poet, wrapt in visions golden,
Ever yet beholden sweeter glens than you?

There the feathered warbler cheers the shaded
arbor;

There the flowers of morning match the skies of
blue;

There the streamlet winding shows delight in
finding

Sweet excuse for spending the happy days with
you.

On the cliffs that darken where the waves sur-
round you,

On the crags that bound you breaks the ocean's
roar;

Billows wildly booming, with tyrant force de-
luded,

Make but more secluded the far receding shore:

There the rampart swelling guards the chieftain's dwelling,

There the regal ruin teems with olden lore;
There the humble shealing looks as though revealing

A hundred thousand welcomes to all who find the door.

In the blooming gardens walks the rosy maiden
Midst the branches laden down with fruits untold;

Where the corn is gleaming, moving deep and deeper,
Sweeps the swarthy reaper swaths of brownish gold;

On the swords of silver, where the sloe-trees thicken,

Where the boughs of quicken let the moonbeams through,

Fairy bands sing nightly, as the host advances,
"Never knew our dances sweeter glens than you."

Had I bardic vigor to intone your praises,
'Mid your verdant mazes I'd take bolder wing,—

I would vent my numbers to a theme so tender
On a harp of splendor and a sounding string;

To such task demandful of a soul thus gifted,
Since I can't be lifted, what will weakness do?

Dreams and yearnings merely cannot reach it
nearly; [to you.]

Then I'll speak more dearly and send my heart

FRANCIS O'RYAN.

It claims it for its ruined Isle,
Her wretched children's grave;
Where withered Freedom droops her head,
And man exists—a slave.

O sacred Justice! from this land
From tyranny abhorred;
Resume thy balance and thy seat,
Resume—but sheathe thy sword.

No retribution should we seek—
Too long has horror reigned;
By mercy marked may Freedom rise,
By cruelty unstained.

Nor shall a tyrant's ashes mix
With those our martyred dead;
This is the place where Erin's sons,
In Erin's cause have bled.

And those who here are laid at rest,
Oh! hallowed be each name!
Their memories are forever blest—
Consigned to endless fame.

Unconsecrated is this ground,
Unblessed by holy hands;
No bell here tolls its solemn sound,
No monument here stands.

But here the patriot's tears are shed,
The poor man's blessing given;
These consecrate the virtuous dead,
These waft their fame to heaven.

ROBERT EMMET.

ARBOR HILL.*

No rising column marks this spot
Where many a victim lies;
But oh! the blood which here has streamed,
To heaven for justice cries.

It claims it on the oppressor's head,
Who joys in human woe,
Who drinks the tears by misery shed,
And mocks them as they flow.

It claims it on the callous judge,
Whose hands in blood are dyed,
Who arms injustice with the sword,
The balance throws aside.

MY MOUNTAIN GLENS.

Take, proud ambition, take thy fill
Of pleasures, won thro' toil or crime;
Go, learning, climb thy rugged hill,
And give thy name to future time;
Philosophy, be keen to see
Whate'er is just, or false, or vain,
Take each thy meed; but oh! give me
To range my mountain glens again.

Pure was the breeze that fanned my cheek,
As o'er Knockmany's brow I went,
When every lonely dell could speak
In airy music, vision sent:—
False world, I hate thy cares and thee,
I hate the treacherous haunts of men;
Give back my early heart to me,
Give back to me my mountain glens.

* An elevation near the Royal Barracks in Dublin, where many executions and internments took place when Robert Emmet was a boy.

How light my youthful visions shone.
 When spanned by Fancy's radiant form;
 But now the glittering bow is gone,
 And leaves me but the cloud and storm.
 With wasted form and cheek all pale,
 With heart long seared by grief and pain,
 Dunroe, I'll seek thy native gale,
 I'll tread my mountain glens again.

Thy breeze once more may fan my blood,
 Thy valleys all are lovely still;
 And I may stand where oft I stood,
 In lonely musings on thy hill.
 But, ah! the spell is gone,—no art,
 In crowded town, or native plain,
 Can teach a crushed and breaking heart
 To pipe the song of youth again.

WILLIAM CARLETON.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

"How beautiful!—how beautiful!"—cried out
 the children all,
 As the golden harvest evening's moon beamed
 down on Donegal;
 And its yellow light that danced along the Esker
 to the Bay—
 There tinged the roofless Abbey's walls, here
 gilt the Castle gray.
 "How beautiful!—how beautiful!—let us go
 hide and seek"—
 Some run along the river's edge, some crouch
 beside the creek;
 While two, more dauntless than the rest, climb
 o'er the Castle's wall,
 And without note on horn or trumpet, parade the
 princely hall.
 Brave little boys, as bright as stars, beneath the
 porch they pass'd,
 And paused just where along the hall, the keep
 its shadow cast;
 And, heaven protect us! there they saw a strange
 fire burn away,
 And, sitting in the ingle-nook, an ancient man
 and gray;
 He sat upon his stony seat like to another stone,
 And ever from his breast there brake a melan-
 choly moan;
 But the little boys they feared him not, for they
 were two to one,
 And the man was stooped and aged, and sad to
 look upon.

And he who was the eldest—his mother called
 him Hugh—

Said, "Why for, sir, do you make moan, and
 wherefore do you rue?"

Are you one of the old-time kings, lang syne
 exiled to Spain,

Like a linnet to its last year's nest, that here
 returns again?"

And the shape stood up and smiled, as the tiny
 voice he heard,

And the tear that hung upon his cheek fell to
 his snowy beard—

"My boys," he said, "come sit ye here beside
 me, until I

Tell you why I haunt this earth, and what so
 makes me sigh.

"I am the Father of their Race—the Cinnel-
 Connell's sire—

And therefore thus I watch their home, and
 kindle still their fire;

For the mystic heat would perish amid a land of
 slaves

If it were not tended nightly by the spirits from
 their graves;

And here I still must keep my stand until the
 living are

Deemed meet to track the men of might along
 the fields of war;

And, ah! my little men," he said, "my watch
 is very long—

Unpromised of an early end—uncheered by
 friend or song.

"And the present is embittered by the memories
 of old,—

The bards and their delights, and the tales the
 gossips told;

I remember me the ringing laughs and minstrel-
 sie divine

That echoed here for Nial Garv and Thorlough
 of the Wine;

I remember how brave Manus—an early grave
 he met—

Traced the story here of Columb-cille, a tale
 surviving yet;

And, O! I weep like Jacob when of Joseph's
 death he heard,

When I think upon you, young Hugh Roe,
 Tyrconnell's staff and sword!

"My boys, he was not thirty years of age,
 although his name

Was spread all over Ireland upon the wings of
 fame;

Entrapped, imprisoned, frozen, on Wicklow's
wintry hills,
He rose, he fought, he died afar, crowning our
country's ills;—
Alas! I cannot help but cry—and you, what,
crying, too?
Indeed it might melt iron hearts to think upon
my Hugh.
My boys, go home, remember him, and hasten
to be men,
That you may act, on Irish soil, his gallant part
again."

"How beautiful!—how beautiful!" cried out the
children all,
As the two boys clambered over the ancient
Castle wall;
"Run here—run there—take care—take care;"
but silently and slow—
To humble homes, the little friends, warm hand
in hand, they go;
And from that night they daily read in all the
quiet nooks
About their homes, old Irish songs and new-
made Irish books;
And many a walk and many a talk they had
down by the Bay,
Of the Spirit of the Castle Hall, and the words
they heard him say.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

SONG OF INNISHOWEN.

God bless the gray mountains of dark Donegal,
God bless Royal Aileach, the pride of them all;
For she sits evermore like a Queen on her throne,
And smiles on the valleys of Green Innishowen,
And fair are the valleys of Green Innishowen,
And hardy the fishers that call them their own—
A race that nor traitor nor coward have known
Enjoy the fair valleys of Green Innishowen.

O! simple and bold are the bosoms they bear,
Like the hills that with silence and nature they
share; [his own,
For our God, who hath planted their home near
Breathed His spirit abroad upon fair Innishowen.
Then praise to our Father for wild Innishowen,
Where fiercely for ever the surges are thrown—
Nor weather nor fortune a tempest hath blown
Could shake the strong bosoms of brave In-
nishowen.

See the bountiful Couldah careering along—
A type of their manhood so stately and strong—
On the weary for ever its tide is bestown,
So they share with the stranger in fair Innis-
howsen.

God guard the kind homesteads of fair Innis-
howsen,
Which manhood and virtue have chosen for
their own;
Not long shall that nation in slavery groan,
That rears the tall peasants of fair Innishowsen.

Like that oak of St. Bride which nor Devil nor
Dane,
Nor Saxon nor Dutchman could rend from her
fane,
They have clung by the creed and the cause of
their own
Through the midnight of danger in true Innis-
howsen.
Then shout for the glories of old Innishowsen,
The stronghold that foeman have never o'er-
thrown—
The soul and the spirit, the blood and the bone,
That guard the green valleys of true Innis-
howsen.

Nor purer of old was the tongue of the Gael,
When the charging *aboo* made the foreigner quail;
Than it gladdens the stranger in welcome's soft
tone,
In the home-loving cabins of kind Innishowsen.
O! flourish, ye homesteads of kind Innishowsen,
Where seeds of a people's redemption are
sown;
Right soon shall the fruit of that sowing have
grown,
To bless the kind homesteads of green Innis-
howsen.

When they tell us the tale of a spell-stricken band
All entranced, with their bridles and broadswords
in hand,
Who await but the sword to give Erin her own,
They can read you that riddle in proud Innis-
howsen.
Hurrah for the spaemen of proud Innishowsen!—
Long live the wild Seers of stout Innishowsen!—
May Mary, our mother, be deaf to their moan
Who love not the promise of proud Innishowsen!

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

TIPPERARY.

Were you ever in sweet Tipperary, where the
fields are so sunny and green,
And the heath-brown Slieve-bloom and the Gal-
tees look down with so proud a mien?

'Tis there you would see more beauty than is on
all Irish ground—

God bless you, my sweet Tipperary, for where
could your match be found?

They say that your hand is fearful, that darkness
is in your eye:

But I'll not let them dare to talk so black and
bitter a lie.

O! no, *macushla storin!* bright, bright, and
warm are you,

With hearts as bold as the men of old, to your-
selves and your country true.

And when there is gloom upon you, bid them
think who has brought it there—

Sure a frown or a word of hatred was not made
for your face so fair;

You've a hand for the grasp of friendship—
another to make them quake,

And they're welcome to whichever it pleases
them most to take.

Shall our homes, like the huts of Connaught, be
crumbled before our eyes?

Shall we fly, like a flock of wild geese, from all
that we love and prize?

No! by those who were here before us, no churl
shall our tyrant be;

Our land it is theirs by plunder, but, by Brigid,
ourselves are free.

No! we do not forget the greatness did once to
sweet Eriè belong;

No treason or craven spirit was ever our race
among;

And no frown or no world of hatred we give—
but to pay them back;

In evil we only follow our enemies' darksome
track.

O! come for a while among us, and give us the
friendly hand;

And you'll see that old Tipperary is a loving and
gladsome land;

From Upper to Lower Ormond, bright welcomes
and smiles will spring,

On the plains of Tipperary the stranger is like a
king.

EVA MARY KELLY.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

Fair was that eve, as if from earth away
All trace of sin and sorrow
Passed, in the light of the eternal day,
That knows nor night nor morrow.

The pale and shadowy mountains, in the dim
And glowing distance piled!

A sea of light along the horizon's rim,
Unbroken, undefiled!

Blue sky, and cloud, and grove, and hill, and glen,
The form and face of man

Beamed with unwonted beauty, as if then
New earth and heaven began.

Yet heavy grief was on me, and I gazed
On thee through gushing tears,
Thou relic of a glory that once blazed
So bright in bygone years!

Wreck of a ruin! lovelier, holier far,
Thy ghastly hues of death,
Than the cold forms of newer temples are—
Shrines of a priestless faith.

In lust and rapine, treachery and blood,
Its iron domes were built;
Darkly they frown, where God's own altars stood,
In hatred and in guilt.

But to make thee, of loving hearts the love,
Was coined to living stone;
Truth, peace, and piety together strove
To form thee for their own.

And thou wast theirs, and they within thee met,
And did thy presence fill;
And their sweet light, even while thine own is set,
Hovers around thee still.

It is not work of mind, or hand, or eye,
Builder's or sculptor's skill,
Thy site, thy beauty, or thy majesty—
Not these my bosom thrill.

'Tis that a glorious monument thou art,
Of the true faith of old,
When faith was one in all the nation's heart,
Purer than purest gold.

A light, when darkness on the nations dwelt,
In Erin found a home—
The mind of Greece, the warm heart of the Celt,
The bravery of Rome.

But O! the pearl, the gem, the glory of her youth, And psalm, and hymn, and gold, and precious
 That shone upon her brow; And gems beyond all price, [stones,
 She clung forever to the Chair of Truth— And priest, and altar, o'er the martyr's bones,
 Clings to it now! And daily sacrifice.

Love of my love, and temple of my God! And endless prayer, and crucifix, and shrine,
 How would I now clasp thee And all religion's dower,
 Close to my heart, and, even as thou wast trod, And thronging worshippers shall yet be thine—
 So with thee trodden be! O, but to see that hour!

O, for one hour a thousand years ago, And who shall smite thee then?—and who shall
 Within thy precincts dim, see
 To hear the chant, in deep and measured flow, Thy second glory o'er? [free,
 Of psalmody and hymn! When they who make thee free themselves are
 To fall no more.

PATRICK MURRAY.

To see of priests the long and white array,
 Around thy silver shrines—
 The people kneeling prostrate far away,
 In thick and checkered lines.

To see the Prince of Cashel o'er the rest,
 Their prelate and their king,
 The sacred bread and chalice by him blest,
 Earth's holiest offering.

To hear, in piety's own Celtic tongue,
 The most heart-touching prayer
 That fervent suppliants e'er was heard among,—
 O, to be then and there!

There was a time all this within thy walls
 Was felt, and heard, and seen;
 Faint image only now thy sight recalls
 Of all that once hath been.

The creedless, heartless, murderous robber came,
 And never since that time
 Round thy torn altars burned the sacred flame,
 Or rose the chant sublime.

Thy glory in a crimson tide went down,
 Beneath the cloven hoof—
 Altar and priest, mitre, and cope, and crown,
 And choir, and arch, and roof.

O, but to see, when thou wilt rise again—
 For thou again wilt rise—
 And with the splendors of thy second reign
 Dazzle a nation's eyes!

Children of those who made thee what thou wast,
 Shall lift thee from the tomb,
 And clothe thee, for the spoiling of the past,
 In more celestial bloom.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection
 And recollection
 I often think of those Shandon bells,
 Whose sound so wild would,
 In days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
 On this I ponder,
 Where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
 With thy bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
 Full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
 While at a glib rate
 Brass tongues would vibrate,
 But all their music spoke naught like thine:
 For memory dwelling
 On each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon,
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
 "Old Adrian's Mole" in,
 Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
 And cymbals glorious,
 Swinging uproarious
 In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame:



But thy sounds were sweeter
 Than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly
 O! the bells of Shandon,
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
 While on tower and kiosko
 In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
 And loud in air,
 Calls men to prayer
 From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
 Such empty phantom,
 I freely grant 'em;
 But there's an anthem more dear to me,—
 'Tis the bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

FRANCIS S. MAHONY.

THE BELLS OF LONDONDERY.

How sweetly rang the bells when we chased the
 honey bee,
 And loudly sang the lark to you, love, and to me,
 While winds of sunny April were whispering in
 glee;

Sing merry!

When childhood heard the bells of London-
 derry.

How softly rang the bells when we clomb the
 misty hill,
 When we reached the pebbled cradle of the
 foamy mountain rill,
 And pledged our love at noontide when every
 bird was still;

Sing merry!

So clearly rang the bells of Londonderry.

And sprightly was the dancing beneath the
 flowered thorn,
 When the little eastern moonlight, like plenty's
 golden horn,
 Lit our way from stile to stile through the fields
 of whispering corn,

Sing merry!

So gayly rang the bells of Londonderry.

But now the mountain flowers have lost their
 rich perfume,
 And the lark has now no rapture, the nodding
 rose no bloom,
 Since they took you from the ocean to lay you in
 the tomb.

Never merry

Shall sound for me sweet bells of Londonderry.

But merrily they'll sound when my heart has
 passed away,
 To the fisher near his nets, and the hillmen
 mowing hay,
 To mothers at their doorsteps, and lovers in the
 May,

Making merry.

Shall chime the silver bells of Londonderry.

JOHN KANE.

THE ALHAMBRA.

Palace of beauty! where the Moorish lord,
 King of the bow, the bridle and the sword;
 Sat like a genie in the diamond's blaze.
 Oh! to have seen thee in the ancient days,
 When at the morning gates the coursers stood,
 The "thousand" milk-white. Yemen's fiery blood,
 In pearl and ruby harnessed for the king;
 And thro' thy portals poured the gorgeous flood
 Of jewelled Sheik and emir, hastening,
 Before the sky the dawning purple showed,
 Their turbans at the Caliph's feet to fling.

Lovely thy morn,—thy evening lovelier still,
 When at the waking of the first blue star
 That trembled on the Atalaya hill,
 The splendors of the trumpet's voice arose,
 Brilliant and bold, and yet no sound of war
 But summoning thy beauty from repose,
 The shaded slumber of the burning noon.
 Then in the slant sun all thy fountains shone,
 Shooting the sparkling column from the vase
 Of crystal cool, and falling in a haze
 Of rainbow hues on floors of porphyry,
 And the rich bordering beds of every bloom
 That breathes to African or Indian sky,
 Carnation, tuberose, thick anemone.

Then was the harping of the minstrel heard
 In the deep arbors, or the regal hall,
 Hushing the tumult of the festival,
 When the pale bard his kindling eye-ball reared,

And told of eastern glories, silken hosts,
 Towered elephants, and chiefs in topaz armed:
 Or of the myriads from the cloudy coasts
 Of the far western sea, the sons of blood,
 The iron men of tournament and feud,
 That round the bulwarks of their fathers swarmed,
 Doomed by the Moslem's scimeter to fall;
 Till the Red Cross was hurled from Salem's wall.

Where are thy pomps, Alhambra, earthly sun,
 That had no rival and no second?—gone!
 Thy glory down the arch of time has rolled,
 Like the great day-star, to the ocean dim;
 The billows of the ages o'er thee swim,
 Gloomy and fathomless; thy tale is told.
 Where is thy horn of battle? that but blown,
 Brought every chief of Afric from his throne;
 Brought every spear of Afric from the wall;
 Brought every charger barbéd from the stall,
 Till all its tribes sat mounted on the shore,
 Waiting the waving of thy torch to pour
 The living deluge on the fields of Spain.
 Queen of earth's loveliness, there was a stain
 Upon thy brow—the stain of guilt and gore;
 Thy course was bright, bold, treacherous—and
 'tis o'er.

The spear and diadem are from thee gone;
 Silence is now sole monarch of thy throne!

GEORGE CROLY.

MESOLONGHI'S RUINS.

Glorious spirits! ye have past:
 On the ground your blood is cast,
 Tower and bastion all are won.
 Round the new Thermopylæ
 Lies the gore and lies the clay,
 To high heaven the soul is gone.

Flow my tears! Nay, let no tear
 Stain the slumbers of that bier.
 Till the tear of blood shall come.
 None o'er you the turf must spread,
 Naked lie, ye gallant dead,
 Naked wait the hour of doom.

Shame to Europe! On her ear,
 Night and day, and month, and year,
 While arose your agony,—
 While before the Ottoman
 Christian blood in torrents ran,
 She could calmly see you die.

Shame to Europe! when her hand
 Could have crush'd the ruffian band,
 Like the worm beneath her feet.
 Let her now bemoan, bepraise,
 Will it quench your ramparts' blaze?
 Will it rend your winding sheet?

Gold and empire, mighty things!
 What are ye when Time's wild wings
 Smite ye, as he rushes on?
 Down go sceptre, shield and bust;
 Babylon is dust to dust;
 Rome is widow'd, worthless, lone!

But till earth shall groan her last,
 Ne'er shall this spot be o'erpast;
 Eyes shall weep and hearts shall swell;
 Aye, and flame, with freedom's flame,
 When is heard its fated name,
 Sublime, indelible!

Down shall go your murderer's reign
 Like an universal stain;
 Down the turban'd head shall go.
 Come the stroke from man or heaven,
 Blood shall for your blood be given,
 Woe be measured for your woe!

Mesolonghi, till the day
 Of the pillar'd earth's decay
 Thou shalt be a holy shrine,
 Wreck'd and ruin'd as thou art,
 Consecrated to the heart,
 Glory be to thee and thine.

GEORGE CROLY.

THE ABBEY OF CARENNAC.

Here in God's house of the open dome,
 Vigil is kept by the pilgrim breeze;
 Here, from its sun-illumined tome,
 Labor entones its litanies.
 For discipline here is the chastening rain;
 For burden, the fruit of the bending tree;
 The thorn of the rose for a pleasant pain,
 And palm for a costless victory.
 Oh! if my vow but bound to these,
 'Twere long ere my laggard steps grew slack;
 Oh! that the wilful world would please
 To leave me my flocks, my birds and bees,
 My ivied stall and my hours of ease,
 And my little Abbey of Carennac.

Far from the city's guarded gate,
 Free from the crush of its silken crowds,
 I see the sun in his purple state,
 And the changing face of the courtier clouds.
 My thoughts are mine when my task is sped;
 My head aches not, and my heart is full;
 And the laurels that cumber my careless tread
 Are the only ones that I choose to pull.
 Away from my friends I love them best;
 Away from my books no lore I lack;
 Here—no longer a flying guest,
 With wavering foot that finds no rest,—
 Truth comes home to this lovely breast
 In this little Abbey of Carennac.

Thus, half hid from the smile of spring,
 Under the bough of a blossomed tree,
 My single wish is the grace to sing
 The praise of a spot where a bard should be.
 Sounding clear as the forest call,
 Wakening man in the monarch's breast,
 Many-voiced as the water's fall,—
 Speaking to every soul's unrest,
 My song should seize with a minstrel sway
 Yon green twin isles and their busy *bac*,
 The hamlet white, and the convent gray,
 And the lodge for the wanderer on his way;
 And thus to France in my little lay
 Give my little Abbey of Carennac.

To journey again on the hard highway,
 To enter a garrulous, troublous train;
 Uncalled to come, and unbids obey,
 To feign it pleasure and feel it pain;
 To float, a straw on an idle stream;
 To glitter, a mote by the sunbeam sought,
 To walk, a shade in a waking dream;
 To strive for nothings where all is nought,
 An iron tongue to summon away,
 And a rope of sand to hold me back,
 Are the call to go and the will to stay;
 Clamorous Duty and still delay—
 Oh, gilded gloom! oh, green and gay
 Of my little Abbey of Carennac.

Fields that teem with the fruits of peace,
 Let your reapers reap and your binders bind;
 I cannot flee, for a fond caprice
 Yon stony spot to my hand assigned.
 To me are numbered the seeds that grow;
 Not mine the loss of the perished grain,
 If, working, I watch for the time to sow,
 And waiting, pray for the sun and rain.

My day to God and the king I lend;
 The wish of my heart will bring me back
 A few last lightsome hours to spend,
 And to pass with my life-long-looked-for friend,
 Through a quiet night and a peaceful end,
 From my little Abbey of Carennac.

JULIA M. O'RYAN.

—From the *French of Fencilon*.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
 There was lack of woman's nursing, there was
 dearth of woman's tears;
 But a comrade stood beside him while his life
 blood ebbed away,
 And bent with pitying glances to hear what he
 might say.
 The dying soldier faltered, as he took that com-
 rade's hand,
 And he said: "I never more shall see my own,
 my native land;
 Take a comrade and a token to some distant
 friends of mine.
 For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the
 Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they
 meet and crowd around,
 To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vine-
 yard ground,
 That we fought the battle bravely, and when the
 day was done,
 Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the
 setting sun.
 And amidst the dead and dying were some grown
 old in wars,
 The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the
 last of many scars;
 And some were young—and suddenly beheld
 life's morn decline;
 And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on
 the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall com-
 fort her old age,
 And I was but a truant bird, that thought my
 home a cage:
 For my father was a soldier, and even as a child,
 My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of strug-
 gles fierce and wild;

And when he died, and left us to divide his
scanty hoard,

I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my
father's sword :

And with boyish love I hung it where the bright
light used to shine

On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on
the Rhine !

" Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob
with drooping head,

When the troops are marching home again, with
glad and gallant tread ;

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and
steadfast eye,

For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid
to die.

And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my
name,

To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place (my
father's sword and mine)—

For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on
the Rhine !

" There's another—not my sister ; in the happy
days gone by,

You'd have known her by the merriment that
sparkled in her eye ;

Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle
scorning—

O, friend ! I fear the lightest heart makes some-
times heaviest mourning ;

Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the
moon be risen,

My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of
prison)

I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow
sunlight shine

On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on
the Rhine !

" I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or
seemed to hear,

The German songs we used to sing, in chorus
sweet and clear ;

And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting
hill,

The echoing chorus sounding through the even-
ing calm and still ;

And her glad blue eye was on me as we passed
with friendly talk

Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-
remembered walk,

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in
mine.

But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen
on the Rhine."

His voice grew faint and hoarser—his grasp was
childish weak—

His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed and
ceased to speak ;

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of
life had fled—

The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land—
was dead !

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly
she looked down

On the red sand of the battle field, with bloody
corpses strewn ;

Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light
seemed to shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on
the Rhine.

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

IN ROME.

At last the dream of youth
Stands fair and bright before me,
The sunshine of the home of truth
Falls tremulously o'er me ;

And tower and spire, and lofty dome
In brightest skies are gleaming ;
Walk I, to-day, the streets of Rome,
Or am I only dreaming ?

No, 'tis no dream ; my very eyes
Gaze on the hilltops seven ;
Where crosses rise and kiss the skies,
And grandly point to heaven.

Gray ruins loom on every side,
Each stone's an age's story ;
They seem the very ghosts of pride
That watch the grave of glory.

There senates sat, whose sceptre sought
An empire without limit ;
Their grandeur dreamed its dream, and thought
That death would never dim it.

There rulers reigned ; yon heap of stones
Was once their gorgeous palace ;
Beside them now, on altar thrones,
The priests lift up the chalice.

There legions marched, with bucklers bright,
And lances lifted o'er them,
While flags, like eagles plumed for fight,
Unfurled their wings before them.

There poets sang, whose deathless name
Is linked to deathless verses;
There heroes hushed, with shouts of fame,
There trampled victim's curses.

There marched the warriors back to home,
Beneath yon crumbling portal,
And placed upon the brow of Rome
The proud crown of immortal.

There soldiers stood with armor on,
In steel-clad ranks and serried,
The while their red swords flashed upon
The slaves whose rights they buried.

Here Pagan pride, with sceptre, stood,
And fame would not forsake it,
Until a simple cross of wood
Came from the East to break it.

That Rome is dead—here is the grave—
Dead glory rises never;
And countless crosses o'er it wave,
And will wave on forever.

Beyond the Tiber gleams a dome
Above the hilltops seven;
It arches o'er the world from Rome,
And leads the world to heaven.

ABRAM J. RYAN.

ROME UNVISITED.

I.

The corn has turned from gray to red,
Since first my spirit wandered forth
From the drear cities of the north,
And to Italia's mountains fled.

And here I set my face toward home,
For all my pilgrimage is done,
Although, methinks, yon blood-red sun
Marshals the way to Holy Rome.

O Blessed Lady, who dost hold
Upon the seven hills thy reign!
O Mother without blot or stain,
Crowned with bright crowns of triple gold!

O Roma, Roma, at thy feet
I lay this barren gift of song!
For, ah! the way is steep and long
That leads unto thy sacred street.

II.

And yet what joy it were for me
To turn my feet unto the south,
And journeying toward the Tiber mouth
To kneel again at Fiesole!

And wandering through the tangled pines
That break the gold of Arno's stream,
To see the purple mist and gleam
Of morning on the Appenines;

By many a vineyard-hidden home,
Orchard, and olive-garden gray,
Till from the drear Campagna's way
The seven hills bear up the dome!

III.

A pilgrim from the northern seas—
What joy for me to seek alone
The wondrous Temple, and the throne
Of Him who holds the awful keys!

When, bright with purple and with gold,
Come priest and holy Cardinal,
And borne above the heads of all
The gentle Shepherd of the Fold.

O joy to see before I die
The only God-anointed King,
And hear the silver trumpets ring
A triumph as he passes by!

Or at the altar of the shrine
Holds high the mystic sacrifice,
And shows a God to human eyes
Beneath the veil of bread and wine.

IV.

For lo! what changes time can bring!
The cycles of revolving years
May free my heart from all its fears,—
And teach my lips a song to sing.

Before yon field of trembling gold
Is garnered into dusty sheaves,
Or ere the autumn's scarlet leaves
Flutter as birds adown the wold,

I may have run the glorious race,
And caught the torch while yet aflame,
And called upon the holy name
Of Him who now doth hide His face.

OSCAR WILDE.

MONTEREY.

In a mantle of old traditions,
In the rime of a vanished day,
The shrouded and silent city
Sits by her crescent bay.

The ruined fort on the hill-top,
Where never a bunting streams,
Looks down, a cannonless fortress,
On the solemn city of dreams.

Gardens of wonderful roses,
Climbing o'er roof-tree and wall,
Woodbine and crimson geranium,
Hollyhocks, purple and tall,

Mingle their odorous breathings
With the crisp salt breeze from the sands,
Where pebbles and sounding sea-shells
Are gathered by children's hands.

Women with olive faces
And the liquid Southern eye,
Dark as the forest berries
That grace the woods in July,

Tenderly train the roses
Gathering here and there
A bud,—the richest and rarest—
For a place in their long dark hair.

Feeble and garrulous old men
Tell, in the Spanish tongue,
Of the good, grand times at the Mission,
And the hymns the Fathers sung;

Of the oil, and the wine, and the plenty,
And the dance in the twilight gray;
"Ah, those," and the heads shake sadly,
"Were good times in Monterey."

Behind in the march of cities,
The last in the eager stride
Of village and town and hamlet,
She dreams by the ocean's side.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

SONG OF FIRE.

Sometimes prisoned at the centre, with my throes
I shake the sphere;
Through the snowy-topped volcanoes, at the
surface I appear.

Then I burst through chains that bind me, startle
mortals with my power;
Over prairies wide I scurry, feed on forests, towns
devour;

Strike the ships midway in ocean, and the teem-
ing towns devour.

Fire they call me. I am father of the granite
rocks that lie

Ages deep beneath the mountains, unperceived
of mortal eye;

At my breath they sprang to being, at my touch
their crystals came,

That were merely shapeless atoms ere I kissed
them with my flame,

Ere with ardor I embraced them, ere I kissed
them with my flame.

Rarest gems of countless value, nuggets of the
yellow gold

That through all the time historic, men and em-
pires has controlled;

And the grim and swarthy iron, conqueror on
land and sea,

With the many meaner metals, owe their birth
and shape to me.

Gleaming ores and dazzling crystals owe their
birth and shape to me.

When the rolling of the thunder strikes the
trembling wretches dumb.

When the vision-blinding lightning rends the
murky clouds, I come.

Fear attends me, horror after, ruin round me
wide I cast.

Men my name with bated breathing mutter when
my steps have passed;

Gazing voiceless on the ashes where my terrible
steps have passed.

Rear they palaces of beauty, fair without and
rare within,

Stores of hand-work, filled with fabrics, wealth
and profits hard to win;

Temples grand, with costly altars, where the
wretch for sin atones.

I appear and they are ruins, shapeless heaps of
blackened stones—

Molten metal, crumbled columns, timbers charred,
and blackened stones.

Not alone on land I smite them, but with red,
devouring lips
On the ocean sate my hunger with their richly
freighted ships
Swarthy sailors, pallid women, pray in vain for
mercy there,
While my crackling and my roaring swell their
chorus of despair—
While I dance from deck to mast-head to their
chorus of despair.

In the densely crowded city, without pity, I
affright
Startled wretches roused from slumber, in the
still and sombre night.
Tenement house or brown-stone palace, either is
the same to me;
If they manage to subdue me, gloomy will their
triumph be—
Topped walls upon my foeman tokens of my
vengeance be.

Yet malign I am not always; witness for me
truly when
I become the humble servant of the toiling sons
of men.
Drive the engine, heat the furnace, melt the ore
and soften steel;
Like the monarch in the story, aid the wife to
cook a meal—
Monarch, wandering from earth's centre, aid the
wife to cook a meal.

Tho' they see me when the lightning strikes in
wrath the lofty domes,
Yet I love to cheer the dweller in the lowly cot-
tage homes,
From the hearth my flickering shadows on the
wall I cast at night,
While I crackle—that's my laughter—at the
children's wild delight;
As to see those tossing shadows they display
their wild delight.

Foe of life have mortals called me—foe of all
that breathes or stirs,
Hence the terror-stricken pagans are my abject
worshippers.
Life! there were no life without me; and what
time I shall expire,
All things growing, all things living, all shall pass
away with fire,
Air, heat, motion, breath, existence—all shall
pass away with fire.

In the solemn Day of Judgment, at the awful
time of doom,
When all quick and dead are parted, there to
light and those to gloom,
Then the earth that one time bore me, wrapped
within my wild embrace,
Shall behold my final splendor as I bear her out
of space;
And we twain shall pass together, pass forever
out of space.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

CALIFORNIA'S MISSION RELICS.

Full many a theme of twilight song and story
Yet lives in elder lands;
The stern-eyed sphinx uplifts her forehead hoary
Above the desert sands;

And Greece still holds, with firm, defiant power,
From Lethe's dread abyss,
The ruined walls that yet so richly dower
Her proud Acropolis.

The castled height—of legends quaint and olden
The fierce and fitting shrine—
Still darkly shine within the sunset golden
That lights the mystic Rhine.

But these are records of a clouded glory,
When wrong o'er-mastered right;
One burden dread fills all their sounding story—
The ruthless rule of might.

Ah! fairer far the relics thou enshrinest,
Bright sovereign of the West!
O'er sacred walls a fadeless wreath thou twinest—
The amaranth of the blest!

Nor Egypt's fanes, nor stately domes enclosing
The sculptured gods of Greece,
Can match the home of love divine reposing
Beneath the wings of peace.

No feudal halls, no banner-flaunting tower,
Frowned grimly o'er the land;
Nor vassal trains, nor mail-clad hands of power
Enforced a stern command.

<p>Humbly they stood, yet crowned with sunny Those wondrous walls of clay; [splendor, A power benign, an influence sweet and tender, Held there its potent sway.</p> <p>The gray-robed monk, the messenger of Heaven, There ruled his willing band; No blood-spot clung, nor taint of worldly leaven, To that anointed hand.—</p> <p>That steadfast hand, to truth securely leading The forest's wayward child,— That gentle hand, that tamed with silent pleading The savage nature wild.</p> <p>There docile hearts bowed low in adoration When 'neath that humble dome, In sacred rite, in endless clean oblation Love sought His earthly home.</p>	<p>And knees were bent, when sang the angel-story From out the mission-tower, While gleamed its cross with halo-crown of glory, Twined by the sunset hour.</p> <p>And so, when crime, with trail of serpent blighted The sheen of stately halls, The tender beam of Eden-blessings lighted Those rude adobé walls.</p> <p>O golden land, thy richest, rarest treasure Dwells not in darksome mines; [ure— Still prouder wealth thou hast in countless meas- Thy holy mission-shrines.</p> <p>Let Eastern lands yet vaunt in song and story Their ivy-mantled halls; A halo-flame, a nimbus wreath of glory, Encrowns thy sacred walls.</p>
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HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

PART IV.

POEMS OF REFLECTION.

The world was made when a man was born :
He must taste for himself the forbidden springs ;
He can never take warning from old-fashioned things ;
He must fight as a boy, he must drink as a youth,
He must roam, he must love, he must swear to the truth
Of the friend of his soul, he must laugh to scorn
The hint of deceit in a woman's eyes,
That are clear as the wells of paradise.
And so he goes on, till the world grows old,
Till his tongue has grown cautious, his heart has grown cold,
Till the smile leaves his mouth and the ring leaves his laugh,
And he shirks the bright headache you ask him to quaff;
He grows formal with men, and with women polite,
And distrustful of both when they're out of his sight;
Then he eats for his palate, and drinks for his head,
And loves for his pleasure,—and 'tis time he was dead !

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

POEMS OF REFLECTION.

A THOUGHT.

There never was a valley without a faded flower,
There never was a heaven without some little
cloud ;

The face of day may flash with light in any
morning hour,

But evening soon shall come with her shadow-
woven shroud.

There never was a river without its mists of
gray,

There never was a forest without its fallen
leaf ;

And joy may walk beside us down the windings
of our way,

When, lo ! there sounds a footstep, and we
meet the face of grief.

There never was a sea-shore without its drifting
wreck,

There never was an ocean without its moaning
wave ;

And the golden gleams of glory the summer-
sky that fleck,

Shine where dead stars are sleeping in their
azure-tinted grave.

There never was a streamlet, however crystal
clear,

Without a shadow resting in the ripples of its
tide ;

Hope's brightest robes are broidered with the
sable fringe of fear,

And she lures us, but abysses girt her path on
either side.

The shadow of the mountain falls athwart the
lowly plain,

And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs above
the mountain's head,

And the highest hearts and lowest wear the
shadow of some pain,

And the smile has scarcely flitted ere the an-
guish'd tear is shed.

For no eyes have there been ever without a
weary tear,

And those lips cannot be human which have
never heaved a sigh ;

For without the dreary winter there has never
been a year,

And the tempests hide their terrors in the
calmest summer sky.

The cradle means the coffin, and the coffin
means the grave ;

The mother's song scarce hides the *De pro-*
fundis of the priest ;

You may cull the fairest roses any May day ever
gave

But they wither while you wear them ere the
ending of your feast.

So this dreary life is passing—and we move
amid its maze,

And we grope along together, half in dark-
ness, half in light ;

And our hearts are often burdened by the mys-
teries of our ways,

Which are never all in shadow and are never
wholly bright.

And our dim eyes ask a beacon, and our weary
feet a guide,

And our hearts of all life's mysteries seek the
meaning and the key ;

And a cross gleams o'er our pathway ; on it
hangs the Crucified,

And he answers all our yearnings by the whis-
per, " Follow Me."

ABRAM J. RYAN.

THREE THOUGHTS

Come in, Sweet Thought, come in;
 Why linger at the door?
 Is it because a shape of sin
 Defiled the place before?
 'Twas but a moment there;
 I chased it soon away;
 Behold, my breast is clean and bare—
 Come in, Sweet Thought, and stay.
 The Sweet Thought said me "No;
 I love not such a room;
 Where uncouth inmates come and go,
 And back, unbidden, come.
 I rather make my cell
 From ill resort secure,
 Where love and lovely fancies dwell
 In bosoms virgin-pure."

Oh, Pure Thought, then I said,
 Come thou, and bring with thee
 This dainty Sweetness, fancy bred,
 That flouts my house and me.
 No peevish pride hast thou,
 Nor turnest glance of scorn
 On aught the laws of life allow
 In man of woman born.
 Said he, "No place for us
 Is here: and, be it known,
 You dwell where ways are perilous
 For them that walk alone.
 There needs the surer road,
 The fresher sprinkled floor,
 Else are we not for your abode:"—
 And turned him from the door.

Then, in my utmost need,
 Oh, Holy Thought, I cried,
 Come thou, that clearest will and deed,
 And in my breast abide.
 "Yea, sinner, that will I,
 And presently begin;"
 And ere the heart that heav'd its sigh,
 The Guest Divine came in.
 As in the pest-house ward
 The prompt Physician stands,
 As in the leaguer'd castle yard
 The warden with his bands,
 He stood, and said, "My task
 Is here, and here my home;
 And here am I, who only ask
 That I be asked to come."

See how in formless flight
 The ranks of darkness run,
 Exhale and perish in the light
 Stream'd from the risen sun;
 How, but a drop infuse
 Within the turbid bowl,
 Of some elixir's virtuous juice,
 It straight makes clear the whole;
 So from before his face
 The fainting phantoms went,
 And, in a clear and sunny place,
 My soul sat down content;
 For—mark and understand
 My ailment and my cure—
 Love came and brought me, in his hand,
 The Sweet Thought and the Pure.

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

BE PATIENT.

Be patient, O be patient! Put your ear against
 the earth,—
 Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the
 seed hath birth;
 How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little
 way,
 Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the
 blade stands forth to-day.
 Be patient, O be patient! for the germs of
 mighty thought
 Must have their silent undergrowth, must under-
 ground be wrought;
 But as sure as ever there's a power that makes
 the grass appear,
 Our land shall smile with liberty, the blade-time
 shall be here.
 Be patient, O be patient! go and watch the
 wheat-ears grow,
 So imperceptibly that you can mark nor change
 nor throe,
 Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully
 grown,
 And then again, day after day, till the ripened
 field is brown.
 Be patient, O be patient! though yet our hopes
 are green,
 The harvest fields of Freedom shall be crowned
 with sunny sheen,
 Be ripening, be ripening! mature your silent way,
 Till the whole land is tongued with fire on
 Freedom's harvest day!

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

THE PRICELESS THINGS.

Those are vulgar things we pay for, be they
stones for crowns of kings;

While the precious and the peerless are unpriced
symbolic things.

Common debts are scored and cancelled, weighed
and measured out for gold;

But the debts from men to ages, their account is
never told.

Always see, the noblest nations keep their high-
est prize unknown;

Chæroneæ's marble lion frowned above unlet-
tered stone.

Marathon and Balaklava—who shall mete the
worth of these?

Shall we huckster with our lifeboats that defy
the leaping seas?

Ah, the Greeks knew! Come their victors hon-
ored from the Sacred Games,

Under arches red with roses, flushed to hear their
shouted names;

See their native cities take them, breach the wall
to make a gate!

What supreme reward is theirs who bring such
honors to their State?

In the forum stand they proudly; take their
prizes from the priest:

Little wreaths of pine and parsley on their naked
temples pressed!

We in later days are lower? Ay! a manful stroke
is made,

And we raise a purse to pay it—making manli-
ness a trade.

Sacrifice itself grows venal—Midas surely will
subscribe;

And the shallow-souls are satisfied when worth
accepts the bribe.

But e'en here, amidst the markets, there are things
they dare not prize;

Dollars hide their sordid faces when they meet
anointed eyes.

Lovers do not speak with jewels: flowers alone
can plead for them;

And one fragrant memory cherished is far dearer
than a gem.

Statesmen steer the nation safely; artists pass
the burning test,
And their country pays them proudly—with a
ribbon at the breast.

When the soldier saves the battle, wraps the flag
around his heart,

Who shall desecrate *his* honor with the values of
the mart?

From his guns of bronze we hew a piece, and
carve it as a cross:

For the gain he gave was priceless, as unpriced
would be the loss.

When the poet sings the love-song, and the song
of life and death,

Making millions cease their weary toil and wait
with wondering breath;

When he gilds the mill and mine, inspires the
slave to rise and dare;

Lights with love the hopeless garret, tells the
tyrant to beware;

When he steels the pang from poverty, with
meanings new and clear,

Reconciling pain and peace, and bringing blessed
visions near:

His reward? Nor cross nor ribbon, but all others
high above,

They may wear their splendid symbols—he has
earned the people's love.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

SAD AND SWEET.

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;

Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived, because so fleet;

Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing,
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat;

Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing,
And still, oh still, their dying breath is sweet;

And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;

And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill;

And sweet are all things when we learn to prize
Not for their sake, but His who grants them or

denies them!

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE BUILDERS.

I saw the builders laying
 Stones on the grassy sod,
 And people praised them, saying :
 " A fane to the mighty God
 Shall rise aloft in glory,
 Pillars and arches wide,
 Windows stained with the story
 Of Christ the Crucified."

I saw the broken boulders
 Lie in the waving grass,
 Flung down from bending shoulders,
 And said our lives must pass
 Ere wide Cathedral spreading
 Can span this mossy field,
 Where kine are slowly treading,
 And flowers their honey yield.

" Oh, dreaming builders, tarry !
 Unchain your souls from toil,
 Leave the rock in the quarry,
 The bloom upon the soil ;
 For life is short, my brothers,
 And labor wastes its sore ;
 Why toil to gladden others
 When you shall breathe no more ?

" Oh, come with footsteps springing,
 With empty hands and free,
 And tread the green earth singing,
 ' The world was made for me !'
 Pray amid nature's sweetness
 In pillared forest glade,
 Content with the incompleteness
 Of fanes that the Lord has made !"

The builders, never heeding,
 Kept piling stone on stone ;
 Their hands with toil were bleeding,—
 I went my way alone ;
 Prayed in the forest temple,
 And ate the wild bee's store ;
 My life was pure and simple,—
 What would the Lord have more ?

The years, like one long morning,
 They all flew swiftly by ;
 Old age, with little warning,
 Came creeping softly nigh.
 Now (be we all forgiven !)
 I longed to see, alas !
 What the builders had raised to heaven
 Instead of the tender grass.

I heard a sweet bell ringing
 Over the world so wide,
 I heard the sound of singing
 Across the even-tide ;
 What sight my soul bewilders
 Beneath the sunset's glow ?
 The fane that the dreaming builders
 Were building long ago !

'Tis not the sculptured portal,
 Or windows jewelled wide,
 With joys of the life immortal,
 And woes of Him who died,
 That fill my soul with wonder,
 And drain my heart of tears,
 And ask with voice of thunder,
 " Where are thy wasted years ?"

But a thousand thousand creatures
 Kneel down where grew the sod,
 And hear with glowing features
 The words that breathe of God.
 Alone and empty-handed,
 I wait by the open door ;
 Such work hath the Lord commanded,
 And I can work—no more !

The builders, never heeding,
 They lie and take their rest,
 And hands no longer bleeding
 Are folded on each breast.—
 The grass waves o'er them sleeping,
 And flowerets red and white,
 Where I kneel above them weeping,
 And whisper, " You were right."

ROSA M'LEHOLLAND.

THE RAINBOW'S TREASURE.

Where the foot of the rainbow meets the field,
 And the grass resplendent grows,
 The earth will a precious treasure yield,
 So the olden story goes.
 In a crystal cup are the diamonds piled
 For him who can swiftly chase
 Over torrent and desert and precipice wild,
 To the rainbow's wandering base.

There were two in the field at work, one day,
 Two brothers who blithely sung,
 When across their valley's deep-winding way
 The glorious arch was flung !

And one saw naught but a sign of rain,
And feared for his sheaves unbound;
And one is away, over mountain and plain,
Till the mystical treasure is found!

Through forest and stream, in a blissful dream,
The rainbow lured him on;
With a siren's guile it loitered awhile,
Then leagues away was gone.
Over brake and brier he followed fleet;
The people scoffed as he passed;
But in thirst and heat, and with wounded feet,
He nears the prize at last.

It is closer and closer—he wins the race—
One strain for the goal in sight:
Its radiance falls on his yearning face—
The blended colors unite!
He laves his brow in the iris beam—
He reaches—Ah woe! the sound
From the misty gulf where he ends his dream,
And the crystal cup is found!

'Tis the old, old story: one man will read
His lesson of toil in the sky;
While another is blind to the present need,
But sees with the spirit's eye.
You may grind their souls in the self same mill,
You may bind them heart and brow;
But the poet will follow the rainbow still,
And his brother will follow the plough.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE SAGE—THE POET—THE SAINT.

They stand with their hands outstretched in love
of a far-off shore—
The glow of evening around them, and a burn-
ing light before;—
They gaze where the sun is setting, and the
ocean waves are rolled,
And their hearts are fain to follow that pathway
of reddening gold.

They stand and gaze till their faces have caught
their reflected glow,
And a mystic brightness is shed o'er the things
of the earth below,
When they look away from the Heaven; and
they cannot see aright,
For it may be their eyes are dazzled by the flood
of immortal light.

In their hearts there is bitter yearning—a thirst
that is never slaked—

A love that can have no dying,—no creature of
Death awaked.

And these have the grace to tread where none
but their feet have trod;
And could they but see their goal, they would
know that their goal is God.

One end to their endless longing—one aim amid
all their strife,
But the end is itself the way, and the aim is the
whole of life:

The Sage, the Poet, the Saint—we have given to
each his name,
But if they have all one goal, then all are at last
the same.

For we speak, and we needs must speak, of
mind and heart and soul,
But Spirit is ever one and an undivided whole:
We look but a little way—the part can see but
a part—

And only Thyself—O God!—canst see Thyself
as Thou art.

The Sage—ah! we know a little of our little
things below,—

But his is the restless striving of the mind, that
knows, to know.

He asks what is? and in asking his hands have
broken the bond

Of what seems—and he presses on to the one I
Am beyond.

His God is the God of Truth, Eternal and far
and dim,

And he knows not that in his striving God has
come near to him;

He calls us, but who may follow—for whose are
the eyes to view

The blinding beams of the sun in his heaven of
endless blue.

The Poet—his eyes are burning, his heart is a
heart of fire:

His hands have fashioned the world by the light
of his own desire:

He will not tarry for knowledge, —too quickly
the moments flee,—

And his is the passionate longing of the heart,
that sees, to see.

His God is the God of Beauty,—so near, could
he only find,—

He sees where no others see, yet even his eyes
are blind :

We praise him, and start to follow, but the light
of the heart has fled.

And vainly we look around us, for the world lies
dark and dead.

But the Saint—his eyes are ever upturned to the
blue above,

And his is the endless yearning of the soul, that
loves, to love :

He looks at the clear deep Heaven, whose cloud-
less depths may tell

Of the pure and selfless Spirit where God loves
best to dwell.

His God is the God of Love—so far, ye so deep
within,—

Whom a life of longing and loving and losing self
may win :

He leads us, and all would follow—but we linger
from day to day,

And think there is time for starting, and so life
glides away.

EDMOND G. A. HOLMES.

IF THAT WERE TRUE.

'Tis long ago,—we have toiled and traded.

Have lost and fretted, have gained and grieved,
Since last the light of that fond faith faded ;

But friends—in its day—what we believed !
The poets' dreams, and the peasants' stories—

Oh, never will time that trust renew !

Yet they were old on the earth before us,

And lovely tales—had they been true !

Some spake of homes in the greenwood hidden,
Where age was fearless, and youth was free—

Where none at life's board seemed guests un-
bidden,

But men had years like the forest tree :

Goodly and fair, and full of summer,
As lives went by when the world was new,

Ere ever the angel steps passed from her,—

Oh, dreamers and bards, if that were true !

Some told us of a stainless standard,

Of hearts that only in death grew cold,

Whose march was ever in freedom's vanguard,

And not to be stayed by steel or gold.

The world to their very graves was debtor,—

The tears of her love fell there like dew ;

But there had been neither slave nor fetter

This day in her realms had that been true !

Our hope grew strong as the giant-slayer.

They told that life was an honest game,

Where fortune favored the fairest player,

And only the false found loss and blame.

That men were honored for gifts and graces,

And not for the prizes folly drew ;

But there would be many a change of places

In hovel and hall, if that were true !

Some said to our silent souls, What fear ye ?

And talked of a love not based on clay—

Of faith that would neither wane nor weary,

With all the dust of the pilgrim's day ;

They said that fortune and time were changers,

But not by their tides such friendships grew ;

Oh, we had never been trustless strangers

Among our people, if that were true !

And yet, since the fairy time hath perished,

With all its freshness, from hills and hearts,

The last of its love, so vainly cherished,

Is not for these days of schools and marts.

Up, up ! for the heavens still circle o'er us ;

There's wealth to win and there's work to do ;

There's a sky above and a grave before us—

And, brothers, beyond them all is true !

FRANCES BROWN.

BOOKS.—LET THERE BE LIGHT.

Light to the darkened mind

Bear, like the sun, the world's wide circle round,

Bright messengers that speak without a sound ;

Light on the spirit blind

Shall fall where'er ye pass ; your living ray

Shall change the night of ages into day ;—

God speed ye on your way.

In closet and in hall

Too long alone your message hath been spoken,

The spell of gold that bound ye there is broken ;

Go forth and shine on all.

The world's inheritance, the legacy

Bequeathed by genius to the race are ye ;

Be like the sunlight, free.

A mighty power ye wield ;
 Ye wake grim centuries from their deep repose,
 And bid their hoarded treasures unclose,
 The spoils of time to yield.
 Ye hold the gift of immortality ;
 Bard, sage, and seer, whose fame shall never die,
 Live thro' your ministry.

Noiseless upon your path,
 Freight with lore, romance, and song, ye speed,
 Moving the world, in custom and in creed,
 Waking its love or wrath ;
 Tyrants, that blanch not on the battle-plain,
 Quail at your silent coming, and in vain
 Would bind the riven chain.

Shrines that embalm great souls, [hold,
 Where yet the illustrious dead high converse
 As gods spake through their oracles of old,
 Upon your mystic scrolls,
 There lives a spell to guide our destiny,—
 The fire by night, the pillared cloud by day,
 Upon our upward way.

ANNE C. L. BOTTA.

BLINDNESS.*

Farewell, farewell, spice-islands of my childhood,
 Where I have lingered long !
 Farewell the glories of the vale and wildwood,
 The laughter and the song !
 Farewell the sunny pleasures you inherit—
 For I am drifting forth ;
 My helm deserted by my Guardian Spirit,
 My prow unto the North !

The golden shores of sunshine round me spread—
 Refuse a boon of light ; [ing,
 And fast my shattered soul is deathward head-
 Wrecked on a sea of night ! [ing,
 There is no angry tempest flapping sunward
 Its black wings through the air ;
 The ruin, in a calm, is hurried onward
 Through channels of despair.

Around me is a darkness omnipresent
 With boundless horror grim,
 Descending from the zenith, ever crescent,
 To the horizon's rim ;

The golden stars, all charred and blackened by it,
 Are swept out one by one ;
 My world is left, as if a Joshua's fiat—
 A moonless Ajalon !

How long, O Lord ! I cry, in bitter anguish,
 Must I be doomed, alone, [guish,
 A chained and blinded Samson—thus to lan-
 In exile from the sun ?
 Or must I hope for evermore surrender,
 And turn my eyes on high,
 To find, instead of brave and azure splendor,
 A black cloud on the sky ?

Come nearer to me, Soother of my sorrow,
 And place your hand in mine ;
 That my o'er-darkened soul shall, haply, borrow
 A little light from thine :
 That, bearing all which fortune has commanded
 Until my fortunes end,
 The Crusoe-land on which I may be stranded
 Shall have at least a friend !

And read aloud some wisdom-given volume—
 The work of golden hours—
 In which the stately thoughts rise like a column
 Crowned with Corinthian flowers—
 In which the epic Greek moves, solemn sounding,
 With hexametric sweep ;
 And every line has some fine pulses, bounding
 With passion grand and deep !

Or read to me once more that burning ballad
 Compact of passionate fire, [pallid,
 Which bright-eyed Sappho, fond, and fierce, and
 Swept from her sounding lyre—
 That larger utterance of a glorious woman
 The Palmyrene preserved,
 To show how like a frantic god's, the human
 Spirit is subtly nerved !

Or rather read how Ajax prayed, when round him
 Were corpses cold and stark,
 And plotting deities had closely bound him
 In vapors dim and dark—
 Read how he prayed to Jove with eager passion
 To sweep away the night—
 That he might meet his fate in hero fashion,
 And perish in the light !

Since then a greater hero fought and perished,
 Within a silent room ;
 And, as our Goethe felt that all he cherished
 Was sinking into gloom—

*Written during an affliction of blindness which followed an illness from yellow fever at New Orleans.

As o'er his features stole the fatal pallor,
 He looked above and cried—
 In echo of that prayer of Grecian valor—
 "More light, O Lord!"—and died!

That cry is mine, my friend! but uttered vainly—
 The ear of Heav'n is deaf!
 And I may persevere in prayer, insanely,
 And win no true relief!
 Close up the books, for grim and ghastly darkness
 Has settled over all—
 My soul is wrapped for evermore in starkness,
 Within this funeral pall!

Farewell, farewell, spice-islands of my childhood,
 Where I have lingered long!
 Farewell the glories of the vale and wildwood,
 The laughter and the song!
 Farewell the sunny pleasures you inherit—
 For I am drifting forth;
 My helm deserted by my Guardian Spirit,
 My prow unto the North!

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

THE TOUCHSTONE.

A man there came, whence none could tell,
 Bearing a touchstone in his hand;
 And tested all things in the land
 By its unerring spell.

Quick birth of transmutation smote
 The fair to foul, the foul to fair;
 Purple nor ermine did he spare,
 Nor scorn the dusty coat.

Of heir-loom jewels prized so much,
 Were many changed to chips and clods,
 And even statues of the gods
 Crumbled beneath his touch.

Then angrily the people cried,
 "The loss outweighs the profit far;
 Our goods suffice us as they are;
 We will not have them tried."

And since they could not so avail
 To check his unrelenting quest,
 They seized him, saying—"Let him test
 How real is our jail!"

But, though they slew him with the sword,
 And in a fire his touchstone burn'd,
 Its doings could not be o'erturn'd,
 Its undoings restored.

And when, to stop all future harm,
 They strew'd its ashes on the breeze;
 They little guessed each grain of these
 Conveyed the perfect charm.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

IMPLICIT FAITH.

Of all great Nature's tones that sweep
 Earth's resonant bosom, far or near,
 Low-breathed or loudest, shrill or deep,
 Few, few are grasp'd by mortal ear.

Ten octaves close our scale of sound;
 Its myriad grades, distinct or twined,
 Transcend our hearing's petty bound,
 To us as colors to the blind.

In sound's unmeasured empire thus
 The heights, the depths alike we miss:—
 Ah, but in *measured* sound, to us
 A compensating spell there is!

In holy music's golden speech
 Remotest notes to notes respond;
 Each octave is a world; yet each
 Vibrates to worlds its own beyond.

Our narrow' pale the vast resumes;
 Our sea-shell whispers of the sea:
 Echoes are ours of angel plumes
 That winnow for infinity!

Clasp thou of Truth the central core!
 Hold fast that center's central sense!
 An atom there shall fill thee more
 Than realms on Truth's circumference.

That cradled Saviour, mute and small,
 Was God—is God while worlds endure.
 Who holds truth truly holds it all
 In essence, or in miniature.

Know that thou know'st! He knoweth much
 Who knows not many things; and he
 Knows most whose knowledge hath a touch
 Of God's divine simplicity.

AUBREY T. DE VERE.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE.

On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame ;

In happy climes, when from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true ;

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools.

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empires and of arts,
The good and great uprising epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay ;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way ;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day ;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

GEORGE BERKELEY.

A LAY SERMON.

Brother, do you love your brother ?
Brother, are you all you seem ?
Do you live for more than living ?
Has your Life a law, and scheme ?
Are you prompt to bear its duties,
As a brave man may beseem ?

Brother, shun the mist exhaling
From the fen of pride and doubt,
Neither seek the house of bondage
Walling straitened souls about ;—
Bats ! who, from their narrow spy-hole
Cannot see a world without.

Anchor in no stagnant shallow—
Trust the wide and woundrous sea,
Where the tides are fresh forever,
And the mighty currents free ;
There, perchance, O ! young Columbus,
Your New World of truth may be.

Favor will not make deserving—
(Can the sunshine brighten clay ?)
Slowly must it grow to blossom,
Fed by labor and delay,
And the fairest bud of promise
Bears the taint of quick decay.

You must strive for better guerdons ;
Strive to *be* the thing you'd seem ;
Be the thing that God hath made you,
Channel for no borrowed stream ;
He hath lent you mind and conscience ;
See you travel in their beam !

See you scale life's misty highlands
By this light of living truth !
And with bosom braced for labor,
Breast them in your manly youth ;
So when age and care have found you,
Shall your downward path be smooth,

Fear not on that rugged highway
Life may want its lawful zest ;
Sunny glens are in the mountain,
Where the weary feet may rest,
Cooled in streams that gush forever
From a loving mother's breast.

"Simple heart and simple pleasures,"
So they write life's golden rule ;
Honor won by supple baseness,
State that crowns a cankered fool,
Gleam as gleam the gold and purple
On a hot and rancid pool.

Wear no show of wit or science,
But the gems you've won and weighed ;
Thefts, like ivy on a ruin,
Make the rifts they seem to shade :
Are you not a thief and beggar
In the rarest spoils arrayed ?

Shadows deck a sunny landscape,
Making brighter all the bright ;
So, my brother, care and danger
On a loving nature light,
Bringing all its latent beauties
Out upon the common sight.

Love the things that God created,
 Make your brother's need your care;
 Scorn and hate repel God's blessings,
 But where love is, *they* are there;
 As the moonbeams light the waters,
 Leaving rock and sand-bank bare.

Thus, my brother, grow and flourish,
 Fearing none and loving all;
 For the true man needs no patron,
 He shall climb and never crawl;
 Two things fashion their own channel—
 The strong man and the waterfall.

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

CASTE AND CREED.

Come, man! your hand, a brother sings,
 Or silken be't or sergy;
 The wars of nations leave to kings,
 And those of creeds to clergy;
 And taste with us that grand sublime
 Which zests your every other,
 By holding man, whate'er his clime,
 His caste, or creed, a *brother*!
 May all who'd show opposing views,
 Their harvests find tremendous,
 While, oh, from such, and from their dues,
 The Lord of love defend us.

What, tho' the waves should walk the air,
 Betwixt each earthly acre;
 What, though each hill a differing pray'r
 Should offer to its Maker;—
 Do these make men the less akin,
 Or plead for hate and slaughter?
 If so, whate'er the weight of sin,
 It lies with hills and water.
 Ah, if, indeed, ye hold a creed
 That conscience calls a high one,
 Then hold it for your spirit's need,
 And not a scourge for my one!

We've fair, we've foul in every clime,
 In every creed and calling;
 We've men to sport their chaff sublime
 O'er every feather's falling;
 We've men of straw, of stick, of stone,
 We've soul whose flavor such is
 If, loathing virtue—*blood and bone*,
 Adores the *ghost* on crutches!

Ah, virtue, ever in our throats,
 Much wear and tear attend thee!
 For, wear thou wilt, as wear our coats,
 But, faith, 'tis worse to mend thee!

Still wherefore make the wordy moan
 O'er ills that mayn't be mended,
 Where will's so weak that thousands groan
 In guilt they ne'er intended?
 Our own poor mite of righteous ways
 Let's hold from frost and ferment,
 But not for crowds or stated days,
 Like Save-all's Sabbath garment!
 Let's clear our light to show the right,
 To aid in its extending;
 And, loathe the bile would green the sight
 O'er any Worth's ascending!

My neighbor's weal is weal to me,
 If reared not on my ruin;
 And though for what I feel or be,
 He'd care no more than Bruin,
 I'd say, enjoy your silken share,—
 Yea, as I hope for heaven;
 For Coin and Care a wedded pair
 Are six times out of seven!
 Miss Fortune trips a painted porch,
 Too oft in slippery sandal,
 Where coldier glares her gilded torch
 Than Misery's farthing candle!

Then creeds and classes, to-or-fro,
 They smile with each, my brother!
 We must have sun, and shade, and snow,—
 They'll come to aid each other!
 Let matter, too, enjoy its grades
 Nor deem it an unsound thing,—
 'Twere just as wise to measure blades
 Because the world's a round thing,
 We must have low, we must have high,
 And many a niche between them;
 The height may be a tinselled lie—
 The men are what's within them!

And mark me, men, a day shall dawn
 When neither serge nor ermine,
 Nor clime nor class, shall make the man,
 Nor creed nor worth determine!
 'Twill come, 'twill come, and come to stand—
 The case of LOVE-LIGHT STATURE,
 When love alone, where'er your land,
 Shall tell the *who* and *what* you're!

God send it soon, in peace—in might,
 God guide its rear and vanguard;
 Hurrah for Love! for Light! for Right!
 The mind, and moral standard!

Then, brother man, if all agreed,
 Though live we may'nt to see such,
 Let's tack this trifle to our creed,
 And chant a long "So be such!"
 All knavish souls, or high or low,
 May conscience-cuffs distress them;
 But honest hearts, where'er they grow,
 The King of Kingdoms bless them!
 May all who hold a sicklier thought,
 Hold *bitters* too, to mend it;
 But bless, O Heaven, the better taught!—
 Their teaching, Lord defend it!

FRANCIS DAVIS.

OUR KIND OF A MAN.

The kind of a man for you and me!
 He faces the world unflinchingly,
 And smites as long as the wrong resists,
 With a knuckled faith and force like-fists;
 He lives the life he is preaching of,
 And loves where most is the need of love;
 His voice is clear to the deaf man's ears, [tears;
 And his face sublime through the blind man's
 The light shines out where the clouds were dim,
 And the widow's prayer goes up for him;
 The latch is clicked at the hovel door,
 And the sick man sees the sun once more,
 And out o'er the barren field he sees
 Springing blossoms and waving trees,
 Feeling, as only the dying may,
 That God's own servant has come that way,
 Smoothing the path as it still winds on [gone.
 Through the golden gate where his loved have

The kind of a man for me and you,
 However little of worth we do:
 He credits full, and abides in trust
 That time will teach us how more is just.
 He walks abroad and he meets all kinds
 Of querulous and uneasy minds,
 And, sympathizing, he shares the pain
 Of the doubts that rack us, heart and brain,
 And, knowing this, as we grasp his hand,
 We are surely coming to understand!
 He looks on sin with pitying eyes—
 E'en as the Lord, since Paradise—

Else, should we read, though our sins should glow
 As scarlet, they should be white as snow!
 And feeling still, with a grief half glad
 That the bad are as good as the good are bad,
 He strikes straight out for the Right—and he
 Is the kind of a man for you and me!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

MAN'S MISSION.

Human lives are silent teaching—
 Be they earnest, mild, and true—
 Noble deeds are noblest preaching
 From the consecrated few.
 Poet-Priests their anthems singing,
 Hero-swords on corselet ringing,
 When Truth's banner is unfurled;
 Youthful preachers, genius-gifted,
 Pouring forth their souls uplifted.
 Till their preaching stirs the world.

Each must work as God has given
 Hero hand or poet soul—
 Work is duty while we live in
 This weird world of sin and dole.
 Gentle spirits, lowly kneeling,
 Lift their white hands up, appealing
 To the throne of Heaven's King—
 Stronger natures, culminating,
 In great actions incarnating
 What another can but sing.

Pure and meek-eyed as an angel,
 We must strive—must agonize;
 We must preach the saint's evangel
 Ere we claim the saintly prize—
 Work for all—for work is holy—
 We fulfill our mission solely
 When, like Heaven's arch above,
 Blend our souls in one emblazon,
 And the social diapason
 Sounds the perfect chord of love.

Life is combat, life is striving,
 Such our destiny below—
 Like a scythéd chariot driving
 Through an onward pressing foe.
 Deepest sorrow, scorn, and trial
 Will but teach us self-denial;
 Like the alchemists of old,
 Pass the ore through cleansing fire
 If our spirits would aspire
 To be God's refined gold.

We are struggling in the morning
 With the spirit of the night,
 But we trample on its scorning—
 Lo! the eastern sky is bright.
 We must watch. The day is breaking;
 Soon, like Memnon's statue waking
 With the sunrise into sound,
 We shall raise our voice to Heaven,
 Chant a hymn for conquest given,
 Seize the palm, nor heed the wound.

We must bend our thoughts to earnest,
 Would we strike the idols down;
 With a purpose of the sternest
 Take the Cross, and wait the Crown.
 Sufferings human life can hallow,
 Sufferings lead to God's Valhalla;—
 Meekly bear, but nobly try,
 Like a man with soft tears flowing,
 Like a God with conquest glowing,
 So to love, and work, and die!

LADY WILDE.

THE MISSIONER.

He stood upon the mountains bare,
 The sunlight pierced the cold blue air;
 Far off a lonely waterfall
 Crashed through a roughened granite wall,
 Up from the cliff the eagle rose
 Over a land of blackest woes,
 And as the watcher gazeth down
 Through the dim haze of field and town
 He crieth, with cheek of burning hue,
 "Work! *there* lies work for a man to do.

"Hearts beat there, to blend and mould,
 Sifting the clay from the precious gold,
 Girding the brave for the cause of right,
 To wage against wrong a gallant fight;
 To lift the cloud from the darken'd brain
 And light it up with God's fire again,
 Unfurling the flag of the good and true—
 This is the work for a man to do."

And he went forth—a Missioner,
 Down from that mountain, cold and bare,
 With a heart as fresh as a holy well,
 And a tongue as sweet as a honey cell.
 Round him a nation's strength and pride,
 All bent before that restless tide—
 The seed was sown and it quickly grew—
 That was the work which a man could do.

But ere the reaping th' Evangelist
 From the face of the land he loved was missed,
 He trod the path of the yellow stars,
 Free from the earth and its slimy wars—
 Free! yet his spirit dwelt with those
 Who waged the strife with freedom's foes.
 And his voice was heard 'mid the good and true,
 "I've shown ye the work for men to do."

JOHN KEEGAN CASEY.

THE MAN OF WISDOM.

The man that's wise to know all things aspires,
 But first the knowledge of himself desires;
 How far the compass of his strength can go,
 But his own weakness studies most to know.

He reasons more by practice than by rule;
 His logic's learned in observation's school;
 Taught by experience truly to reflect,
 Can first himself and then his friends direct;
 He ne'er suspends but in a doubtful case,
 Ne'er doubts where resolution should take place;
 Of every needful thing just care does take,
 But's most concerned for his immortal stake;
 Without that scope counts fruitless each en-
 deavor,

Nor would be happy once if not forever.

Himself best knowing, best himself can trust;
 Others, so far as he has proved them just;
 The world may him deceive, but ne'er abuse,
 Who trusts no more than he can bear to lose.
 While close retirement is to him a screen,
 Himself looks thro' but sees the world unseen,
 Yet shows, when forced the daylight to abide,
 Prudence, not affectation, made him hide;
 Does never causeless from his purpose range;
 When reason calls he never fears to change.
 From everything instruction he can draw,
 And from him each instruction is a law.

To ages past his nimble thoughts can climb;
 In things to come prevent the speed of time;
 Unborn events by past events foretell,
 And in conjecture be prophetic.
 His passions he ne'er suffers to rebel,
 Or hastens their first mutiny to quell;
 By honor's light, in all his projects sails,
 And boards a second when a former fails,
 Makes disappointment but improve his skill,
 And fetches strength from what succeeded ill.

Some wrongs he sees not, but with silent art
 Dissembles wounds too powerful foes impart;
 Loves to owe less in good turns than he may;
 For bad, would be in debt and never pay;
 Censures unjust or just alike to him:
 Those he deserves not, these he can condemn;
 Slight scandal, lays no violent hands on blame.
 Gives slander scope till it expires with shame.
 His joys no fears, his hopes know no despairs;
 Safe in the circle of his own affairs,
 From others' strife he timely does retire,
 Nor thrusts his hand into a needless fire;
 He best the purchase of his wit can tell,
 And how to value, keep and use it well;
 Himself his own best lawyer, and his skill
 His readiest and most faithful oracle.

NAHUM TATE.

WILL THEY RETURN?

I heard the naked fields and leafless woods make
 For the sweet spring, [moan
 For hawthorn bloom and primrose breath, and
 wild bee's drone,
 And flash of butterflies on elfin wing.

I heard the silver sands in starlight chill make
 For the bright sea, [moan
 Whose feet with mocking fugues had left them
 parched and lone,
 And still in sapphire ripples seemed to flee.

I heard the widowed skies, all sable-robed make
 For the glad sun, [moan
 For all their depths of blue, with radiant gold-
 veins sown,
 And rainbow-woofs from melting cloud-flakes
 spun.

I heard a hero's heart at every throb make moan
 For hopes once bright;
 For dreams of glory waned like witch-fires from
 their throne,
 For daylight's rising cressets quenched in
 deadly night.

Spring shall come back to you, sere woods and
 wind-swept plains!

The rose shall blush;
 The throstle and the nightingale shall raise their
 strains,
 And thousand brooklets with sweet babble
 gush.

Bleak sands, ye soon shall feel the ocean's soft
 Like mother's love; [caress,
 O widowed skies, your spouse shall come again
 to bless
 With tingent kisses all below,—above;

But thou, O heart, beat on and make thy cease-
 Ask not for rest! [less moan.
 When the slain eagle soars, shall freedom's hopes
 once flown,
 Return to their cold nest!

FANNY PARNELL.

ACCORDANCE.

He who with bold and skilful hand sweeps o'er
 The organ-keys of some cathedral pile,
 Flooding with music vault and nave and aisle,
 Though on his ear falls but a thundrous roar;
 In the composer's lofty motive free,
 Knows well that all that temple, vast and dim,
 Thrills to its base with anthem, psalm and hymn,
 True to the changeless laws of harmony.
 So he who on these changing chords of life
 With firm, sweet touch plays the Great Master's
 Of truth and love, and duty, evermore, [score
 Knows, too, that far beyond this roar and strife,
 Though he may never hear, in the true time,
 These notes must all accord in symphonies
 sublime.

ANNE C. L. BOTTA.

SWEETNESS.

The honey-bee that wanders all day long
 The field, the woodland, and the garden o'er,
 To gather in his fragrant winter store,
 Humming in calm content his quiet song,
 Seeks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
 The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips,—
 But from all rank and noxious weeds he sips
 The single drop of sweetness closely prest
 Within the poison chalice. Thus if we
 Seek only to draw forth the hidden sweet
 In all the varied human flowers we meet
 In the wide garden of humanity,
 And, like the bee, if home the spoils we bear,
 Hived in our hearts, it turns to nectar there.

ANNE C. L. BOTTA.

THE SPINNER.

The spinner twisted her slender thread
 As she sat and spun :
 "The earth and the heavens are mine," she said,
 "And the moon and sun ;
 Into my web the sunlight goes,
 And the breath of May,—
 And the crimson life of the new-blown rose,
 That was born to-day."

The spinner sang in that hush of noon,
 And her song was low :—
 "Oh morning, you pass away too soon,
 You are swift to go ;
 My heart o'erflows like a brimming cup
 With its hopes and fears,—
 Love, come and drink its sweetness up
 Ere it turn to tears !"

The spinner looked at the falling sun :
 "Is it time to rest ?
 My hands are weary, my work is done,
 I have wrought my best :—
 I have spun and woven with patient eyes,
 And with fingers fleet ;
 Lo ! where the toil of a lifetime lies,
 In a winding sheet !"

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

IN A STRANGE LAND.

*"The old order changeth, yielding place to new, and God
 fulfils Himself in many ways."*

Behold your quest is ended,
 And the new land, strange and splendid,
 No longer luring from afar, is firm beneath your
 tread ;
 And the way is free before ye,
 The skies unclouded o'er ye,
 And the past is dusk and darkness, and the dead
 have earthed their dead.

Raise your Cross and raise your Altar—
 Why pale ye thus and falter ?
 Are ye men or love-lorn maidens ?—ye late were
 stern and brave.
 What's worth a strong man's weeping ?
 The new land hath in keeping
 The most the old could give ye—a death-dart
 and a grave.

Have done with fruitless yearning—
 Know ye not there's no returning ?
 The wrathful sea's between ye and your far off
 fatherland,
 The worst it threatens, brave ye !
 Now from yourselves I save ye,
 Lo, the ships that bore ye hither ablaze upon
 the strand !

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

MORN.

Morn is the time to wake—
 The eyelids to unclose—
 Spring from the arms of Sleep, and break
 The fetters of repose ;
 Walk at the dewy dawn abroad,
 And hold sweet fellowship with God.

Morn is the time to pray :
 How lovely and how meet
 To send our earliest thoughts away
 Up to the mercy seat !
 Embassadors, for us to claim
 A blessing in our Master's name.

Morn is the time to sing :
 How lovely 'tis to hear
 The mingling notes of Nature ring
 In the delighted ear !
 And with that swelling anthem raise
 The soul's fresh matin song of praise !

Morn is the time to sow
 The seeds of heavenly truth,
 While balmy breezes softly blow
 Upon the soil of youth ;
 And look to thee, nor look in vain,
 O God, for sunshine and for rain.

Morn is the time to love :
 As tendrils of the vine,
 The young affections fondly rove,
 And seek them where to twine.
 Around thyself, in thine embrace,
 Lord, let them find their resting place !

Morn is the time to shine,
 When skies are clear and blue,—
 Reflect the rays of light divine
 As morning dew-drops do :
 Like early stars, be early bright,
 And melt away like them in light.

Morn is the time to weep
 O'er morning's hours misspent :
 Alas ! how oft from peaceful sleep,
 On folly madly bent,
 We've left the straight and narrow road,
 And wandered from our guardian, God !

Morn is the time to think,
 While thoughts are fresh and free,
 Of life just balanced on the brink
 Of dark eternity !
 And ask our souls if they are meet
 To stand before the judgment seat.

Morn is the time to die,
 Just at the dawn of day,—
 When stars are fading in the sky,
 To fade like them away :
 But lost in light more brilliant far
 Than ever merged the morning star.

Morn is the time to rise,
 The resurrection morn,—
 Upspringing to the glorious skies,
 On new-found pinions borne,
 To meet the Saviour's smile divine :—
 Be such ecstatic rising mine !

JANE L. GRAY.

THE PASSING DAYS.

How swift and noiseless, on viewless pinions,
 The sunny hours of our life flit past ;
 The priceless moments drift by us idly
 As falling leaves in the autumn blast.

We turn aside from life's toils and duties
 To mourn the glad hours forever gone ;
 We let the present glide by unheeded,
 And sigh for days that may never dawn.

We vainly dream of some bright ideal,
 Some Spirit-Eden of light and bloom,
 To draw the soul from the boundless real
 That must await it beyond the tomb.

He from whose breath leap the passing ages,
 Who bids them onward forever roll,
 Alone can answer the spirit-cravings
 That ever spring in the deathless soul.

Oh, may we grasp at the fleeting moments,
 And make each day, as He bids it come,
 A golden round in life's upward ladder,
 To lift our footsteps the nearer home.

Life here should be a harmonious poem,
 Whose breathing numbers could never die—
 A song of praise, on whose strains melodious
 The soul might soar to its home on high.

If no harsh note mars its mellow music,
 No jarring discord of hate or wrong
 Disturbs the flow of the magic numbers
 That sweetly blend in that deathless song,—

Then, when our life-hymn at last is finished,
 When sleeps the clay in its kindred sod,
 Rejoicing angels shall chant its anthem
 Before the throne of the Author—God.

MARY A. McMULLIN.

THE SIRENS

Ulysses, sailing past the Sirens' isle, [fast
 Sealed first his comrades' ears, then bade them
 Bind him with many a fetter to the mast,
 Lest those sweet voices should their soul beguile,
 And to their ruin flatter them, the while
 Their homeward bark was swiftly sailing past !
 And thus the peril they behind them cast,
 Tho' chased by those weird voices many a mile.
 But yet a nobler cunning Orpheus used :
 No fetter he put on, nor stopped his ear ;
 But ever, as he passed, sang high and clear,
 The blisses of the gods, their holy joys,
 And with diviner melody confused
 And marred earth's sweetest music to a noise.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

LIFE.

Life, believe, is not a dream,
 So dark as sages say ;
 Oft a little morning rain
 Foretells a pleasant day ;
 Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
 But these are transient all ;
 If the shower will make the roses bloom,
 Oh, why lament its fall ?
 Rapidly, merrily,
 Life's sunny hours flit by ;
 Gratefully, cheerfully,
 Enjoy them as they fly.

What though Death at times steps in
 And calls our best away?
 What though Sorrow seems to win
 O'er Hope a heavy sway?
 Yet Hope again elastic springs,
 Unconquered, though she fell;
 Still buoyant are her golden wings,
 Still strong to bear us well.
 Manfully, fearlessly,
 The day of trial bear;
 For gloriously, victoriously,
 Can courage quell despair.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

VESUVIUS.

I.

As when unto a mother, having chid
 Her child in anger, there have straight ensued
 Repentings for her quick and angry mood,
 Till she would fain see all its traces hid
 Quite out of sight—even so has Nature bid
 Fair flowers, that on the scarred earth she has
 strewed,
 To blossom, and called up the taller wood
 To cover what she ruined and undid.
 Oh! and her mood of anger did not last
 More than an instant, but her work of peace,
 Restoring and repairing, comforting
 The earth, her stricken child, will never cease;
 For that was her strange work, and quickly past,
 To this her genial toil no end the years shall bring.

II.

That her destroying fury was with noise
 And sudden uproar; but far otherwise,
 With silent and with secret mysteries,
 Her skill of renovation she employs:
 For Nature, only loud when she destroys,
 Is silent when she fashions; she will crowd
 The work of her destruction, transient, loud,
 Into an hour, and then long peace enjoys.
 Yea, every power that fashions and upholds
 Works silently,—all things, whose life is sure
 Their life is calm; silent the light that moulds
 And colors all things; and without debate
 The stars, which are for ever to endure, [state.
 Assume their thrones and their unquestioned

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

GIVET.

I.

"O Peregrine!
 What saw you in Givet?"
 "O friend of mine!
 An arm so graceful and so fair,
 That flashed a moment in the air,
 From out a mansard window high
 Above the slow-awaking street,
 The misty morning breeze to try,
 The misty morning light to greet.
 No fairer reached the first fair arm
 Into the boughs in Paradise,
 And through the break let in the harm
 Of light on two unguarded eyes,
 Than this one in Givet,
 O friend of mine!"

II.

"O Peregrine!
 What saw you in Givet?"
 "O friend of mine!
 Three hundred white caps bobbing up,
 Three hundred bobbing down, to stop
 Or speed the fierce-fought bargaining
 Upon the swarming market-place,
 Where eager Flemish women sing
 The song of travail of their race.
 On Babel's mart to women first
 The shock of many strange tongues came;
 And worry of that hour accurst
 Still works in them; so do not blame
 The women of Givet,
 O friend of mine!"

III.

"O Peregrine!
 What saw you in Givet?"
 "O friend of mine!
 The church so spacious and so white,
 In from the misty morning light—
 Not dead, but pulsing with the blood
 Of the expiring sacrifice;
 Near which men-bearing women stood
 And gazed entranced with tearful eyes,
 Or kissed with loving lips the ground,
 Like them that stole at set of sun
 Beneath the outstretched arms, and round
 The feet of the All-saving One!
 I saw this in Givet,
 O friend of mine!"

JOHN PATRICK BROWN.

MY ARGOSY.

My thoughts are outward in their flight,
 And restless as the foam
 Through which a good ship holds to-night
 Her westward pathway home;
 I see her trail her sable crest,
 And spread her wings of speed,
 While every stanchion in her breast
 Is trembling like a reed.
 With gallant pride she flings aside
 The waves in angry foam,
 And night or day I watch her way,
 And sing her welcome home.

Last eve I saw her outward bound,
 Her canvas on the gale,
 And watched her pennon wearing round
 The headland of Kinsale.
 I saw Slieve-Ronan sink behind,
 The sun go down before,
 And as a seabird on the wind
 My heart put out from shore:
 And through the night I hailed her flight,
 Beneath the starlit dome,
 And through the day I watched her way
 And sang her welcome home.

Betimes I see her gallant form
 Careering up the waves,
 Betimes adrift before the storm,
 Toward ocean's yawning caves;
 Again I see her quivering spars
 Go reeling round the sky,
 Then righting, greet the topmost stars,
 And wave her pennon high
 Still through the night I hail her flight
 Beneath the starlit dome,
 And night or day I track her way,
 And sing her welcome home.

What though she bears within her hold
 To me no treasure-trove—
 Kind Heaven ordained not links of gold
 To bind or hallow love—
 No gems of Orient mines or marts,
 No laurel wreath of fame—
 The earnest of two kindred hearts
 Is all from her I claim.
 For this to-night I hail her flight
 Beneath the starlit dome,
 And night and day for this I pray,
 And weave a welcome home.

These are my treasure, these my prize;
 A heart my lot to share;
 A playful child with azure eyes,
 And sunlight in her hair.
 For these I pray the mighty Power
 That ruleth land and sea,
 However seas or skies may lower,
 To speed my Argosie!
 And guard her flight throughout the night,
 Beneath the starry dome,
 And be the stay by night and day
 Of those I welcome home.

JOHN BOYLE.

THE WELL'S SECRET.

I knew it all my boyhood: in a lonesome valley
 meadow,
 Like a dryad's mirror hidden by the wood's dim
 arches near;
 Its eye flashed back the sunshine, and grew dark
 and sad with shadow;
 And I loved its truthful depths where every
 pebble lay so clear.

I scooped my hand and drank it, and watched
 the sensate quiver
 Of the rippling rings of silver as the drops of
 crystal fell;
 I pressed the richer grasses from its little trick-
 ling river,
 Till at last I knew, as friends know, every
 secret of the well.

But one day I stood beside it on a sudden, unex-
 pected,
 When the sun had crossed the valley and a
 shadow hid the place;
 And I looked in the dark water—saw my pallid
 cheek reflected—
 And beside it, looking upward, met an evil
 reptile face:

Looking upward, furtive, startled at the silent,
 swift intrusion;
 Then, it darted toward the grasses, and I saw
 not where it fled;
 But I knew its eyes were on me, and the old-
 time sweet illusion
 Of the pure and perfect symbol I had cherished
 there was dead.

O, the pain to know the perjury of seeming truth
that blesses!

My soul was seared like sin to see the falsehood
of the place;

And the innocence that mocked me, while in dim

There were lurking fouler secrets than the
furtive reptile face.

And since then,—O, why the burden?—when
the joyous faces greet me,

With eyes of limpid innocence, and words
devoid of art.

I cannot trust their seeming, but must ask what
eyes would meet me

Could I look in sudden silence at the secrets
of the heart.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

A LOST FRIEND.

My friend he was; my friend from all the rest;
With childlike faith he oped to me his breast;
No door was locked on altar, grave or grief;
No weakness veiled, concealed no disbelief;
The hope, the sorrow and the wrong were bare,
And ah, the shadow only showed the fair.

I gave him love for love; but deep within
I magnified each frailty into sin;
Each hill-topped foible in the sunset glowed,
Obscuring vales where rivered virtues flowed.
Reproof became reproach, till common grew
The captious word at every fault I knew.
He smiled upon the censorship, and bore
With patient love the touch that wounded sore;
Until at length, so had my blindness grown,
He knew I judged him by his faults alone.

Alone, of all men, I who knew him best,
Refused the gold, to take the dross for test!
Cold strangers honored for the worth they saw;
His friend forgot the diamond in the flaw.

At last it came—the day he stood apart,
When from my eyes he proudly veiled his heart;
When carping judgment and uncertain word
A stern resentment in his bosom stirred;
When in his face I read what I had been,
And with his vision saw what he had seen.

Too late! too late! O, could he then have known,
When his love died, that mine had perfect grown;
That when the veil was drawn, abased, chastised,
The censor stood, the lost one truly prized.

Too late we learn—a man must hold his friend
Unjudged, accepted, trusted to the end.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

WASTED FOUNTAINS

"And their nobles have sent their little ones to the waters;
they came to the pits, and found no water; they returned with
their vessels empty."—*Jeremiah, xiv. 3.*

When the fitful fever of the soul
Is awakened in thee first;
And thou goest like Judah's children forth
To slake thy burning thirst;

And when dry and wasted, like the springs
Sought by that little band,
Before thee, in their emptiness,
Life's broken cisterns stand;—

When the ripened fruits, that tempted,
Turn to ashes on the taste;
And thine early visions fade and pass,
Like the mirage of the waste;—

When faith darkens, and hopes languish,
In the shade of gathering years;
And the urn thou bear'st is empty,
Or o'erflowing with thy tears,

Because those transient springs have failed thee,
And those founts of youth are dried;
Wilt thou, among the mouldering stones,
In weariness abide?

Wilt thou sit among the ruins,
With all words of cheer unspoken,
Till the silver chord is loosened;
Till the golden bowl is broken?

Up, and onward! towards the east
Green oases thou shalt find;
Streams that rise from higher sources
Than the pools thou leav'st behind.

Life has import more inspiring
Than the fancies of thy youth;
It has hopes as high as heaven;
It has labor,—it has truth.



January 1855
Francesca Speranza Wilder
Z

It has wrongs that may be righted,
Noble deeds that may be done ;—
Its great battles are unfought,
Its great triumphs are unwon.

There is rising from its troubled deeps
A low, unceasing moan ;
There are aching, there are breaking
Other hearts beside thine own.

From strong limbs, that should be chainless,
There are fetters to unbind ;
There are words to raise the fallen ;
There is light to give the blind.

There are crushed and broken spirits,
That electric thoughts may thrill ;
Lofty dreams to be embodied
By the might of one strong will.

There are God and Truth above thee.—
Wilt thou languish in despair ?
Tread thy griefs beneath thy feet,—
Scale the walls of Heaven by prayer.

'Tis the key of the apostle
That opes Heaven from below ;
'Tis the ladder of the patriarch,
Whereon angels come and go.

ANNE C. L. BOTTA.

RELATED SOULS. ✓

Between us may roll the severing ocean
That girdles the land where the red suns set,
But the spell and thrill of that strange emotion
Which touched us once is upon us yet.
Ever your soul shadows mine, o'urleaning
The deepest depth of my inmost thought ;
And still on my heart comes back the meaning
Of all your eloquent lips have taught.
Time was not made for spirits like ours,
Nor the changing light of the changing hours ;
For the life eternal still lies below
The drifted leaves and the fallen snow.

Chords struck clear from our human nature
Will vibrate still to that past delight,
When our genius sprang to its highest stature,
And we walk like gods on the spirit height.

Can we forget—while these memories waken,
Like golden strings 'neath the player's hands,
Or as palms that quiver by night winds shaken,
Warm with the breath of the perfumed lands ?
Philosophy lifted her torch on high, [thereby,
And we read the deep things of the spirit
And I stood in the strength your teachings gave
As under truth's mighty architrave.

Royally crowned were those moments of feeling,
Or sad with the softness of twilight skies,
While silent tears came mournfully stealing
Up thro' the purple depths of our eyes !
I think of you now—while ocean is dashing
The foam in a thunder of silver spray,
And the glittering gleams of the white oars
Die in the sunset flush of the day. [flashing
For all things beautiful, free, divine,
The music that floats thro' the waving pine,
The starry night, or the infinite sea,
Speak with the breath of your spirit to me.

All my soul's unfulfilled aspiration—
Founts that flow from eternal streams—
Awoke to life, like a new creation,
In the Paradise light of your glowing dreams.
As gold refined in a three-fold fire,
As the Talith robe of the sainted dead,
Were the pure, high aims of her heart's desire,
The words we uttered, the thoughts half said.
We spoke of the grave with a voice unmoved,
Of love that could die as a thing disproved,
And we poured the rich wine, and drank at our
pleasure,
Of the higher life, without stint or measure.

Time fled onward without our noting,
Soft as the fall of the summer rain,
While thoughts in starry cascades came floating
Down from the living fount of the brain.
Yet, better apart ! Without human aidance
I cross the river of Life and fate— [dence
Wake me no more, with that voice, whose ca-
Could lure me back from the Golden Gate ;
For my spirit would answer your spirit's call,
Though life lay hid where the death-shadows fall,
And the mystic joys of the world unseen
Would be less to me than the days that have
been.

Life may be fair in that new existence [joice,
Where saints are crowned and the saved re-
But over the breadth of the infinite distance
I'll lean and listen to hear your voice.

For never on earth, though the tempest rages,
 And never in heaven, if God be just,
 Never through all the unnumbered ages
 Can souls be parted that love and trust.
 Wait—there are worlds diviner than this,
 Worlds of splendor, of knowledge and bliss!
 Across the death river—the victory won—
 We shall meet in the light of a changeless sun.

LADY WILDE.

TO MÆCENAS.

Mæcenas, thou whose lineage springs
 From old Etruria's kings,
 Come to my humble dwelling. Haste;
 A cask unbroached of mellowed wine
 Awaits thee, roses interlaced
 And perfumes pressed from nard divine.
 Leave Tibur sparkling with its thousand rills;
 Forget the sunny slopes of Æsulæ,
 And rugged peaks of Telagonian hills
 That frown defiance on the Tuscan sea.
 Forego vain pomps, nor gaze around
 From the tall turret of thy palace home
 On crowded masts, and summits temple-
 crowned,

The smoke, the tumult, and the wealth of
 Rome,

Come, loved Mæcenas, come!

How oft in lowly cot

Uncurtained, nor with Tyrian purple spread,
 Has weary State pillowed its aching head
 And smoothed its wrinkled brow, all cares
 forgot?

Come to my frugal feast and share my humble
 lot.

For now returning Cepheus shoots again
 His fires long-hid; now Procyon, and the
 Of the untamed Lion blaze amain: [Star
 Now the light vapors in the heated air
 Hang quivering; now the shepherd leads
 His panting flock to willow-bordered meads
 By river banks; or to those dells [dwells,
 Remote, profound, where rough Silvanus
 Where by mute margins silent waters creep,
 And the hushed zephyrs sleep.

Too long by civil cares opprest
 Snatch one short interval of rest,
 Nor fear lest from the frozen North
 Don's arrowed thousands issue forth,
 Or hordes from realms by Cyrus won,
 Or Scythians from the rising sun.

Around the future Jove has cast
 A veil like night: he gives us power
 To see the present and the past,
 But kindly hides the coming hour,
 And smiles when man with daring eye
 Would pierce that dread futurity.

Wisely and justly guide thy present state,
 Life's daily duty: the dark future flows
 Like some broad river, now in calm repose
 Gliding untroubled to the Tyrrhene shore,
 Now by fierce floods precipitate,
 And on its frantic bosom bearing
 Homes, herds, and flocks,
 Drowned men and loosened rocks:
 Uprooted trees from groaning forests tearing;
 Tossing from peak to peak the sullen waters'
 roar.

Blest is the man who dares to say,
 Lord of myself, I've lived to-day:
 To-morrow let the Thunderer roll
 Storm and thick darkness round the pole,
 Or purest sunshine: what is past
 Unchanged for evermore shall last:
 Nor man, nor Jove's resistless power
 Can blot the record of one vanished hour.

Fortune capricious, faithless, blind,
 With cruel joy her pastime plays,
 Exalts, enriches, and betrays;
 One day to me, anon to other kind.
 I can approve her when she stays,
 But when she shakes her wanton wing,
 And soars aloft, her gifts to earth I fling.
 And, wrapped in Honor's mantle, live and die
 Content with dowerless poverty.

When the tall ship, with bending mast,
 Reels to the fury of the blast,
 The merchant trembles and deplores,
 Not his own fate, but buried stores
 From Cyprian or Phœnician shores;—
 He with sad vows and unavailing prayer
 Rich ransom offers to the angry gods;
 I stand erect; no groans of mine shall e'er
 Affront the quiet of those blest abodes:
 My light, unburthened skiff shall sail
 Safe to the shore before the gale,
 While the twin sons of Leda point the way,
 And smooth the billows with benignant ray.

STEPHEN DE VERE.

Horace, Book I., l. 29.

INTACTIS OPULENTIOR.

Though India's virgin mine,
And hoarded wealth of Araby be thine;
Though thy wave-circled palaces
Usurp the Tyrrhene and Apulian seas.
When on thy devoted head
The iron hand of Fate has laid
The symbols of eternal doom,
What power shall loose the fetters of the
dead?
What hope dispel the terrors of the tomb?

Happier the nomad tribes whose wains
Drag their rude huts o'er Scythian plains;
Happier the Getan horde
To whom unmeasured fields afford
Abundant harvests, pastures free:
For one short year they toil,
Then claim once more their liberty,
And yield to other hands the unexhausted
soil.

The tender-hearted stepdame there
Nurtures with all a mother's care.
The orphan babe: no wealthy bride
Insults her lord or yields her heart
To the sleek suitor's glozing art.
The maiden's dower is purity,
Her parents' worth, her womanly pride,
To hate the sin, to scorn the lie,
Chastely to live, or, if dishonored, die.

Breathes there a patriot brave and strong
Would right his erring country's wrong,
Would heal her wounds and quell her rage?
Let him with noble daring first
Curb Faction's tyranny accurst:
So may some future age
Grave on his bust, with pious hand,
THE FATHER OF HIS NATIVE LAND:
Virtue yet living we despise,
Adore it lost, and vanished from our eyes.

Cease, idle wail!

The sin unpunished, what can sighs avail?
How weak the laws by man ordained,
If Virtue's law be unsustained!
A second sin is thine! The sand
Of Araby, Gætulia's sun-scorched land,
The desolate realms of Hyperborean ice,
Call with one voice to wrinkled avarice:

He hears: he fears no toil, nor sword, nor
sea;
He shrinks from no disgrace but virtuous
poverty.

Forth! 'mid a shouting nation bring
Thy precious gems, thy wealth untold:
Into the seas, or Temple, fling
Thy vile unprofitable gold.
Roman! Repent, and from within
Eradicate thy darling sin:
Repent! and from thy bosom tear
The sordid shame that festers there.

Bid thy degenerate sons to learn
In rougher schools a lesson stern:—
The high-born youth, mature in vice,
Pursues his vain and reckless course,
Rolls the Greek hoop or throws the dice,
But shuns the chase and dreads the horse.
His perjured sire with jealous care
Heaps riches for his worthless heir,
Despised, disgraced, supremely blest,
Cheating his partner, friend, and guest.
Uncounted stores his bursting coffers fill,
But something unpossessed is ever wanting
still.

STEPHEN DE VERE.

Horace, Book III, Ode 24.

TO LONGFELLOW.

Pensive within the Colosseum's walls
I stood with thee, O Poet of the West!
The day when each had been a welcome guest
In San Clemente's venerable halls:—
With what delight my memory now recalls
That hour of hours, that flower of all the rest,
When, with thy white beard falling on thy breast,
That noble head, that might well serve as Paul's,
In some divinest vision of the saint [dead,
By Raphael dreamed—I heard thee mourn the
The martyred host who fearless there, tho' faint,
Walked the rough road that up to heaven's
gate led:
These were the pictures Calderon loved to paint
In golden hues that here perchance have fled.
Yet take the colder copy from my hand,
Not for its own, but for the Master's sake;
Take it, as thou, returning home, wilt take
From that divinest soft Italian land

Fixed shadows of the beautiful and grand
 In sunless pictures that the sun doth make—
 Reflections that may pleasant memories wake
 Of all that Raphael touched, or Angelo planned:—
 As these may keep what memory else might lose,
 So may this photograph of verse impart
 An image, though without the native hues
 Of Calderon's fire, and yet with Calderon's art,
 Of what thou lovest thro' a kindred muse
 That sings in heaven, yet nestles in the heart.

DENIS FLORENCE McCARTHY.

—Dedication of Calderon's "*Chrysanthus and Daria*."

A FALLEN STAR.

I.

I sauntered home across the park,
 And slowly smoked my last cigar;
 The summer night was still and dark,
 With not a *single star*.

And, conjured by, I know not what,
 A memory floated through my brain,
 The vision of a friend forgot,
 Or thought of now with pain.

A brilliant boy that once I knew,
 In far-off, happy days of old,
 With sweet, frank face, and eyes of blue,
 And hair that shone like gold:

Fresh crowned with college victory,
 The boast and idol of his class,—
 With heart as pure, and warm, and free
 As sunshine on the grass!

A figure sinewy, lithe, and strong,
 A laugh infectious in its glee,
 A voice as beautiful as song,
 When heard along the sea.

On me, the man of sombre thought,
 The radiance of his friendship won,
 As round an autumn tree is wrought
 The enchantment of the sun.

He loved me with a tender truth,
 He clung to me as clings the vine,
 And, like a brimming fount of youth,
 His nature freshened mine.

Together hand in hand we walked;
 We threaded pleasant country ways,
 Or, couched beneath the limes, we talked,
 On sultry summer days,

For me he drew aside the veil
 Before his bashful heart that hung,
 And told a sweet, ingenuous tale
 That trembled on his tongue.

He read me songs and amorous lays,
 Where through each slender line a fire
 Of love flashed lambently, as plays
 The lightning through the wire.

A nobler maid he never knew
 Than she he longed to call his wife;
 A fresher nature never grew
 Along the shores of life.

Thus rearing diamond arches up
 Whereon his future life to build,
 He quaffed all day the golden cup
 That youthful fancy filled.

Like fruit upon a southern slope,
 He ripened on all natural food,—
 The winds that thrill the skyey cope,
 The sunlight's golden blood;

And in his talk I oft discerned
 A timid music vaguely heard;
 The fragments of a song scarce learned,
 The essays of a bird,—

The first faint notes the poet's breast,
 Ere yet his pinions warrant flight,
 Will, on the margin of the nest,
 Utter with strange delight.

Thus rich with promise was the boy,
 When, swept abroad by circumstance,
 We parted,—he to live, enjoy,
 And I to war with chance.

II.

The air was rich with fumes of wine
 When next we met. 'Twas at a feast,
 And he, the boy I thought divine,
 Was the unhallowed priest.

There was the once familiar grace,
 The old, enchanting smile was there;
 Still shone around his handsome face
 The glory of his hair.

But the pure beauty that I knew
 Had lowered through some ignoble task;
 Apollo's head was peering through
 A drunken bacchant's mask.

The smile, once honest as the day,
Now waked to words of grossest wit;
The eyes so simply frank and gay,
With lawless fires were lit.

He was the idol of the board;
He led the careless, wanton throng;
The soul that once to heaven had soared
Now grovelled in a song.

He wildly flung his wit away
In small retort, in verbal brawls,
And played with words as jugglers play
With hollow brazen balls.

But often when the laugh was loud,
And highest gleamed the circling bowl
I see what unseen passed the crowd,—
The shadow on his soul.

And soon the enigma was unlocked
The harrowing history I heard,—
The sacred duties that he mocked,
The forfeiture of word.

And how he did his love a wrong—
His wild remorse—his mad career—
And now—ah! hearken to that song,
And hark the answering cheer!

III.

Thus musing sadly on the law
That lets such brilliant meteors quench,
Down the dark path a form I saw
Uprising from a bench.

Ragged and pale, in strident tones
It asked for alms—I knew for what;
The tremor shivering through its bones
Was eloquent of the sot.

It begged, it prayed, it whined, it cried,
It followed with a shuffling tramp—
It would not, could not be denied,—
I turned beneath a lamp.

It clutched the coins I gave, and fled
With muttered words of horrid glee,
When, like the white, returning dead,
A vision rose to me.

A nameless something in its air,
A sudden gesture as it moved,—
'Twas he, the gay, the debonnaire!
'Twas he, the boy I loved.

And while along the lonesome park
The eager drunkard sped afar,
I looked to heaven, and through the dark
I saw a falling star!

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

THE CONVENT PORTER.

He was an ancient, bearded man,
Within the archway seated,
Who through the summer, lone and long,
The rosary repeated.
He rang the bell for matin prayers,
At noontide for the reapers,
And, when the evening shadows fell,
He rang it for the keepers,
And sometimes, too, he knolled a knell
For everlasting sleepers.

From day to day he said his beads,
Within the archway staying;
The sun arising found him there
And, setting, left him praying.
On him would little hands attend,
And little footfalls pattered;
Around him, where the fig trees bend,
Were purple treasures scattered;
The whispering cypress was his friend,
For him the ivy chattered.

But seldom at that convent gate
A traveller dismounted;
The outer world of toil and hate
Passed by it unaccounted.
Monotonous, and quaint, and calm,
The prayerful seasons glided;
The vesper hymn and morning psalm
The days alone divided.
That by the dial, near the palm,
Were left all undecided.

So years went by, until one day
The night cloud, westward rolling,
Came round the friar's dim retreat
Without the vesper tolling.
The birds still sang on ivy sprays,
The children still were playing,
The Porter, as in former days,
Seemed rosaries still saying.
But—Death had found his quiet ways,
And took the old man praying.

CARROLL RYAN.

OLIVIA AND DICK PRIMROSE.

A rustic maiden, delicately fair,
 With sweet mute lips, and eyes serene and mild,
 That look straight sunward, while, with gentle
 Clings to her side a little loving child, [air
 Linking a chain of daisies; this is all,
 And yet methinks old memories bestir
 At sight of this maid-lily, fair and tall;
 Sweet as the rose the dainty hands of her
 Enclose in careless chains and happy thrall.

I see the gentle vicar, old and kind, [praise;
 The good house-mother, quick to blame and
 All the quaint story rises to my mind, [days;
 The meadow-bank that bloomed with flowering
 And in the hay-field now I seem to see
 Olivia stand, with happy down-cast eyes,
 Singing with simple girlish minstrelsy,
 While o'er the ethereal blue of summer skies
 Long feathery lines of cloud float restfully.

He sang of happy home, who home had none,
 Of sweet hearth joys whose ways were lone and
 bleak,

And oft his voice rang out with truest tone
 When wintry winds froze tears upon his cheek.
 A deathless fount of song was ever springing
 From out his bright child-nature, pure and sweet,
 Soft comforting and surest healing bringing;
 And when earth's sharpest thorns pierced his
 feet

His way was gladdened with his inward singing.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

RECOMPENSE.

Dear friend, the grass is musical above
 The silent earth that holds thee in its peace,
 And tossing daisies seem the place to love,
 And mark the passing days with fond increase.

Why should I mourn for one whose journey lies
 So near my own that I can almost hear
 His soul's swift answer, as its throb replies
 To all that stirs my soul with pain or cheer?

The days with their recurring songs are loud,
 Even as they were when you were here with me;
 The sunlight lingers in the floating cloud,
 The wind is sweet with saltness of the sea.

Low calls the sparrow from the frowsy hedge,
 The oriole shines among the whispering leaves,
 The wind-flowers sway along the tumbling ledge,
 And hillsides gleam with promise of the sheaves.

I hear the waves that murmur on the sand,
 The sea-birds crooning where the reef is bare,
 And see the white sails parting from the land,
 Bound for an Orient freight of spices rare.

This is the path our feet so often trod,
 And yonder ancient rock the accustomed seat;
 The buttercups are yellow in the sod,
 The clover blossoms at its base are sweet;

The valley narrows through the azure haze,
 Wherein the hills like massive giants loom;
 The river sleeps in willow-guarded ways,
 And lilies star the cool and fragrant gloom.

There is no change in leaf, or flower, or tree;
 The wild thorn yonder is as sweet and strong
 As when you trod this winding path, and we
 Heard the clear gladness of the robin's song.

Yes, you were here one little year ago,
 And saw the world grow wondrous sweet and
 And now alone I wander to and fro, [fair;
 And seek you, knowing that you are not there.

The shadowy silence holds you, yet I feel,
 When in the old familiar haunts I stand,
 That one swift moment can your face reveal,
 And give to me the clasping of your hand.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

THE WINTERS.

We did not fear them once; the dull grey morn-
 ings

No cheerless burden on our spirits laid; [ings
 The long night watches did not bring us warn-
 That we were tenants of a house decayed.
 The early snows like dreams to us descended;
 The frost did fairy work on pane and bough;
 Beauty, and power, and wonder have not ended—
 How is it that we fear the winters now?

Their home fires fall as bright on hearth and
 chamber,

Their northern starlight shines as coldly clear;
 The woods still keep their holly for December,
 The world a welcome yet for the new year.

And far away in old remembered places
The snowdrop rises and the robin sings;
The sun and moon look out with loving faces;
Why have our days forgot these goodly things?

Why is it now the north wind finds us shaken
By tempests fiercer than its bitter blast,
Which fair beliefs and friendship, too, have taken
Away like summer foliage as they passed;
And made life leafless in its pleasant valleys,
Waning the light of promise from our day,
Till the mists meet even in the inward palace,
A dimness not like theirs to pass away?

It was not thus when dreams of love and laurels
Gave sunshine to the winters of our youth,
Before its hopes had fallen in fortune's quarrels
Or time had bowed them with his heavy truth;
Ere yet the twilights found us strange and lonely,
With shadows coming when the fire burns low
To tell of distant graves and losses only;
The past that cannot change and will not go.

Alas! dear friends, the winter is within us,
Hard is the ice that grows about the heart,
With petty cares and vain regrets that win us
From life's true heritage and better part.
Seasons and skies rejoice, yea, worship rather;
But nations toil and tremble even as we,
Hoping for harvests they will never gather,
Fearing the winters which they may not see.

FRANCES BROWN.

COMPENSATION.

Yes, the years are passing quickly; months seem
days and days but hours;
Gloom is o'er us, dearth around us, ere we've
gathered summer's flowers;
And the swiftly changing seasons, sped by time's
unwearied wing,
Mingle suns and snows together, hastening on
from spring to spring.

'Twas not so, my friend and comrade, when to
us the world was new,
Then the fields were ever blooming and the
skies were always blue;
And a yearning spirit filled us to leave youth be-
hind and stand
Firm on manhood's highway, scanning all the
promised golden land.

Ah, those years of wistful dreaming! Had we
known what things should be
In the future's plains and valleys, on its surging,
storm-beat sea,
Would desire have spurred us onward from the
simple ways which then
Blossomed round us, to the thorn-set paths that
tire the feet of men?

Naught behind had power to hold us; all before
had charms to woo;
Hope to me held forth her garlands, Love her
rose-wreathed crown to you;
Hope has vanished, Love has perished; dust lies
deep on rose and bay,
Yet, though storm and gloom beset us, sunshine
oft has warmed our way.

Many a face has smiled upon us, brightening
hours that else were drear,
Many an eye with kindness kindled, sparkling
friendship, glancing cheer;
O'er the scenes now fading from us, many a
drifting cloud has strayed
Yet, my friend, when all is balanced, we have
seen more sun than shade.

Dreams are gone, the world is real; this we've
learned and this we know;—
Though we build Utopian mansions, still our
feet must tread below;
All the gloss and glow that fancy spreads to lure
the steps of youth
Fast recede and faster vanish, driven by staid,
prosaic truth.

Now, with grave-eyed age advancing, heralded
by silvery gleams
Though the locks that late were ebony, every sea-
son shorter seems;
Spring makes fluttering haste for summer, au-
tumn grasps the flowers of June,
Winter's fretful shadows flit before September's
mellow moon.

Ours is not a new experience; nay, 'tis much as
other men's;
Since time's earliest cycle human hearts have
pondered nows and thens;
This, at least, the years have taught us: roses
bloom where snow has lain,
And the sun, though darkness whelm it, shines
and glorifies again.

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

COMPENSATIONS.

"Why must we mourn for vanished light,
 For pleasures lost, as fair as fleeting,
 And weep beneath the eyes of night,
 The memory of our former greeting?
 Is joy too weak to live away?
 Is life so fond of pale-browed sorrow,
 That every hope which blooms to-day
 Must fade and die before to-morrow?"

But—"Nay," a voice within replied,
 So sweet I could not choose but hear it,—
 "God never yet hath light denied
 To those whose souls can draw them near it;
 Look up in trust, and see beyond
 Those clouds of ill this vain repining,
 A father's strength sustained and fond,
 A father's love securely shining."

But doubting still, and weak, I moan;
 "Your heaven's too far—give something nearer;
 Why are we left to stand alone,
 With all gone by that made life dearer?
 The friends we seek clasp hands and part,
 The souls we love draw throbbing near us,
 Eye speaks to eye, heart leans on heart,
 When naught remains to help or cheer us."

"And yet, and yet,"—the voice rang clear,
 And proud as love and faith could make it,—
 "While memory holds your friendship near
 Can loss or change or sorrow break it?
 Soul meets with soul;—an instant's ray
 Can forge a chain no time can sever;
 Thro' life, thro' death, by night and day,
 Thus meeting once they meet forever!"

MARY L. BLAKE.

SOGGARATH AROON.

Am I the slave they say,
 Soggarth Aroon?
 Since you did show the way,
 Soggarth Aroon,
 Their slave no more to be,
 While they would work with me
 Ould Ireland's slavery,
 Soggarth Aroon?

Why not her poorest man,
 Soggarth Aroon,
 Try and do all he can,
 Soggarth Aroon,
 Her commands to fulfill
 Of his own heart and will,
 Side by side with you still,
 Soggarth Aroon?

Loyal and brave to you,
 Soggarth Aroon,
 Yet be no slave to you,
 Soggarth Aroon,—
 Nor, out of fear to you—
 Stand up so near to you—
 Och! out of fear to you!
 Soggarth Aroon!

Who, in the winter's night,
 Soggarth Aroon,
 When the cold blast did bite,
 Soggarth Aroon,
 Came to my cabin-door,
 And, on my earthen-floor,
 Knelt by me, sick and poor,
 Soggarth Aroon?

Who, on the marriage-day,
 Soggarth Aroon,
 Made the poor cabin gay,
 Soggarth Aroon—
 And did both laugh and sing,
 Making our hearts to ring,
 At the poor christening,
 Soggarth Aroon?

Who, as friend only met,
 Soggarth Aroon,
 Never did flout me yet,
 Soggarth Aroon?
 And when my hearth was dim,
 Gave, while his eye did brim,
 What I should give to him,
 Soggarth Aroon?

Och! you, and only you,
 Soggarth Aroon!
 And for this I was true to you,
 Soggarth Aroon;
 In love they'll never shake,
 When for ould Ireland's sake,
 We a true part did take,
 Soggarth Aroon.

JOHN BANIM.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

O, woman of Three Cows, aghrah, don't let your tongue thus rattle!

O, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.

I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—

A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,

For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser,

And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows;

Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

See where Mononia's heroes lie, proud Owen Moore's descendants,

'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants!

If *they* were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,

Can *you* be proud, can *you* be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;

Mavrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning—

Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?

Yet *you* can give yourself these airs, O, Woman of Three Cows!

O, think of Donnell of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted—

See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted!

He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—

Then ask yourself, should *you* be proud, good Woman of Three Cows?

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story—

Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory—

Yet now their bones lie mould'ring under weeds and cypress boughs,

And so, for all your pride, will yours, O, Woman of Three Cows.

Th' O'Carrolls also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,

Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;

Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?

Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows!

Your neighbor's poor, and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,

Because, forsooth, you've got three cows,—one more, I see, than *she* has;

That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows,

But if you're strong be merciful, great Woman of Three Cows!

Now, there you go! You still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,

And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,

If I had but four cows myself, even tho' you were my spouse,

I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

—*Translation from the Irish.*

THE WIDOW'S MESSAGE TO HER SON.

Remember, Denis, all I bade you say;

Tell him we're well and happy, thank the Lord, But of our troubles, since he went away,

You'll mind, avick, and never say a word; Of cares and troubles, sure, we've all our share,

The finest summer isn't always fair.

Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May,

She died, poor thing; but that you needn't mind;

Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay;

But tell him God to us was ever kind,

And when the fever spread the country o'er, His mercy kept the "sickness" from our door.

Be sure you tell him how the neighbors came

And cut the corn and stored it in the barn;

'Twould be as well to mention them by name—

Pat Murphy, Ned McCabe, and James McCann,

And big Tim Daly from behind the hill;

But say, aghrah—Oh, say I missed him still.

They came with ready hands our toil to share—
 'Twas then I missed him most—my own right
 hand;
 I felt, although kind hearts were 'round me there,
 The kindest heart beat in a foreign land. [me.
 Strong hand! brave heart! oh, severed far from
 By many a weary league of shore and sea.

And tell him she was with us—he'll know who;
 Mavourneen, hasn't she the winsome eyes,
 The darkest, deepest, brightest, bonniest blue
 I ever saw, except in summer skies?
 And such black hair! It is the blackest hair
 That ever rippled over neck so fair.

Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day,
 And moped, poor dog, 'twas well he didn't die;
 Crouched by the road-side how he watched the
 way, [by—
 And sniffed the travelers as they passed him
 Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure, 'twas all the same,
 He listened for the foot that never came.

Tell him the house is lonesome-like and cold,
 The fire itself seems robbed of half its light;
 But, maybe 'tis my eyes are growing old,
 And things look dim before my failing sight.
 For all that, tell him 'twas myself that spun
 The shirts you bring, and stitched them every one.

Give him my blessing, morning, noon and night,
 Tell him my prayers are offered for his good,
 That he may keep his Maker still in sight,
 And firmly stand as his brave father stood,
 True to his name, his country, and his God,
 Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad.

ELLEN FORRESTER.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S MOTHER.

I.

"O come, my mother, come away, across the
 sea-green water;
 O come with me and come with him, the hus-
 band of thy daughter;
 O come with me and come with them, the sister
 and the brother,
 Who, prattling, climb thy aged knees, and call
 thy daughter—' mother!'

"O come, and leave this land of death, this isle
 of desolation,—
 This speck upon the sun-bright face of God's
 sublime creation;
 Since now e'er all our fatal stars the most malign
 hath risen,
 When Labor seeks the Poor-house, and Inno-
 cence the Prison!

" 'Tis true, o'er all the sun-brown fields the husky
 wheat is bending;
 'Tis true, God's blessed hand at last a better
 time is sending;
 'Tis true the island's aged face looks happier
 and younger,
 But in the best of days we've known the sickness
 and the hunger.

" When health breathed out in every breeze, too
 oft we've known the fever—
 Too oft, my mother, have we felt the hand of
 the bereaver;
 Too well remember many a time the mournful
 task that brought him,
 When freshness fanned the summer air, and
 cooled the brow of autumn.

" But when the trial, though severe, still testified
 our patience,
 He bowed with mingled hope and fear to God's
 wise dispensations;
 We felt the gloomiest time was both a promise
 and a warning,
 Just as the darkest hour of night is herald of the
 morning.

" But now, through all the black expanse, no
 hopeful morning breaketh—
 No bird of promise in our hearts the gladsome
 song awaketh;
 No far-off gleams of good light up the hills of
 expectation—
 Nought but the gloom that might precede the
 world's annihilation.

" So, mother, turn thine aged feet, and let our
 children lead 'em
 Down to the ship that wafts us soon to plenty
 and to freedom;
 Forgetting nought of all the past, yet all the past
 forgiving;
 Come let us leave the dying land, and fly unto
 the living.

"They tell us, they who read and think, of
Ireland's ancient story,
How once its Emerald flag flung out a sunburst's
fleeting glory;
O! if that sun will pierce no more the dark
clouds that efface it,
Fly where the rising Stars of Heaven commingle
to replace it.

"So come, my mother, come away, across the
sea-green water;
O! come with us, and come with him, the hus-
band of thy daughter;
O! come with us, and come with them, the sis-
ter and the brother,
Who, prattling, climb thine aged knees and call
thy daughter—mother."

II.

"Ah! go my children, go away—obey this in-
spiration;
Go, with the mantling hopes of health and youth-
ful expectation;
Go, clear the forests, climb the hills, and plough
the expectant prairies;
Go, in the sacred name of God, and the blessed
Virgin Mary's.

"But though I feel how sharp the pang from
thee and thine to sever,
To look upon these darling ones the last time
and for ever;
Yet in this sad and dark old land, by desolation
haunted,
My heart has struck its roots too deep ever to be
transplanted.

"A thousand fibres still have life, although the
trunk is dying—
They twine around the yet green grave where
thy father's bones are lying;
Ah! from that sad and sweet embrace no soil
on earth can loose 'em,
Though golden harvests gleam on its breast,
and golden sands in its bosom.

"Others are twined around the stone, where ivy
blossoms smother
The crumbling lines that trace thy names, my
father and my mother;
God's blessing be upon their souls—God grant,
my old heart prayeth,
Their names be written in the Book whose writ-
ing ne'er decayeth.

"Alas! my prayers would never warm within
those great, cold buildings,
Those grand cathedral churches, with their mar-
bles and their gildings;
Far fitter than the proudest dome that would
hang its splendor o'er me,
Is the simple chapel's white-washed wall, where
my people knelt before me.

"No doubt it is a glorious land to which you
now are going,
Like that which God bestowed of old, with milk
and honey flowing;
But where are the blessed saints of God, whose
lives of His law remind me,
Like Patrick, Brigid, and Columbkille, in the
land I'd leave behind me?

"So leave me here, my children, with my old
ways and old notions;
Leave me here in peace, with my memories and
devotions;
Leave me in sight of your father's grave, and as
the heavens allied us.
Let not, since we were joined in life, even the
grave divide us.

"There's not a week but I can hear how you
prosper better and better,
For the mighty fireships over the sea will bring
the expected letter;
And if I need aught for my simple wants, my
my food or my winter firing,
Thou'lt gladly spare from thy growing store a
little for my requiring.

"Remember with a pitying love the hapless land
that bore you;
At every festal season be its gentle form before
you;
When the Christmas candle is lighted, and the
holly and ivy glisten,
Let your eye look back for a vanished face—for
a voice that is silent, listen!

"So go, my children, go away—obey this in-
spiration;
Go with the mantling hopes of health and youth-
ful expectation;
Go, clear the forests, climb the hills, and plough
the expectant prairies;
Go, in the sacred name of God, and the blessed
Virgin Mary's."

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

OUR EMIGRANTS.

Ye wander far and far,
By many a distant star,
By many an olive shore.
The swallows come and go,
And come again with May;
The tide-waves ebb and flow,
The brown hair turns to gray,
But ye come back no more.

Why must ye go away
In hundreds every day,
As from a plague ye fled?—

O young man, maid, and *canst*,
Ye leave a fertile soil,
A climate soft and mild,
A land to pay all toil,
A land of glorious dead.

The savage rears her child,
And in the forests wild
Finds all his need demands;
But from a verdant shore,
And from the hills ye love,
Ye rush forth evermore,
While angels weep above—
Sad exiles in all lands.

Ye cut the quinine wood,
Where once the red man stood,
Where dwells the humming bird;
But far and far away,
Across the deep green sea,
Throughout the night and day,
Your thoughts for ever flee,
In love that finds no word.

Ye dig the yellow gold
From streams of wealth untold,
Through weary, painful hours.
Oh! leave it where it lies,
Just standing where it stood,
For to our aching eyes
It bears a mark of blood,—
Of your life's blood and ours,

'Tis bought with too much pain,
It has a crimson stain,—
The red sweat of your hearts;
Ye give it full and free,
Ye eat the bitter bread,
To keep the old roof-tree
Above the bent gray head
That to the grave departs.

Oh! come to us once more,
Come from the olive shore,
Across the salt sea-foam;
We'd rather than the gold
That ye were with us here;
We'd suffer want and cold,
Nor shed a single tear,
If ye were but at home.

MARGARET RYAN.

A PRISON DREAM.

In a cell of old Kilmainham
I lay on my cold, hard bed;
And our loving God sent down a Dream,
And it sat beside my head;
And the Dream-voice whispered low, sweet words,
And the clouds of sorrow fled.

As a mother sits by a suffering child,
Soothing it to its sleep,
The gentle Dream sat by my side,
And I could feel it weep;
And I loved it, for it came from God,
And its love was very deep.

The Dream rose up, and took my hand,
And led me from the night;
Led me to where the sun was warm,
And where the earth was bright;
And I felt like a slave who has snapped his chain
And I laughed with a child's delight.

I thought I heard a river flow,
We stood by the river soon;
And the tears sprung up from my swelling heart
When I heard its gentle tune;
Its notes were dear in days gone by,
When my youth was in its noon.

For a moment the vision fled my sight,
And a darkness rose between;
And the shadow of old Kilmainham's walls
Spread broad across the scene;
But it passed, like the shade of a passing cloud,
And again the earth was green.

And old familiar faces rose,
And smiled on me in joy;
And the long-lost mates who played with me
When I was a careless boy—
When my life was a vein of virgin gold,
Unstain'd by foul alloy.

And the river of my life flowed back
 To the home of my early years;
 And I read of my suffering native land—
 I read of her hopes and fears;
 And my mother watched me while I read,
 And her eyes were filled with tears.

And the smiling dream went beckoning on,
 To a quiet, spring-clad grove,
 And under the guardian trees I heard
 The voice of the one I love;
 And the God who loveth loving hearts,
 Smiled peace on us from above.

Again the vision fled my sight,
 And darkness rose between,
 And the shadow of old Kilmainham's walls
 Spread broad across the scene;
 And I woke, and the loving dream had fled,
 And I was as I had been.

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

IN AGES PAST.

On a Paper Knife of Irish Oak.

The fair young oak that gave thy blade
 To carver with a cunning hand,
 Stood ages since within a glade
 Of that forever shadowed land
 Where lies a slave did once command
 The world of science, art and craft:
 The fair strong oak that made thy haft
 Leafed first in rapture near a strand
 Where armored Northmen once did wade
 From bristling galleys, fore and aft,
 To meet oak spears with gleaming tips,
 That drove them, reeling, to their ships,
 Like pallid fiends, with terror daft;
 For, high above the silver sand,
 Where spears and banners meet and mix,
 They hear the chant of holy lips,
 They see a god-like figure stand
 And hold against them, like a wand,
 A simple oaken crucifix.

And deeper in the shadowed glade
 Where grew thy fair young parent tree;
 Where spiced winds the cedars swayed,
 The sun's last rays reluctant fade
 On abbey tower overlaid
 With braided ivy, tress on tress;
 While sweetly, from its dim recess

Thro' cell and chapel, floats a wave
 Of undulating stringéd chords:
 The abbess' voice, majestic, grave,
 Gliding thro' chancel, crypt and nave,
 Repeats in glorious Gaelic words
 A song of heavenly joy and hope,
 That thrills the ancient gray grim dun,
 And rises o'er the moated scarp,
 Whose warders' sightless eyelids ope
 When, with the setting of the sun,
 The abbess smites her oaken harp.

MARGARET F. SULLIVAN.

THE PLEASANT DAYS OF OLD.

Oh! the pleasant days of old, which so often
 people praise!
 True, they wanted all the luxuries that grace our
 modern days;
 Bare floors were strewed with rushes—the walls
 let in the cold;
 Oh! how they must have shivered in those pleas-
 ant days of old!

Oh! those ancient lords of old, how magnificent
 they were!
 They threw down and imprisoned kings—to
 thwart them who might dare?
 They ruled their serfs right sternly; they took
 from Jews their gold—
 Above both law and equity were those great
 lords of old!

Oh! the gallant knights of old, for their valor so
 renowned!
 With sword and lance, and armor strong, they
 scoured the country round;
 And whenever aught to tempt them they met
 by wood or wold,
 By right of sword they seized the prize—those
 gallant knights of old!

Oh! the gentle dames of old, who, quite free
 from fear or pain,
 Could gaze on joust and tournament, and see
 their champions slain!
 They lived on good beefsteaks and ale, which
 made them strong and bold—
 Oh! more like men than women were those
 gentle dames of old!

Oh! those mighty towers of old, with their turrets,
moat and keep,
Their battlements and bastions, their dungeons
dark and deep!

Full many a baron held his court within the
castle hold;

And many a captive languished there, in those
strong towers of old!

Oh! the troubadours of old, with their gentle
minstrelsie

Of hope and joy, or deep despair, whiche'er
their lot might be!—

For years they served their lady-love ere they
their passions told—

Oh! wondrous patience must have had those
troubadours of old!

Oh! those blessed times of old, with their chivalry
and state!

I love to read their chronicles, which such brave
deeds relate;

I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear their
legends told—

But, heaven be thanked! I live not in those
blessed times of old!

FRANCES BROWN.

OBLIVION.

"You will be forgotten in a week."

Forgotten! sooth, it is a dismal doom—

The word comes toning like a funeral knell,

Withering soul-flowers like a hot simoom,

Breaking the dreaming boy's ecstatic spell.

Forgotten! yes; and yet the young man died,

To bring his fellows nearer to the sun;

And danger braved, and even death defied

To lead them to a goal they never won.

Forgotten! yet he gave his sinewy youth

To wrestle ever with the giant, Wrong,

And waved aloft the banner of the Truth,

And guarded it the foremost ranks among,

And struggled bravely, while he yet had breath

Smiting the mighty, striking for the poor;

And bared his bosom to the shaft of Death,

Thinking his blood earth's gaping wounds
could cure.

Forgotten! well, he ran a gallant course,

A starry path, although it closed in night—

He crossed Oppression's path with manly force,
And died a soldier of the host of Right.

You may forget him—you may raise no stone—

His fame was even of the smallest span;

He wants no epitaph, but this alone: [*man.*"]

"Here sleeps a nameless man who died for

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

REFLECTIONS.

Give me my logic, then—if I must drink
The golden draught—from minds that clearly
think,

And write their thoughts in proper, technic way,
That shows me the pure gist of what they say.

But give me no inversions,—give me not

For weary hours to wade some dreadful plot,

At first philosophy, at last a novel,

Where Hodge speaks bastard logic in his hovel,

And all the characters are of one school,

With syllogistic cant the only rule!

Or, if with poesy my mind I feed,

Give me the pipings of the grand old reed [*ran*]

That great ones kissed, and blew in strains that

With heavenly solace through the mind of man.

Give me the fond, the gay "Arabian Nights,"

With all their treasures and their dear delights;

With Grimm and Andersen to range the shore

Of pristine legend and enchanted lore;

Or with Cervantes' knight to feel the thwack

Of rustic cudgels on my noble back;

To slay chimeras, with love's subtlest art

To woo and conquer fair Dulcinea's heart,

Or charge the wind-mills, and half dead to lie,

With Sancho Panza and his proverbs by!

Give me the thought direct, that brightly runs

O'er interstellar spaces, planets, suns, [*main,*

Through earth's hard crust and hell's Tartarean

From Milton's and from Dante's wondrous brain!

Give me with Homer through the battle wind,

With all my shouting myrmidons behind,

To urge the snorting steeds, and break the wood

Of Trojan lances by Scamander's flood;

Or, with bright Tasso, on the sounding plain

To couch the spear, and breast the arrows' rain

From walls of high Jerusalem, and show

My knightly prowess 'gainst the Paynim foe;

Or, with sweet Spenser, travel dales and woods
To look on nature in her different moods,
To stray with Una through enchanted groves,
And kiss the flower of innocence she loves,
To conquer dragons with the Red-Cross Knight,
With Calidore behold the Graces bright,
Or lay the iron flail of Talus strong
On the proud backs of Ignorance and Wrong !

Or, if to verse at home my soul incline,
Give me the polished thoughts that nobly shine
Like pearls of price, or threads of virgin gold,
Through silken pages, where the tale is told
Of that weird Stethoscope, wherein the flies
The doctors stunned with their deceiving cries,
And with the Deacon let me ride away [Shay,
Through summer woods, upon the One Hoss
Talk with the Autocrat, and hear the Poet, [it!
And drink life's subtlest charm, and scarcely know

Or give me him, high culture's noble son,
The Scholar and the Poet both in one,
Whose verse of varied movement falls and swells
In melody like his cathedral bells,
Now full and grandly calm, now soft and tender,
Sparkling with wit, and bright with passion's
splendor.

With him down Fancy's river let me sail,
And, with Sir Launfal, find the Holy Grail,
Or set myself some merry hours to spend
With quaint Hosea Biglow for my friend,
Or by the kitchen fire to sit in clover,
And do the blessed Courtin' ten times over !

Or give me him who called the arméd dead—
The Skeleton—from out his narrow bed [brave,
By Newport Tower; with him the blasts I'll
And tell mad stories of the Norland wave,
In the King's hall, and there, to test my truth,
Hold up in Alfred's face the Walrus Tooth !
I'll seek, with Hiawatha, the bright West,
The infinite Green Prairies of the Blest ;
I'll wander by Atlantic's coast, and see
The lovely meadows of sweet Arcadie ;
In the warm forge with Gabriel blithely sing,
The bellows blow and make the anvils ring,
See fair Evangeline in coif and tassel,
And smoke a pipe with Benedict and Basil !

Or let me look on Death with him whose gaze
Found philosophic lore in youthful days. [bless
'Neath the Grim ribs, with many a thought to
And soothe the human heart in its distress.
Or place my hand in his, and let me go
To sylvan places where sweet waters flow,

And sit me down beside some crystal stream,
And list to sounds like music in a dream,—
The wood's deep stirrings, voice of all wild things,
The murmur of innumerable wings,
The song of birds, the waves, the zephyr's fan,
And in all blended hear the voice of Pan !

Or I will wander out 'neath summer skies,
With Concord's sage, to look in Nature's eyes,
And find therein new hopes for future years,
The while she whispers in our listening ears—
Weird sentences and sybilline decrees [trees,
From cave and bank of flowers, rock, fern and
And brook that, singing, through the green wood
travels,

Whose meanings he—her Priest—alone unravels !

Or snow-bound, let me, lingering, cheer the mind
In happy converse with companions kind,
And with them watch the pearly wonders gleam
O'er forest, plain, rough glen and gelid stream,
Or frosty magic on the panes assume [bloom.
New forms of light, transcending summer's
And if I had them not, then let me ride
With Skipper Ireson, feathered, tarred, and dyed,
Through Marblehead, with rope-coils round my
wrists,

And hear the yells, and feel the housewives' fists
Till I repent me, and roll back the wain
Of truant thought to Nature's joys again !

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

—From a Poem inscribed to Oliver Wendell Holmes.

STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

Rise, brother-bard, rehearse with me
The Past, that was Futurity :
And up the shining hills of Thought
Muse o'er the deeds that men have wrought,
And on the bright Parnassian peak
These words of meditation speak :

In the struggle is the triumph.

Hail ! gracious youth, thou, too, may'st come ;
Leave passion's revel, pleasure's hum,
The strife, the jealousy, the guilt,
The recklessness of error's tilt ;
Thy soul, confirmed in noblest light,
Will vow at last—"for truth and right,

In the struggle is the triumph,"

O, sage—most rev'rend are thy years,
 Transfixing folly, less'ning tears—
 Come, thou shalt teach me many things
 Of earth, air, sea; of paupers, kings;
 Of angels bred in poverty,
 Of demons reared in luxury.
 Of the struggle and the triumph.

Youth linked to age, and bard to bard
 Stand forth, united for reward!
 And whether on the mount or plain,
 In town or forest, still retain
 The soul above the diadem,
 As champion of the apothegm—
 In the struggle is the triumph!

WILLIAM J. MCCLURE.

THREE SONNETS.

NOT LOST.

Yes, cross in rest the little snow-white hands;
 Do you not see the lips so faintly red [fled,
 With love's last kiss? Their sweetness has not
 Though now you say her sinless spirit stands
 Within the pale of God's bright summer lands.
 Gather the soft hair round the dainty head,
 As in past days. Who says that she is dead,
 And nevermore will heed the old commands?
 To your cold idols cling: I know she sleeps,
 That her pure soul is not by vexing winds tost
 Along the pathless altitudes of space;
 This life but sows the seed from which one reaps
 The future's harvest. No, I have not lost
 The glory and the gladness of her face.

OBLIVION.

Above bright orient seas, sun-kissed, arise
 The legend-haunted isles in whose dim groves
 The ghouls and genii sang their burning loves;
 Whose forest paths are rich with fragrant sighs
 Of winds that lingering pass where sleeping lies
 The glittering cobra, or where softly moves
 The lithe, sleek tiger, whose fierce blood-thirst
 Proves
 The minister of death and swift surprise.
 There, sad and sleep-oppressed, the weary slave
 Sinks into dreams where fallen orange blooms
 Lie like white stars amid the odorous shade,
 And mighty ruins mark an empire's grave.
 What nation slumbers in those verdurous glooms?
 How soon shall we to such oblivion fade?

LIGHT AND DARK.

In far, bright spaces of sun-lighted air
 My soul went wandering one summer day,
 And saw, in clouds remote, fierce lightning play
 About huge worlds, whose mountains, high and
 Shone lurid in the never-ceasing glare; [bare,
 These swung along a wild, tempestuous way
 Where storm and darkness held eternal sway,
 And high winds roared their loud, unceasing
 Blare.
 Then turning from this vast and troubled scene,
 In purple distances I saw those spheres
 Where life is rich with love, and glad with song;
 Who could not choose these different worlds
 Between?

Give me the light, even tho' it shine thro' tears;
 Annihilation is too cold and long.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

SONNETS ON MEMORY

IDEAS FADING IN THE MEMORY.

Quickly they vanish to a land unlit, [mourn,
 Things for which no man cares to smile or
 Forgotten in the place where they were born;
 Each hath a marvelous history unwrit,
 A fathomless river floweth over it.
 Quickly they fade, with no more traces worn
 Than shadows flying over fields of corn
 Wear, as in soft processional they flit.
 The thought (much like the children of our youth)
 Doth often die before us, and presents
 The very semblance of the monuments
 To which we are approaching aye in sooth,
 Where, though the brass and marble do not waste,
 The tints are faded and the lines effaced.

REVIVAL OF MEMORY.

Sadly, O sage, thine images are told,
 Think we of cornfields, where again there fall,
 At memory's touch that is so magical,
 All the long lights that ever rippled gold,
 Across their surface, all the manifold
 Wavelets of tremulous shadow; and withal
 Through doors and windows of a haunted hall,
 Those buried children of the days of old,
 Those evanescent children of dead years,
 Clouded or glorious, glide into the room,
 Sudden as yellow leaves drop from the tree,
 And all the molder'd imagery reappears,
 And all the letter'd lines are fair to see,
 And all the legend lives above the tomb.

MARVELS OF MEMORY.

Strange dying, resurrection stranger yet!
 In the deep chamber, Memory, let me dwell,
 Folded in a recess ineffable.
 Lo! in that silent chamber sadly set,
 I must hear, and breath of violet
 (Though flowers be none within a mile to smell)
 From breath of lily I can finely tell,
 And I with joy remember my regret,
 And I regretful, think how glad I was.
 O men who roam to see world-famous tracts,
 Immaculate skies, or from the mountain pass
 The great white wonder of the cataracts,
 Visits to many a lovely land ye weave
 In looms of fancy—but *yourselves* ye leave.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

LAST UPON THE ROLL.

She sits at the open window, on a calm September day,
 And out on the mead before her she watches the girls at play;
 On her face a breeze blows gently, and kisses her locks of snow,
 And she thinks of the days when she was young, seventy years ago.
 The fields are green as they were then, and the big old rocks as gray,
 The land and sky are as fair to see, the sun has as mild a ray;
 The drowsy kine rest on the hill, the lambs skip to and fro,
 Just as they did when she was young, seventy years ago.
 The sturdy youth, with dancing eyes and the vigor of lusty veins,
 Jumps on the colt, and o'er the fence, to show no fear restrains;
 Full well he knows that a neighbor's rose is watching behind a tree,
 And her maiden pride, at love's full tide, follows him over the lea.
 The lowly cot, the mansion high, cover hill and dale the same,
 And wealth's the pride of old and young, and poverty the shame;
 And the bright blue eye of the cottage maid is cast demurely down,
 As she bends before a sister proud, who wears a silken gown.

The tawny west falls on the mead, and the children homeward fly,
 For now they see the whizzing bat, and hear the screech-owl's cry;
 The jumping curls strike rosy cheeks, and fear with laughter peals,
 For each one knows, as she whirling goes, there's a goblin at her heels.

She looks at her shrivelled fingers, and she smoothes her wrinkled hand,
 And the old, old love comes back to her, as she studies the golden band;
 That dear old ring is loose and thin since first he placed it there,
 And at love's shrine he said "be mine," and knelt with her in prayer.

Eighty years of joy and tears through life's sad chambers moan,
 And still she hears in memory's ears a once-familiar tone;
 In long, sweet notes to her it floats, and it tells of the olden time,
 When love was strong, and life a song, and hope was in its prime.

A little beyond the play-ground, on the slope of yonder hill,
 Her dim eyes mark the gravestones where those she loved lie still;
 And her thoughts have silent nursing, and her soul a silent grief,
 But her tear is the bier on which her sorrow finds relief.

Now her heart is as light as the mornings with wings of a soul made free,
 And away, away to the tender loves she is all love to flee;
 And the God she adores so humbly, and the Christ she loves so well
 Will take her soon to the waiting ones, beyond life's weary spell.

And her staff is lifted slowly, and she moves around with care,
 For her darlings now are sleeping—she might wake them unaware:
 And she gropes around to find them, and to bless them in her soul,
 Till a whisper comes;—"We wait, mother; you are last upon the roll."

HUGH F. McDERMOTT.

JUDITH.

Now shall I live thro' many a lonely year
To see my deed and me to history grow;
And men shall call me great, and deem me
great.

But other thoughts than live on lips in words
Shall nestle voiceless in their inmost hearts;
And women who may envy me my fame
Shall grudge me not the doing of the deed
From which my fame was born.

When I am old,
And when my hand is weak, and white my head,
They shall divine a fierceness in my eye,
And judge by all they heard, not all they see;
And they shall hedge my name and me with
And make my face part of each festival; [state,
But mothers who, me childless, shall proclaim
Mother of Israel, yet shall shrink to lay
Their innocent children on my widowed lap;
And innocent maids shall shudder secretly,
And deem that blood, though justly shed, leaves
Upon the hand that shed it, and deem too [stain
The deed that made me great left me unsexed.

By it shall I be known; the woman's part
In me shall be forgotten, or recalled
To raise the strangeness of my manlike deed.
Judith, who quailed not when her enemy's head
Beneath her robe distilled the gory drops,—
Who struck not once, but twice, and sawed the
head

From off the wine-steeped carcass of its lord—
Who wound with fearless footstep thro' the camp,
And from the white lips of her enemy's head
Forced voiceless augury of the morrow's fight:
These shall men know!

But not the Jewish maid
Who gave her young heart to her heart's young
And found the path of love and duty one, [lord
Leading her feet within Manasses' gates—
Not her, who out of common household cares
Made links to bind her to her husband's heart,
Was joyful in his joys, and in her dreams
Saw him in honor at the city gates
With Judah's elders, nor could even dream
Of any fame save what must come thro' him—
Not her, whose heart was soft and womanlike,
So large that, like a hospitable house
That shelters not alone the present guests
But keeps a place for any guest God sends,
Within that woman's heart she kept a place
For children and grandchildren of her hope.

JOSEPH FARRELL.

—From "Judith, a Story."

THE BITTER-SWEET.

— "I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
Sawmigt I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn—
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea—
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."
—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

When pan-pipes in young shepherds' hands
Sang as old Grecians tell us of,
When the fair summer in all lands
Was dedicate to sports of love,
When from the sea old Triton rose,
And lust was love and love was lust,
And on the gray clouds, in repose,
Lay Juno, spouse of Jove august;
Then all life's sweetness lived on earth,
Then its short joys were little worth.

But now beyond the crescent moon,
Though Dian's gone and Pan is gone,
And Clytie has forgot the boon
That from Apollo her love won,
There comes a gleam of higher light,
The birds of eve no longer sing
Of love that lives a single night,
And brings the heart no comforting—
The love of Clytie and the Sun,
Of Dian and Endymion.

The moon is sadder than of yore
It shone on Christ and Calvary,
The roses bear the thorns he wore,
And sighs and moans sound on the sea
But earth is not the end of life,
For earthly love transfigured
Sees rest and peace beyond the strife,
And longing souls are homeward led
By Him to whom the gods are nought,
By Him who earth and all things wrought.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

Lovely, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born and bred on high,
To crown the favorites of the sky
With more of happiness below
Than victors on a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there;
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined;
The bold adventurer ploughs his way
Through rocks amid the foaming sea,
To gain thy love, and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves;
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks, as I have vainly done,
Amusing thought—but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.

No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground
Or in a soul exalted high
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last, for knowledge, rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear!
The world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.
'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd.
It seemed as all the quiet place
Confessed the presence of the Grace,
When thus she spoke:—"Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still;
Know God and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow;
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest."

O! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy!
Raised as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly wisdom, praise and pray'r;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and blest with God alone.
Then while the gardens take my sight
With all the colors of delight,
While silver waters glide along
To please my ear and court my song,
I'll lift my voice and tune my string,
And thee, great source of Nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrowed light,
The stars that gild the gloomy night,
The sea that rolls unnumbered waves,
The wood that spreads its shady leaves,
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain,—
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me;
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go, search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes,
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

THOMAS PARNELL.

A POOR MOTHER.

"I give you joy." Her lips put on a smile
To mock the woeful shadow in her eyes;
"Nay, I've no wish to blame you. Tears and
sighs
Won't make nor mend;—but only, the surprise,
So sudden! . . . Let me breathe a little while.

"See, dear, 'twas only yesterday, I thought,
Looking abroad, the world seemed green and
glad
I thought, 'God's given me this, the kindest lad,
The dearest child that ever woman had,
And health and hands.' I envied no one aught.

"All this, I said, is mine; my heart beat fast
With pride, with joy, with mother's happiness.
I held both hands above it, to repress [guess
Great thrills of joy . . . Ah, God! I could not
How brief a time my counted wealth would last.

"I knew you loved her? child, I never knew!
I saw you walk, and talk, and dance, and jest;
It seemed but foolish pastime at the best—
And you were both so young . . . I made no test,
No question of the future for you two.

"But marriage is not death? you'll love me still?
A little—yes—with such love as may spread
In overflow beyond your child's bright head,
Your wife's fair eyes . . . Ah no—the past
lies dead,
And time goes on, and Nature has her will.

"Nay—hush! forgive me; I must weep—or die:
Still, dear, I bless you. Through these blinding
tears

I greet you bravely, for the hopes and fears
And all the mystery of untried years,—
I greet the *man*—but oh, my *boy*, good-bye!

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

SHADOWS OF THE SUNSET.

Woman born among the roses, rosy-cheeked and
rosy-crowned,

Looking on whom men exclaim: Behold, true
womanhood is found!

This the woman's place and glory, this her hap-
piness and bound.

I could mock with bitter laughter, did my heart
not break in pain

For the sad fates of the silent who can never
smile again,—

For the tales of lonely Kansas, drifted by the
snow and rain.

When the stars of midnight tremble, and the
cheek of morning pales,

I can hear them calling, calling, as the wind,
repentant, wails

By the awful Lake of Donner, and the yawning
Utah vales.

Mothers of a new-born Nation, crowned with
snow, and clad in fire

By that Sun-god whose old altars burn beside
the Christian spire,

And whose feet the warm sea waters kiss with
indolent desire.

They have heard the singing bullet, they have
watched their dead alone,

Under heaven's seeming marble. God, an image
overthrown,

In the distance looming terror more than song
has ever shown.

They have seen the babes they cradled brained
before their hopeless eyes,

Smoke from charring homesteads all along the
line of prairie rise,

Tasted many deaths, undying, in the horrors of
surprise.

Aye, they suffered; but they conquered, let the
border cities tell

Where they sowed those gracious flowers women
know and love so well.

How upon their shining steps the dews of bene-
diction fell.

And their daughters, straight and ruddy, nursed
at breast the frost wind bared,

Meeting danger as a playmate, daring all that
men have dared,

Can their free-born courses by your petty com-
passes be squared?

Man of men the ruler! Poet, far more generous
and true,

You shall walk the deep-sea hollows, you shall
climb the clouded blue,

Ere the slightest woman's heart will yield its
secrets up to you.

MARION MUIR.

FREEDOM AND LOVE.

Oh! that my lips with sacred fire
Were touched, that I might speak the word
That, leaping from the impassioned lyre,
Should flash electric through love's chord;

That this, responsive to the voice
That greeting man, proclaimed him free,
Thrilling through earth should bid rejoice
The great heart of Humanity!

Freedom and Love! divinest gifts
By gracious Heaven on man bestowed;
To Heaven itself Love's magic lifts
The soul where Freedom's light hath glowed.

For he whose breast hath never felt
The rapture liberty inspires,—
Love's fire his soul shall never melt,—
Its spirit in his grasp expires.

A nobler destiny is ours
Than despots of our slaves to make;
And scorning Heaven's life-giving showers,
Our thirst at turbid waves to slake.

O brothers! cast the bonds aside
That in a slavery blind and base
Have held our souls; and deified,
No more let Self usurp Love's place.

From every clime, in every tongue
The greeting shout from man to man :—
Freedom, full-armed, from Light hath sprung
To end the strife that greed began.

And Love, divinely fair and bright,
Shall crown with peace the new born reign;
Justice return to earth; and Right,
Not Might, hold sway o'er men again.

MARY J. SERRANO.

TWENTY GOLDEN YEARS AGO.

Oh, the rain, the weary, dreary rain,
How it plashes on the window-sill !
Night, I guess, too, must be on the wane,
Strass and gass* around are grown so still.
Here I sit, with coffee in my cup—
Ah ! 'twas rarely I beheld it flow
In the tavern where I loved to sup
Twenty golden years ago !

Twenty years ago, alas !—but stay—
On my life, 'tis half-past twelve o'clock !
After all, the hours *do* slip away—
Come, here goes to burn another block !
For the night, or morn, is wet and cold,
And my fire is dwindling rather low ;—
I had fire enough, when young and bold,
Twenty golden years ago !

Dear ! I don't feel well at all, somehow ;
Few in Weimar dream how bad I am ;
Floods of tears grow common with me now,
High-Dutch floods, that reason cannot dam.
Doctors think I'll neither live nor thrive
If I mope at home so ;—I don't know—
Am I living *now* ? I *was* alive
Twenty golden years ago !

Wifeless, friendless, flagonless, alone,
Not quite bookless, tho', unless I choose,
Left with naught to do, except to groan,
Not a soul to woo, except the muse—
Oh ! this is hard for me to bear,
Me, who whilom lived so much *en haut*,
Me, who broke all hearts like china-ware.
Twenty golden years ago !

Perhaps 'tis better ;—time's defacing waves
Long have quench'd the radiance of my brow—
They who curse me nightly from their graves,
Scarce could love me were they living now ;

* Street and lane.

But my loneliness hath darker ills—
Such dun-duns as Conscience, Thought and Co.,
Awful Gorgons ! worse than tailors' bills,
Twenty golden years ago !

Did I paint a fifth of what I feel,
Oh, how plaintive you would ween I was !
But I won't, albeit I have a deal
More to wail about than Kerner has !
Kerner's tears are wept for wither'd flowers,
Mine for wither'd hopes ; my scroll of woe
Dates, alas ! from youth's deserted bowers,
Twenty golden years ago !

Yet may Deutschland's bardlings flourish long,
Me, I tweak no beak among them ; hawks
Must not pounce on hawks ; besides in song
I could once beat all of them by chalks.
Though you find me, as I near my goal,
Sentimentalizing like Rousseau,
Oh ! I had a grand Byronian soul
Twenty golden years ago !

Tick-tick, tick-tick ! not a sound save Time's
And the wind-gust as it drives the rain—
Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
Go to bed, and rest thine aching brain !
Sleep ! no more the dupe of hopes or schemes ;
Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow—
Curious anti-climax to thy dreams
Twenty golden years ago !

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

WHAT HATH TIME TAKEN ?

What hath Time taken ? Stars that shone
On the early years of earth,
And the ancient hills they looked upon,
Where a thousand streams had birth ;
Forests that were the young world's dower,
With their long unfading trees ; [power,—
And the halls of wealth, and the thrones of
He hath taken more than these.

He hath taken away the heart of youth,
And its gladness, which hath been
Like the summer sunshine o'er our path,
Making the desert green ;
The shrines of an early hope and love,
And the flowers of every clime,
The wise, the beautiful, the brave.
Thou hast taken from us, Time !

What hath Time left us?—desolate
 Cities and temples lone,
 And the mighty works of genius, yet
 Glorious when all are gone;
 And the light of memory, lingering long
 At eve on the western seas,—
 Treasures of science, thought and song,—
 He hath left us more than these.

He hath left us a lesson of the past,
 In the shades of perished years;
 He hath left us the heart's high places waste,
 And its rainbows fallen in tears. [still,
 But there's hope for the earth and her children
 Unwithered by woe or crime,
 And a heritage of rest for all,—
 Thou hast left us these, O Time!

FRANCES BROWN.

THE OLDEN TIME.

My blessing rest upon thee, thou merry, olden
 time,
 When the fairies were in fashion, and the world
 was in its prime;
 Every ruin had its goblin, every green rath had
 its fay,
 Till the light of Science chased them from their
 ancient haunts away.

How rich wert thou in legends, of magic lamps
 and ring—
 Of genii, whom a single word to mortal aid
 would bring;
 Of caves of gold and diamonds, where foot had
 never been,
 Till by the favored one their depths were all un-
 veiled and seen.

Thou wert the time for monarchs—then kings
 were kings indeed,
 With potent, fairy sponsors to summon at their
 need;
 Whose wands could change their enemies to
 marble at their will:
 Ah, many a king would need to have those
 wands of power still!

O cruel race of stepmothers! where have you
 vanished now?
 Where are the henpecked husbands who before
 you used to bow,
 And yield their lovely daughters to glut your
 jealous ire,
 Forgetful, mid your blandishments, of ev'n the
 name of sire?

Sweet beauteous persecuted tribe, princesses
 young and fair,
 With faces like a poet's dreams, and veils of
 flowing hair,
 Beloved by vile enchanters, who turned to stone
 and wood,
 The princes who to rescue you dared steel, and
 fire, and flood;
 Fierce cannibalish giants, who dwelt in forests
 wild,
 And worn and weary wayfarers to darksome
 dens beguiled;
 Brave knights with charmed weapons, who laid
 the monster low,
 And opening wide the dungeon doors, bid cease
 the captive's woe,—

Where are you all departed?—where lie your
 treasures hid?
 Where are the pearls and emeralds that came
 when they were bid?
 Where are the mines of gold and gems, that but
 to think of now,
 Dazzles our mental eyes with light—Old World,
 where art thou?

We want those endless riches, we want the
 magic spells,
 That brought the fairies to your aid, from woods
 and hills, and wells;
 We've no enchanters now-a-day, no cabalistic
 flames—
 The world has lost them all, and keeps but their
 time-honored names.

O, could I find a magic wand, I'd bring those
 days again—
 I'd call the treasures from the caves of earth and
 throbbing main;
 The land should be a glorious land, as 'twas in
 ancient time,
 When the fairies were in fashion, and the world
 was in its prime.

ANONYMOUS.

THE RIVER OF TIME.

Oh, River of Time! the long ago thou wert but
 a rippling rill,
 And the dulcet rhyme of thy crystal flow was
 sweet as wind-harp's trill;
 That song of joy like a lullaby on the air rose
 soft and low,
 As thy ripples sped from their fountain-head
 and flashed in the morning's glow;

While Earth's fair queen, in radiant sheen,
 flower-crowned by angel hands,
 The beauteous grace of her mirror'd face oft
 scann'd in thy golden sands;
 And the dreamy moon, in night's mystic noon,
 when her full, round orb shone bright,
 Gazed down with pride on thy silvery tide, pale
 shimmering in her light,
 While the primal stars in their gilded cars rolled
 on through the azure hight—
 Fair, glittering gems, bright diadems high set on
 the brow of Night.

Oh, River of Time! thy stream has swelled thro'
 the centuried lapse of years—
 Has grown and swelled since of old it welled
 from its fount 'mid the starry spheres,
 Till now, broad and deep, with majestic sweep,
 like the roll of an inland sea,
 That stream, erst a rill, turns God's mighty mill
 on its course to eternity!
 Oh, methinks I hear, rising high and clear on
 the ghostly midnight wind,
 The surge and the roar of thy waves evermore
 and the rush of the flood behind,
 And the shrieks of the lost on thy bosom tossed,
 like wrecks on the ocean waves,
 Drifting out to sea, oh, River, with thee, far
 away from the land of graves!

Oh, River of Time! from the days of yore flow-
 ing on to the billowy sea,
 Bring us back once more from the silent shore
 the friends who have flown with thee,
 The myriad host of the loved and lost—the hearts
 that were fond—ah, me!—
 The beauty and bloom in the grave's dark womb
 —the spirits that wander free
 From sin's dark slime in that wondrous clime—
 bright land of the ransomed souls,
 Where Death's cold shadow never falls, nor
 death-bell sadly tolls.
 Ah! in vain we crave, for thy ebbless wave,
 when it passeth the grave's dark bourne,
 With its freight of souls, as it seaward rolls,
 never can nor will return!

Oh, River of Time! flowing slowly on, with the
 wrecks of our hopes and dreams—
 On, evermore on to the great Unknown, where
 the rapturing vision gleams,
 And the white souls float in space, as the mote
 on summer's irradiant beams—

Oh! swollen thy flood with the priceless blood
 which ever and ay doth well
 From human souls slain on Life's battle-plain
 by the ambushed hosts of hell;
 Sin's juggernaut rolls over prostrate souls thick
 strewn on the field of strife,
 While thy mystic tide with their blood is dyed—
 red blood from the battle of life!

Oh, River of Time! in the dim, dark past, full
 many and many a year,
 Thou'st left thy fount on that sacred mount,
 long lost to both sage and seer;
 No human eye, as the years sped by, has ever
 beheld, I ween,
 That mystic mount, or that crystal fount, all
 bright in its virgin sheen,
 Since the first twain fell 'neath the tempter's
 spell, amid Eden's flowery bowers,
 When earth was young, ere yet upsprung the
 thorns among the flowers;
 When thy limpid stream in the morning gleam
 reflected the heavenly towers,
 And Paradise rang with the silvery clang of the
 harps of seraphic powers;
 For Earth, at its birth, in its child-like mirth,
 flower-gemmed and green and fair,
 Careering through space, in emulous race with
 the stars and the spirits of air,
 Was nigher, I ween, to the angelic scene, than
 this Earth of ours to-day,
 With its deep, dark crime, oh, River of Time—
 in sorrow and sin grown gray!

T. O'D. O'CALLAGHAN.

OSSIAN.

Ossian, son of the King, thy name to me
 Comes like a burst of magic music, blown
 By some stray wand'ring wind from o'er the sea,
 That over perfumed woods and vales hath flown,
 Gath'ring bright memories of those olden days
 When higher rose than all the clash of war,
 Or roar of winds and waters, thy proud lays;
 Till, as we listen, all the direful jar [strain,
 Of those wild times sinks hushed before thy
 That filled green Erin's land from main to sound-
 ing main.

O prince, and bard, and knight of high emprise,
 Thou wert a ray of glory through the gloom,
 A golden morning star in thund'rous skies,
 A strong enchanter at whose touch the tomb

Opes wide its gates and renders back its dead,
 Whose deeds shall never die while song has power
 To spread its halo round the hero's head
 (Such is of song supreme the priceless dower);
 Who dared and did for virtue, love and fame,
 In those heroic days when life was living flame.

O royal bard! whose deeds were as thy song,
 A light sublime to guide the souls of men;
 O stainless knight! whose war was waged on
 On thronéd king and bandit in his den; [wrong,
 O sweet, strong voice! too oft a voice of dole,
 No singer e'er had sorrow great as thine; [soul
 Ten thousand swords did pierce thy heart, thy
 Was one dark sea of sadness, one deep mine
 Of woe no tongue, or pen, or song could tell—
 Wherefore thy strain endures,—whence thou
 didst sing so well.

JAMES KEEGAN.

THE BARDS OF OLD.

Those olden bards, those glorious bards, who
 sang in the distant times,—

They stir me like a trumpet blast—their wild
 melodious rhymes;

In those old strains, o'er Erin's plains the Fenian
 legions march,

And still their living deeds are blazed on song's
 triumphal arch.

I see the stern unconquered Fionn, that thunder-
 bolt in fight,

Pursue from Tara's princely bowers young
 Grainne's love-lit flight;

The milk-white stag on Lene's clear strand her
 northward swift career;

Deep-mouthed Bran, the matchless hound, and
 Osgar's magic spear;

The chase, the strife, the free, gay life,—witch,
 dragon, men and beast;

The games they played, the works they made,
 the rich and joyful feast:

That was the life—'twas life indeed; those were
 the glorious times,

When men wrought deeds well worthy song, and
 bards sang deathless rhymes.

Those olden bards, those glorious bards, who
 reigned when earth was young,—

When Love and Beauty fired their muse, how
 sweet the songs they sung!

They're living still, shall live for aye, those queens
 and ladies bright,

Who sat enthroned in the world of song, like
 stars in summer's night.

There Niav, the maid of golden curls, still curbs
 her snow-white steed,—

She whose soft eyes and jewelled hand are war-
 rior minstrels' meed;

O'er Muma's sea in twilight bower swan-bosomed
 Cliona reigns,

And Deirdre's fate still wakes the tear in Ulad's
 lonely plains;

To the moaning wind on Moyle's cold wave Lir's
 daughters yet are wailing,

And still in the low moon's waning light the
 cygnets sad are sailing.

Sublime were the lays of the olden bards, and
 sweet the songs they sung:

And though the world grows old and hoar, their
 strains are ever young.

Those olden bards, those glorious bards, they
 sang of land and sea,

The stars that roll through changeless paths, the
 winds that rove so free;

A psalm of joy to Sol they poured, to Luna a
 gladsome hymn,—

An ode to the light of day so bright, a rann to
 the dark night dim.

They looked to the sky with raptured eye, they
 dreamed of the restless main,

And evermore to the flowery earth they chanted
 the mystic strain.

By the winding streams they loved to stray, or
 far among forests green,

And oft at gloaming's tranquil hour in lonesome
 raths were seen.

Their words were of hope to the sons of men, of
 praise to God on high,—

Their songs were of beauty that ne'er grows old,
 of virtue that ne'er shall die.

O honor those olden, glorious bards—honor their
 deathless songs!—

But for them, mayhap, e'en hope had despaired
 in the night of our darksome wrongs!

JAMES KEEGAN.

WHAT IS THE GAIN?

What is the gain,

If one should run a noble race,

And at the last, with weary pace,

Win to the goal, and find his years

A harvest field of waste and tears,

Of turmoil and of buried trust,

Rich with dead hopes and bitter dust,

And strife, and sneer, and ceaseless pain,

What is the gain?

What is the gain,
 When, having reached a sunlit height,
 Through barren sweeps of gloomful night,
 Hoping to see beyond the crest
 Fair lands of beauty and of rest,
 There lies before, stretched far away
 Unto the confines of the day
 A desolate and shadeless plain,
 What is the gain?

What is the gain,
 To sail for months of cold and toil
 Across wide seas, where winds recoil,
 Only to gather strength and roar
 A louder challenge than before,
 And find, when through fogs thick and dun
 The rocky coast at last is won,
 No haven from the storm-vexed main,
 What is the gain?

What is the gain?
 The race is won, we see the light,
 We conquer where the storm-winds fight;
 We show the way to those who wait
 With faint hearts by the walls of fate;
 Our banners flutter in the van
 Of battles fought for thought and man,
 And ignorance and darkness wane,
 This is the gain.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

WORTHINESS.

Whatever lacks purpose is evil; a pool without
 pebbles breeds slime;
 Not any one step hath chance fashioned on the
 infinite stairway of time;
 Nor ever came good without labor, in toil, or
 in science or art:
 It must be wrought out thro' the muscles—born
 out of the soul and the heart.

Why plow in the stubble with plowshares?—
 why winnow the chaff from the grain?
 Ah, since all of His gifts must be toiled for,
 since truth is not born without pain!
 He giveth not to the unworthy, the weak or the
 foolish in deeds;
 Who giveth but chaff at the seed-time shall reap
 but a harvest of weeds.

As the pyramid builded of vapor is blown by
 His whirlwinds to naught,
 So the song without truth is forgotten; His
 poem to man is man's thought.
 Whatever is strong with a purpose, in humble-
 ness woven, soul-pure,
 Is known to the Master of Singers: He touch-
 eth it, saying "*Endure!*"

CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

The surging sea of human life forever onward
 rolls,
 Bearing to the eternal shore each day its freight
 of souls;
 But though our bark sails proudly on, pale Death
 sits at the prow,
 And few shall know we ever lived—a hundred
 years from now.

Oh, mighty human brotherhood, why fiercely war
 and strive,
 While God's great world has ample space for
 everything alive?
 Broad fields, uncultured and unclaimed, are
 waiting for the plow
 Of progress, that should make them bloom a
 hundred years from now.

Why should we toil so earnestly in life's short,
 narrow span,
 On golden stairs to climb so high above our fel-
 low man?
 Why blindly at an earthly shrine our souls in
 homage bow?
 Our gods will rust, ourselves be dust, a hundred
 years from now.

Why prize so much the world's applause? why
 dread so much its blame?
 A fleeting echo is its voice of censure or of fame;
 The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn that
 dyes with shame the brow,
 Will be as long forgotten dreams a hundred years
 from now.

Earth's empires rise and fall, O Time! like break-
 ers on thy shore;
 They rush upon thy rocks of doom, are seen,
 and seen no more;
 The starry wilderness of worlds that gem night's
 radiant brow,
 Will light the skies for other eyes a hundred
 years from now.

O Thou, before whose sleepless eyes the past and
future stand

An open page, like babes we cling to Thy pro-
tecting hand ;

Change, sorrow, death, are naught to us if we
may safely bow

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne a hundred
years from now.

MARY A. McMULLIN.

OASIS.

Let them go by—the heats, the doubts, the strife ;

I can sit here and care not for them now,
Dreaming beside the glittering wave of life
Once more—I know not how.

There is a murmur in my heart, I hear
Faint, oh so faint, some air I used to sing ;
It stirs my sense ; and odors dim and dear
The meadow-breezes bring.

Just this way did the quiet twilight fade
Over the fields and happy homes of men,
While one bird sang as now, piercing the shade,
Long since—I know not when.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

SPECULUM VITAE.

Let us look in the glass for a moment,
Let us brush off the mist from its face—
The mirror of life that is broken
When Death in our ears knells the token
To crumble in space.

We must fall whether praying or pining,
Whether fearing or mocking the blow,
Brush the mist from the mirror, then, trembling ;
The grave is no place for dissembling—
There vaunting lies low.

The eyes, as they glaze to earth's glory,
Peer into that mirror of pain,
Where the slain of our years lie all gory,
Bent over by grim shadows hoary,
Recording each stain.

Not a blot nor a blemish escapes them,
The sins of the lone and the crowd,
The crime where we pandered or paltered,
The dark things that lips never faltered,
There cry out aloud.

They are there, and no tempest can hide them ;
They glow with accusing and shame.

~~Then the years be all dead, they are living~~
Mid the silence they cry for forgiving,
With direful acclaim.

On the wreck-plank of life is there pardon,
When joy is worn hollow in sin ?
When the heart sees no light in the sparkle,
Nor gloom where the drowsy waves darkle
O'er foeman and kin ?

Then brush the world's mist from the mirror
While life in our bosom is sweet,
And turn, with a love of the purest,
O'er pathways the fairest and surest,
The trace of our feet.

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

THE HYMN OF PRINCES.

Lord, we have given, in Thy Name,
The peaceful villages to flame ;
Of all the dwellers we've bereft,—
No trace of hearth, of roof-tree left ;
Beneath our war-steed's iron tread
The germ of future life is dead ;
We have swept o'er it like a blight :—
To Thee the praise, *O God of Right !*

We have let loose the demon-chained
In bestial hearts, that unrestrained,
Infernal revel it may hold,
And feast on villanies untold,
With ravening drunkenness possessed,
And mercy banished from each breast ;
All war's atrocities above :—
To Thee the praise, *O God of Love !*

Some hours ago on yonder plain
There stood six hundred thousand men,
Made in Thine image, strong and rife
With hope, and energy, and life,—
And none but had some prized one, dear,
Grief-stricken, wild with anxious fear ;
A third of them we have made ghosts :—
To Thee the praise, *O Lord of Hosts !*

The sacred temples we've not spared,
For they the broad destruction shared,
The annals of time-honored lore,
Lost to the world, are now no more.

What reck we if the holy fane
And learning's dome are mourned in vain?
Our work these landmarks to efface:—
To Thee the praise, *O Lord of Grace!*

Secure behind a wall of steel,
To watch the yielding columns reel,
While round them sulphurous clouds arise,
Foul incense wafting to the skies,
From our home-manufactured hell,
Is royal pastime we like well,
As momentarily death's ranks increase:—
To thee the praise, *O God of Peace!*

Thus shall it be while human kind,
Madly perverse, or wholly blind,
Will so complacently be led
At our command their blood to shed,
For lust of conquest, or the sly,
Deceptive diplomatic lie;
To us the gain, to them the ruth:—
To Thee the praise, *O God of Truth!*

JOHN BROUGHAM.

PEACE AND WAR.

Peace everlastingly with those
Who still the perfect truth disclose,
And, in all places, nobly dare
The mask from speciousness to tear;
Who not by words, but actions, show
The attributes of heaven below;
Who never with presumption scan
The failings of their fellow-man,
But those who've fallen in evil ways
By gentle admonition raise,
And thus in deed true homage give
To HIM who died that we might live:—
Peace everlastingly with those
Who still the perfect truth disclose.

War to the uttermost with all
Who hold the human mind in thrall;
Be they bold villains who appear
With bolder faces, scorning fear,—
Who in their mastery of evil,
Were there a chance, would cheat the devil;
Or be they fat "professors," sleek,
Soft, placid-voiced, and seeming meek,—
Their aspirations worldly greed,
And selfishness their only creed,—

Who in deceit so long have trod,
They fain would hope to cheat their God;—
War to the uttermost with all
Who hold the mind of man in thrall!

JOHN BROUGHAM.

THE PRIZE-FIGHT.

I.

Hammer and tongs! What have we here?
Let us approach, but not too near.
Two men standing breast to breast,
Head erect and arching chest;
Shoulders square and hands hard clenched,
And both their faces a trifle blenched:
Their lips are set in a smile so grim,
And sturdily set each muscular limb.
Round them circles a ring of rope,
Over them hangs the heaven's blue cope.
Why do they glare at each other so?
What! you really then don't know?
This is a prize-fight, gentle sir!
This is what makes the papers stir.
Talk of your ocean telegraph!
'Tisn't so great an event by half,
As when two young men, lusty and tall,
With nothing between them of hate or wrongs,
Come together to batter and maul,
Come to fight till one shall fall,—
Hammer and tongs.

II.

Round about is a bestial crowd,
Heavily jawed and beetle-browed;
Concave faces trampled in,
As if with the iron hoof of sin,
Blasphemies dripping from their lips,
Pistols bulging behind their hips,
Hands accustomed to deal the cards,
Or strike with the cowardly knuckle-guards.
Who are these rufianly fellows, you say,
That taint the breath of this autumn day?
These are "the Fancy," gentle sir.
The Fancy? What are they to her?
O, 'tis their fancy to look at a fight,
To see men struggle, and gouge, and bite.
Bloody noses and bunged-up eyes,—
These are the things the Fancy prize;
And so they get men, lusty and tall,
With nothing between them of hate or wrongs
To come together to batter and maul,
To come and fight till one shall fall,—
Hammer and tongs!

III.

Grandly the autumn forests shine,
 Red as the gold in an Indian mine !
 A dreamy mist, a vapory smoke,
 Hangs round the patches of evergreen oak.
 Over the broad lake shines the sun,—
 The lake that Perry battled upon,—
 Striking the upland fields of maize
 That glow through the soft October haze.
 Nature is tracing with languid hand
 Lessons of peace over lake and land ;
 Ay ! yet this is the tranquil spot
 Chosen by bully, assassin and sot
 To pit two young men, lusty and tall,

With nothing between them of hate or wrongs,
 One with the other, to batter and maul,
 To tussle and fight till one shall fall,—
 Hammer and tongs !

IV.

Their faces are rich with a healthy hue,
 Their eyes are clear, and bright, and blue ;
 Every muscle is clean and fine,
 And their blood is pure as the purest wine.
 It is a pleasure their limbs to scan,—
 Splendid types of the animal man,
 Splendid types of that human grace,
 The noblest that God has willed to trace,
 Brought to this by science and art ;
 Trained, and nourished, and kept apart ;
 Cunningly fed on the wholesomest food,
 Carefully watched in every mood ;
 Brought to this state, so noble and proud,
 To savagely tussle before a crowd,—
 To dim the light of the eyes so clear,
 To mash the face to a bloody smear,
 To maim, deface, and kill, if they can,
 The glory of all creation,—Man !
 This is the task of those, lusty and tall,

With nothing between them of hate or wrongs,—

To bruise and wrestle, and batter and maul,
 And fight till one or the other shall fall,—
 Hammer and tongs !

V.

With feet firm planted upon the sand,
 Face to face at "the scratch" they stand.
 Feinting first—a blow—a guard !
 Then some hitting, heavy and hard.
 The round fist falls with a horrible thud ;
 Wherever it falls comes a spout of blood !
 Blow after blow, fall after fall,
 For twenty minutes they tussle and maul.

The lips of the one are a gory gash,
 The other's are knocked to eternal smash !
 The bold bright eyes are bloody and dim,
 And, staggering, shivers each stalwart limb.
 Faces glow with stupid wrath,
 Hard breaths breathed through a bloody froth ;
 Blind and faint they rain their blows
 On cheeks like jelly, and shapeless nose ;
 While concave faces around the rope
 Darken with panic, or light with hope,
 Till one fierce brute, with a terrible blow,
 Lays the other poor animal low.
 Are these the forms so noble and proud,
 That, king-like, towered above the crowd ?
 Where are the faces so healthy and fresh ?
 There !—those illegible masses of flesh.

Thus we see men lusty and tall, wrongs.
 Who, with nothing between them of hate or
 Will bruise, and batter, and tussle and maul,
 And fight till one or the other shall fall,—
 Hammer and tongs.

VI.

Trainers, backers, and betters all,—
 Who teach young men to tussle and maul,
 And spend their muscle, and blood and life,
 Given for good, in a loathsome strife,—
 I know what the Devil will do for you,
 You pistolng, bullying, cowardly crew !
 He'll light up his furnaces red and blue,
 And treat you all to a roast and a stew ;
 O, he'll do you up, and he'll do you brown,
 On pitchforks cleft into mighty prongs,
 While chuckling fiends your agonies crown,
 By stirring you up and keeping you down,
 Hammer and tongs !

FIIZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

QUEEN MARGARET'S FEASTING.

Fair she stood—God's queenly creature !
 Wondrous joy was in her face ;
 Of her ladies none in stature
 Like to her, and none in grace.
 On the church-roof stood they round her,
 Cloth of gold was her attire ;
 They in jeweled circle wound her ;—
 Beside her Ely's king, her sire.

Far and near the green fields glittered,
 Like to poppy-beds in spring,
 Gay with companies loose-scattered,
 Seated each in seemly ring,

Under banners red or yellow :

There all day the feast they kept,
From chill dawn and noontide mellow
Till the hill-shades eastward crept.

On a white steed at the gateway
Margaret's husband, Calwagh, sate;
Guest on guest, approaching, straightway
Welcomed he with love and state.
Each passed on with largess laden,
Chosen gifts of thought and work,
Now the red cloak of the maiden,
Now the minstrel's golden torque.

On the wind the tapestries shifted ;
From the blue hills rang the horn ;
Slowly toward the sunset drifted
Choral song and shout breeze-borne.
Like a sea the crowds unresting
Murmured round the gray church-tower;
Many a prayer, amid the feasting,
For Margaret's mother rose that hour.

On the church-roof kern and noble
At her bright face looked half dazed;
Naught was hers of shame or trouble;—
On the crowds far off she gazed :
Once, on heaven her dark eyes bending,
Her hands in prayer she flung apart;
Unconsciously her arms extending,
She blessed her people in her heart.

Thus a Gaelic queen and nation
At Imayn till set of sun
Kept with feast the Annunciation,
Fourteen hundred fifty-one.
Time it was of solace tender;—
'Twas a brave time, strong yet fair !
Blessing, O ye angels, send her
From Salem's towers and Inisglair !

AUBREY T. DE VERE.

HYMN TO GOLD.

In my hot youth I did account thee base,
Forsware thy worship, and renounced thy name,
Defied thy touch, aye, and blasphemed thy face
For empty pleasure and still emptier fame :
What brought they ? Disappointment and Dis-
grace,
Imputed faults and genius, pride and shame,—
False friends, that cooled ; and summer love, that
flew
With the first wintry withering wind that blew.

I do repent me of that early sin,
The folly of my inconsiderate days ;
And now, however late, would fain begin
To burn thee incense, and to hymn thy praise.
If all who truly worship thee may win,
I too would offer thee a laureate's lays,—
Haply for ears tuned to sweet chimes unfit,
And yet not worse than have for gold been writ.

Most subtle casuist ! pure, and calm, and sweet,
Whose sweet persuasion, eloquent, tho' dumb,
Ever converted men the most discreet,
Or, if it failed, failed only in the sum,—
Where shall we find thee rank and title meet,
High priestess of the kingdom not to come,
Since even now thy rule and reign are seen
Rock of all faiths, of every realm the queen ?

RICHARD HENRY WILDE

THE GOLDEN BRIDGE.

*Let him listen, whoso would know,
Concerning the wisdom of King Tee Poh.*

Fair is Pekin, with round it rolled
Wave on wave of its river of gold ;
They gird its walls with their ninefold twine,
And the bridges that cross them are ninety and
nine ;
And as soon as the wind of morning blows,
And the gray in the East takes a fleck of rose,
Upon each bridge 'gins the shuffle and beat
Of hundreds of hoofs and thousands of feet ;
And all day long there is dust and din,
And the coolie elbows the mandarin,
And gibe is given, and oath and blow,—
'Twas thus in the time of King Tee Poh.

*It grieved the King that it should be so ;
Then out of his wisdom spoke King Tee Poh.*

" Build me a hundredth bridge, the best,
Higher and wider than all the rest,
With posts of teak, and cedarn rails,
And planks of sandal, with silver nails ;
Gild it and paint it vermilion red,
And over it place the dragon's head ;
And be it proclaimed to high and low,
That over this fortunate bridge shall go
Passenger none that doth not throw
Golden toll to the river below ;
And when the piece of gold is cast,
Thrice let the trumpet sound a blast,

And the mandarin write, with respectful look,
The passenger's name in a silken book.
So that I, the King, may have in hand
The list of the wealthiest in my land."

*Straightway the bridge was builded so,
As had spoken the wisdom of King Tee Poh.*

And every day from dawn till dark,
They who watched the fortunate arch could mark,
Like a cloud of midges, that glow and gleam,
The gold toll cast to the hurrying stream;
And all day the trumpet sounded loud,
And the mandarin of the guard kowtowed,
And he wrote the name, with respectful look,
Of the passenger high in his silken book.
And all the while grew the renown
Of the fortunate arch in Pekin town,
Till of the wealthiest it was told,
"He spends his day on the bridge of gold."

And when a month and a day were spent,
The King Tee Poh for his treasurer sent.
"Go to the bridge," said he, "and look
At the list of names in the silken book,
And of all that are written, small or great,
Confiscate to me the estate:
As the sage Confucius well doth show,
A wealthy fool is the State's worst foe."

*And the treasurer whispered, bending low,
"Great is the wisdom of King Tee Poh."*

GEORGE T. LANIGAN.

THE RIVAL SINGERS.

Two marvellous singers of old had the city of
Florence,—
She that is loadstar of pilgrims, Florence the
beautiful,—
Who sang thro' bitterest envy their exquisite
music,
Each for o'ercoming the other, as fierce as the
seraphs
At the dread battle pre-mundane, together down-
wrestling.
And once when the younger, surpassing the best
at a festival,
Thrilled the impetuous people, O, singing so
rarely!
That upon their shoulders they raised him, and
carried him straightway
Over the threshold, 'mid ringing of belfries, and
shouting,

Till into his pale cheek mounted a color like
morning

(For he was Saxon in blood) that made more
resplendent

The gold of his hair for an aureole round and
above him,

Seeing which, called his adorers aloud, thanking
Heaven

That sent down an angel to sing for them, taking
their homage;—

While this came to pass in the city, one marked
it, and harbored

A purpose which followed endlessly on, like his
shadow,

Therefore at night, as a vine that aye clamber-
ing stealthily

Slips by the stones to an opening, came the
assassin,

And left the deep sleeper by moonlight, the
Saxon hair dabbled

With red, and the brave voice smitten to death
in his bosom.

Now this was the end of the hate, and the striv-
ing and singing;

But the Italian through Florence, his city familiar,
Fared happily ever, none knowing the crime and
the passion,

Winning honor and guerdon in peaceful and
prosperous decades,

Supreme over all, and rejoiced with the cheers
and the clanging.

Carissima! what? And you wonder the world
did not loathe him?

Child, he lived long, and was lauded, and died
very famous.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

A PORTRAIT.

Tell me, ye prim adepts in Scandal's school,
Who rail by precept and detract by rule,
Lives there no character so tried, so known,
So decked with grace, and so unlike your own,
That even you assist her fame to raise,
Approve by envy, and by silence praise!
Attend!—a model shall attract your view:
Daughters of calumny, I summon you!
You shall decide if this a portrait prove,
Or fond creation of the Muse and Love;—
Attend, ye virgin critics, shrewd and sage,
Ye matron censors of this childish age,
Whose peering eye and wrinkled front declare
A fixed antipathy to young and fair;

By cunning cautious, or by nature cold,
In maiden madness virulently bold!
Attend, all ye who boast—or old or young—
The living libel of a slanderous tongue!
So shall my theme as far contrasted be
As saints by fiends, or hymns by calumny.

Adorning fashion, unadorned by dress,
Simple from taste, and not from carelessness;
Discreet in gesture, in deportment mild,
Not stiff with prudence, nor uncouthly wild:
No state has Amoret, no studied mien;
She frowns no goddess and she moves no queen.
The softer charm that in her manner lies
Is framed to captivate, yet not surprise;
It justly suits th' expression of her face,—
'Tis less than dignity, and more than grace!
On her pure cheek the native hue is such,
That, formed by heaven to be admired so much,
The hand divine, with a less partial care,
Might well have fixed a fainter crimson there,
And bade the gentle inmate of her breast—
Inshrined Modesty!—supply the rest.
But who the peril of her lips shall paint?
Strip them of smiles—still, still all words are faint!
But moving Love himself appears to teach
Their action, tho' denied to rule her speech.
And thou who seest her speak and dost not hear,
Mourn not her distant accents 'scape thine ear;
Viewing those lips, thou still may'st make pretense
To judge of what she says, and swear 'tis sense;
Clothed with such grace, with such expression
fraught.

They move in meaning, and they pause in thought!
But dost thou farther watch, with charmed sur-
The mild irresolution of her eyes, [prise,
Curious to mark how frequent they repose
In brief eclipse and momentary close.
Ah! seest thou not an ambushed Cupid there,
Too timorous of his charge, with jealous care
Veils and unveils those beams of heavenly light,
Too full, too fatal else for mortal sight?
What tho' her peaceful breast should ne'er allow
Subduing frowns to arm her altered brow,
By Love, I swear, and by his gentle wiles,
More fatal still the mercy of her smiles!
Thus lovely, thus adorned, possessing all
Of bright or fair that can to woman fall,
The height of vanity might well be thought
Prerogative in her, and Nature's fault.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

*From a poem addressed to Mrs. Crewe, with the Comedy
of "The School for Scandal."*

TO AN URN.

Mute urn, whose heart is empty now
Of the dear ashes of a heart!
Who bearest on thy marble brow
Naught but a name, and cry of grief,
Memorial sad as brief;
Hast thou an echo, like the ocean shell,
Thy vague dim history to tell,
Or in faint mystic murmurs to impart
That of the soul invisible
Whose form is flown?
A ruin amid ruins still thou art,
Silent and alone.

Was it a hero whose proud dust
Was once thy treasure, mournful urn?
A fool of battle's gloried lust,
Death's puppet in a world where death
Allows of life so brief a breath?
Or maiden fair, whose gentle breast
Love filled, and sorrow laid at rest?
Or poet brain whose thoughts would burn
In reverie, like the golden west?
Or wise, bright-thoughted sage?
Or little child from tearful mother torn?
Love's, life's last heritage,

Yon star-world shining o'er the sea,
O urn, upon thy silent form,
Tho' bright, may be a grave like thee;
The symbol of a vanished past
In yonder unimagined vast,
Where suns and spheres, the bright abodes
Of spirits ranging up to gods
Awhile in life's eternal storm
Take shape and die. Yon senseless star
Ere yet thro' future fires it pass,
Ere yet from ruin 'tis re-born,
Bears its dim epitaph afar
Like thine—"Alas!"

THOMAS C. IRWIN.

MAURICE DE GUERIN.

The old wine filled him, and he saw, with eyes
Anoint of Nature, fauns and dryads fair
Unseen by others; to him maidenhair
And waxen lilacs and those birds that rise
A-sudden from tall reeds at slight surprise
Brought charmed thoughts; and in earth every-
where

He, like sad Jacques, found unheard music rare
As that of Syrinx to old Grecians wise.

A pagan heart, a Christian soul had he,
He followed Christ, yet for dead Pan he sighed,
Till earth and heaven met within his breast :
As if Theocritus in Sicily
Had come upon the Figure crucified
And lost his gods in deep, Christ-given rest.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

FRA ANGELICO.

Art is true art when art to God is true,
And only then. To copy Nature's work
Without the chains that run the whole world
through

Gives us the eye without the lights that lurk
In its clear depths: no soul, no truth is there,
Oh praise your Rubens and his fleshly brush !
Oh love your Titian and his carnal air !
Give me the trilling of a pure toned thrush,
And take your crimson parrots. Artist—saint !
Oh Fra Angelico, your brush was dyed
In hues of opal, not in vulgar paint ; [sighed.
You showed to us pure joys for which you
Your heart was in your work, you never feigned :
You left us here the Paradise you gained !

MAURICE F. EGAN.

SACRILEGE.

Beside the wall, and near the massive gate
Of the great temple in Jerusalem,
The legionary, Probus, stood elate,
His eager clasp circling a royal gem.

It was an offering made by some dead king
Unto the great Jehovah, when the sword
Amid his foes had mown a ghastly ring,
Helped by the dreaded angel of the Lord.

There, on his rival's crest, among the slain,
Thro' the red harvest it had clearly shone
Lighting the grimness of the sanguine plain
With splendors that had glorified a throne.

Above the altar of God's sacred place,
A watchful star, it lit the passing years,
With radiance falling on each suppliant's face,
Gleaming alike in love's and sorrow's tears,

Till swept the war-tide thro' the sunlit vales
Leading from Jordan, and the western sea
And the fierce hosts of Titus filled the gales
With jubilant shouts and songs of victory.

Then came the day when over all the walls
The Romans surged, and Death laughed loud
and high,

And there was wailing in the palace halls,
And sounds of lamentations in the sky.

Torn from its place, it lay within the hand
Of Probus, whose keen sword had rent a way,
With rapid blows, amid the priestly band
Whose piteous prayers moaned through that
dreadful day.

And there, beside the wall, he stopped to gaze
Upon the fortune that would give his life
The home and rest that come with bounteous
days,
And bring reward for toil and warlike strife.

There was no cloud in all heaven's lustrous blue,
Yet suddenly a red flash cleft the air,
And the dark shadow held a deeper hue—
A dead man, with an empty hand, lay there.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

AKERATOS.

To Argos, after Troia fell, there came,
Seeking for alms and ease, one sunny day,
A soldier, battle-scarred and old and gray—
Akeratos his name.

He would not beg without amends for alms ;
So with a lyre the passers-by he stopped,
Hoping thereby to see some silver dropped
From giver's willing palms.

In early days his skill was well maintained ;
But rough campaigns had robbed him of his
power ;
And so he stood there twanging, hour on hour,
Without one lepton gained.

At length, all wearied, hungered and athirst,
He ceased, and leaned against a pillar there,
And thought himself, so utter his despair,
Forsaken and accursed.

Then came a stranger where he leaned, and
said—

"Why not play on, old man, and strive to please
The passing crowd ? You who won victories,
Might now perchance win bread."

Akeratos looked up. His eyes were filled
 With weaking tears; again he bowed his head—
 That once proud soldier—and he humbly said—
 "I am no longer skilled."

"Then," said the stranger in a pleasant way,
 "Why not to me a thing so useless hire?
 Here's a didrachmon; give me now the lyre;
 For one hour let me play."

The soldier smiled. "My lord," he said, "the sum
 'Twould buy three lyres like this of mine, may-
 hap."

"It is a bargain then. Hold out your cap:
 Be motionless and dumb."

The stranger took the lyre and swept the chords,
 And through the air a startling prelude rang;
 Then, with a clear and stirring voice, he sang—
 Voice like the clang of swords—

How Hektor perished, slain by Achilleus;
 How Herakles fair Hippolite slew;
 How Zeus the mighty Titans overthrew—
 The sire-dethroning Zeus;

The rush of chariots and the clash of blades;
 O'er beaten earth the ring of iron hoofs;
 The crackling roar of flames from burning roofs;
 The screams of frightened maids;

The curses of the priests of plundered fanes;
 The dying groan upon the bloody field
 Of some stout warrior, pillowed on his shield,
 Life ebbing through his veins.

And as he sang, the people stopped to hear,
 And crowds from every quarter gathered round,
 Breathless and eager, swallowing every sound
 With rapt, attentive ear;

And when the song was o'er the people filled
 The soldier's cap with golden coins, and cried,
 "O singer! silver-tongued and fiery-eyed,
 Whose tones our souls have thrilled—

"Singer, whose voice from sirens on the shore
 Has sure been borrowed, and whose fingers
 rain
 Such music on the strings, oh! sing again—
 Sing us a song once more!"

And once again that wondrous voice was heard:
 This time it sang not of affairs of arms,
 But of the sea-foam's daughter and her charms,
 Till all men's hearts were stirred.

A purple vapor seemed to fill the place;
 Fragrance and light and music in the air—
 Each man majestic and each woman fair—
 One, dignity; one, grace;

Till, in their joy, before that soldier old,
 Not coins alone they cast, but silver bands,
 And rings and bracelets, gems from foreign
 And ornaments of gold; [lands,

And when the heap had to its utmost grown,
 Making the soldier rich in all men's sight,
 Around the singer's form a blaze of light
 In dazzling glory shone.

The men of Argos stood in hushed surprise,
 As there the god of poetry and song,
 Phoibos Apollon, from the awe-struck throng
 Ascended to the skies.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

This was the ruler of the land
 When Athens was the land of fame;
 This was the light that led the band
 When each was like a living flame;
 The center of earth's noblest ring,—
 Of more than men the more than king.

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,
 His sovereignty was held or won:
 Feared, but alone as freemen fear,
 Loved, but as freemen love alone,
 He waved the scepter o'er his kind
 By nature's first great title—Mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue:
 Then eloquence first flashed below;
 Full armed to life the portent sprung—
 Minerva from the Thunderer's brow!
 And his the sole, the sacred hand
 That shook her ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side
 A woman sits with eye sublime,—
 Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;
 But if their solemn love were crime,
 Pity the Beauty and the Sage—
 The crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won—
 He perished in his height of fame;
 Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,
 Yet still she conquered in his name.
 Filled with his soul, she could not die;
 Her conquest was posterity.

GEORGE CROLY.

TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
 I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
 To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,
 And bid your tenant welcome to his home
 Again! O sacred forms, how proud you look!
 How high you lift your heads into the sky!
 How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
 How do you look, for all your baréd brows,
 More gorgeously majestic than kings
 Whose loaded coronets exhaust the mine!
 Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose
 smile

Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
 Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
 Of awe divine, whose subject never kneels
 In mockery, because it is your boast
 To keep him free! ye guards of liberty,
 I'm with you once again!—I call to you
 With all my voice! I hold my hands to you
 To show they still are free! I rush to you
 As though I could embrace you!

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

VIRGINIUS IN THE FORUM.

(*Virginia is claimed as the daughter of a slave.*)

Virginius.—Man, I must speak, or else go mad!
 And if I do go mad, what will then hold me
 From speaking? Were't not better, brother,
 think you,

To speak and not go mad, than to go mad
 And then to speak?

Appius.—Your answer, now, Virginius?

Virginius.—Here it is!

Is this the daughter of a slave? I know
 'Tis not with men, as shrubs and trees, that by
 The shoot you know the rank and order of
 The stem. Yet who from such a stem would
 look

For such a shoot? My witnesses are these—
 The relatives and friends of Numitoria,
 Who saw her, ere Virginia's birth, sustain
 The burden which a mother bears, nor feels
 The weight, with longing for the sight of it!
 Here are the ears that listened to her sighs
 In nature's hour of labor, which subsides
 In the embrace of joy!—the hands, that when
 The day first looked upon the infant's face,
 And never looked so pleased, helped her up to it,
 And thanked the gods for her, and prayed them
 send

Blessing on blessing on her. Here the eyes
 That saw her lying at the generous
 And sympathetic fount, that at her cry
 Sent forth a stream of living liquid pearl
 To cherish her enamelled veins. The lie
 Is most abortive, then, that takes the flower—
 The very flower our bed connubial grew—
 To prove its barrenness! Speak for me, friends,
 Have I not spoke the truth?

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

THE MOUNTAIN LAUREL.

Far upon the sunny mountain, laurel groves were
 growing,
 Silently adown the river came a hot youth rowing;
 Looking up afar he spied
 The green groves on the mountain side—
 Quoth the youth, and fondly sighed,—
 "I'll pluck your plumes and sail anon; fair the
 wind is blowing!"

Landing, then, he took his way to where the
 groves were growing;
 Far he travel'd, all the morn, from the calm
 stream flowing;

In the sultry June noontide,
 He reach'd the groves he had espied,
 And sat down on the mountain side;
 Sing the snowy, plummy laurels, laurels gaily
 blowing!

Sat and slept within the groves of laurels bright
 and blowing—

Oh! the deadly laurel tree, with flowering poison
 glowing!

Down they fell on lip and brain,
 Oh! that odorous, deadly rain!
 He never shall return again
 To his boat, upon the stream afar, so calm and
 gently flowing!

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

A DESCANT OF FAME.

Once in a dream I saw a man,
 With haggard face and tangled hair,
 And eyes that nursed as wild a care
 As gaunt starvation ever can;
 And in his hand he held a wand
 Whose magic touch gave life and thought
 Unto a face his fancy wrought,
 And robed with coloring so grand
 It seemed the reflex of some child
 Of heaven, fair and undefiled—
 A star of purity and love—
 To woo him into worlds above.
 And as I gazed, with dazzled eyes,
 A gleaming smile lit up his lips
 As his bright soul from its eclipse
 Went flashing into Paradise;
 Then tardy Fame came through the door,
 And found a picture—nothing more.

And once I saw a man, alone
 In abject poverty, with hand
 Uplifted o'er a block of stone,
 That took a shape at his command
 And smiled upon him, fair and good—
 A perfect work of womanhood,
 Save that the eyes might never weep,
 Nor weary hands be crossed in sleep,
 Nor hair that fell from crown to wrist,
 Be brushed away, caressed and kissed.
 And as in awe I gazed on her,
 I saw the sculptor's chisel fall—
 I saw him sink, without a moan,
 Sink lifeless at the feet of stone,
 And lie there like a worshipper.
 Fame crossed the threshold of the hall,
 And found a statue—that was all.

And once I saw a man who drew
 A gloom about him like a cloak,
 And wandered aimlessly. The few
 Who spoke of him at all but spoke
 Disparagingly of a mind
 The Fates had faultlessly designed:
 Too indolent for modern times—
 Too fanciful, and full of whims
 For talking to himself in rhymes,
 And scrawling never-heard-of hymns.
 The idle life to which he clung
 Was worthless as the songs he sung!
 I saw him, in my vision, filled
 With rapture o'er a spray of bloom
 The wind threw in his lonely room;

And of the sweet perfume it spilled
 He drank to drunkenness, and flung
 His long hair back, and laughed and sung,
 And clapped his hands as children do
 At fairy tales they listen to,
 While from his flying quill there dripped
 Such music on his manuscript
 That he who listens to the words
 May close his eyes and dream the birds
 Are twittering on every hand
 A language he can understand.
 He journeyed on through life, unknown,
 Without one friend to call his own,
 He tired. No kindly hand to press
 The cooling touch of tenderness
 Upon his burning brow, nor lift
 To his parched lips God's freest gift—
 No sympathetic sob, or sigh
 Of trembling lips—no sorrowing eye
 Looked out through tears to see him die.
 And fame her greenest laurels brought
 To crown a head that heeded not.

And this is fame! A thing, indeed,
 That only comes when least the need
 The wisest minds of every age
 The book of life from page to page
 Have searched in vain; each lesson conned
 Will promise it the page beyond—
 Until the last, when dusk of night
 Falls over it, and reason's light
 Is smothered by that unknown friend
 Who signs his *nom de plume* The End.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

O MIGHTY FAME.

O mighty fame!
 Thou for whom Caesar restless fought,
 And Regulus his god-like suffering sought;
 What can the sense of mortals tame,
 And nature's deepest murmurings hush,
 That thus on death they rush?
 What horror thus, and anguish they control,
 Lulled by thy airy power which lifts the daring
 soul?

The female spirit still,
 And timorous of ill,
 In softest climes, by thy almighty will,
 Dauntless can mount the funeral pyre,
 And by a husband's side expire.

No unbecoming human fear
The exalted sacrifice delays,
In youth and beauty's flowering year,
Serene she mingles with the blaze.

The Indian, on the burning iron bound,
By busy tortures compassed round,
Beholds thee, and is pleased,
With towering frenzy seized;
Tells them they know not how to kill,
Demands a torment fit for man to feel,
And dictates some new pang, some more envenomed wound.

The halls of Odin rang,—
Amidst the barbarous clang
Of boastful chiefs and dire alarms,
The warrior hears thy magic cry,
Thundering,—“To arms! to arms!”
Struck by the sound, behold him fly
O'er the steep mountain's icy bar,
And drive before him Shout and Pain,
And Slaughter mad, the dogs of war;
Then, of his bootless trophies vain,
Back to the halls of Death return, [earn.
And brood upon the name which his wide ruins

HENRY FLOOD.

—From a “Pindaric Ode to Fame.”

ENGLAND.

Her robes are of purple and scarlet,
And the kings have bent their knees
To the gemmed and jewelled harlot
Who sitteth on many seas.

They have drunk the abominations
Of her golden cup of shame;
She has drugged and debauched the nations
With the mystery of her name.

Her merchants have gathered riches
By the power of her wantonness,
And her usurers are as leeches
On the world's supreme distress.

She has scoured the seas as a spoiler;
Her mart is a robber's den,
With the wrested toil of the toiler,
And the mortgaged souls of men.

Her crimson flag is flying,
Where the East and the West are one;
Her drums while the day is dying
Salute the rising sun.

She has scourged the weak and the lowly
And the just with an iron rod;
She is drunk with the blood of the holy—
She shall drink of the wrath of God!

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

WHAT TWO SAW.

I heard thunder of drums, and the trumpet's blast,
And I saw red banners that waved on the air,
And I heard the shouts of those fighting there;
I saw fires blaze, saw the tents o'er-cast,
Saw cannon front cannon, deep, deadly and vast,
Heard the conqueror's shout, the cries of despair,
Of falling and wounded, who died with the glare
Of flame on their features, distraught and aghast.
You stood beside me, but what did you see?
No field of battle, but one sown with corn,
Yellow corn, which in time man's bread should be;
You heard not the cry of the hope forlorn,
You heard not the feet of the hosts that flee;
But my soul at your feet lay dead, down borne.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

THE DEAD YEAR.

Yet another chief is carried
From life's battle on his spears,
To the great Valhalla cloisters
Of the ever-living years.

Yet another year—the mummy
Of a warlike giant vast—
Is niched within the pyramid
Of the ever-growing past.

Years roll through the palm of Ages
As the dropping rosary speeds
Through the cold and passive fingers
Of a hermit at his beads.

One year falls and ends its penance,
One arises with its needs,
And 'tis ever thus prays Nature,
Only telling years for beads.

Years, like acorns from the branches
Of the giant Oak of Time,
Fill the earth with healthy seedlings
For a future more sublime.

JOHN SAVAGE.

A VISION.

Two crownéd Kings, and One that stood alone
 With no green weight of laurels round his head,
 But with sad eyes as one uncomfórted,
 And wearied with man's never-ceasing moan
 For sins no bleating victim can atone,
 And sweet long lips with tears and kisses fed.
 Girt was he in a garment black and red,
 And at his feet I marked a broken stone
 Which sent up lilies, dove-like, to his knees.
 Now at their sight, my heart being lit with flame
 I cried to Beatrice, "Who are these?"
 And she made answer, knowing well each name,
 "Æschylos first, the second Sophokles,
 And last (wide stream of tears!) Euripides."

OSCAR WILDE.

THE COUNTERSIGN.

Alas! the weary hours pass slow,
 The night is very dark and still,
 And in the marshes far below
 I hear the bearded whippoorwill.
 I scarce can see a yard ahead,
 My ears are strained to catch each sound;
 I hear the leaves about me shed,
 And the springs bubbling through the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,
 Where white rags mark my sentry's track;
 In formless shrubs I seem to trace
 The foeman's form with bending back.
 I think I see him crouching low,
 I stop and list—I stoop and peer—
 Until the neighboring hillocks grow
 To groups of soldiers far and near.

With ready piece I wait and watch,
 Until my eyes, familiar grown,
 Detect each harmless earthen notch,
 And turn guerrillas into stone.
 And then amid the lonely gloom,
 Beneath the weird old tulip-trees,
 My silent marches I resume,
 And think on other times than these.

Sweet visions through the silent night!
 The deep bay-windows fringed with vine.
 The room within, in softened light,
 The tender, milk-white hand in mine;
 The timid pressure, and the pause
 That oftentimes overcame our speech,—
 That time when by mysterious laws
 We each felt all in all to each.

And then that bitter, bitter day,
 When came the final hour to part,
 When, clad in soldier's honest gray,
 I pressed her weeping to my heart.
 Too proud of me to bid me stay,
 Too fond of me to let me go,—
 I had to tear myself away,
 And left her stolid in her woe.

So comes the dream—so fleets the night—
 When distant in the darksome glen,
 Approaching up the sombre height,
 I hear the solid march of men;
 Till over stubble, over sward,
 And fields where gleams the golden sheaf,
 I see the lantern of the guard
 Advancing with the night relief.

"Halt! who goes there?" my challenge cry:
 It rings along the watchful line.
 "Relief!" I hear a voice reply.
 "Advance, and give the countersign!"
 With bayonet at the charge, I wait,
 The corporal gives the mystic spell;
 With arms at port I charge my mate,
 And onward pass, and all is well.

But in the tent that night awake,
 I think, if in the fray I fall,
 Can I the mystic answer make
 When the angelic sentries call?
 And pray that heaven may so ordain,
 That when I near the camp divine,
 Whate'er my travail or my pain,
 I yet may have the countersign.

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

CHRISTMAS IN A LIGHT-HOUSE.

Darkly the drear December day
 Hung on the dripping light-house shrouds,
 And up my lonely tower the spray
 Leaped madly at the clouds;
 And eastward with the racing tide
 There drove a living, roving sail,
 Which thro' her steersman hoarse replied
 Unto my friendly hail.

The tantalizing rover passed
 (As passed another long ago),
 And idly by the signal-mast
 I watched the ocean-strow:

Wild sea-wracks toiling ceaselessly
 Around my insulated rock :
 The sleepers of the mystic sea,
 Awakened by the shock.

Sea-shreds come swarming up my wall,
 Mad relics of destructive things,
 That with the white spray rise and fall
 In wild meanderings ;
 And from amid the lambent heaps
 That kiss the railing where I stand,
 A coral-beaded branch up-leaps
 Unto my grasping hand.

O ! Holly, Holly, Holly tree,
 Emblem of love unwithering !
 Thy coral-beaded branch to me
 Old memories doth bring.
 The Almanac I daily scan,
 The time-piece ticking on the wall,
 The roving bark that eastward ran,
 None such to me recall.

I see the windrows of the years,
 Dead memories drifted up a strand,
 One tired pearl that perseveres
 To reach the quiet land :
 And sea-waifs of sad mistletoe,
 That other dying sea-waifs follow ;
 And thorny shells that come and go ;
 And roseate shells—all hollow.—

The gray December day wears by,
 The night falls on my lonely tower,
 I light the argand galaxy
 And watch till morning's hour ;
 Pacing my gallery below
 With steps that elsewhere seem to rove ;
 And all is darkness here—but O !
 The splendid light above !

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

BECALMED.

It was as calm as calm could be,
 A death-still night in June ;
 A silver sail on a silver sea,
 Under a silver moon ;
 Not a breath of air the still sea stirred,
 But all on the dreaming deep
 The white ship lay, like a white sea-bird,
 With folded wings asleep.

For a long, long month not a breath of air,
 For a month not a drop of rain ;
 And the gaunt crew watched in wild despair,
 With a fever in throat and brain ;
 And they saw the shore, like a dim cloud, stand
 On the far horizon-sea :—
 It was only a short day's sail to the land,
 And the haven where they would be.

Too faint to row, no signal brought
 An answer, far or nigh ;—
 Father, have mercy ! leave them not
 Alone on the deep to die.
 And the gaunt crew prayed on the decks above,
 And the women prayed below :
 " One drop of rain, for Heaven's great love !
 Oh, God ! for a breeze to blow ! "

But never a shower from the skies would burst,
 And never a breeze would come !
 Dear Heaven ! to think that man can thirst,
 And starve in sight of home !
 But out to sea, with the drifting tide,
 The vessel drifted away,
 Till the far-off shore, like the dim cloud died,
 And the wild crew ceased to pray !

Calm gleamed the sea : calm gleamed the sky :
 No cloud—no sail—in view :
 And they cast them lots, for who should die
 To feed the starving crew !
 Like fiends they glared, with their eyes aglow,
 Like beasts, with hunger wild.
 But a mother prayed, in the cabin below,
 By the bed of her little child !

It slept : and lo ! in its sleep it smiled :
 A babe of summers three :
 " O Father, save my little child,
 Whatever comes to me ! "
 Like beasts they glared, with hunger wild,
 And red glazed eyes aglow !
 And the death-lot fell—on the little child
 That slept in the cabin below !

And the mother shrieked, in wild despair,
 " O God, my child, my son !
 They will take his life : it is hard to bear :
 Yet, Father, Thy will be done ! "
 And she woke the child from his happy sleep,
 And she knelt by the cradle-bed :
 " We thirst, my child, on the lonely deep :
 We are dying, my child, for bread !

"On the lone, lone seas no sail, no breeze :
Not a drop of rain in the sky !

We thirst—we starve—from the lonely seas :
And thou, my child, must die !"

She wept : what tears her wild soul shed
Not I, but God, knows best.

And the child rose up from its cradle-bed,
And crossed its hands on its breast :

"Father !" he lisped, "so good—so kind—
Have pity on mother's pain !

For mother's sake, a little wind !

Father, a little rain !" [deck :
And she heard them shout for the child from the

And she knelt on the cabin stairs :

"The child !" they cry, "the child—stand back—
And a curse on your idiot prayers !"

And the mother rose, in her wild despair,
And she bared her throat to the knife :

"Me—me—strike ! strike ! but spare, O spare
My child—my dear son's life !"

O God, it was a ghastly sight !

Red eyes, like flaming brands,
And a hundred belt-knives flashing bright
In the clutch of skeleton-hands !

"Me—me—strike ! strike ! ye fiends of Death !"
But soft ! thro' the ghastly air

Whose falling tear was that ? whose breath
Waves thro' the mother's hair ?

A flutter of sail—a ripple of seas—
A speck on the cabin-pane !

O God ! it is a breeze—a breeze—
And a drop of blessed rain !

And the mother rushed to the cabin below,
And she wept on her babe's bright hair :

"The sweet rain falls, the sweet winds blow :
Father hath heard thy prayer !"

And the gaunt crew fell on their bended knees :
And they cried in raptures wild : [breeze :

"Thank God ! thank God, for His rain and His
Thank God for her little child !"

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

THE RUINED CHAPEL.

By the shore, a plot of ground
Clips a ruin'd chapel round,
Buttress'd with a grassy mound ;

Where Day and Night and Day go by,
And bring no touch of human sound.

Washing of the lonely seas,
Shaking of the guardian trees,
Piping of the salted breeze ;

Day and Night and Day go by
To the endless tune of these.

Or when, as winds and waters keep
A hush more dead than any sleep,
Still morns to stiller evenings creep,

And Day and Night and Day go by ;
Here the silence is most deep.

The empty ruins, lapsed again
Into Nature's wide domain,

Sow themselves with seed and grain

As Day and Night and Day go by ;

And hoard June's sun and April's rain.

Here fresh funeral tears were shed ;

And now the graves are also dead ;

And suckers from the ash-tree spread,

While Day and Night and Day go by ;
And stars move calmly overhead.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

WHAT THE SEA SAID.

The wash of the wave on the shingle,

The fringe of the foam on the sand ;

The soft twilight hush in which mingle

Faint sounds of the sea and the land—

All these ; and the sun dies in splendor,

And shoreward the gray shadows fleet ;

And the sea flings its song sad and tender
In waves at my feet.

The waves catch the starlight, and glisten
In broken and shadowy gleams,

And my ears are entranc'd as they listen

To music, like music of dreams.

O ! ear, by what fanciful weening,

O ! heart, by what mystical lore,

Can one clothe with a voice and a meaning,
The sound on the shore ?

To my sad heart it whispers a story,

As sad as man's heart, and as old,

That the poet must purchase his glory

By sorrows that cannot be told—

That the crown of the singer tho' shining,

With gems like a cluster of stars,

Round a painstricken forehead is twining,

Scarce hiding fate's scars.

For the spent wave has fill'd, but to languish,
 The sparkle is lost in the foam;
 With a cry, like despair and like anguish,
 The billow rolls wearily home.
 It was mute when it rose as a billow,
 But moans when it strikes on the strand,
 Singing death-songs, it sinks on its pillow—
 Hard pillow of sand.

Dash a heart on the hard world and break it,
 'Twill break to the sound of a song,
 Only hearts that know sorrow can make it
 Give music whose echo lives long.
 Only sad hearts flash out into stories
 That live on men's lips thro' the years;
 Poets' lives when most brilliant with glories,
 Are glistening with tears.

Sad memories and ghosts of lost faces
 Crowd in from the song from the past;
 For, tho' grief lose its first sting, its traces
 Are branded on life to the last;
 And to-day will melt into to-morrow,
 And years may be added to years,
 But from sorrow comes harvests of sorrow,
 And fountains of tears.

JOSEPH FARRELL

THE BURIED BELLS.

A fair ship sailed, with the bells aboard
 For a church in a far countree,—
 With sweet chime-bells for a far-off church;
 But a storm blew suddenly,
 And the fair ship sank, and the hollow bells
 Moaned down into the sea.

In the cruel tide, by the sweet bells' side,
 Full many a heart lies there.
 That had hoped to list to the holy chimes
 Ring out on the Sabbath air,
 And bow their heads to the hallowed call,
 With their hands uplift in prayer.

But now, when the waves are blown with wind,
 And the ruffling ripples swell,
 There comes a sound from the depths beneath,
 Like the chime of a marriage bell;
 Anon, to the slow long sweep of the deep,
 A moan like a funeral knell.

Sometimes the seaman sailing near,
 When the breezes faintly blow,
 Will turn from the shore, and pause on his oar,
 While the rolling waters flow,
 To listen the sound, on the quiet deep,
 Of the bells that moan below.

There are hearts that beat in the human breast,
 That humble and lowly be,
 Though made to throb unto mighty ends,
 Like the bells beneath the sea,
 That were made to chime from the lofty tower
 Of a church in a far countree.

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

THE YEAR'S ANGELS.

Out watching all alone the dying year
 I sudden saw two forms before me stand,
 One like an angel bearing in its hand
 Such lily-flowers as to the saints are dear;
 The other was a shapeless thing of fear,
 A dusky vision on whose brow the brand
 Of vile old age seemed writ by God's command,
 Of whom I wondering asked, "What do ye here?"
 To whom the angel answered, "Woe is me,
 I am your hopes—I am what might have been.
 Look on my face, and as you look lament."
 Then that foul other, smiling terribly,
 "As in this bright one thou thy hopes hast seen,
 Now look on me and learn their fulfillment."

JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY.

CROSSING THE FERRY.

"The stream glides smooth, O Ferryman!
 The bowery trees between;
 Your life, I warrant, as smoothly ran
 'Mid flowery meads as green?"

"The river is swifter than once it was,
 O Sailor of the sea!
 Or my heart has hurried the flight of Age,
 For the woe that came on me."

"Gray Ferryman! give to me the oar;
 You should, indeed, have rest,
 'Mid your children under the sycamore,
 In yon white cottage-nest."

"There is none within that cottage white,
O Sailor of the sea!
None now, alas, to take my place—
But what is that to thee?"

"I am weary with travel, Ferryman!
And now we touch the brink,
I pray you give me, as you can,
To rest, and eat and drink."

"There is desolation in my home,
O Sailor of the sea!
'Twould smite thy heart with utter woe—
Go thou thy way from me."

All joy seemed suddenly to fail
The youth—he bowed his head,
And drawing near, said low, all pale—
"Is she, my mother, dead?"

Upon his neck he fell :—"My son!—
My lost son from the sea!—
She is not dead, but dieth.—Death
Before thy voice will flee!"

GEORGE SIGERSON.

NEARING THE CITY BY NIGHT.

Daylight was dying and dimness was creeping,
Landscape and life were despoiled of their
charm;
Swift on our straight iron path we were sweeping,
Anxious and mute 'mid the solemn alarm.
Awful the shadows that round us were massing;
Huge and misshapen the things that were
passing,
Further, still further from life and from light;
On we went fearing, and on went careering,
And so we were nearing the city by night.

Wayfarers, strangers, each other unknowing,
Still more unknown was the goal that we
sought;
Morn found us reckless of where we were going;
Night on a sudden brought gloom in our
thought;

Ah! this strange city, how much did we fear it!
No one had seen it or ever been near it;
What did it keep for us—pain or delight?
Thus we went fearing, and thus went careering,
And so we were nearing the city by night.

Terrible tales had been told us about it;—
Can we be certain we there shall find rest?
Are we so near it? Ah! would we could doubt it!
Could we fly back from it, that might be best.
One blessed chance then indeed hovered o'er us,
Of meeting the friends who had gone there
before us,
But still with uncertainty blended affright,—
Thus we went fearing, and thus went careering,
And so we were nearing the city by night.

Stars glimmered out, but our fear was unceasing—
Stars could be baleful no less than benign;
Cavernous darkness and phantoms increasing—
These were the prospect our eyes could divine;
Forests of vastness that ever kept booming,
Valleys of blackness that roared at our coming,
Can it be wondered our souls were affright?
Thus we went fearing, and thus went careering,
And so we were nearing the city by night.

Ah! but I dare not go on to the ending,—
Landscape nor fancy can match in its tone
The depth of the crisis sublime and transcend-
ing— [unknown!
The crisis when man goes to meet the
Whether these things are all true evidences,
Or parts of a dream that stills hangs o'er my
senses,

Often I shudder and think with affright,
That ever there's somebody, somebody fearing,
And somebody nearing the city by night.

FRANCIS O'RYAN.

A CITY POPULOUS.

O'er a strange city populous
In a haze-sky floats the moon,
And the shadows hang like vapors
Under the trees of June;
And the dewdrops, radiant, mystic,
Glow like fire-opals tremulous;
Strewn in the silent grasses—
Sown on the untrod mosses
That grow in that city populous.

Within that city populous
 Rise towers of purest white,
 Feet-claspt with rainy mosses
 And ivies trailing bright;
 Pale flowers and odorous lilies
 Adrowse in the dreamy light
 Which, as in legends fabulous,
 Sheens in pearl-waves nebulous
 O'er that strange city populous.

At the gate of that strange, dim city
 Stands a Silence pale; unknissed
 Are her red lips, parted, trembling;
 And her braids of tawny mist
 Seem born of the flying night-clouds,
 And dank with the dews of June,
 While at her feet the nightshades
 Hang dripping beneath the moon.

Strange is it—still and sombre—
 This city dim and old;
 You would deem it ruined, haunted,
 All is so hushed and cold
 When at midnight the moon's splendor
 Drops down in showers of gold. [palaces
 Yet often over its length of storm-worn, marble
 Trampleth the tempest-blown rain from the
 cliffs of the cold north seas.

Green are its streets and narrow,
 In the moonlight cold, unpaven,
 And its grasses dank, unshaven,
 Mixed with rue and yarrow;
 And here, by the dim, white arches,
 The murmurous, rustling larches
 Lift up cold hands to heaven;
 Here, too, in the grasses verdurous,
 Like a pale pearl, filmy, tremulous,
 The glow-worm lights his lamp
 Under the nightshades damp
 That grow in that city populous.

Where is that populous city
 Where the lilies drift in balm?
 Where all night long the shadows
 Float in the odorous calm?
 O Heart! it is ever near you,
 Praying you enter in
 And lie with its beautiful Silence,
 At rest from toil and sin.
 Yet beware! From that siren Silence,
 And her mystic quiet marvellous,
 Returneth none who enter
 Into that city populous.

CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

JASPER DEAN.

The apples were red in the orchard, the meadows
 were sober and bare,
 The woods were aflame with a splendor that
 glowed in the glorified air.

Through the valley a tremulous murmur ran
 drowsily all the day long,
 Where a brook kissed the pebbles, and passed
 them, and sang its perpetual song.

Leaning over the gate of his garden, the leaves
 all awhirl at his feet,
 Jasper Dean mused, like one who was dreaming
 a dream far more bitter than sweet.

"I am fifty year old this October," he muttered,
 "and how do I stand?
 Well, I own a smart house and two hundred
 good acres of tol'able land.

"There's many a man would be happy with half
 what I've got to my name,
 But I'm not; and I reckon most likely there's
 suthin' or other to blame.

"There's a feelin' that sometimes comes on me,
 and mostly at this time o' year—
 When the birds fly away, and the dimness gives
 notice that winter is near,—

"There's a feelin' that sometimes comes on me,
 and makes me half wish to be dead;
 And I don't know exactly what brings it to buzz
 like a bee in my head.

"It may be the change o' the seasons, with death
 and decay all around;
 Or it may be a wish growin' stronger for suthin'
 that ain't to be found.

"There is hardly a day but the neighbors are
 talkin' about my affairs.
 I don't thank 'em for mindin' my bus'ness, I'm
 sure I don't meddle with theirs.

"But they talk and they talk, and the drift of it
 all is about my dull life.
 It is dull, I know that very well; but I'm now
 past the time for a wife.

"When a man touches fifty, like me, he had bet-
 ter be sayin' his prayers.
 Than frettin' himself about women and runnin'
 his head into snares.

"There was Absalom Brown, that went off and
got married at 'most fifty-five ;
If he hadn't done that, I don't doubt but the
critter would still be alive.

"But the woman he took, she just worried his
wits out in less'n a year ;
Though when he went off she was ready with
many a crocodile tear.

"But all women are not o' that sort. There are
plenty as good as can be ;
And if I had married at thirty it might have
been better for me.

"There's the house, and a good one it is—not a
better the county can show ;
But I never go in without feelin' a dullness, in-
stead of a glow

"A home may seem ever so pleasant and ever
so neat and so fine,
And still have no comfort within it ; and that's
what's the matter with mine.

"There is never a voice to give welcome, and
never a glad smile to greet,
And my heart never throbs to the musical patter
of innocent feet.

"What's the use of a man always strivin' ? He
gains but a little at last ;
And it gen'rally comes, if at all, when the time
to enjoy it is past.

"Now, if I had married at thirty, as I had a no-
tion to do,
Who can tell but my heart would be lighter, the
home a more pleasant one, too ?

"But somehow I waited and waited ; and now
I am fifty year old ;
There is plenty o' frost in my hair, and my blood
has grown sluggish and cold ;

"I feel more like restin' than workin', and every
year that goes by
'Pears to tell me I'd better be careful, and leaves
me a trifle less spry.

"And suthin' comes on me in autumn—I don't
know exactly what way—
That makes me feel sad-like and solemn, and
sets all my ideas astray

"It may be the change o' the seasons, with death
and decay all around,
Or it may be a wishin' and longin' for suthin'
that ain't to be found.

"A man without some one to care for is not what
a man ought to be,
And a home without some one to cheer it ain't
pleasant to have or to see.

"Now, if I had married at thirty—pshaw ! here
I am drivellin' on,
With a lot o' things still to be seen to, and the
sun, as I live, a'most gone.

"There's a chill in the air about sundown—I
reckon I'd better get round,
Or I'll have that old rheumatiz shootin' all through
me again, I'll be bound !"

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

THE POISON-FLOWER.

In the evergreen shade of an Austral wood,
Where the long branches laced above,
Through which all day it seemed
The sweet sumbeams down gleamed
Like the rays of a young mother's love,
When she hides her glad face with her hands
and peeps

At the youngling that crows on her knee
'Neath such ray-shivered shade,
In a banksia glade,
Was this flower first shown to me.

A rich pansy it was, with a small white lip
And a wonderful purple hood ;
And your eye caught the sheen
Of its leaves, parrot-green,
Down the dim gothic aisles of the wood.
And its foliage rich on the moistureless sand
Made you long for its odorous breath ;
But ah ! 'twas to take
To your bosom a snake,
For its pestilent fragrance was death.

And I saw it again, in a far northern land,—
Not a pansy, not purple and white ;
Yet in beauteous guise
Did this poison plant rise,
Fair and fatal again to my sight.

And men longed for her kiss and her odorous
breath

When no friend was beside them to tell

That to kiss was to die,

That her truth was a lie,

And her beauty a soul killing spell.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

ONE WOMAN.

As wanderers, thirsting in the wilderness,

Long for lost wells forever deep and cold ;

So, in the moments of my lone distress,

My heart goes back to seek the love of old.

Calm, earnest eyes, so full of light for me,

Dear, kindly voice, more eloquent than strong,

Soul firm in its great love for liberty,

And its proud scorn of prejudice and wrong.

I see it all ; hair silvered ere its time,

The pale cheek turning paler hour by hour ;

And weep the life that perished in its prime

Before all learned the compass of its power.

Now gone forever ! here, alone and weak,

I feel the absence of his grave caress ;

And cold they call me, that I cannot speak

With those dear memories of new tenderness.

So let them judge, whose idle hearths are warm,

For whom Life's flower in full perfection

I must endure it, as I faced the storm [thrives,

That never beat on their protected lives.

But there's one gift I asked, O Lord, of Thee,

To grant the laurel I desired to claim ;

Not for the comfort of weak vanity,

But for the garland of my father's name !

MARION MUIR.

THE LILY.

How withered, perished seems the form

Of yon obscure, unsightly root !

Yet from the blight of wintry storm

It hides secure the precious fruit,

The careless eye can find no grace,

No beauty in the scaly folds,

Nor see within the dark embrace

What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,

The lily wraps her silver vest,

Till vernal suns and vernal gales

Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Oh, many a stormy night shall close

In gloom upon the barren earth,

While still in undisturbed repose,

Uninjured lies the future birth.

And ignorance, with skeptic eye,

Hope's patient smile shall wondering view,

Or mark her fond credulity,

As her soft tears the spot bedew ;

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear,

The sun, the shower indeed shall come,

The promised verdant shoot appear,

And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin queen of spring,

Shalt from thy dark and lowly bed,

Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,

Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed ;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,

Unsullied from their darksome grave,

And thy soft petal's flowery light

In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So faith shall seek the lowly dust

Where humble sorrow loves to lie,

And bid her thus her hope intrust,

And watch with patient, cheerful eye ;

And bear the long, cold, wintry night,

And bear her own degraded doom ;

And wait till heaven's reviving light,

Eternal spring, shall burst the gloom.

MARY FICKE.

THE WIND-SWEPT WHEAT.

Faint, faint and clear—

Faint as the music that in dreams we hear—

Shaking the curtain fold of sleep,

That shuts away

[of day,

The world's hoarse voice, the sights and sounds

Her sorry joys, her phantoms false and fleet—

So softly, softly stirs

The wind's low murmur in the rippled wheat,

From West to East

The warm breath blows, the slender heads drop

As if in prayer ;

[low

Again, more lightly tossed in merry play,

They bend and bow and sway

With measured beat,
But never rest—
Through shadow and through sun
Goes on the tender rustle of the wheat.

Dreams more than sleep,
Fall on the listening heart and lull its care;
Dead years send back
Some treasured, half forgotten time;—
Ah, long ago,
When sun and sky were sweet,
In happy noon,
We stood breast high, 'mid waves of ripened grain,
And heard the wind make music in the wheat!

Not for to-day—
Not for this hour alone—the melody
So soft and ceaseless thrills the dreamer's ear!
Of all that was and is, of all that yet shall be,
It holds a part —
Love, sorrow, longing pain;
The restlessness that yearns;
The thirst that burns;
The bliss that like a fountain overflows;
The deep repose;
Good that we might have known, but shall not
know;
The hope God took, the joy He made complete—
Life's chords all answer from the wind-swept
wheat.

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

IF THE WIND RISE.

An open sea, a gallant breeze,
That drives our little boat—
How fast each wave about flees
How fast the low clouds float!
"We'll never see the morning skies,
If the wind rise."
"If the wind rise
We'll hear no more of earthly lies."

The moon from time to time breaks out
And silvers all the sea;
The billows toss their manes about,
The little boat leaps free.
"We'll never see our true loves' eyes,
If the wind rise."
"If the wind rise
We'll waste no more our foolish sighs."

She takes a dash of foam before,
A dash of spray behind;
The wolfish waves about her roar,
And gallop with the wind.
"We'll see no more the woodland dyes,
If the wind rise."
"If the wind rise
We've heard the last of human cries."

The sky seems bending lower down,
And swifter sweeps the gale;
Our craft she shakes from heel to crown
And dips her fragile sail.
"We may forgive our enemies
If the wind rise."
"If the wind rise
We'll sup this night in Paradise."

JOSEPH O'CONNOR.

THE POET.

He suffers; but his mournful days are crowned
By the diviner joy of those to be;
His heart may bleed, yet he hath power to see
All loves wherewith the universe is bound:
And tones that link the living sense of sound
With the deep secrets of infinity,
Blow through his spirit, beautiful and free.
He knows, though all the world upon him frowned,
By the immortal burdens it hath borne,
How lofty is the soul that in him dwells.
Life he can lay aside—a garment worn —
And, smiling, walk among the asphodels;
For glory and despair, all joy and woe,
And love and action, are to him a show.

MARION MUIR

THE POET AT COURT.

He stands alone in the lordly hall—
He, with the high, pale brow;
But never a one at the festival
Was half so great, I trow,
They kiss the hand, and they bend the knee,
Slaves to an earthly king;
But the heir of a loftier dynasty
May scorn that courtly ring.
They press, with false and flattering words,
Around the blood-bought throne;
But the homage never yet won by swords
Is his—the Anointed One!

His sway over every nation
 Extendeth from zone to zone ;
 He reigns as a god o'er creation—
 The universe is his own.

No star on his breast is beaming,
 But the light of his flashing eye
 Reveals, in its haughtier gleaming,
 The conscious majesty.
 For the Poet's crown is the godlike brow—
 Away with that golden thing !
 Your fealty was never yet due till now—
 Kneel to the god-made King !

LADY WILDE.

THE POET TO HIS SON.

Come forth, my son, into the fields,—
 What is there in the crowd
 Of hearts or scenes the city yields
 To make young spirits proud ?
 Girt by mankind, we dream a God
 May in the skies abide ;
 But O ! he must be all a clod,
 Who feels not on the fragrant sod,
 God walketh by his side !

Could I withdraw thee from the cold,
 The mean, the base, the stern,
 And selfish craft that young and old
 From grasping crowds must learn ;
 How gladly to some rural nook
 Would I transplant thy mind ;
 From nature's brow and sage's book,
 To learn that highest lore—to look
 With love upon mankind !

Field, forest, glen, rock, hill, and stream,
 Green robe and snowy shroud—
 The calm, the storm, the lightning gleam,
 The sea, the sky, the cloud,—
 Are volumes the Eternal One
 Hath sent us from above,
 For every heart to study on
 And learn to suffer, seek, or shun,
 In charity and love.

The weak may there be taught to cope,
 The mighty to beware ;
 The fond to doubt, the slave to hope,
 The tyrant to despair—

Changing and changeless, that which dies,
 And that no death can mar,
 Silent and sounding, wild and wise,
 Before each mood of passion rise
 A beacon, or a bar.

My son, to these rich volumes oft
 From throngs and streets retire ;
 So shall thy spirit soar aloft
 From low and base desire.
 And when thy country, chained or free,
 From city and green sod
 Arrays the people's majesty,
 Thy soul, in truth and wisdom, be
 A soul that spoke with God.

JOHN D. FRAZER.

WHAT AILS THE WORLD ?

"What ails the world ?" the poet cried ;
 "And why does death walk everywhere ?
 And why do tears fall anywhere ?
 And skies have clouds, and souls have care ?"
 Thus the poet sang, and sighed.

For he would fain have all things glad,
 All lives happy, all hearts bright ;
 Not a day would end in night,
 Not a wrong would vex a right—
 And so he sang—and he was sad.

Through his very grandest rhymes
 Moved a mournful monotone—
 Like a shadow eastward throrn
 From a sunset—like a moan
 Tangled in a joy-bell's chimes.

"What ails the world ?" he sang and asked—
 And asked and sang—but all in vain ;
 No answer came to any strain,
 And no reply to his refrain—
 The mystery moved 'round him masked.

"What ails the world ?" An echo came—
 "Ails the world ?" The minstrel bands,
 With famous or forgotten hands,
 Lift up their lyres in all the lands,
 And chant alike, and ask the same

From him whose soul first soared in song,
 A thousand, thousand years away,
 To him who sang but yesterday,
 In dying or in deathless lay—
 "What ails the world ?" comes from the throng.

They fain would sing the world to rest ;
 And so they chant in countless keys,
 As many as the waves of seas,
 And as the breathings of the breeze,
 Yet even when they sing their best—

When o'er the listening world there floats
 Such melody as 'raptures men—
 When all look up entranced, and when
 The song of fame floats forth—e'en then
 A discord creepeth through the notes.

Their sweetest harps have broken strings,
 Their grandest accords have their jars,
 Like shadows on the light of stars ;
 And somehow, something ever mars
 The songs the greatest minstrel sings.

And so each song is incomplete,
 And not a rhyme can ever round
 Into the chords of perfect sound
 The tones of thought that e'er surround
 The ways walked by the poet's feet.

"What ails the world?" he sings and sighs ;
 No answer cometh to his cry.
 He asks the earth and asks the sky—
 The echoes of his song pass by
 Unanswered,—and the poet dies.

ABRAM J. RYAN.

BROTHER BARTHOLOMEW.

Brother Bartholomew, working-time,
 Would fall into musing and drop his tools ;
 Brother Bartholomew cared for rhyme
 More than for theses of the schools ;
 And sighed, and took up his burden so,
 Vowed to the Muses, weal or woe.

At matins he sat, the book on his knees,
 But his thoughts were wandering far away ;
 And chanted the evening litanies,
 Watching the roseate skies go gray,
 Watching the brightening starry host
 Flame like the tongues at Pentecost.

"A foolish dreamer, and nothing more ;
 The idlest fellow a cell could hold ;"
 So murmured the worthy Isidor,
 Prior of ancient Nithiswold ;
 Yet pitiful, with dispraise content,
 Signed never the culprit's banishment.

Meanwhile Bartholomew went his way,
 And patiently wrote in his sunny cell ;
 His pen fast travelled from day to day ;
 His books were covered ; the walls as well.
 "But O for the monk that I miss instead
 Of this listless rhymers!" the Prior said.

Bartholomew dying, as mortals must,
 Not unbeloved of the cowl'd throng,
 Thereafter, they took from the dark and dust
 Of shelves and of corners, many a song
 That cried loud, loud to the farthest day,
 How a bard had arisen—and passed away.

Wonderful verses! fair and fine,
 Rich in the old Greek loveliness ;
 The seer-like vision, half divine ;
 Pathos and merriment in excess.
 And every perfect stanza told
 Of love and of labor manifold.

The King came out and stood beside
 Bartholomew's taper-lighted bier,
 And turning to his lords he sighed :
 "How worn and wearied doth he appear—
 Our noble poet—now he is dead!"
 "O tireless worker!" the Prior said.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

ON AN OLD SONG.

Little snatch of ancient song,
 What has made thee live so long?
 Flying on thy wings of rhyme
 Lightly down the depths of time,
 Telling nothing strange or rare,
 Scarce a thought or image there,
 Nothing but the old, old tale
 Of a hapless lover's wail ;
 Offspring of some idle hour,
 Whence has come thy lasting power?
 By what turn of rhythm or phrase,
 By what subtle, careless grace
 Can thy music charm our ears
 After full three hundred years?

Little song, since thou wert born
 In the Reformation morn,
 How much of great has passed away,
 Shattered or by slow decay!
 Stately piles in ruins crumbled,
 Lordly houses lost or humbled,

Thrones and realms in darkness hurled,
Noble flags forever furled,
Wisest schemes by statesmen spun,
Time has seen them, one by one,
Like the leaves of autumn fall—
A little song outlives them all.

There were mighty scholars then
With the slow, laborious pen
Piling up their works of learning,
Men of solid, deep discerning,
Widely famous as they taught
Systems of connected thought,
Destined for all future ages;
Now the cobweb binds their pages,
All unread their volumes lie
Mouldering so peaceably,
Coffined thoughts of coffined men;
Never more to stir again
In the passion and the strife,
In the fleeting forms of life;
All their force and meaning gone
As the stream of thought flows on.

Art thou weary, little song,
Flying through the world so long?
Canst thou on thy fairy pinions
Cleave the future's dark dominions
And with music soft and clear
Charm the yet unfashioned ear,
Mingling with the things unborn
When perchance another morn
Great as that which gave thee birth
Dawns upon the changing earth?
It may be so, for all around,
With a heavy crashing sound,
Like the ice of polar seas
Melting in the summer breeze,
Signs of change are gathering fast,
Nations breaking with their past.

The pulse of thought is beating quicker,
The lamp of faith begins to flicker,
The ancient reverence decays
With forms and types of other days;
And old beliefs grow faint and few
As knowledge moulds the world anew,
And scatters far and wide the seeds
Of other hopes and other creeds;
And all in vain we seek to trace
The fortunes of the coming race,
Some with fear and some with hope,
None can cast its horoscope.
Vaporous lamp or rising star,
Many a light is seen afar,

And dim, shapeless figures loom
All around us in the gloom—
Forces that may rise and reign
As the old ideals wane.

Landmarks of the human mind,
One by one are left behind,
And a subtle change is wrought
In the mould and cast of thought,
Modes of reasoning pass away,
Types of beauty lose their sway,
Creeds and causes that have made
Many noble lives, must fade;
And the words that thrilled of old
Now seem hueless, dead, and cold
Fancy's rainbow tints are flying,
Thoughts, like men, are slowly dying;
All things perish, and the strongest
Often do not last the longest;
The stately ship is seen no more,
The fragile skiff attains the shore;
And while the great and wise decay,
And all their trophies pass away,
Some sudden thought, some careless rhyme
Still floats above the wrecks of time.

WILLIAM E. H. LECKEY.

THE MUSIC MAKERS.

We are the music makers,
We are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself in our mirth;

And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

A breath of our inspiration
Is the life of our generation;
A wondrous thing of our dreaming
Unearthly, impossible seeming—
The soldier, the king, and the peasant
Are working together in one,
Till our dream shall become their present,
And their work in the world be done.

They had no vision amazing
Of the goodly house they are raising;
They had no divine foreshowing
Of the land to which they are going:
But on one man's soul it hath broken.
A light that doth not depart;
And his look, or a word he hath spoken,
Wrought flame in another man's heart.

And therefore to-day is thrilling
With a past day's late fulfilling;
And the multitudes are enlisted
In the faith that their fathers resisted,
And, scorning the dream of to-morrow,
Are bringing to pass as they may,
In the world, for its joy or its sorrow,
The dream that was scorned yesterday.

But we, with our dreaming and singing,
Ceaseless and sorrowless we!
The glory about us clinging
Of the glorious futures we see,
Our souls with high music ringing:
O men! it must ever be
That we dwell, in our dreaming and singing,
A little apart from ye.

For we are afar with the dawning
And the suns that are not yet high,
And out of the infinite morning
Intrepid you hear us cry—
How, spite of your human scorning,
Once more God's future draws nigh,
And already goes forth the warning
That ye of the past must die.

Great hail! we cry to the comers
From the dazzling unknown shore.
Bring us hither your sun and your summers,
And renew our world as of yore;

You shall teach us your song's new numbers,
And things that we dreamed not before:
Yea, in spite of a dreamer who slumbers,
And a singer who sings no more.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

SAN SALVADOR.

A flow'ry waste, through ages gray,
In ocean's lap Columbia lay,
Save where its erring people trod
As exiles from the face of God;
While slowly moved, from place to place,
The footsteps of his chosen race,
Ere yet arose th' empyrean gem,—
The star that led to Bethlehem,—
Still kept an angel watch and ward
O'er this dominion of the Lord.—
Adoremus dominum!

Upon the mountains of the land,
The angel took his patient stand,
And thro' the ages watched and wept,
As human passions surged or slept;
For well he knew how human will
And pride retard God's mercy still,
Yet well he knew that even these
Must yield at length to His decrees;
The destined hour might be afar,
But mercy steps from star to star.
Adoremus dominum!

The rolling plains and forests green,
Put on or doffed their sylvan sheen;
From mountain chains the rivers rolled.
Through azure beds besprent with gold;
From peak to peak the thunder spoke,
The mountains felt the lightning's stroke;
From out the day's or night's repose,
The ever-startling war-whoop rose;—
But still the angel, all alone,
Sent this refrain to heaven's throne,—
Adoremus dominum!

'Twas autumn; and the angel stood
Gazing afar o'er ocean's flood;
While twilight died, in purp'ling shades,
Along the tropic everglades;—
He saw the rainbow in the sky,
And knew the destined hour was nigh;—

There, as the wearied albatross,
He saw afar, the lab'ring cross
Arise, or sink behind the wave,
And sang to heaven this joyous stave,—
Adoremus dominum !

Amid the gloom, far out at sea,
A frail barque rode ; alternately
Her slender mast and trembling spars
Went circling through the rising stars ;
Now, flung athwart, engulfed from sight,
Now standing on the waves, aright ;—
But gazing, steadfast from her prow,
A seaworn man of solemn brow,
The symbol'd cross in his right hand,—
'Twas thus Columbus sought the land,—
Adoremus dominum !

The wails of a desponding crew
Pierce his heroic bosom through,
He points the way the seamew goes,
A sign the ocean-wanderer knows ;
Still rings that wild rebellious cry,—
He points the sea rack drifting by.—
The land is near !—O, blessed sign !
He kneels and thanks the Power benign !
Uplifts the croslet on his sword,
While rings from all to mercy's Lord,—
Adoremus dominum !

The morning dawned,—O, heavenly light !—
What isles, what wonders crown his sight !—
Pledging both north and southward coasts,
An offering to the Lord of Hosts ;
He plants his banner on the shore,
And names the place San Salvador,—
For there salvation's reign began,
And there the angel blessed the man,
Thence bore to heaven, on spreading wings,
Those tidings to the King of Kings,—
Adoremus dominum !

JOHN BOYLE.

AVE IMPERATRIX.

Set in this stormy Northern sea,
Queen of these restless fields of tide,
England ! what shall men say of thee,
Before whose feet the worlds divide ?

The earth, a brittle globe of glass,
Lies in the hollow of thy hand,
And through its heart of crystal pass,
Like shadows through a twilight land,

The spears of crimson-suited war,
The long white crested waves of fight,
And all the deadly fires which are
The torches of the lords of Night.

The yellow leopards, strained and lean,
The treacherous Russian knows so well,
With gaping blackened jaws are seen
Leap through the hail of screaming shell.

The strong sea-lion of England's wars
Hath left his sapphire cave of sea,
To battle with the storm that mars
The star of England's chivalry.

The brazen throated clarion blows
Across the Pathan's reedy fen,
And the high steepes of Indian snows
Shake to the tread of armed men.

And many an Afghan chief, who lies
Beneath his cool pomegranate-trees,
Clutches his sword in fierce surmise
When on the mountain-side he sees

The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
To tell how he hath heard afar
The measured roll of English drums
Beat at the gates of Kandahar.

For southern wind and east wind meet
Where, girt and crowned by sword and fire,
England with bare and bloody feet
Climbs the steep road of wide empire.

O lonely Himalayan height,
Gray pillar of the Indian sky,
Where saw'st thou last in clanging fight,
Our wingéd dogs of Victory ?

The almond groves of Samarcand,
Bokhara, where red lilies blow,
And Oxus, by whose yellow sand
The grave white-turbaned merchants go :

And on from thence to Ispahan,
The gilded garden of the sun,
Whence the long dusty caravan
Brings cedar and vermilion ;

And that dread city of Cabool
Set at the mountain's scarpéd feet,
Whose marble tanks are ever full
With water for the noonday heat :

Where through the narrow straight Bazaar
A little maid Circassian
Is led, a present from the Czar
Unto some old and bearded khan,—

Here have our wild war-eagles flown,
And flapped wide wings in fiery fight;
But the sad dove, that sits alone
In England—she hath no delight.

In vain the laughing girl will lean
To greet her love with love-lit eyes.
Down in some treacherous black ravine,
Clutching his flag, the dead boy lies.

And many a moon and sun will see
The lingering wistful children wait
To climb upon their father's knee—
And in each house made desolate,

Pale women who have lost their lord
Will kiss the relics of the slain—
Some tarnished epaulet—some sword—
Poor toys to soothe such anguished pain.

For not in quiet English fields
Are these, our brothers, lain to rest,
Where we might deck their broken shields
With all the flowers the dead love best.

For some are by the Delhi walls,
And many in the Afghan land,
And many where the Ganges falls
Through seven mouths of shifting sand.

And some in Russian waters lie,
And others in the seas which are
The portals to the East, or by
The wind-swept heights of Trafalgar.

O wandering graves! O restless sleep!
O silence of the sunless day!
O still ravine! O stormy deep!
Give up your prey! Give up your prey!

And thou whose wounds are never healed,
Whose weary race is never won,
O Cromwell's England! must thou yield
For every inch of ground a son?

Go! crown with thorns thy gold-crowned head,
Change thy glad song to song of pain;
Wind and wild wave have got thy dead,
And will not yield them back again.

Wave and wild wind and foreign shore
Possess the flower of English land—
Lips that thy lips shall kiss no more,
Hands that shall never clasp thy hand.

What profit now that we have bound
The whole round world with nets of gold,
If hidden in our heart is found
The care that groweth never old?

What profit that our galleys ride,
Pine-forest-like, on every main?
Ruin and wreck are at our side,
Grim warders of the House of pain.

Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet?
Where is our English chivalry?
Wild grasses are their burial-sheet,
And throbbing waves their threnody.

O loved ones lying far away,
What word of love can dead lips send!
O wasted dust! O senseless clay!
Is this the end! is this the end!

Peace, peace! we wrong the noble dead
To vex their solemn slumber so:
Tho' childless, and with thorn-crowned head,
Up the steep road must England go.

Yet when this fiery web is spun,
Her watchman shall descry from far
The young Republic like a sun
Rise from these crimson seas of war.

OSCAR WILDE.

COLUMBUS.

I.

The crimson sun was sinking down to rest,
Pavilioned on the cloudy verge of heaven;
And Ocean, on her gently heaving breast, [even;
Caught and flashed back the varying tints of
When on a fragment from the tall cliff riven,
With folded arms, and doubtful thoughts oppressed,

Columbus sat, till sudden hope was given,—
A ray of gladness shooting from the West.
Oh, what a glorious vision for mankind
Then dawned above the twilight of his mind—
Thoughts shadowy still, but indistinctly grand!
There stood his Genius, face to face, and signed
(So legends tell) far seaward with her hand,—
Till a new world sprang up, and bloomed within
her hand.

II.

He was a man whom danger could not daunt,
 Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue;
 A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt.
 And steeled the path of honor to pursue:
 So, when by all deserted, still he knew
 How best to soothe the heart-sick, or confront
 Sedition, schooled with equal eye to view
 The frowns of grief, and the base pangs of want.
 But when he saw that promised land arise
 In all its rare and bright varieties,
 Lovelier than fondest fancy ever trod;
 Then softening nature melted in his eyes;
 He knew his fame was full, and blessed his God,
 And fell upon his face, and kissed the virgin sod.

III.

Beautiful realm beyond the western main,
 That hymns thee ever with resounding wave!
 Thine is the glorious sun's peculiar reign,
 Fruit, flowers, and gems in rich mosaic pave
 Thy paths; like giant altars o'er the plain
 Thy mountains blaze, loud thundering, 'mid the
 rave
 Of mighty streams that shoreward rush amain,
 Like Polypheme from his Ætnean cave.
 Joy, joy for Spain! a seaman's hand confers
 These glorious gifts, and half the world is hers!
 But where is he—that light whose radiance glows
 The loadstar of succeeding mariners?
 Behold him! crushed beneath o'ermastering
 woes,—
 Hopeless, heart-broken, chained, abandoned to
 his foes!

AUBREY DE VERE.

MAN'S MORTALITY.*

Like a damask rose you see,
 Or like blossom on a tree,
 Or like a dainty flower in May,
 Or like the morning to the day,
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had—

*The original of this poem is said to have been found in an ancient Irish MS. in Trinity College, Dublin, and the translation is ascribed to the eminent Celtic scholar, Dr. O'Donovan. It is proper to say, however, that a poem identical with its first and second stanzas appears in some old collections, credited to Simon Wastell, an English writer of the Sixteenth Century.

Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
 Drawn out and out, and so is done.

The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
 The sun sets, the shadow flies,
 The gourd consumes; the man—he dies.

Like the grass that's newly sprung,
 Or like the tale that's new begun.
 Or like the bird that's here to-day,
 Or like the pearl'd dew in May,
 Or like an hour, or like a span,
 Or like the singing of the swan—
 Even such is man, who lives by breath,
 Is here, now there, in life and death.

The grass withers, the life is ended,
 The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
 The hour is short, the span not long,
 The swan's near death—man's life is done,

Like the bubble in the brook,
 Or in a glass much like a look,
 Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,
 Or like the writing on the sand,
 Or like a thought, or like a dream,
 Or like the gliding of the stream—
 Even such is man, who lives by breath,
 Is here, now there, in life and death.

The bubble's out, the look forgot,
 The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
 The thought is past, the dream is gone,
 The waters glide—man's life is done.

Like an arrow from the bow,
 Or like the swift course of water flow,
 Or like the time 'twixt flood and ebb
 Or like a spider's tender web,
 Or like a race, or like a goal,
 Or like the dealing of a dole—
 Even such is man, whose brittle state
 Is always subject unto fate.

The arrow's shot, the flood soon spent,
 The time no time, the web soon rent,
 The race soon run, the goal soon won,
 The dole soon dealt—man's life soon done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
 Or like a post that quick doth hie,
 Or like a quaver in a song,
 Or like a journey three days long,
 Or like snow when summer's come,
 Or like a pear, or like a plum—

Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

MORTALITY.

Oh, thou wreck of a form once divine,
Stranded here on the shore of life's sea,
What emotions awake in his breast
Who pauses to contemplate thee!

Where now is that pilot, thy Soul,
On life's voyage thy guard from each snare?
Is he safe in the haven of Peace.
Or engulfed in the depths of Despair?

When the storm that o'erwhelmed thee arose,
At the will of the all-ruling Power,
And swift came the tempest of death
Wert thou ready to meet that dread hour?

Didst thou strive in the cause that was just,
With the vigor and ardor of youth?
With honor thy helm, didst thou steer
Ever on towards the beacon of truth?

Didst thou scorn what was selfish and base?
Didst thou fight for the true and the right?—
Oh, if it were thus, then again
Shalt thou float on the Rivers of Light!

Once, perchance, from this grim hollow skull,
In the pride of thy swift-speeding days,
Shone the flame of an intellect, bright
With the purest, serenest of rays.

Once, with graces of form and of mind,
It may be thou wert dear to some heart;
But now, in thy mouldering decay,
How dread, how repulsive thou art!

Ah, to thee let the vain beauty come,
And the miser who toils but for gold,
To again read that sermon, so trite
To the ear—to the heart never old!

Oh, thou wreck of a form once divine,
Stranded here on the shore of life's sea,
What a lesson thou teachest to him
Who pauses to contemplate thee!

MARTIN J. FLEMING.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring
swain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene;
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill, [hill,
The decent church, that topp'd the neighb'ring
The hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!

How often have I blest the coming day
When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd:
And many a gambol frolic'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went
round;

And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd:
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks
reprove;— [like these,

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence
shed,— [are fled!
These were thy charms—but all these charms

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms with-
drawn;

Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
 And, trembling, shrinking from a tyrant's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.
 Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
 Princes or lords may flourish or may fade,
 A breath can make them as a breath has made;
 But a bold peasantry, their county's pride,
 If once destroy'd can never be supplid.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
 For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
 His best companions, innocence and health,
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
 But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
 Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
 And every want to luxury allied,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.
 Those gentle hours that plenty made to bloom,
 Those calm desires that asked but little room,
 Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful
 scene,
 Lived in each look and brighten'd all the green;
 These, far departing, seek a kindlier shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power;
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
 And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
 In all my wanderings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
 I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
 I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
 And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
 How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
 A youth of labor with an age of ease;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try;
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
 No surly poster stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate,
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
 Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way;
 And all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
 There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes come soften'd from below;
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school;
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring
 wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,—
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
 But all the bloomy flush of life is dead.
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring,
 She, wretched matron, forc'd in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry ragot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
 She only left off all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden-flower grows
 wild; [close,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place dis-
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his
 place;

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,—
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise,
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
 The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast.
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims al-
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay, [low'd;
 Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields
 were won.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
 Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to
 raise,

And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.
 At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal each honest rustic ran;
 E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's
 smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares dis-
 tress'd;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the
 storm, [spread,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
 The village master taught his little school;
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 I knew him well, and every truant knew;
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault,
 The village all declar'd how much he knew,
 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too,
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;
 In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
 For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
 While words of learned length, and thund'ring
 sound,

Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.
 But past is all his fame. The very spot
 Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
 inspir'd,

Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil retir'd;
 Where village statesmen talk'd with looks pro-
 found,

And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlor splendors of that festive place;
 The white-washed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
 The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
 The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
 The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
 The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
 With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay,
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.
 Vain transitory splendors! could not all
 Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall!
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;

No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joy increase, the poor's decay.
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. This man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their
growth;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green:
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land's adorn'd for pleasure, all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Sights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are
frail,

When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress,
Thus fares the land by luxury betray'd;
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is deny'd.
If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps
display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight
reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!

Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine
eyes
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn,
Now lost to all: her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the
shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?

E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracks with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore:
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance
crown'd,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wail their hapless prey,
And savage men more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that part-
ing day

That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past, [last,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire, the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by heaven's decree,
How ill-exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!

Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land. [sail,
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there;
And piety, with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride,
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the noble arts excel,
Thou muse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell! and O! where'er thy voice be tried.
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambarnarca's side,
Whether where equinoxial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the Polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE TRAVELLER;

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Corinthian boor
Against the homeless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;—

Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee :
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire !
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair !
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good !

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent, and care,
Compelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view ;
That like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
And, placed on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear ;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine ?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom
vain ?

Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man ;
And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind. [crowned,
Ye glittering towns with wealth and splendor
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round ;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale ;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale ;
For me your tributary stores combine :
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine !

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still ;
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise, [plies :
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man sup-

Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease ;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave,
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind ;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessing even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call ;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side ;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent ;
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest. [fails ;
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails ;
Hence every state to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favorite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
"Till carried to excess in each domain,
This favorite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies ;
Here for a while my proper cares resigned,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the deep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends,

Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
 While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
 With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
 Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely blest.
 Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
 With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
 These here disporting own the kindred soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
 Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
 Tho' poor, luxurious; tho' submissive, vain;
 Tho' grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
 And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
 All evils here contaminate the mind,
 That opulence departed leaves behind;
 For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
 When commerce proudly flourished through the
 state;
 At her command the palace learnt to rise,
 Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
 The canvas glowed beyond e'en Nature warm,
 The pregnant quarry teemed with human form,
 Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
 Commerce on other shores displayed her sail;
 While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
 But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave:
 And late the nation found with fruitless skill
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
 From these the feeble heart and long-fallen
 An easy compensation seem to find. [mind
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
 The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade;
 Processions formed for piety and love,
 A mistress or a saint in every grove.
 By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
 The sports of children satisfy the child;
 Each nobler aim, repress by long control,
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;

While low delights succeeding fast behind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind: [sway,
 As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore
 Defaced by time and tottering in decay,
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed:
 And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion
 tread,

And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
 No product here the barren hills afford,
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
 Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
 To make him loath his vegetable meal:
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
 With patient anxiety trolls the finny deep, [steep;
 Or drives his venturous plough-share to the
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the
 And drags the struggling savage into day. [way,
 At night returning, every labor sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
 While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
 And haply, too, some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
 And e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assigned ;
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
 Yet let them only share the praises due,
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
 For every want that stimulates the breast,
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest ;
 Hence from such lands each pleasing science
 flies,

That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy ; [flame.
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate thro' the frame.
 Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
 Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire ;
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow :
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low,
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
 Unaltered, unimproved the manners run :
 And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
 Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest ;
 But all the gentler morals, such as play [way,
 Thro' life's more cultured walks, and charm the
 These, far dispersed on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn ; and France displays her bright domain.
 Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can
 please,

How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire ?
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew ;
 And haply, tho' my harsh touch faltering still,
 But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's
 skill ;

Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
 And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
 Alike all ages ; dames of ancient days
 Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze.
 And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
 Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away ;

Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honor forms the social temper here.
 Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land ;
 From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise ;
 They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise ;
 For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought,
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
 Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
 And sedulous to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
 Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow ;
 Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
 While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile ;
 The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
 A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain.
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here displayed. Their much-lov'd wealth im-
 Convenience, plenty, elegance and arts ; [parts
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
 E'en liberty itself is bartered here.

At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now,

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide;
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashioned, fresh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagined right above control,— [scan,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here;
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear:
Too blest indeed were such without alloy;
But, fostered e'en by freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled;
Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
Repressed ambition struggles round her shore,
Till overwrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst: as nation's ties decay,
As duty, love and honor fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
The time may come when, stripped of all her
 charms,
The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,

Where nobler stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toiled, and poets wrote for
One sink of level avarice shall lie, [fame,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonored die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favor's fostering sun,—
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them to secure.
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each;
Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh, then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal powers to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free,
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law,
The wealth of climes where savage nations roam
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home,—
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve and bare my swelling heart,
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus, polluting honor at its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste?
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose
In barren, solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling, oft frequented village fall?

Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
 Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main,
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamp around,
 And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?
 E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
 Thro' tangled forests and thro' dangerous ways,
 Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
 And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim:
 There, while around the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,
 The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
 Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.
 Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centres in the mind;
 Why have I strayed from pleasures and repose,
 To seek a good each government bestows?
 In every government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
 How small, of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
 Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
 Our own felicity we make or find;
 With secret force which no loud storms annoy
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
 The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
 Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
 To men remote from power but rarely known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ON GARRICK.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
 As an actor, confest without rival to shine;
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent
 heart,
 The man had his failings;—a dupe to his art,

Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread,
 And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
 'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day;
 Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick;
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle
 them back. [came,
 Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what
 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

—From "Retaliation."

ON BURKE.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was
 such
 We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
 Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for man-
 kind; [his throat
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining
 To persuade Tommy Townshend * to lend him
 a vote; [refining;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on
 And thought of convincing while they thought
 of dining;
 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
 For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient,
 And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient;
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed or in place,
 sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and split blocks with a razor.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

—From "Retaliation."

* Lord Sydney.

PART V.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND RETROSPECTION.

Do you remember all the sunny places,
Where in bright days long past we played together :
Do you remember all the old home faces
That gathered round the hearth in wintry weather ?
Do you remember all the happy meetings
In summer evenings round the open door—
Kind looks, kind hearts, kind words and tender greetings
And clasping hands whose pulsings beat no more ?
Do you remember them ?

Do you remember when we first departed
From all the old companions who were round us,
How very soon again we grew light-hearted,
And talked with smiles of all the links which bound us ?
And after, when our footsteps were returning,
With unfelt weariness, o'er hill and plain,
How our young hearts kept boiling up, and burning,
To think how soon we'd be at home again ?
Do you remember this ?

Do you remember how the dreams of glory
Kept fading from us like a fairy treasure ;
How we thought less of being famed in story,
And more of those to whom our fame gave pleasure ?
Do you remember in far countries weeping
When a light breeze, a flower, hath brought to mind
Old happy thoughts which till that hour were sleeping,
And made us yearn for those we left behind ?
Do you remember this ?

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND RETROSPECTION.

THE RUBY RING.

Dear brother, when the listless pen
Sways idly in my wearied fingers,
And round my throbbing heart and brain
No ray of brighter fancy lingers,
I catch the sparkle of the stone
That speaks of friendship undecaying,
And straight the clouds aside are thrown—
A fresher light is round me playing.

They say that talismans of old
Protected from all hidden dangers
That spirits lay within the gold,
At once protectors and avengers.
The ring you gave, like these, may prove
The bane of grief, the source of pleasure;
For all is pleasing that can move
Remembrance of an absent treasure.

Like friendship's fire, the brilliant toy,
Deep set in memory's golden circle,
Throws back the ruddy beam of joy,
And in the dullest night will sparkle.
The ring, like memory—endless both—
Its warmth from out my heart is getting,
And, like myself, of foreign growth,
Rejoices in a Yankee setting.

My muse—a woman, and you know
The female heart inclines to jewels—
Whene'er she wants "full speed" to go,
Her engine at the ruby fuels.
The pistons of alternate rhyme
Move up and down with steady motion;
The train of thought, defying time,
Speeds on through earth, and air, and ocean.

The Koh-i-noor in Britain's crown
Is India's blood-mark set upon her;
The sapphire clasp of beauty's gown
Perchance was purchased by dishonor.

The miser's gold is dim with tears,
And rusted thick with cent. per centage;
My ring, then, clearly it appears,
O'er these can claim immense advantage.

The lips, by Cyprian Venus planned,
Convey love's telegraphic greeting,
But friendship meets us hand to hand,
To feel how either's pulse is beating.
And on that hand this ring I hold,
As prized as talisman by dervish,
And may that hand be proud and cold
When 'tis not warmly at thy service.

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

LIFE'S YOUNG DAY.

When filled with thoughts of life's young day,
Alone in distant climes we roam,
And year on year has rolled away,
Since last we viewed our island home,
O then, at evening's silent hour,
In chamber lone or moonlit bower,
How sad on memory's listening ear
Come long lost voices sounding near
Like the wild chime of village bells
Heard far away in mountain dells.

But, oh! for him let kind hearts grieve,
His term of youth and exile o'er,
Who sees in life's declining eve,
With altered eyes, his native shore!
With aching heart and weary brain,
Who treads those lonesome scenes again,
And backward views the sunny hours
When first he knew those ruined bowers,
And hears in every passing gale
Some best affection's dying wail.

O say what spell of power serene
 Can cheer that hour of sharpest pain,
 And turn to peace the anguish keen
 That deeper wounds because 'tis vain?
 'Tis not the thought of glory won,
 Of hoarded gold or pleasures gone,
 But one bright course, from earliest youth,
 Of changeless faith, unbroken truth;—
 These turn to gold the vapors dun
 That close on life's descending sun.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

O, your hands they are strangely fair!
 Fair for the jewels that sparkle there—
 Fair for the witchery of the spell
 That ivory keys alone can tell;
 But when their delicate touches rest
 Here in my verse do I love them best;
 And I clasp with eager acquisitive spans
 My glorious treasure of beautiful hands?

Marvellous—wonderful—beautiful hands;
 They can coax roses to bloom in the strands
 Of your brown tresses; and ribbons will twine,
 Under mysterious touches of thine,
 Into such knots as entangle the soul,
 And fetter the heart under such a control
 As only the strength of my love understands
 My passionate love for your beautiful hands!

As I remember the first fair touch
 Of the beautiful hands that I love so much,
 I seem to thrill as I then was thrilled,
 Kissing the glove I had found unfilled—
 When I met your gaze, and the queenly bow
 As you said, half laughingly, "Keep it now!"
 And dazed and alone in a dream I stand
 Kissing this ghost of your beautiful hand!

When first I loved in the long ago,
 And held your hand as I told you so—
 Pressed and caressed it and gave it a kiss
 And said, "I could die for a hand like this!"—
 Little I dreamed that Love's fulness yet
 Had to ripen when eyes were wet
 And prayers were vain in their wild demands
 For one warm touch of your beautiful hands.

Beautiful hands! O beautiful hands!
 Could you reach out of the alien lands
 Where you are lingering, and give me, to-night,
 Only a touch—were it ever so light—

My heart were soothed, and my weary brain
 Would lull itself into rest again—
 For there is no pleasure the world commands
 Like the caress of your beautiful hands.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THEOCRITUS.

Daphnis is mute, and hidden nymphs complain,
 And mourning mingles with their fountains' song,
 Shepherds contend no more, as all day long,
 They watch their sheep on the wide, cyprus-plain;
 The master-voice is silent, songs are vain;
 Blithe Pan is dead, and tales of ancient wrong,
 Done by the gods when gods and men were
 strong,

Chanted to reeded pipes, no prize can gain;
 O sweetest singer of the olden days,
 In dusty books your idyls rare seem dead,
 The gods are gone, but poets never die;
 Though men may turn their ears to newer lays,
 Sicilian nightingales enrapturéd
 Caught all your songs, and nightly thrill the sky.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

WAITING FOR THE GRAPES.

That I love thee, charming maid
 I a thousand times have said,
 And a thousand times more I have sworn it;
 But 'tis easy to be seen,
 In the coldness of your mien,
 That you doubt my affection or scorn it,
 Ah me!

Not a single grain of sense is
 In the whole of these pretences
 For rejecting your lover's petitions;
 Had I windows in my bosom,
 O, how gladly I'd expose 'em,
 To undo your fantastic suspicions!
 Ah me!

You repeat I've known you long,
 And you hint I do you wrong
 In beginning so late to pursue ye,
 But 'tis folly to look glum
 Because people did not come
 Up the stairs of your nursery to woo ye,
 Ah me!

In a grapery one walks
 Without looking at the stalks, [bearing;
 While the bunches are green that they're
 All the pretty little leaves
 That are dangling at the eaves
 Scarce attract e'en a moment of staring,
 Ah me!

But when time has swelled the grapes
 To a richer style of shapes,
 And the sun has lent warmth to their blushes,
 Then to cheer us and to gladden,
 To enchant us and to madden,
 Is the ripe ruddy glory that rushes,
 Ah me!

O, 'tis then that mortals pant
 While they gaze on Bacchus' plant,
 O, 'tis then—will my simile serve ye?
 Should a damsel e'er repine,
 Though neglected like a vine?
 Both ere long shall turn heads topsy-turvy!
 Ah me!

WILLIAM MAGINN.

THE SINGER'S PLEA.

"Why do I sing?" I know not why, my friend;
 The ancient rivers, rivers of renown,
 A royal largess to the sea roll down,
 And on those liberal highways nations send
 Their tributes to the world,—stored corn and wine,
 Gold-dust, the wealth of pearls, and orient spar,
 And myrrh, and ivory, and cinnabar,
 And dyes to make a presence-chamber shine.
 But in the woodlands, where the wild flowers are,
 The rivulets, they must have their innocent will,
 Who all the summer hours are singing still;
 The birds care for them, and sometimes a star,
 And should a tired child rest beside the stream
 Sweet memories would slide into his dream.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

WISE PASSIVENESS.

Think you I choose or that or this to sing?
 I lie as patient as yon wealthy stream,
 Dreaming among green fields its summer dream,
 Which takes whate'er the gracious hours will
 Into its quiet bosom; not a thing [bring—
 Too common, since perhaps you see it there
 Who else had never seen it, though as fair

As on the world's first morn; a fluttering
 Of idle butterflies; or the deft seeds
 Blown from a thistle-head; a silver dove
 As faultlessly; or the large, yearning eyes
 Of pale Narcissus; or beside the reeds
 A shepherd seeking lilies for his love,
 And ever more the all-encircling skies.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

THE RECUSANT.

You swore me an oath when the grass was green,
 To win me a royal dower,
 To take me hence to the altar, I ween,
 And thence beyond *their* power.

By St. Berach's staff, and St. Ruadan's bell,
 And by all the oaths in heaven,
 You swore to love me, when spring was green,
 While breath to your body was given.

And your faith has flown ere the corn is ripe,
 And your love ere the leaves do fall—
 I am not treated as queen or wife,
 Or honored or dowered at all.

Oh! false and fair and fickle of faith,
 Nor lover nor name need I;
 I have had young lovers true to the death,
 And others who shall not die.

I shall be wooed when the spring is green,
 I shall win me a royal dower,
 And my true lovers all, ere long, I ween,
 Shall save me from your power.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

ITALIAN MYRTLES.

By many a soft Ligurian bay
 The myrtles glisten green and bright,
 Gleam with their flowers of snow by day,
 And glow with fire-flies thro' the night;
 And yet, despite the cold and heat,
 Are ever fresh, and pure, and sweet.

There is an island in the West,
 Where living myrtles bloom and blow,
 Hearts where the fire-fly Love may rest
 Within a paradise of snow—
 Which yet, despite the cold and heat,
 Are ever fresh, and pure, and sweet.

Deep in that gentle breast of thine,
 Like fire and snow within the pearl,
 Let purity and love combine,
 O warm, pure-hearted Irish girl!
 And in the cold, and in the heat,
 Be ever fresh, and pure and sweet

Thy bosom bears as pure a snow
 As e'er Italia's bowers can boast;
 And though no fire-fly lends its glow,
 As on the soft Ligurian coast,
 'Tis warmed by an internal heat
 Which ever keeps it pure and sweet.

The fire-flies fade on misty eyes—
 The inner fires alone endure;
 Like to the rain that wets the leaves,
 Thy very sorrows keep thee pure.
 They temper a too ardent heat,
 And keep thee ever pure and sweet.

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

STRADA SAN GIOVANNI.

'Twas a quiet little by-way,
 Steep and rugged as Parnassus,
 Leading from the noisy highway
 Filled with carbonari asses.
 Lofty houses lean above it
 Whispering like neighbors canny;
 Still in memory I love it,
 Dingy Strada San Giovanni.

Shrined in niches on the corners,
 Saints and martyrs smile down grimly
 On the unbelieving scorners
 Stalking through the twilight dimly.
 Going no one knoweth whither
 By the Casa Frangipani,
 Where the votive flowers wither,
 Down in Strada San Giovanni.

When the summer days were weary
 With the breathings of sirocco
 Blowing with persistence dreary,
 Red and sultry from Morocco;
 Quiet was that shady alley
 Where there were not passers many,
 Like an ancient cliff-walled valley,
 Lonely Strada San Giovanni.

With her cushion making laces,
 Deftly working like a fairy,
 Fairest of the island graces,
 Little Annie Cammellieri
 Sat upon a doorstep singing,
 Giving little heed to any,
 To and fro her bobbins flinging
 In old Strada San Giovanni.

Gentle dark-eyed little maiden,
 Dream of unforgetten pleasure,
 With her tresses coin-o'erladen,
 All her dowry and her treasure;
 Long ago,—while multiplying
 Shadows gather thick and many—
 Still a sunbeam, time defying,
 Shines in Strada San Giovanni.

CARROLL RYAN.

THE SUNLIT PATH.

I pity those who sing and sigh
 Of happy days long since gone by;
 Whose only thoughts of joy are cast
 Upon the memories of the past;
 Whose sole delight is with the hours
 Too swiftly fled in love's young bowers,
 As though advancing years had brought
 No trusting heart, no lovelit thought,
 No magic touch, no balmy word,
 No face still through the years adored,
 Alas, alas,
 That life should pass
 Thus, lifeless as a face on glass.
 Thro' shine and shade the changeless ray
 Of love brings blessings every day.

Tho' bright, 'tis not in boyhood's fire
 Is found the flame of man's desire;
 Nor in the maiden's fancy free
 The woman's proud idolatry.
 Young love but breathes the yearning tones
 By which the soul a presence owns
 That, lit by Faith, may lead the heart
 To find on earth heaven's counterpart.
 This has no past, no age, no tears,
 It suits all seasons and all years!

Alas, alas,
 'Tis best life pass
 Thus, like the sunshine thro' the glass.
 Through weal and woe along life's way.
 True love brings sunlight every day.

JOHN SAVAGE

A MORNING DREAM.

Here, far removed from meadows green,
 From tranquil shade or woodland lawns,
 I in my attic lie alone,
 And dream the while the morning dawns.
 About my brain there flit like birds,
 Thoughts of a past surpassing fair;
 I hear old forgotten words,
 Remembered footsteps on the stair.

This is my fairest, happiest time,
 This moment of my morning dream,
 Before I hear the unwelcome chime
 That sounds more oft in gloom than gleam.
 I see the lilies fair and white,
 That gently swayed in that still place,
 Half garden, half a desert bright,
 Where last I saw you face to face.

I see you as you stood; I hear
 Your voice that mingled with the birds',
 And all the sounds afar and near,
 Making a prelude to your words.
 I look beyond, across the wold,
 To where the windmill stood and hurled
 Its giant arms that turned and rolled
 In dizzy motion, quickly whirled.

I see the pigeons wheeling high
 Above our heads—the golden bees,
 Treasured with honey-laden thigh,
 Like wingéd insect argosies,
 I see it all; it fades and dies
 Into the gray of waking hours,
 As rainbows fade in summer skies,
 Whose brilliant colors mocked the flowers.

O, weary light! that comes to glad
 A hundred hearts, no smile you bring
 To me, whose heart, though now so sad,
 Was once as light as swallow's wing.
 O fields! where never more my feet
 Shall tread, as in the long ago,
 In dreams I smell your fragrance sweet,
 And see the corn-flowers sway and blow.

WILLIAM GEOGHEGAN.

SPIRIT COMPANY.

Up cheerful as the morn I rise,
 Though foreign airs around me blow,
 For well I deem that Spirit eyes
 Look into mine where'er I go:

So, in the viny window nook,
 With southern sunlight round, I sit
 And read aloud from some old book,
 Old music lines of poet wit,
 That those I love around may hear me,
 And melt in sweet mute laughter near me.

With them I stroll all day along
 The fresh blue bay and sunny shore,
 And hear the brown old fisher's song,
 Above his nets hummed o'er and o'er;
 And wander up the evening cliffs,
 Askirted by the shadowy limes;
 And as I watch the fading skiffs,
 I whisper oft of loved old times,
 That those I love around may hear me,
 And smile with gentle memories near me.

And when the golden sunset dips
 Beneath the garden's walnut trees,
 In vintage gay I bathe my lips,
 Till the white star floats up the seas;
 Then as upon the hill o'erhead,
 The quiet shepherd pens his fold,
 I sit among the stilly Dead,
 And sing the songs they loved of old,
 And hear their echoes grown divine,
 Come back thro' this waked heart of mine.

But when o'er hill and ocean soon
 Falls the deep midnight blue and rare,
 And tolling bell and rounded moon
 Awake the tranced time of prayer—
 Through starry casement lone I gaze
 Up on the heavenly path they've trod,
 And murmur o'er their love and praise,
 With lowly knees before our God;
 And hear—as though beyond the sea,
 The loved Old Voices pray for me.

THOMAS C. IRWIN.

EVENING SOLACE.

The human heart has hidden treasures,
 In secret kept, in silence sealed, — [ures,
 The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleas-
 Whose charms were broken if revealed.
 And days may pass in gay confusion,
 And nights in rosy riot fly,
 While, lost in fame's or wealth's illusion,
 The memory of the past may die.

But there are hours of lonely musing,
 Such as in evening silence come,
 When, soft as birds their pinions closing,
 The heart's best feelings gather home.
 Then in our souls there seems to languish
 A tender grief that is not woe;
 And thoughts that once wrung groans of anguish
 Now cause but some mild tears to flow,

And feelings, once as strong as passions,
 Float softly back—a faded dream,
 Our own sharp griefs and wild sensations,
 The tales of others' sufferings seem.
 Oh! when the heart is freshly bleeding,
 How longs it for that time to be,
 When, through the mists of years receding,
 Its woes but live in reverie!

And it can dwell on moonlight glimmer
 Or evening shade and loneliness;
 And, while the sky grows dim and dimmer,
 Feel no untold and strange distress:—
 Only a deeper impulse given
 By lonely hour and darkened room,
 To solemn thoughts that soar to heaven,
 Seeking a life and world to come.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me;
 The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone.
 The cheerful hearts now broken!
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends, so link'd together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone

Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed!
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE.

CHARITY.

Charity was a little child,
 Blue-eyed, beautiful, and mild;
 Full of love and full of light,
 As the moon is to the night.
 Tiny foot and snowy hand—
 Little carved ivory wand—
 Little osier basket white—
 Little vase of something bright,
 Hid in dress quite cunningly,
 Had the sweet child, Charity!

Where the aged tottered on—
 Weak and haggard, cold and wan;
 Loit'ring in the cheering sun,
 Shivering in the rayless moon,
 Wrinkled o'er by icy time,
 Moaning for his faded prime,
 Wrapp'd in rags and wretchedness,
 Lying down in hopelessness;
 With vase and basket there would be
 The beautiful child, Charity!

Where the sick were like to die,
 Unheeded all by human eye,
 Parching with the bleeding mouth,
 Gasping with the burning drought,
 Sleepless, raving—sore-oppress,
 Staring eye and heaving breast,
 Deserted, sad, and comfortless,
 In that lone and last distress;
 With vase and basket there would be
 The beautiful child, Charity!
 With her osier basket white;
 With her vase of something bright,
 Hid in her dress quite cunningly—
 God-loved—pure child—Charity!

JOHN T. CAMPION.

CHARITY TO MAN.

O sweeter than the fragrant flower
At evening's dewy close,
The will, united with the power,
To succor human woes!

And softer than the softest strain
Of music to the ear,
The placid joy we give and gain
By gratitude sincere.

The husbandman goes forth a-field:
What hopes his heart expand!
What calm delights his labors yield—
A harvest, from his hand!—

A hand that providently throws,
Not dissipates in vain;
How neat his field, how clean it grows!
What produce from each grain!

The nobler husbandry of mind,
And culture of the heart—
Shall this with men less favor find,
Less genuine joy impart?

O! no: your goodness strikes a root
That dies not, nor decays;
And future life shall yield the fruit
Which blossoms now in praise.

The youthful hopes that now expand
Their green and tender leaves,
Shall spread a plenty o'er the land,
In rich and yellow sheaves.

Thus, a small bounty, well bestowed,
May perfect heaven's plan;—
First daughter to the love of God
Is charity to man.

'Tis he who scatters blessings round
Adores his Maker best;
His walk thro' life is mercy-crowned,
His bed of death is blest.

WILLIAM DRENNAN.

SYMPATHY.

Wert thou sad, I would beguile
Thy sadness by my tender lay;
Wert thou in a mood to smile,
With thee laugh the hours away;
Didst thou feel inclined to sleep,
I would watch and hover near;
Did misfortune bid thee weep,
I would give thee tear for tear.

Not a sigh that heaved thy breast
But I'd echo from my own;
Did one care disturb thy rest,
Mine, alas! were also flown;
When the hour of death should come,
I'd receive thy latest sigh;
Only ask to share thy tomb,
There contented with thee die.

MARY TIGHE.

THE OLDEN TIME.

O! tell me a tale of the long ago,
For I'm sick of the present time,
Roll back the centuries like a scroll,
And show me earth in her prime;
And I care not whether the scene be laid
In a sunny or golden clime;

But back, far back in the shadowy past,
When aims and hopes were high,
When life was a path to heaven, and earth
The vestibule of the sky;—
O! lay the scene in the glorious Past,
The past that can never die;

When hearts were pure as the sky above,
And hands as open as day;
When men were trusty, and tender, and true,
And women as true as they;
And poverty never was thought a crime:
As it is in our evil day.

It may be on sea, or it may be on shore,
I care not how that may be;
In baron's hall, or in peasant's cot,
Or beneath the greenwood tree,
But a tale, a tale of the olden time
I pray thee tell to me.

For men are now but living graves,
Where dead hearts buried lie,
Though not an epitaph tells the tale
Of how they died, or why;—
Oh, it was not so in the olden time,
The blessed time gone by.

Then the heart never died before the man,
But was fresh and green to the last.
And lived unwithered beneath the snows
That time o'er his temples cast,—
Ah! mind never crushed life out of the heart
In the underrated past.

They believed, 'tis true, in dragons and elves,
 But in angels and spirits too;
 With windmills they tilted and fought, but then
 They gave tyrants and knaves their due;
 O, this world was a pleasanter world by far
 When it and mankind were new.

So tell me a tale of the olden time,
 When feelings were deep and true;
 When women thought more of duties than rights,
 And men could dare and do;
 When faith was not folly, and *all* believed
 In a heaven beyond the blue.

MARY MULLALLY.

THE DAYS WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

O, the days when I was young,
 When I laughed in fortune's spite;
 Talked with love the whole day long,
 And with nectar crowned the night!
 Then it was, old Father Care,
 Little recked I of thy frown;
 Half thy malice youth could bear,
 And the rest a bumper drown.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
 Why, I vow I ne'er could see;
 Let the water-drinkers tell—
 There it always lay for me:
 For when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I falsehood's mask;
 But still honest truth I found
 At the bottom of each flask.

RICHARD PRINCELY SHERIDAN.

SYMPATHY.

"Sweet friend," said she,
 "I have no heart for wit, or mirth, or converse
 bright;
 My sky's o'ercast, the rain in torrents falls; 'tis
 night
 Of grief with me."

But then spake I:—
 "When skies are overcast, and gray, and damp,
 and sad
 Are all men's thoughts, with torrents is the earth
 made glad
 From the black sky.

"The gloomy rain
 Doth but conceal the brightness of the azure
 space,
 And start the grass-blades; beautiful flowers
 apace
 Are young again.

"Each hath new birth
 When skies are overcast; when thus thy soul is
 sad,
 Thy azure's only hid: dear love, my heart is
 glad,
 I am thine earth."

MARGARET F. SULLIVAN.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

When summer's verdant beauty flies,
 And autumn glows with richer dyes,
 A softer charm beyond them lies—
 It is the Indian summer,
 Ere winter's snows and winter's breeze
 Bereave of beauty all the trees,
 The balmy spring renewal sees
 In the sweet Indian summer.

And thus, dear love, if early years
 Have drowned the germ of joy in tears,
 A later gleam of hope appears—
 Just like the Indian summer.
 And ere the snows of age descend,
 Oh, trust me, dear one, changeless friend,
 Our failing years may brightly end,—
 Just like the Indian summer.

SAMUEL LOVER.

REVISED.

I read a legend, sweet and quaint,
 The other day, amid the faint
 Calm light of early dusk;
 The story, odorous of musk,
 Smiled in a dust-bound olden book,
 Forgotten in a lover's nook.

Of course you know it;—how he strove
 To shape the marble like his Love,
 That ancient sculptor; how his hand,
 Guiding the chisel like a wand,
 So perfect made each beauteous part,
 Jove breathed in it his lady's heart.

The dainty myth in modern time
Will serve to tell in careless rhyme;
Our sculptor sneers there is no Jove;
Science hath made a myth of Love;
So practical the race has grown
That even Beauty's heart is stone.

MARGARET F. SULLIVAN.

I WOULD NOT DIE.

I would not die in this bright hour,
While Hope's sweet stream is flowing;
I would not die while Youth's gay flower
In springtide pride is glowing.
The path I trace in fiery dreams
For Manhood's flight, to-morrow,
Oh, let me tread 'mid those bright gleams
Which souls from Fame will borrow.
I would not die! I would not die!
In Youth's bright hour of pleasure;
I would not leave, without a sigh,
The dreams, the hopes I treasure!

I set young seeds in earth to-day,
While yet the sun was gushing,
And shall I pass, ere these, away,
Nor see the flowerets blushing?
Are these young seeds, when earth looks fair,
To rise with fragrance teeming,
And shall the hand that placed them there
Lie cold when they are gleaming?
I would not die! I would not die!
In Youth's bright hour of pleasure;
I would not leave, without a sigh,
The dreams, the hopes I treasure!

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

Fond Love, with all his winning wiles—
Of tender looks and flattering smiles,
Of accents that might Juno charm,
Or Dian's colder ear alarm,
No more shall play the tyrant's part,
No more shall lord it o'er my heart.

To Friendship, sweet benignant power,
I consecrate my humble bower,
My lute, my muse, my willing mind,
And fix her in my heart enshrined;
She, heaven-descended queen, shall be
My tutelardivinity.

Soft Peace descends to guard her reign
From anxious fear and jealous pain;
She no delusive hope displays,
But calmly guides our tranquil days,
Refines our pleasure, soothes our care,
And gives the joys of Eden here.

ELIZABETH RYVES.

EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

The half-seen memories of childish days,
When pains and pleasures lightly came and went;
The sympathies of boyhood rashly spent
In fearful wanderings thro' forbidden ways;
The vague, but manly wish to tread the maze
Of life to noble ends; whereon intent,
Asking to know for what man here is sent,
The bravest heart must often pause, and gaze;
The firm resolve to seek the chosen end
Of manhood's judgment, cautious and mature;
Each of these viewless bonds binds friend to
friend
With strength no selfish purpose can secure;—
My happy lot is this, that all attend
That friendship which first came, and which
shall last endure.

AUBREY DE VERE.

FRIENDS ACROSS THE SEA.

Deep is the hush of the sweet summer night,
The dark hills slumber in a soft repose;
The river glitters 'neath the moonbeams white,
The dewdrop trembles on the folded rose,—
Fair moon! sweet stars! that softly smile on me,
Oh, smile upon my friends across the sea.

The balmy summer breeze around me plays,
And in a voice all tremulous and low,
It seems to whisper me of other days,
Sweet mournful stories of the "long ago,"—
Oh, gentle breeze that whispereth so to me,
Go whisper to my friends across the sea.

Tell them that never can my heart forget
My childhood's home, my kindred far away;
But that with fondest love, and sad regret,
My spirit turns to them by night and day.
Speed, speed thee swiftly o'er the moonlit sea,
And tell my friends the words I've told to thee.

But should'st thou find them locked in slumber
deep,

Then blow thy softest,—let them slumber on;
Hover around them—kiss them as they sleep,—
Breathe in their ears my name—and then be-
gone.

Then, gentle summer breeze, they'll dream of me,
Their lonely wanderer far across the sea.

ELLEN FORRESTER.

CONTRAST.

He paused at the grave just made
As the mourners turned to go;
His heart lay there in the shade
With the one asleep below.

On the budding limb above
A robin alert, elate,
Sang liveliest songs of love
Unto his new-found mate.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

HAUNTED.

This iris-tinted shell
Is breathing ceaselessly,
With mimic surge and swell,
The music of the sea.

So deep within my heart
That made an empty choice,
Rings clear, while years depart,
The music of her voice.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE STORY OF A STAR.

There came to my soul a vision rare,
As I watched thro' a summer twilight's air
The growing light of one trembling star.
I looked far back to its primal birth,
And saw it spring like a brighter Earth
To its destined place in the ether far;
With a gentle guardian, a Spirit of Love,
To temper the glow of its central fire,
To guide it aright 'neath the Eye above,
And utter its song 'mid the spherul choir.
"But I never was made," she softly said,
"To wander alone thro' the realms of space.
Nay, rather to wait on some planet great [face."
And brighten his night with the light of my

And lo! where afar 'mid the starry throng
A glorious orb sailed slow along
In his lordly pride of majestic sway,
Begirt with power like an atmosphere,
And the young star felt as he floated near
The rule of the king she was formed to obey.
A strange joy thrilled thro' her voice's tone,
And flashed like light to her inmost core,
To think, when bound in his glittering zone
The awful space-depths she should fear no more.
"He comes!" she cried, "and I by his side
Shall blessing and blest roll on thro' Time,
And the ringing rhyme of my spirit chime
Will sweetly blend in his song sublime."

But the planet, unheeding, in might passed by,
And 'mid the fair stars that gemmed his sky
Of small avail were her tremulous beam;
And worthless her song with its low refrain,
To the full-toned swell of his choral strain,
As a dew-drop's fall in a rushing stream.
I marked the cold shadow that o'er her came
When she knew that her path alone should be,
And the glory gone from her being's aim
Till Time fades into Eternity.

The vision passed, but my tears fell fast
For the wasted Love and vanished Bliss;
And I murmured low, "There are souls I know
Crushed here below with a woe like this."

OLIVIA KNIGHT CONNOLLY.

BEN BOLT.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown—
Who wept with delight when you gave her a
smile,

And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and lone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noon-day shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in, [gaze
And a quiet that crawls round the walls as you
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind of the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
 By the edge of the pathless wood,
 And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
 Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
 The cabin has gone to ruin, Ben Bolt,
 The tree you would seek for in vain;
 And where once the lord of the forest waved
 Are grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
 With the master so cruel and grim,
 And the shaded nook in the running brook,
 Where the children went to swim?
 Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
 The spring of the brook is dry,
 And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,
 There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
 They have changed from the old to the new;
 But I feel in the deep of my spirit the truth
 That there never was change in you.
 Twelve months twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
 Since first we were friends, yet I hail
 Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
 Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Were we but generous, kind, and forbearing,
 Soon would this earth be an Eden of flowers;
 Then would the frowns we are constantly wearing
 Melt in the laughter of happier hours;
 Then would a holier light
 Make life's dark pathway bright,
 Shining where anger and discord have met;
 Then would all warfare cease,
 Angels would whisper "Peace!"
 If we would only forgive and forget.

When a loved friend we have thoughtlessly
 wounded

Let us not seek his forgiveness alone;
 Owning our error, with courage unbounded,
 Oh! let us earnestly strife to atone—
 Conquer our pride, and then
 Hold out our hand again,
 Sure that our friend will respond to us yet;
 Then will he haste once more—
 Knowing our wrath is o'er—
 Eager as we to forgive and forget.

Those that are dearest may cruelly grieve us,
 Bitter resentment but adds to our pain;
 Let us be merciful, soon they may leave us—
 Let them not seek our forgiveness in vain,
 Though we have suffered long
 Under a cloud of wrong,
 They who have wounded may comfort us yet;
 Tongues can but idly preach,—
 Only kind actions teach
 Life's noblest lesson—Forgive and forget.

FANNY FORRESTER.

AFTER TEN YEARS.

Like the warm winds of spring to the icicled
 trees,
 That moaned like sad ghosts all the winter
 winds through;
 Like the first sight of land when long tossed on
 the seas;
 Like the breath of fresh flowers to the cheek of
 disease,
 Are those sweet words that come from afar on
 the breeze,
 From thy heart to mine, my fond friend ever
 true!

Ah! this decade of years, and the depth of their
 woe!

Since I pressed thy white hand 'neath that
 piercing cold blast;
 And the silence that froze all my glad spirit's
 flow,

And the doubtings that sometimes would flit to
 and fro.

And the dark fears, lest distance and absence
 should throw

Some shade of forgetfulness round thee at last!

Oh, my friend, fondest friend of my heart—far
 away!

This long-dreamed-of message is balm to my
 soul;

Like a sudden-found spring 'neath the parched
 desert's ray.

It will freshen my life, and restore my lost May;
 And thy sweet eyes will smile, and thy heart will
 still pray

For thy Brother afar, though the sad seasons
 roll!

PATRICK CRONIN.

WHAT'S THAT TO ANY MAN?

I've a pound for to spend, and a pound for to
Caed mille failthe, a heart for a friend; [lend,
 No mortal I envy, nor master I own,
 Nor lord in his castle, nor king on his throne.

Come, fill up your glasses, the first cup we'll
 drain

To the comrades we've lost on the red battle
 plain;

O we'll cherish their fame, boys, who died long
 ago,

And what's that to any man whether or no?

The spinning wheel stops and my girls grow
 pale,

While their mother is telling some sorrowful tale
 Of old cabins levell'd, and coffinless graves,

And ships swallowed up in the salt ocean waves;
 But, girls, that's all over for each of you now,

You'll have twenty-five pounds and a three-year
 old cow.

O we'll drink *launa vauna* at your weddings, I
 throw,

And what's that to any man whether or no?

Come here, Banathee, sit beside me awhile,
 And the pulse of your heart let me read in your
 smile.

Would you give your old home for the lordliest
 hall?

Ha! you glance at my rifle that hangs on the
 wall,

And your two gallant boys on parade-day are
 seen

In the ranks of the brave 'neath the banner of
 green:

O I've taught them to guard it 'gainst traitor
 and foe.

And what's that to any man whether or no?

But the youngest of all is the white-headed boy,
 He's the pulse of your heart, and our pride and
 our joy.

From the hurling or dance he will steal off to
 pray,

And wander alone by the river all day;
 He's as good as the priest at his Latin, I hear,

And to college, please God, we will send him
 next year.

O he'll offer the Mass for our souls when we go,
 And what's that to any man whether or no?

Join hands, then, old neighbor, one cup more
 we'll drain,

And *caed mille failthe* again and again.

May discord and treason keep far from our shore,
 And union and peace light our homes evermore!
 He's the king of good fellows, the poor, honest
 man,

So we'll live and be merry as long as we can;
 O we'll cling to old Ireland through weal and
 through woe,

And what's that to any man whether or no?

CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

THE CLADDAGH BOATMAN.

I am a Claddagh boatman bold,
 And humble is my calling.
 From morn to night, from dark to light,
 In Galway bay I'm trawling;
 I care not for the great man's frown,
 I ask not for his pity,
 My wants are few, my heart is true,
 I sing a boatman's ditty.

I have a fair and gentle wife,
 Her name is Eily Holway;
 With many a wile, and joke, and smile,
 I won the prize of Galway;
 For twenty years, 'mid hopes and fears,
 With her I've faithful tarried;
 Her heart to-night is young and light,
 As when we first were married.

I have a son, a gallant boy,
 Unstained by spot or speckle;
 He pulls and haws, and mends the trawls,
 And minds the other tackle;
 His mother says the boy, like me,
 Loves truth, and hates all blarney—
 The neighbors swear in Galway bay
 There's not the like of Barney.

Thank God, I have another child,
 Like Eily, lithe and slender;
 She clasps my knee and kisses me
 With love so true and tender;
 Though oft will rage the howling blast
 Upon the angry water,
 I ne'er complain of wind or rain,
 For I think of my little daughter.

When Sunday brings the hour of rest,
 That sweet reward of labors,
 We cross the fields to early Mass
 And walk home with the neighbors.

O, would the rest of Erin's sons
 Were but like us united ;
 I'm loath to swear, but by my oath,
 Her name should not be slighted.
 JEREMIAH J. DOWLING.

THE OLD BOREEN.

Embroidered with shamrocks and spangled with
 daisies,
 Tall foxgloves like sentinels guarding the way,
 The squirrel and hare played bo-peep in its mazes,
 The green hedgerows wooed it with odorous
 spray ;
 The thrush and the linnet piped overtures in it ;
 The sun's golden rays bathed its bosom of
 green.
 Bright scenes, fairest skies, pall to-day on my eyes,
 For I opened them first on an Irish boreen !
 It flung o'er my boyhood its beauty and gladness,
 Rich homage of perfume and color it paid ;
 It laughed with my joy—in my moments of sad-
 ness,
 What solace I found in its pitying shade !
 When Love, to my rapture, rejoiced in my cap-
 ture,
 My fetters the curls of a brown-haired colleen,
 What draught from his chalice, in mansion or
 palace,
 So sweet as I quaffed in the dear old boreen ?
 But green fields were blighted and fair skies be-
 clouded,
 Stern frost and harsh pain mocked the poor
 peasant's toil ;
 Ere they burst into blossom the buds were en-
 shrouded,
 The seed ere its birth crushed in merciless soil ;
 Wild tempests struck blindly, the landlord, less
 kindly,
 Aimed straight at our hearts with a "death
 sentence" keen ;
 The blast shared our sheeling, which he, more
 unfeeling,
 Left roofless and bare to affright the boreen.
 A dirge of farewell through the hawthorn was
 pealing
 The wind seemed to stir branch and leaf with
 a sigh,
 As, down on a tear-bedewed shamrock sod
 kneeling,
 I kissed the boreen a fond weeping good-by,

And vowed that should ever my patient endeavor
 The grains of success from life's harvest-field
 glean,
 Where'er fortune found me, whatever ties bound
 me,
 My eyes should be closed in the dear old boreen.

ARTHUR M. FORRESTER.

LET THE TOAST PASS.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
 Here's to the widow of fifty ;
 Here's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty :
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass ;
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.
 Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
 And now to the maid who has none, sir ;
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
 And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
 Let the toast pass, etc.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
 And to her that's as brown as a berry ;
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
 And now to the girl that is merry.
 Let the toast pass, etc.

For let 'em be clumsy or let 'em be slim,
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather ;
 So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
 And let us e'en toast them together.
 Let the toast pass, etc.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

THE IRISH PEASANT MAIDEN.

One summer, on a walking tour, my wayward
 will my only law,
 Crossing a meadow-path, at eve, I saw—I'll tell
 you what I saw—
 A fair, soft-smiling Irish face, with deep-gray
 eyes and lashes long,
 And rich brown hair all streaked with gold, and
 ripe lips bursting into song—

One of those songs they ever sing, those Irish
 maids, when evening falls—
 Some wild verse, passionate and strong, their
 country's woe or pride recalls;
 Or some gay legend of their chiefs by fairy held
 in glittering thrall;
 Or gentle tale of love and youth—the sweetest
 and the best of all!

Upon a woodbine-tangled hedge one sun-kissed
 arm upheld her pail.
 The milk within it foaming high to match her
 whiter throat would fail;
 Beneath my gaze her song was hush'd, her
 brow's pure arch drawn slowly down;
 But soon her smile's sweet sunshine burst again,
 and chased away the frown.

And roguish dimples peeped once more, in baby-
 play, from cheek and chin,
 The rosy mouth half-oped, and showed the lovely,
 glistening pearls within.
 "Good evening, pretty girl," I cried; "well met
 at close of sultry day;
 A draught of milk from your kind hand, re-
 freshed will send me on my way."

"And welcome, sir," was her reply, a quick blush
 veiling all her face;
 Then bent the vessel to my lips with ready, un-
 pretending grace.
 My thirst allayed I lingered still beside her,
 'neath the sunset sky,
 And giving many a merry word, received as
 many an arch reply.

Yet ever an expectant glance across the fields
 her bright eyes cast,
 Until a stout young peasant lad came hastening
 up the path at last.
 Then with good eve, I slyly said, "I see of me
 you have no need,"
 She flung me back a laughing look, and nodded
 me a gay God-speed.

'Twas scarcely fair, I freely own, yet one short
 glance I cast behind—
 Pausing as if to lift my hat, and bare my hot
 brow to the wind—
 In time to catch the eager kiss which claimed
 the shy, young, promised wife,—
 Well, well; the pair are fitly matched: God
 speed them on their way through life!

KATHARINE MURPHY.

THE GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK.

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
 'Twas St. Patrick himself, sure, that set it;
 And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
 And with dew from his eye often wet it.
 It thrives through the bog, through the brake,
 through the mireland;
 And he called it the dear little shamrock of Ire-
 land.

The sweet little shamrock, the dear little
 shamrock,

The sweet little, green little shamrock of
 Ireland.

This dear little plant still grows in our land,
 Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
 Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can com-
 mand,

In each climate that they may appear in;
 And shine through the bog, through the brake,
 through the mireland,

Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland,
 The sweet little shamrock, the dear little
 shamrock,

The sweet little, green little shamrock of
 Ireland.

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,
 When its three little leaves are extended,
 Denotes from one stock we together should toil
 And ourselves by ourselves be befriended;
 And still through the bog, through the brake,
 through the mireland,
 From one root should branch, like the shamrock
 of Ireland.

The sweet little shamrock, the dear little
 shamrock,

The sweet little, green little shamrock of
 Ireland.

ANDREW CHERRY.

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock

In all the fairy dells,

And if I find the charmed leaves,

Oh, how I'll weave my spells.

I would not waste my magic might

On diamond, pearl or gold;

For treasures tire the weary sense—

Such triumph is but cold.

But I would play the enchanter's part
 In casting bliss around :
 Oh ! not a tear nor aching heart
 Should in the world be found,
 Should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honor,
 I'd dry the mourner's tears ;
 And to the pallid lip recall
 The smile of happier years ,
 And hearts that had long been estranged,
 And friends that had grown cold,
 Should meet again like parted streams,
 And mingle as of old.
 Oh ! thus I'd play the enchanter's part.
 Thus scatter bliss around ;
 And not a tear nor aching heart
 Should in the world be found,
 Should in the world be found.

The heart that had been mourning
 O'er vanished dreams of love,
 Should see them all returning.
 Like Noah's faithful dove.
 And Hope should launch her blessed bark
 On Sorrow's dark'ning sea,
 And Mis'ry's children have an Ark,
 And saved from sinking be.
 Oh ! thus I'd play the enchanter's part,
 Thus scatter bliss around,
 And not a tear nor aching heart
 Should in the world be found,
 Should in the world be found.

SAMUEL LOVER.

A SHAMROCK FROM THE IRISH SHORE.

O postman ! speed thy tardy gait—
 Go quicker round from door to door ;
 For thee I watch, for thee I wait,
 Like many a weary wanderer more.
 Thou bringest news of bale and bliss,—
 Some life begun, some life well o'er.—
 He stops, he rings ! O Heaven ! what's this ?—
 A shamrock from the Irish shore !

Dear emblem of my native land,
 By fresh fond words kept fresh and green ;
 The pressure of an unfelt hand—
 The kisses of a lip unseen ;
 A throb from my dead mother's heart—
 My father's smile revived once more—
 Oh, youth ! oh, love ! oh, hope thou art,
 Sweet shamrock from the Irish shore !

Enchanter, with thy wand of power,
 Thou mak'st the past be present still ;
 The emerald lawn—the lime-leaved bower—
 The circling shore—the sunlit hill ;
 The grass, in winter's wintriest hours,
 By dewy daisies dimpled o'er,
 Half hiding 'neath their trembling flowers,
 The shamrock of the Irish shore !

And thus, where'er my footsteps strayed,
 By queenly Florence, kingly Rome—
 By Padua's long and lone arcade—
 By Ischia's fires and Adria's foam—
 By Spezzia's fatal waves that kissed
 My poet sailing calmly o'er ;
 By all, by each, I mourned and missed
 The shamrock of the Irish shore !

I saw the palm-tree stand aloof,
 Irresolute 'twixt the sand and sea ;
 I saw upon the trellised roof
 Outspread the vine that was to be ;
 A giant-flowered and glorious tree
 I saw the tall magnolia soar ;
 But there, even there, I longed for thee,
 Poor shamrock of the Irish shore !

Now on the ramparts of Boulogne,
 As lately by the lonely Rance,
 At evening as I watch the sun,
 I look ! I dream ! Can this be France
 Not Albion's cliffs, how near they be,
 He seems to love to linger o'er ;
 But gilds, by a remoter sea,
 The shamrock of the Irish shore !

I'm with him in that wholesome clime—
 That fruitful soil, that verdurous sod—
 Where hearts unstained by vulgar crime
 Have still a simple faith in God :
 Hearts that in pleasure and in pain,
 The more they're trod rebound the more,
 Like thee, when wet with heaven's own rain,
 O shamrock of the Irish shore !

Memorial of my native land,
 True emblem of my land and race—
 Thy small and tender leaves expand
 But only in thy native place.
 Thou needest for thyself and seed
 Soft dews around, kind sunshine o'er—
 Transplanted thou'rt the merest weed,
 O shamrock of the Irish shore.

Here on the tawny fields of France,
 Or in the rank, red English clay,
 Thou showest a stronger form perchance;
 A bolder front thou mayest display,
 More able to resist the scythe
 That cut so keen, so sharp before;
 But then thou art no more the blithe
 Bright shamrock of the Irish shore!

Ah, me! to think—thy scorns, thy slights,
 Thy trampled tears, thy nameless grave
 On Fredericksburg's ensanguined heights,
 Or by Potomac's purpled wave!
 Ah, me! to think that power malign
 Thus turns thy sweet green sap to gore,
 And what calm rapture might be thine,
 Sweet shamrock of the Irish shore!

Struggling, and yet for strife unmeet,
 True type of trustful love thou art;
 Thou liest the whole year at my feet,
 To live but one day at my heart.
 One day of festal pride to lie
 Upon the loved one's heart—what more?
 Upon the loved one's heart to die,
 O shamrock of the Irish shore!

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

THE ST. PATRICK'S CROSS.

Come, raise me up, alannah! Lift me up a little
 more,
 And let the sunshine touch my bed, and stream
 upon the floor;
 Draw back the curtain farther yet—let enter
 ev'ry ray,
 And make the place look cheerful, child, for this
 is Patrick's Day.

Once more I bid it welcome—'tis the last for me,
 I fear;
 I've had a long, long journey, but the end is
 drawing near;
 Thank God! I've seen my share of years; but
 somehow, child, to-day,
 My heart grows warm and youthful and my
 thoughts are far away.

You know my old brown chest, asthore—go now
 and lift the lid,
 And bring me what you'll find there, in the bot-
 tom corner hid;

A little colored pasteboard cross—'tis faded,
 quaint and old,
 And yet I prize it dearer far than if 'twere solid
 gold.

Long years ago I carried it across the rolling sea,
 And Time, with all its changes, has not stolen it
 from me.

Just as you read the other day, and I believe it
 true,

That ev'rywhere we Irish go, God's cross will fol-
 low, too.

And there are twined around it, child, what you
 can't understand,

Old memories of other days—of youth and native
 land;

As dry and withered rose leaves speak of sum-
 mers past and gone,

So life's bright, early springtime in this little
 cross lives on.

It tells me of the first time that I wore it, long ago,
 Pinned here upon my shoulder, ah! but sure
 you'll never know

How grand I felt that morning, with my cross
 and ribbon green;

God and country bound together—I was prouder
 than a queen.

How light and gay my spirits, as we children
 climbed the hill

To seek for four-leaved shamrocks while the dew
 was sparkling still,

While the blackbird sang his welcome—the prim-
 rose showed her face,

And violets were nodding from each cosy hid-
 ing place.

My little cross! around you, oh, how many mem'-
 ries cling!

Old times, old scenes, old faces to my mind this
 day you bring;

Come, pin it on my shoulder, child, in spite of
 age and pain,

For Ireland and St. Patrick let me wear it once
 again!

The weight of years may bend me, but my soul
 will ever pray,

May God be with the good old land, and bless
 her honored day,

And round the cross entwining may her sham-
 rocks e'er be met,

That as she bore the burden she may share the
 triumph yet.

E. A. SUTTON.

WHERE ARE THE KNIGHTS?

Gone are the gallant Knights of Old,
 With steely casque and waving crest,
 With red-roan steed all cased in gold,
 With glittering mail and lance in rest
 To strike for Honor's high behest ;
 Gone !—but the world were craven-cold,
 And reft of all its first and best,
 If lived not yet in many a breast
 The spirit of those Knights of Old !

Ah, many a heart beats calmly brave
 'Neath spirit-armor bright and strong
 Nor lacks the hand befitting glaive
 To combat 'gainst the Paynim throng
 Of Error, Ignorance and Wrong,—
 With generous ardor, lion-bold,
 The Cross to guard through trials long,
 And live as worthy to have sprung
 From the heroic Knights of Old !

OLIVIA KNIGHT CONNOLLY.

ROMANCE.

There is no romance in this world, men say,
 It died out long ago,
 With the mail-clad knights and the ladies gay,
 And fortalice, and joust, and roundelay,
 And arquebus and bow ;—
 With the simple truth and the trust sublime,
 And the fervor and faith of the olden time,
 And the glory of long ago.

There is no romance in this world, we're told,
 It died out long ago ;
 Yet the sun and the moon rise and set as of old,
 And the grass springs up through the bare,
 brown mould,
 And the seasons come and go ;
 And the winds sweep by as they did of yore,
 And the waves break thundering on the shore,
 And the stars and the blossoms glow !

What ! no romance in this world of ours,
 Where the feelings ebb and flow,
 Where the heart to the music of love keeps time,
 Or stumbles and halts like a broken rhyme,
 Or sinks 'neath its weight of woe ;
 Where the battle of life rages day and night,
 And the deathless struggle of Might and Right
 Goes on as in long ago.

What ! no romance in this world of ours ?—

We hear it o'er and o'er ;
 Yet in knightly soul, not in knightly lance,
 Dwelt the lofty spirit of old Romance
 That lumined the days of yore ;
 And in glowing mind and in earnest will,
 In souls that soar and in hearts that thrill,
 It will live for evermore !

MARY MULLALY.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

Show me the regions of sober reality,
 Where can their definite landmarks be found ?
 Whether subjected to chance or fatality,
 Have they a limit that circles them round ?
 One thing I know, that such narrow periphery
 Scarce would give room for the cast of a lance ;
 A denizen there could scarce venture to whiff
 ere he
 Stumbled outside on some bit of romance.

Treading the chisel-cut streets of Brickopolis,
 Hampered by certainties, elbowed by facts,
 No need to gaze at an air-built acropolis,
 Furnished with fairy-like dramas in acts ;
 If you but plagiarize, let no fine rage arise,
 Out of the common-place make no advance ;
 Flout ideality, lean on reality,— [romance.
 You shall have touched the true source of

Call up Tom Gradgrind, and look at the build
 of him !

Concrete he says he is, concrete he seems :
 The very volition appears to be drilled of him,—
 Hard-fisted foe to delusions and dreams ;
 Yield to his platitude, give him all latitude,
 Soon in the regions of boast he'll advance,
 Taking his frothingness all out of nothingness,
 Beating Munchausen himself with romance.

Sirs, I'm not one-half as good as I ought to be ;
 Error has found me at times more or less ; [be :
 Life has not placed me as high as I thought to
 What I ambitioned I dare not confess ;
 But the erratic can be dogmatical, [vance,—
 Those who fall back may make others ad-
 So I am holding forth, so I am scolding forth,
 Taking for text my old foe-friend romance

What I intend this farrago to indicate
Simply is this:—ev'ry outburst of rhyme,
Without something to illustrate, something to
vindicate,
Taken *as* rhyming, perhaps, may be prime;
But, to make phrases which others will ven-
erate,—
That cannot happen thro' sloth or by chance
Paper and pen have been often degenerate,—
Poetry always sees life as romance.

Stand by life's tide as it rushes with men along,—
Nothing more wonderful, nothing less rare!
Crassus and Lazarus, Falstaff and Fenelon,
Emmet and Arnold are all of them there;
Brummel and Bellarmine, Cato and Cataline,
Cortes and Casas are under your glance:
Venus and Sycorax, Mentors and Telemaques,—
Are not these groups as grotesque as romance?

FRANCIS O'RYAN.

DARK MARGARET.

We sit by the fire,
My poor old wife and I;
The fire burns slow, our hearts are low,
And the tear stands in the eye,
For our daughters three who are over the sea,
Far, far, in the wooded west;
One after one, our darlings are gone;
But our Mary we loved the best.

My brother's son
Sits in the chimney by us;
The staff of our age—hard, hard is the page
Of the lesson that keeps him by us,
For he longs to be free, to go over the sea,
Where his kindred have found their rest.
One after one, our darlings are gone;
But our Mary he loved the best.

Welcome, Margaret!
Dear Margaret, have you come?
Draw nigh to the fire, and tighten the wire,
And sing us a song from home.
For though heaven denies the light to your eyes,
Yet never were expressed
By the Harper King, such strains as you sing,
And our Mary loved them best.

Sit by *me*, Margaret,
Dear Margaret, sit by *my* side;
For you loved my dearest daughter, far o'er the
world-wide water,
Who should have been our Patrick's bride.
O! sing me *her* songs, for my poor heart longs
To clasp her to my breast;
Tho' tears it will bring, yet my darling *must* sing
What our Mary loved the best.

You are there, Patrick!
I feel your breathing soft upon my cheek;
A tear is in your eye, and well your heart knows
why;
You are there I say, although you do not speak.
I have been to pleasant Meath, and to rich Fin-
gal beneath,
And homeward I am going to the west;
And I thought as I did pass I would sing the
"*Colleen Dhas*,"
That one you loved so well, and best.

Hark; she sings.
Tremblingly over the strings her fingers stray,
And the light that heaven denies to her clear but
darkened eyes, [tray.
Her wreathed smiles and dimpling cheeks be-
O! it is our "*Colleen Dhas*," as her pleasant
days did pass,
Loudly lilting at the milking with the rest;
Soon, soon, alas! in sighs and tears, she leaves
our longing eyes;
The Mary we all loved the best.

No more, my dearest Margaret—
Sing the "*Colleen Dhas*" no more;
For her father and her mother loved her more
than any other,
And her parting grieves them sore.
You have been to pleasant Meath, and to rich
Fingal beneath,
And homeward you are going to the west;
Tell us all the country news, the merriest you
can choose,
To pleasure the old couple we love best.

I have been to pleasant Meath, and to rich Fin-
gal beneath,
And homeward I am going to the west;
I will tell the country news, the merriest I can
choose,
To pleasure the old couple we love best.

Your Mary has come home—your loved and
loving one,

And here she comes to tell you all the rest!

Now, Patrick, fill your glass, while I sing the
"Colleen Dhas,"

With a welcome home to Mary, you love best!

JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

WHERE?

A minute gone! She lingered here, and then
Passed, with face backward turned, through
yonder door;

The free fold of her garments' damask grain
Fashioned a hieroglyph upon the floor,
Then straightened, as it reached the corridor.

Down the long passages, I heard her feet
Moving—a crepitating music slow—
And next her voice, an echo exquisite,
But modulated in its tender flow,—
A harp thro' which the evening breezes blow.

Upon the table there were books and flowers,
And Indian trifles; a Mahratta blade
Whose ivory hilt sustained a cirque of towers,
Wedded by the inexplicable braid
On Vishnu's shrine at harvest full moon laid.

The curtains shook; a scarlet glamour crossed
The stained wood and the white walls of the
room—
Wavered, retreated, trembled, and was lost
Between the statue's plinth, the console's gloom,
And you tall urn of yellow blossomed broom.

I see her face look backward at me yet,
Just as she glided by the cypress chair;
Her happy eyes with happy tears are wet,
And, over bust and shoulders, cool and fair,
Stream the black coils of her abundant hair.

In what far past—in what abysm of time,
Have I beheld that self-same look before?
There was no difference of hour or clime:
A garment made a figure on a floor, [dor.
Which straightened, sweeping toward a corri-

Rare trifles were around me, curtains blew,
And worked their restless phantasms on a ceil;
A sidelong bird across a casement flew,
Upon the table glittered graven steel,
And a low voice thrilled me with soft appeal.

All things were there, as all things are, to-day,
But where? I half remember, as a dream,
Such accidents, in epochs long grown gray—
Such glory, but with ever-narrowing beam,
From which I'm severed by some shoreless
stream.

Have I forgotten?—is this flash of light, [start,
Which makes the brain and pulse together
Some ray reflected from the infinite
Worlds, where I may hap have left a heart—
The Infinite of which I am a part?

Who shall unriddle it? Return, sweet wife,
And with thy presence sanctify this pain;
Cling to my side, O faithful help of life!
Lest in the hour when night is on the wane,
The destinies divide us two again.

JOHN FRANCIS O'DONNELL

ODE TO POVERTY.

O kind acquaintance! thou who, proverbs say,
Dost make strange fellows meet in tawdry bed,—
Comrades of wistful mouth, keen eyes of gray,
Rough, world-bewrinkled face and hoary head,
They say a gulf's between us that no tread
Of thine can cross, tho' loving me so well,
Yet still I long to clasp
Thy hand with friendly grasp,
For, spite of their predictions, who can tell?

What days we had, old comrade, you and I,
Bright years ago, when I was gay and young;
With you I roamed the ferny mountains high,
Heard nature's voice in streams, in winds that
sung, [tongue ;—
And wood-birds warbled with melodious
With you and other just as quaint compeers,
What days and nights we had,
Well mixed of gay and sad;
What revels, and what laughter, and what tears!

Ah! many a lord of power and high renown,
Driven from his state, at last shook hands with
thee; [frown
And many a queen and mighty king, whose
Would shake the world, have kept thee company:
Thee they derided, while I reverently
Call on thee, brother, with affection kind,
That if misfortune's pain
Should come to me again, [mind!
Thou'lt leave me still the heaven of peace and

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

A BRIGHT SPOT IN THE SKY.

The dream of years ofttimes betrays
A golden grief over golden days,—
A grief which chants, on memory's shell,
The requiem of a sad farewell;
But when its strains grow low and die,
There is a bright spot in the sky.

With all life's ills I am content,
If well my days are daily spent;
When phantoms from a distant land
Shall come and lead me by the hand,
Resigned I'll go, without a sigh,
For there's a bright spot in the sky.

Should hearts grow cold and men forget
The hand that placed them in its debt,
Since error is the fate of all,
And some will stand, and some will fall,
No man by me shall prostrate lie
While there's a bright spot in the sky.

This world is good to him that lives
Within the bounds that nature gives;
But roses bloom and roses fade,
And brightest jewels have their shade;
If gloom surround, then gaze on high,
And find a bright spot in the sky.

In every home let sunshine dwell,
On every face let kindness tell,
In every heart let peace find rest;
And should pale sorrow wring the breast
Take courage then and look on high—
There's still a bright spot in the sky.

To other hearts and other hands,
To other climes and other lands,
The coast is dark along that main
Whose pilgrims ne'er return again;
But in that long and last good-bye.
A star will guide from sky to sky.

HUGH F. McDERMOTT.

THE WHITE ROSE.

It is a withered rose,
That like a rose's corpse, full dry and wan
Finds here its last repose,
Its lustre dulled, its form and softness crushed,
The tender life with which its petals flushed.
And all its soul of subtle fragrance gone;

A primal rose that bloomed
Among the kindling brands, as white as frost,
Where Zillah stood undoomed,
Or from Mahomet's forehead fluttered fair
To earth, when Al Borak cleft through the air
In flight to heaven, might leave so frail a ghost.

The poet moralist
Hath ever taken sombre joy to sing
Upon a theme so trist,
And write in dust of roses lessons grim:— [dim.
That pleasures must be snatched ere they grow
For germs of death in folds of beauty cling;

That since the roses die,
No mortal loveliness may long endure;
No joy outlast a sigh;
No passion's thrill, no labor's work remain
Beyond a season; that decay doth reign:—
Though in the tyrant's very riot, sure,
Some pledge of hope is found,
That all the universe is not a grave
And life sits somewhere crowned.

Not Tasso's soft persuasion unto sin
I find, dear rose, thy withered leaves within,
Nor any precept Epicurus gave;
To me thou dost not breathe
A thought of festivals, or memory
Of woven, wine-dipped wreath,
Or kisses on ripe lips, or fond regret
For bounds by time to fleeting pleasures set,
Or wish to bring thy beauty back to thee.

To kiss thy leaves I bend,
And lo! The crash of cannon fills mine ears;
I see the banners blend
Into the battle smoke; and the long lines
Of marching men where glint of bayonet shines
Through clouds of dust;—the hopes, the hates,
the fears

Of old thrill through my heart;
Again the myriad ghosts of the great war
From out their cerements start;
Again the nation in the contest strains
Its every nerve; again the deep refrains
Of groan and cheer break on us from afar!

What mystery of power
To fill the mind with visions such as these
Lies in this scentless flower?
'Tis three and twenty years this very June,
Since first it opened to the southern noon
And swung in languor to a southern breeze;

And on the stalwart breast
Of one that wore the blue, while yet in bloom,
'Twas set, in gallant jest;
In the long march's dust it drooped its head
And in the smoke of Gettysburg lay dead,
With many a life more precious finding doom.

Beside a farmer's home
In shade and shine this rose of battle grew,
What time the rolling drum
Announced the crisis of the war at hand,
As Meade pressed swiftly north through Mary-
And ever closer to Lee's columns drew; [land,
On that grim, weary march
Rain seldom fell; the June sun fiercely glowed,
And seemed all things to parch;
The winds grew still, nor in their motion swung
The dust that round the lithe battalions clung
For miles on many a winding country road.

The women stood in groups
And watched with tear-wet eyes and smiling lips
The marching of the troops;
The smiles came at the sight of manhood stern
Moving to sacrifice with unconcern;
The tears were for the battle's drear eclipse
That was so soon to fall
On many a home where then the sunshine slept—
The shadow of a pall; [and stars,
And though their hopes went with the stripes
Or lingered far away with stars and bars,
Yet they were women still—and smiled and wept!

And where this rosebud lush
Had blossomed into innocence and peace
Upon its modest bush,
A column halted for a rest at noon
And the tired soldiers, glad of such a boon,
Flung knapsacks off, stacked arms, and took
their ease.

And there to one that quaffed [zest,
From the deep farm-house well, with careless
A luscious draught,
A fair girl said, scorn lurking round her mouth:
"Dare these men meet the veterans of the South?"
Half earnestly she spoke, and half in jest.

The soldier's serious eyes
An instant flashed, and then grew soft again,
While yet the quick surprise
Was flushing his bronzed cheek; but he was born
To reverence womanhood, and not to scorn;
And so disdained to wound her with disdain.

He spoke with quiet grace
In even tones, a smile both quaint and grave
Upon his firm, strong face:
"To wear in the next battle give to me
A rose," he said, "and then the rose will see!"
In sobered mood she plucked this flower and
gave.

It seems another age [bloom
When things like these were done; the rose's
He took as battle gage,
And with his laughing comrades went his way,
Well knowing that the columns wide astray
Were fast converging for the day of doom!

O streams of rippling steel
That northward flowed with current ever true!
In thought we watched you wheel
Among the hills, a-winding to and fro,
The weapons sparkling o'er the men below
Like glancing foam above the waves of blue!
We knew your end and source, [dire,
And that your torrents, crowned with portents
Would keep their onward course
Till in the battle's plunge, with thunder's roar
And scorching flames, your cleansing tides
should pour
Abroad, and save the nation as by fire!

The first day of July,
Just north of Gettysburg, the fight began
Whose memory will not die.
There lay along the outskirts of a wood
A regiment busy in the work of blood;
And he that wore the rose watched every man,
Alert, unvexed, intense,
And kept the firing cool, and fierce and fast;
In front in column dense [flinch
Stern Southern valor stormed, and would not
Nor be denied, yet could not win an inch—
Till far outflanked, our lines gave way at last.

Behind the frightened town,
On Cemetery Hill the rout was stayed;
And there the men lay down
And slept content among the graves that night:
And there this pallid rose, in soft moonlight,
Upon its wearer's heaving bosom swayed.

The gathered armies clashed,
And on the circling hills, the second day,
Incessant cannon crashed;
And shot and shell tore up each reverent mound
And flung the tombstones' shattered fragments
round—
Poor rose, that heard the din of such a fray!

On the third day, behold !

It saw the climax of the battle come ;
When calm, and stern, and bold
The great Virginians charged and could not win,
Tho' manhood's flower, as they have ever been
In field or hall, or by the hearth of home.

How proud their column moved
Up the long slope of death with stubborn tread,
Obeying him they loved !

And still against the storm of fire that scourged
Supporting squadrons backward as it surged,
How fierce they held their way unwearied !

Mayhap with other foes
They might have won ; but ever slow to yield
And ever prompt to close

Were Hancock's men ; and the Virginian shaft
That pierced our lines was shattered, head and
haft,

Within the wound !—And Lee had lost the field !

Amid the eddied smoke,
The groans of dying men, and the glad cheer
Of victory that broke

From hill to hill, this thing of beauty died,
And he that wore and had forgot it, sighed
And thought of it again as something dear ;

So from his breast he took
The rose and sent it home to have it set
Within this simple book,

The favorite of a girl he loved and lost,
And 'mid the leaves it lingers like a ghost—
Though they be gone the flower abideth yet !

And often when I gaze
Into its folds and see these visions fair,
Mine eyes are filled with haze
Of tears for him that wore it, true and brave ;
Almost I turn to fling it on his grave
Beside the little flag that flutters there !—

Then sigh for power to close
Within the amber clear of poetry
This pale and withered rose
That else must pass and crumble into dust
And squander in some wild and windy gust
The essence I would set in melody,—

The feelings of the time
When first it bloomed ; the deeds of sacrifice ;
The thoughts and acts sublime ;
The scenes of battle with their woe and scathe,
The courtesy and courage, love and faith—
That I can read within it with mine eyes !

JOSEPH O'CONNOR.

THE BRIER-WOOD PIPE.

Ha ! bully for me again, when my turn for the
picket is over,
And now for a smoke as I lie, with the moon-
light, out in the clover.

My pipe is only the knot from the root of a brier-
wood tree,
But it turns my heart to the Northward—Harry
gave it to me.

And I'm but a rough, at the best, bred up to the
row and the riot ;
But a softness comes over my heart when all are
asleep and quiet.

For many a time in the night strange things
appear to my eye,
As the breath from my brier-wood pipe curls up
between me and the sky.

Last night a beautiful spirit arose with the wisp-
ing smoke ;
O, I shook, but my heart felt good, as it spread
out its hands and spoke ;

Saying, "I am the soul of the brier ; we grew at
the root of a tree,
Where lovers would come in the twilight—two
ever, for company.

"Where lovers would come in the morning—ever
but two together ;
When the flowers were full in their blow ; the
birds in their song and feather ;

"Where lovers would come in the noontide, loi-
tering—never but two,
Looking in each other's eyes, like pigeons that
kiss and coo.

"And O, the honeyed words that came when
their lips were parted,
And the passion that glowed in the eyes, and the
lightning looks that darted !

"Enough : Love dwells in the pipe—so ever it
glows with fire !
And I am the soul of the bush, and the spirits
call me Sweet Brier."

That's what the brier-wood said, as nigh as my
tongue can tell,
And the words went straight to my heart, like
the stroke of the old fire-bell.

To-night I lie in the clover, watching the blossomy smoke ;

I'm glad the boys are asleep, for I aint in the humor to joke.

I lie in the hefty clover ; up between me and the moon

The smoke of my pipe arises : my heart will be quiet, soon.

My thoughts are back in the city, I'm everything I've been ;

I hear the bell from the tower, I run with the swift machine,

I see the red shirts crowding around the engine house door ;

The foreman's hail from the trumpet comes with a hollow roar.

The reel in the Bowery dance-house, the row in the beer saloon,

Where I put in my licks at Big Paul, come between me and the moon.

I hear the drum and the bugle, the tramp of the cow-skin boots.

We are marching on our muscle, the Fire Zouave recruits !

White handkerchiefs wave before me—O, but the sight is pretty

On the white marble steps, as we march through the heart of the city.

Bright eyes and clasping arms, and lips that bade us good hap,

And the splendid lady who gave me the havelock for my cap.

O, up from my pipe-cloud rises, there between me and the moon,

A beautiful white-robed lady : my heart will be quiet, soon.

The lovely golden-haired lady ever in dreams I see,

Who gave me the snow-white havelock—but what does she care for me ?

Look at my grimy features ; mountains between us stand :

I with my sledge-hammer knuckles, she with her jeweled hand !

What care I ?—the day that's dawning may see me, when all is over,

With the red stream of my life blood staining the hefty clover.

Hark ! the reveille sounding out in the morning air ;

Devils are we for the battle—Will there be angels there ?

Kiss me again, Sweet Brier, the touch of your lips to mine

Brings back the white-robed lady with hair like the golden wine !

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

LUCY'S ATTIRE.

When the summer's sultry noon

Flecks her chamber with its rays,

Or in arbors sweet the moon,

Warmly waning through the haze,

Sheds along her careless hair

Languid lustres, she shall wear

Floating robes of purest white,

And perfled scarf as airy light

As morning cloud ; but when the crown

Of golden autumn turns to brown,

And sad the wind of sunset blows

About the evening's shortened close ;

When bees have settled in their hive,

And leaf-strewn gates are closed at five ;

When moonlight fays in pantries flock,

O'er milky pail and honey-crock,—

O then in garb of russet she

Shall pace the rounds of housewifery ;

With key-bunch safe in apron fold,

Mix with the twilight ouths, and feast

In morning casements, looking east,

The bright-eyed robin puff'd with cold.

When December's leaden day

Scarcely breaks the clasp of night,

Soft shall be her garb and gay,

Soft and warm in winter's spite ;

Nettled caps of closest coil

Shall guard her locks in silken toil ;

Bonnets blithe of darling dyes

Enshade her forehead's coquetries ;

Collars crescent shaped and white,
 Needled from the flaxen skein
 Round her gentle throat will show
 Like a wreath of crispy snow;
 Ever her finger tips shall glow
 In tiny gloves that fit as tight
 As pink sheaths of the perfumed bean.
 But when norland tempests stir,
 Blowing o'er the frosted lands,
 She must wear, without demur,
 Cosy refuges of fur
 For sweetest neck and cold white hands;
 So that whosoe'er she meet
 Shall deem her soft salute a treat:
 And though skies are gray and dull
 Round about her, yet within
 Mantle lined with warmest wool,
 Shall her merry heart make din;
 As she treads the noon-day town
 Toward the costly decked bazaar;
 Or, by evening forest brown
 Wanders with her favorite star.

Such shall seem her outward dress;
 As the mystic seasons roll
 Seasoned with them; while no less
 Shall their image tinge her soul,
 Chaste as chill December; bright
 As starry July's summer night;
 Pure as April's gelid buds,
 Rich as August's fruited woods;
 Blending in its many moods
 Nature's warmth with Heaven's light.

THOMAS C. IRWIN.

WINTER'S VICTIM.

Ah, crony mine, alone we sit,
 While round us howls the winter,
 And thoughts of beauty dying flit,
 As sparks from yonder splinter.
 Earth, air, and sky are bleak and chill—
 Blest Virgin guide the comer,
 Who ventures o'er this Highland hill—
 The monument of summer.

Relight your meerschau, crony mine.
 Let's dream in clouds together;
 Refill your glass with friendly wine,
 We'll toast the summer-weather.

For oh, wild frosts shall ne'er congeal,
 Nor make our hearts the glummer,
 Nor blight the kindness that we feel
 For earth-delighting summer.

Hark! heard you not a cry full faint,
 Yet loud to ears of pity?
 Ope, ope the door, no human plaint
 Shall pass us to the city.
 What's here? a girl and aged man—
 He guards but to benuumb her—
 'Tis winter, shivering and wan,
 And 'neath his robes the summer.

Come in, come in, thou hoary form,
 Come in, thou frozen beauty;
 Here glows the firelight glad and warm,
 With hearts of tender duty.
 Take thou the farthest ingle-rest,
 Weird sage, where thou may'st slumber;
 The maiden is the more distrest—
 Ah! saddened is the summer.

And crony mine—the embers fade,—
 A chill is in her bosom—
 Alas! she's dead, the lovely maid:—
 White-haired! but why accuse him?
 He sleeps as with a soul of grace,
 With mien than erst not grummer—
 Haste, haste thee, comrade, seek a place
 Where we may bury summer.

Lost bloom! the north-wind moans her dirge,
 Be ours to aye commend her;
 But grieve not, comrade, she'll emerge
 From out the grave in splendor.
 She'll rise again and charm the world;
 Then, wand'ring never from her,
 We'll laugh to see old winter hurled
 From all the paths of summer,

WILLIAM J. McCURE.

THE BEAUTY.

Be it my most pleasing duty
 To describe a little beauty;
 Though I never saw her face
 But within a picture-case.
 'Twould look better in a bonnet,
 With a wreath of flowers upon it,
 And a loving smile to sun it.
 But even round that picture cover
 Love and memory ever hover,
 Like the bees round tops of clover.

It is the daguerreotype
Of all that's rich, and rare and ripe !
Let me count the rosary
Of her charms, and bend the knee
Of unpretending poesy
Before the heather-covered shrine
Of this patron-saint of thine,
Who, combining every grace,
Reigns a female Bonny-face :—

Hair in deep, dark currents flowing,
Whose smooth waves with light are glowing,
As in countless drifts and whorls
It breaks upon her neck in curls ;
Flashing eyes with azure tinged,
Jetty arched and silken-fringed ;
Blest he'll be whom their warm glances
Coax along to love's advances ;
Happy he who shall behold
Love's first buds in them unfold.
Her dainty nose I'll not define
As either Greek or aquiline,
Nor it with ostentation call
" The noblest Roman of them all "—
But all their beauties blent in one
Could only make this paragon ;
For in it mingle all the graces
Seen in those of classic faces.
Checks on which, tho' peace reposes,
War again the jealous roses.
A dainty mouth enwreathed with smiles,
But free from all coquettish wiles,
Whose curved lips, vermilion-hued,
Are love's own sweet similitude ;
While thro' them oft are seen beneath
Flashing, pearl-enameled teeth,
Throat that like a marble column,
Curtained by her tresses' volume,
Stands revealed as in a niche,
Splendidly adorned and rich,
Moulded to artistic lines,
And polished till it fairly shines.
There you see all rare and bright,
A face of which I dream at night.
If her charms I've rightly told,
'Tis an angel you behold.

Who will win and wear the beauty ?
Some old fellow grim and sooty.
You smile, and doubtless think it funny—
Let me add, he'll have the money !
A sour and mouldy, hard old crust,
Round whom dame Fortune drifts her dust,—
Some brute, who may abuse and thump her—

Or some sleek young counter-jumper—
A shrewd, adulterating grocer,—
Methinks I hear you mutter, " No, sir !"
Ah ! my boy, you should know better ;
One of them is sure to get her.
Depend upon it, she'll be won
By Jones, or Brown, or Robinson.
If she fishes for her mate
With youth and beauty as her bait,
The chances are she'll catch a Tartar,
And die a matrimonial martyr ;
Or, after years of angling, marry
Tom, aye, even Dick or Harry.
If her heart is not as true
As her features fair to view,
For you to strive to rival Mammon
Is worse, my friend, far worse than gammon.
Most beauties are, you should consider,
Knocked down to the highest bidder.

Every one has some sweet face
Prisoned in a picture-case,
Or by memory's magic art
Photographed upon the heart ;
And we all, in gloomy days,
Steal apart and on them gaze.
Some bring thoughts of hope and gladness,
Some of by-gone days and sadness ;
As old eyes by longing kindled,
Fondly to past pleasures travel,
And weird fingers, lean and dwindled,
All their web of life unravel
For the threads of golden sheen
That far apart are dimly seen.

MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

SWEET CHLOE.

Sweet Chloe advised me, in accents divine,
The joys of the bowl to surrender ;
Nor lose, in the turbid excesses of wine,
Delights more ecstastic and tender ;
She bade me no longer in vineyards to bask,
Or stagger, at orgies, the dupe of a flask,
For the sigh of a sot's but the scent of the cask,
And a bubble the bliss of the bottle.

To a soul that's exhausted, or sterile, or dry,
The juice of the grape may be wanted ;
But mine is revived by a love-beaming eye,
And with fancy's gay flow'rets enchanted.

Oh! who but an owl would a garland entwine
Of Bacchus' ivy—and myrtle resign?—
Yield the odors of love for the vapors of wine,
And Chloe's kind kiss for a bottle?

EDWARD LYSAGHT.

OUR NOBLE IRISH GIRLS.

God bless our noble Irish girls,
God bless them all to-day;
We'll send the prayer far o'er the land,
For other lips to say;
For when the tyrant's hand was laid
Upon the true and brave,
In the tender pride of womanhood
They rose to help and save.
Then here's our own dear Irish girls,
Here's to our maiden band,
Who yet are seen to wear the green
In the cause of the dear old land.

What time a foeman's hireling crew
Surrounded Limerick's wall,
The maids of Limerick bravely stood
To answer manhood's call.
The spirit's not departed yet
With the faithful who have died
For freedom's cause—our own dear hearts
Still muster by our side.
Then here's our own brave Irish girls,
Here's to the maiden band,
Who still are seen to wear the green
In the cause of the poor old land.

And walking in the funeral throng
Which told a nation's woe,
Ye showed the spirit changeless yet
Of the days of long ago.
The rain might fall, the wild wind sweep
O'er bridge and street and square,
But firm as soldiers in the ranks
So pressed ye onward there.
Then here's our own true Irish girls,
Here's to the maiden band,
Who yet are seen to wear the green
In the cause of the dear old land.

Oh, may the starry eyes which looked
On mourning Freedom's sign,
Yet flash their glorious light upon
A nation's marshalled line.

And may the prayer which maiden lips
Have sent to God above,
Bear to our stricken motherland
The golden crown of love.

Then here's to the noble Irish girls,
God bless the maiden band,
Who yet are seen to wear the green
In the cause of the dear old land.

JOHN KEEGAN CASEY.

THE EYES OF AN IRISH GIRL.

You may talk about black eyes and blue,
About brown eyes, and hazel and gray;
You may praise as you please every hue
Known on earth since its earliest day;
But no other eyes under the sun
Can set poor human hearts in a whirl,
With their pathos and mischief and fun,
Like the eyes of a bright Irish girl.

They are soft as the down on a dove,
They are mild as a midsummer dawn,
They are warm as the red heart of love,
They are coy as the glance of a fawn;
Tender, pensive, and dreamy as night,
Bright and pure as the daintiest pearl,
Yet as merrily mad as a sprite
Are the eyes of a young Irish girl.

They can soothe and delight with a beam,
They can rouse and inspire with a glance,
They can chill and reprove with a gleam
That is keen as the flash of a lance;
To bring peace, or the pangs of despair
To one's breast, be he noble or churl,
There is nothing on earth to compare
With the eyes of a true Irish girl.

You may search cabin, cottage and hall,
Thro' the loveliest lands that are known;
But the loveliest land of them all
Has no eyes like the eyes of our own;
There are faces, no doubt, quite as sweet,
And as fair, under ringlet and curl,
But no light like the splendors that meet
In the eyes of a glad Irish girl.

Ah! Dame Nature was cruelly kind
When she took from her tenderest skies
The most exquisite tints she could find
And bestowed them on soft Irish eyes;

For no other eyes under the sun
Can set poor human hearts in a whirl,
With their pathos and mischief and fun
Like the eyes of a bright Irish girl.

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

FROM BONDAGE FREE.

Thy spirit is from bondage free !
Death gave thee guiltless liberty ;
Sweet victim of ungrateful love,
Flit happy through the realms above !
No priest am I, with rigid rule
Thy merits to arraign ;
No dunc taught in sorrow's school,
I feel for others' pain ;
An humble offering on thy bier,
I drop a sympathetic tear.

Life's toils are mercifully brief :
Death gives the woe-worn heart relief ;
When hope is fled, 'tis bliss to die—
Griefs ending with a single sigh.
Delusive love dissolves the heart,
Where vivid passions glow ;
The fault was nature's—the thine smart ;
I well can feel thy woe ;
Sweet one, may'st thou, thro' heaven's skies,
A kindred spirit recognize.

EDWARD LYSAGHT.

MINNIE BECK.

O Minnie Beck, if snow-white neck,
Without a speck to mar its graces ;
If golden hair o'er forehead fair,
Where time nor care hath left its traces ;
If lustrous eyes that sink and rise
In soft surprise, their chastened glances
Devoid of skill, yet looks that will
Be fatal still as levelled lances ;
If twinkling feet, that part and meet
As light and fleet as Terpsichore's
In festal scene, with grace and mien,
Marked you the queen of circling glories ;
If form—no more—made man adore,
In days of yore, the Paphian statue,
Then ask not why or wherefore I
Should breathe a sigh while glancing at you.

While birds a-wing will soar and sing
To greet the King of morning risen,
And, nature-stirred, the captive bird
Will join accord to cheat his prison—
So while my heart had felt, apart,
A transient start, it passed, fair lady,
For love on guard, kept watch and ward,
And closed and barred its door already.

E'en so we've met, and part, but yet,
With fond regret, no other motive,
I drop a flower in beauty's bower,
To one sweet hour of pleasure votive—
Its only aim a thought to claim,
From one of Eve's transcendent daughters—
When Minnie Beck—when yonder deck
Is but a speck upon the waters.

JOHN BOYLE.

THE NYMPH OF LURLEIBERGH.

In Lurleibergh's deep shadowed vale,
Where all the Rhine's blue waters meet,
A maiden sat, as fair and pale
As were the lilies at her feet ;
Her hair in wild profusion flowing
From roses richly wreathed above
To hide the gentle bosom, glowing
With mingled thoughts of fear and love.
Oh, Nymph of Lurleibergh ! thy lute,
Why stands it thus untouched and mute ?
What pensive shadows cloud thine eye,
And cheat the moments as they fly ?
Thou art too young, too fair for pain
To dim the smile or wring the brain ;
Too pure thou seem'st for thought of ill,
Yet sad thou art, and pensive still.

Yea, thou art sad, although no tear
Bedews thy silken-fringed lid,
And all the more will sorrow sear
When thus in mute endurance hid.
Thine eyes are fixed upon the river,
As past thy feet its waters roll
And, swift as are its ripples, quiver
The tides of feeling in thy soul.
Oh, Nymph of Lurleibergh ! the crown
Of flowers you wear will wither soon,
The lute's harmonious chords will slack,
And youth, once flown, comes never back ;
The gushing waters, pure and sweet,
That pour their tribute to thy feet,
Soon pass the bowers of trellised vine,
And perish in the stormful brine.

We should not waste in tears the hours
 Of youth, that all too fleetly flow ;
 In spring the fields are decked with flowers,
 And wintry age is capped with snow ;
 And thou art in the spring of being,
 And thou shouldst be as light and gay
 As is the lark when upward fleeing
 To bathe his pinions in the ray
 That calls the bluebell from the meadow,
 And steeps the hill in sultry shadow ;
 That bathes the morning lake in fire
 And tips with gold the village spire.
 I too have felt the hopeless void
 Of pleasures lost when most enjoyed,
 And learned, alas ! that tears are vain
 To wash sad memories from the brain.

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

IN MEDITATION.

This is the picture ? Then, I take
 The free gift from the free.
 ' Like ? '—O most like : " but flattering ? " no !
 ' Too true for flattery.
 That hair is just such doubtful gold,
 Those eyes the same blue-gray,
 As that which round your forehead falls,
 As yours that shift and play ;
 That upper lip's faint, prideful curve,
 That full lip's fire and fear ;
 That tightened nostril's lurking scorn—
 (How pitiless ! how dear !)—
 That fair smooth circle of the head ;
 That white, unwrinkled brow—
 (Just where the woven tresses part,
 A shade, perhaps, too low)—
 That languid eyelash ; that pale cheek,
 A trifle straight and thin,
 Strong in its coldness, strangely weak,
 There sloping towards the chin ;
 Those eyelids lightly lined with thought,
 But seldom worn with tears ;
 And those inexorable curls
 Behind the jewelled ears—
 They live—it breathes—your soul is here,
 Ay, madam, clear and plain ;
 And gaining from your slender hand
 This image bright, I gain
 Indeed your heart's true love . . . clink ! clash !
 Ah ! there amid my weal
 I cast it from me—thus, thus, thus
 To grind it with my heel.

GEORGE F. ARMSTRONG.

MISSING.

A little old house on a hill ;
 Behind it tall pines, and before
 The white drift of sea to the shore.

Across the night shadows the trill
 Of a bird ; and the tender and sweet
 Love-sigh of the grass at my feet.

O little old house on the hill,
 Where is she, who, in sunshine and snow,
 Dwelt here in the years long ago ?

Beyond the wide sea, and the shrill
 Cry of winds, one hath borne her afar,
 And high above us as yon star.

O little old house on the hill,
 Sweet her eyes, and how splendid and fair
 The rippled gold float of her hair.

Doth love in her heart hold us still ?—
 Ah ! the night, how it darkens and grows chill,
 O little old house on the hill !

MINNIE GILMORE.

SYMPATHIES.

Green vine ! low trailing thro' the tangled grass,
 Yet clasping nought by which thy tendrils pass,
 Say, whither tendest thou ?

" Towards yonder grand, wide reaching stately
 tree.

Long years I strive ; there shall my resting be,
 Not here, nor now ;

There shall I cling, and to the sun uprear,
 After my nature, fruitage ripe and fair
 Clustered on every bough ! "

O earnest vine, this life of mine
 Hath a goal and a shrine, like thee !

Bright bird, swift cleaving thro' the autumn air,
 Silent and lonely, tell me why and where

Thou wing'st thy eager flight ?

" Far, far beyond the blue and shining sea
 Lies a fair land, earth's only home for me,
 Glowing in southern light ;

There shall I dwell, there pour forth all my song,
 Buried within my panting heart so long—

A song of strong delight ! "

O bird, my breast hath a wild unrest,
 And an utterance-quest, like thee !

Brown sailor, dreaming in thy drifting bark,
Why o'er the ocean, trackless, wide and dark
Sallest thou night and day?

"The storm-blast tore me from a tranquil shore,
And billows tossed me since, whose angry roar
Scareth my joys away;

But I will steer me to a calmer sea,
Where lies a flowery islet, lone and free,
And anchor there for aye!"

O sailor bold, 'mid Life's ocean cold
My heart craveth a hold like thee!

Tired pilgrim, resting in the date-tree's shade,
The sun is up; why is thy step delayed?
Why dost thou linger here?

'Weary and hot the waste I've travelled o'er,
As hot and weary lies the waste before,
Unknown, and full of fear; [cree,
Rich fruits are scattered here, by Heaven's de-
And wells of silvery light flow bounteously,
Deep springing, cool and clear."

Then rest thee a space;—I too, 'mid the waste,
Have found a bright place, like thee!

OLIVIA KNIGHT CONNOLLY.

BONNIE TWINKLIN' STARNIES.

Bonnie twinklin' starnies!

Sae gentle and sae bright—
Ye woo me and ye win me
With your soft and silver light.

Now, peepin' o'er the mountain—

Now glintin' in the streams—

Now kissin' the red heather-bell

All with your winsome beams.

Bonnie twinklin' starnies!

Sae gentle and sae bright—

Ye woo me and ye win me

With your soft and silver light.

Bonnie twinklin' starnies!

When gloamin' sheds its tinge,

And strings the crystal dew-drop

Around the gowan's fringe—

How often do I linger,

With keen and anxious eye,

To watch your bonnie faces

Come glintin' frae the sky.

Starnies! twinklin' starnies! etc.

Bonnie twinklin' starnies!

Bright guardians of the skies—

How can we dream of wickedness

Beneath your sleepless eyes?

Cold and pulseless is the heart,

And deeply fraught with guile,

That does na feel the "lowe o' love,"

When ye look down and smile.

Bonnie twinklin' starnies! etc.

JAMES MCKOWEN.

ROSES AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

In my garden it is night-time,
But a still time and a bright time,
For the moon rains down her splendor,
And my garden feels the wonder
Of the spell which it lies under
In that light so soft and tender.

While the moon her watch is keeping
All the blossoms here are sleeping
And the roses sigh for dreaming
Of the bees that love to love them
When the warm sun shines above them,
And the butterflies pass gleaming.

Could one follow roses' fancies,
When the night the garden trances,
Oh, what fair things we should chance on!

For to lilies and to roses,

As to us, soft sleep discloses

What the waking may not glance on.

But hark! now across the moonlight,
Through the warmth of the June night,
From the tall trees' listening branches
Comes the sound, sustained and holy,
Of the passionate melancholy,
Of a wound which singing stanches.

Oh, the ecstasy of sorrow
Which the music seems to borrow
From the thought of some past lover
Who loved vainly all his lifetime.
Till death ended peace and strife-time,
And the darkness clothed him over!

Oh, the passionate, sweet singing,
Aching, gushing, throbbing, ringing,
Dying in divine, soft closes,
Recommencing, waxing stronger,
Sweet notes, ever sweeter, longer,
Till the singing wakes the roses!

Quoth the roses to the singer:
"Oh, thou dearest music-bringer,
Now our sleep so sweetly endeth,
Tell us why *thy* song so sad seems,
When the air is full of glad dreams,
And the bright moon o'er us bendeth."

Sang the singer to the roses :
 " Love for you my song discloses,
 Hence the note of grief it borrows."
 Quoth the roses, " Love means pleasure."
 Quoth the singer, " Love's best measure
 Is its pure attendant sorrows."

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

WITHERED FLOWERS.

Hidden away from others' sight,
 Tied softly round with ribbon white,
 I keep a few poor withered flowers,
 Dead children of June's sunny hours.
 They were the sweet gift of a friend—
 With every leaf dear mem'ries blend.
 How could I throw my flowers away?
She wore them on her bridal day.

I touch them tenderly as though
 They lived and blushed in summer's glow;
 Dried leaves, they wear for me a hue
 Brighter than roses gemmed with dew.
 I prize them for the giver's sake;
 I prize them for the thoughts they wake;
 Remembrance makes December May—
 I cannot throw my flowers away.

Bright orange flowers, green maidenhair,
 Their fragrance filled the house of prayer;
 Of one great joy they were a part—
 Small things bring sunshine to the heart.
 There is no beauty in them now,
 Fast crumbling into dust—but how
 Could I despise them in decay?
She wore them on her bridal day.

HELENA CALLANAN.

THE LONELY FLOWER.

I saw upon a ruin bare,
 A little wall flower growing,
 There was no ivy creeping there,
 No other blossom blowing;
 But when the wind did rise and fall,
 And all was wildly swaying,
 Then wide around the broken wall
 Came sweetest perfume straying.

I know within our village street
 An old man, bowed and hoary;
 Sons he has had, and daughters sweet,
 And days of strength and glory.

But they have gone and left him here,
 In loneliness and blindness,
 With but one little grandchild dear,
 To soothe him with her kindness.

She leads him on, by field and lane,
 The paths he likes to wander;
 She asks him o'er and o'er again
 The tales he loves to ponder;
 And still she heareth all he says,
 And still her bright eye glistens,
 He knows it by the hand she lays
 In his hand while she listens.

'Twas sweet upon that ruin wild,
 To find the wall-flower springing,
 But sweeter far that gentle child.
 Around the old man clinging.
 Mid broken hopes, and cares, and fears,
 She stands in lonely beauty,
 And brightens all his waning years
 With her dear love and duty.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose,
 That opens to the morning sky,
 But ere the shades of evening close,
 Is scattered on the ground—to die.
 Yet on the rose's humble bed
 The sweetest dews of night are shed,
 As if she wept the waste to see,—
 But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf,
 That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
 Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
 Restless—and soon 'twill pass away.
 Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
 The parent tree will mourn its shade,
 The winds bewail the leafless tree,
 But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
 Have left on Tampa's burning strand;
 Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
 All trace will vanish from the sand;
 Yet, as if grieving to efface
 All vestige of the human race,
 On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
 But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

JUST ASLEEP.

For a space the shadows lift now,
 Now that we are nearly met;
 By what windings shall we drift now,
 To what shore our keel be set?
 Dearest sleep, so long denied me,
 To what region wilt thou guide me?

Let us leave behind old sorrow,
 In the room where Death has been;
 Let it bide there till to-morrow,
 Let it stalk of no man seen,
 Though to-morrow it will find me,
 Yet to-night 'twill stay behind me.

Yes, to-morrow, iron-hearted
 As the heart of all my days,
 We shall be no longer parted,
 No more travelling by strange ways;
 But together, whom forever
 Death alone can really sever.

Wilt thou show me fair dream spaces
 Where my dead ones do not seem
 Dead with dust upon their faces
 Underground where comes no dream,
 But with living lips to cheer me,
 And with ears that love to hear me?

Wilt thou take me to the shining
 Happy, precious, fleeting past,
 When the heart had no divining
 Of what life could be at last,
 Driven out of all its courses,
 Beaten back by viewless forces?

From the terror and the passion
 And the loneliness and strife,
 Take me in soft, tender fashion
 To the old sequestered life;
 Let me move in the old places,
 Let me look on the old faces.

Close against thy deep heart press me
 Till thine inmost soul I see,
 With thy loveliness caress me,
 Who am tired of all that be;
 So, beloved, till the morrow
 There shall be no thought of sorrow.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

A DEDICATION.

My land, my Erin, can we sing of thee,
 Save in that music ringing thro' thy vales,
 And thro' thy people's hearts—how bold and free,

How sadly like a Rachel's piteous wails,
 Dying in anguish, faintly, brokenly,
 With more of woe than all a poet's tales?

Thy music is thy speech: so half in fear
 I link this story now in rhythmic law,
 And miss in words that plaintive warble, clear
 And dreamful, which first woke my soul with awe,
 And thrilled it into motion, as a mere
 Is rippled weirdly by a mountain flaw.

EDMUND J. ARMSTRONG.

OH! SAY NOT THAT.

Oh! say not that my heart is cold
 To aught that once could warm it,
 That nature's form, so dear of old,
 No more has power to charm it;
 Or that th' ungenerous world can chill
 One glow of fond emotion
 For those who made it dearer still,
 And shared its wild devotion.

Still oft those solemn scenes I view
 In rapt and dreamy sadness;
 Oft look on those who loved them too
 With fancy's idle gladness.
 Again I long to view the light
 In nature's features glowing,
 Again to tread the mountain's height,
 And taste the soul's o'erflowing.

Stern duty rose and frowning flung
 Her leaden chain around me;
 With iron look and sullen tongue
 He muttered as he bound me:—
 The mountain breeze, the boundless heaven
 Unfit for toil the creature;
 These for the free alone are given,
 But what have slaves with nature?

CHARLES WOLFE.

GOOD MORNING.

The willows droop along the Nore,
 And bow down o'er its flowing,
 And blossoms paint its winding shore,
 'Mid summer perfumes glowing;
 And sunbeams smile, and bright birds sing,
 Like flowers the sky adorning,
 And bending down upon the wing,
 They bid my love—"Good morning!"
 Good morning—Good morning!
 As if with sweet and lyric string,
 They bid my love good morning.

The breezes blow along the Nore,
 'Mid teeming fruit-trees creeping,
 As if to whisper fairy lore
 Where loneliness is sleeping;
 Upon their lips are perfumed sighs
 That give the senses warning,
 As gently roving through the skies,
 They bid my love—"Good morning!"
 Good morning—Good morning!
 As if with magic melodies,
 They bid my love good morning.

The swallows swoop along the Nore,
 And dip their bosoms, gliding;
 As if some joyous news they bore,
 And wanted in their priding;
 As if were theirs both time and tide,
 For heeding or for scorning;
 But in their speed, and in their pride,
 They bid my love—"Good morning!"
 Good morning—Good morning!
 Yes, whilst they mock at road or guide,
 They bid my love good morning.

JOHN T. CAMPION.

ON THE LAKE.

Swift o'er the lake the light boat moves,
 With Youth and Beauty freighted,
 Past shrubby headlands, floral coves,
 So picturesquely mated,—
 Past rustic houses on the shore,
 And lovers roving, resting,
 And children gath'ring more and more,
 The slopes and arches cresting.

The sky is of a cloudless blue,
 The waters ripple brightly;
 The boatman dips his paddles true—
 They sparkling rise, and lightly;
 And now in sunshine, now in shade,
 While gliding hither, thither,
 Sweet Youth and Beauty, heaven-made,
 A heaven make together!

Anon they step upon the land,
 A land of summer-glory;
 No blight before, on either hand,
 No scenes decayed or hoary;
 But all is green, and grand, and bright,
 And Youth and Beauty roaming
 Down od'rous dale, up healthful height,
 Rejoice until the gloaming.

WILLIAM J. MCCLURE.

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

"What meanest thou, O fresh spring wind,
 Whistling so cheerily?
 Why at yon sunny nursery-blind
 Singest so merrily?"
 "In yon fair room a babe is born;
 I sing to greet the merry morn."
 "What meanest thou, O summer wind,
 That thou dost breathe so low?
 What burden bearest on thy mind?
 What secret none may know?"
 "Beneath yon spreading chestnut-bough
 Two lovers breathe a solemn vow."
 "What meanest thou, O autumn wind,
 Moaning so drearily?
 Why at yon muffled window-blind
 Wailest so wearily?"
 "Death's anguish rends a mourner's breast;
 She wails for sleep—she moans for rest."
 "What meanest thou, O winter wind,
 Striding so mightily?
 What secret rapture dost thou find
 Rending the cloud-cast sky?"
 "From earth this night a soul is riven:
 I roll the clouds away from heaven."

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

IN ARCADY.

I wandered in Arcadia's dreamful realm
 When dew of morning lay upon the world,
 And in it every floweret was empearled
 By that bright sun of promise whose sweet rays
 Lightened with life of love and beauty all my days.

There rippling rills the daisies overwhelm,
 That skirt the shores of the enameled mead;
 There Pan blew music from the oaten reed,
 And all the chorus of the Nymphs and Fauns
 Gleamed in the mazy dance on those enchanted
 lawns.

Adown the joyous pathway of the past
 A glory fell, that filled the hours with pride;
 For lo! one came more fair than Tithon's bride,
 And her white brow was love's imperial shrine,
 While nameless grace was blent in face and form
 divine.

Her witching words an echoing cadence cast,
 Blown from the harp Æolian of the soul
 To chords of mine, she erstwhile did control
 In that auroral prime; and when she smiled,
 Lilies and maribelles bloomed forth upon the wild.

Yet, like a running river in the hand,
 These visions of a fair dissolving view
 Elapse, nor will they ever more be true
 Till Memory, the enchanter, lifts the screen,
 And swiftly backward glide the glittering years
 between.

Life is the thinker's thought; then, golden land,
 Where Love hung on the rosy lips of Youth,
 They who have quaffed thy magic wells of
 truth,

Still by thy singing streams will aye sojourn :—
 Return, Arcadian days!—Arcadian hours, return!

ROWLAND B. MAHANY.

THE GATES OF DREAMS.

Where memory's silver ripples flow
 O'er golden sands of recollection;
 Where fairy shapes in visions glow
 And murmuring voices, sweet and low,
 Float from the realms of long ago,
 To lend the scene perfection;
 In border lands of pure delight,
 Of rainbow day, and sapphire night,
 Imagination's rosy beams
 Fall on the golden gates of dreams.

ROWLAND B. MAHANY.

A DREAM.

One night I dreamt of a happy valley,
 Where came not Winter with frost or snow,
 Where sunlight gilded each verdurous alley,
 Touching each leaf with a golden glow;
 The gay-plumed song-birds in troops together,
 Each bright-hued feather a spot of light.
 Sang gay sweet chants to the fair, calm weather
 From rosiest dawn till the purple night.

Daintiest blossoms, deep-hued and tender,
 Shone thro' the grasses, all emerald green;
 Delicate fern-fronds, tall and slender,
 Hung over a rivulet passing between;
 Silvery its flowing, and cool its plashing.
 Its soft drops dashing a pearly shower
 O'er thirsty flowerets, and merrily splashing
 The brown bee seeking his honey dower.

Roses, crimson, snow-white and creamy,
 Their passionate sweetness displayed to view,
 Bearing, each in its gold heart dreamy,
 Odorous vapors distilled with dew.

Queenly lilies, pallid and saintly,
 Quivering faintly as south-winds pass,
 Their silvery whiteness contrasting quaintly
 With pansies purple, amid the grass.

But, ah! my vision has passed, not knowing:
 Alas! that roses should ever pale,
 That white of lily should lose its glowing,
 That golden sunlight should fade and fail.
 Ah me! that ever such sweetest seeming
 Should be but dreaming of winter night,
 Only to wake to the gray dawn, deeming
 Its coming colder for so much light.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

A DAY DREAM.

On a sunny brac, alone I lay,
 One summer afternoon;
 It was the marriage-time of May
 With her young lover June.
 From her mother's heart seemed loath to part
 That queen of bridal charms,
 But her father smiled on the fairest child
 He e'er held in his arms.

The trees did wave their plumed crests,
 The glad birds caroled clear;
 And I, of all the wedding guests,
 Was only sullen there.
 There was not one but wished to shun
 My aspect void of cheer;
 The very gray rocks, looking on,
 Asked, "What do you do here?"

And I could utter no reply;
 In sooth I did not know
 Why I had brought a clouded brow
 To meet the general glow.
 So, resting on a heathy bank,
 I took my heart to me,
 And we together sadly sank
 Into a reverie.

We thought, "When winter comes again,
 Where will these bright things be?
 All vanished, like a vision vain,
 An unreal mockery.
 The birds that now so blithely sing,
 Through deserts, frozen dry,
 Poor spectres of the perished spring,
 In famished troops will fly.

"And why should we be glad at all?

The leaf is hardly green
Before a token of its fall
Is on the surface seen."

Now, whether it were really so,

I never could be sure,

But as in fit of peevish woe

I stretched me on the moor,

A thousand thousand gleaming fires

Seemed kindling in the air;

A thousand thousand silvery lyres

Resounded far and near:

Methought the very air I breathed

Was full of sparks divine,

And all my heather-couch was wreathed

By that celestial shine?

And while the wide earth echoing rung

To their strange minstrelsy,

The little glittering spirits sung,

Or seemed to sing, to me.

"O mortal! mortal! let them die;

Let time and tears destroy,

That we may overflow the sky

With universal joy!

"Let grief distract the sufferer's breast,

And night obscure his way;

They hasten him to endless rest,

And everlasting day.

To thee the world is like a tomb,

A desert's naked shore;

To us in unimagined bloom

It brightens more and more!

"And, could we lift the veil and give

One brief glimpse to thine eye,

Thou wouldst rejoice for those that live,

Because they live to die."

The music ceased; the noonday dream,

Like dream of night, withdrew;

But fancy still will sometimes deem

Her fond creations true.

EMILY BRONTE.

THE FOUNT OF CASTALY.

I would the fount of Castaly

Had never wet my lips;

For woe to him that hastily

Its sacred water sips!

Apollo's laurel flourishes

Above that stream divine;

Its secret virtue nourishes

The leaves of love and wine.

No naiad, faun, or nereid

Preserves its haunts in charge,

Or watches o'er the myriad

Of flowers about its marge.

But aye around the caves of it

The muses chant their spells,

And charm the very waves of it,

As out the fountain wells.

Its joyous tide leaps crystallly

Up 'neath the crystal moon,

And falling ever mistily

The sparkling drops keep tune.

The wavelets circle gleamly,

With lilies keeping tryst;

Fair emeralds glisten dreamily

Below, and amethyst.

Once taste that fountain's witchery

On old Parnassus' crown,

And to this world of treachery,

Ah, never more come down!

Your joy will be to think of it;

'Twill ever haunt your dreams;

You'll thirst again to drink of it

Among a thousand streams.

JOSEPH O'CONNOR.

THE POET.

The poet passed through the busy ways

Where wealth and power dwell,

And his dreamy eyes, far-absent gaze

On many a sorrow fell;

Around his path—unseen—unheard,

By the onward-straining crowd—

Wept loveliness that grief had seared,

And youth that pain had bowed.

But his wandering soul was far away

In the happy land of dreams,

Where the silver-crested wavelets play

In the sunlight's golden gleams,

And verdant knolls and sunny slopes

In long perspective rise,

To where the purple mountain-tops

Are merged in summer skies.

The poet stood in the bright saloons
 Where mirth and pleasure shine,
 The walls were wreathed with gay festoons,
 And the goblets foamed with wine;
 Yet he stood alone 'mid the surging throng—
 A moon in a troubled sky—
 While the swell of many a blithesome song
 Unheeded passed him by.

For his soul was wandering far away
 In the sunny land of dreams,
 And he heard but the wildwood's breezy lay,
 And the murmur of falling streams;—
 He heard but the song of happy birds
 In joyous concert there,
 And the swelling ocean's solemn chords
 Far borne on the quivering air.

The poet loved, but he loved in vain,
 Of fancies his hopes were wove;
 For alas! he had naught but his wayward strain
 And his hidden store of love.
 And so, like the color of sunset skies,
 His life-joy ebbed away,
 And the tender light in his eager eyes
 Grew fainter day by day.
 Ah! wearily, wearily waned the years
 Till the tardy end drew nigh,
 But a loving God dispelled his tears,
 As the shadow of death stood by;
 For he saw far away in the golden even
 The fields of glory stand;
 And he cried aloud, for the dawning Heaven
 Was his own old Wonderland.

EDWARD HARDING.

AT PARTING.

I put my flower of song into thy hand
 And turn my eyes away;
 It is a flower from a most desolate land,
 Barren of sun and day,
 Even this life of mine.
 As two who meet upon a foreign strand,
 'Twas mine with thee to stay;
 I put this flower of song into thy hand,
 And turn my eyes away,
 And look where no lights shine.
 By phantom wings this desolate air seems fanned,
 Where sky and sea show gray;
 I put my flower of song into thy hand,
 And turn my eyes away;
 But to no other shrine.

My hopes are like a little Christian band
 The heathen came to slay;
 I put this flower of song into thy hand,
 And turn my eyes away;
 Keep thou the song in sign.

Some day, it may be, thou by me shalt stand,
 When no words my lips say,
 And, holding then this song-flower in thy hand,
 Shalt turn thy eyes away,
 And drop pure tears divine.
 We part at fate's inexorable command;
 We part to meet no day;
 I put my flower of song into thy hand,
 And turn my eyes away—
 These eyes that burn and pine.

Thy way leads summerward, thy paths are
 spanned
 By boughs where spring winds play;
 I put my flower of song into thy hand,
 And turn my eyes away
 To life's dark boundary line. [bland,
 Fair are thy groves, thy fields are bright and
 Where exile has no sway;
 I put my flower of song into thy hand,
 And turn my eyes away,
 To meet Fate's eyes malign.

Sometimes when twilight holds and fills the land,
 And glad souls are less gay,
 Take thou this song-flower in thy tender hand,
 Nor waste one glance upon his state forlorn;
 There in the day's decline.
 My life lies dark before me, all unplanned;
 Loud winds assail the day;
 I leave my song-flower folded in thy hand,
 And turn my eyes away,
 And turn my life from thine.

PHILIP HOURKE MARSTON.

THE PLEASURES OF POESY.

Rail as ye list, ye minions of decay,
 And ban the wight for other ages born;
 Wave the pined minstrel from your gate away,
 Nor waste one glance upon his state forlorn;
 You cannot close the portals of the morn,
 When the fair Dawn first opes her dewy eye;
 Your mandate cannot hush the vocal thorn,
 Embitter frolic Zephyr's fragrant sigh,
 Or chase gay evening down the many-colored sky.

Nor may you of their gorgeous garb deprive
The flowery tribe that gem the woodland waste;
Nor mar the murmurs of the honeyed hive;
Nor will, by your vain menace, be effaced
The various tints, in bright embroidery traced
By fancy's touch, that fringe the purple cloud;
Tho' little by your vaunted presence graced,
The thrush will twitter from his leafy shroud,
And tell the babbling brook his amorous pain
aloud.

Free o'er the furze-clad hill of yellow bloom,
My devious step may wander, unconfined,
Nor miss the tissue labors of the loom,
Fumed by the incense of the western wind.
My nature will no courtly shackles bind,
No servile flattery, varnished o'er with art;
While, on yon mountain's misty summit shrined,
Majestic sitting from the world apart,
I to great Nature pour the homage of my heart.

To airy regions may my spirit roam,
Wafted on wild Imagination's wing;
There can I find and fix my viewless home,
And reign o'er magic realms creative king;
And while soft breezes sweep th' Eolian string,
Or the loud tempest swells the bolder base,
Bid my slight servants nectared banquets bring,
And laughing at the little pomp of place, [space,
Triumphant raise my throne o'er time and bounded

Then wail not, Genius, thy unworthy lot,
Where'er thou sadly shrink'st from sight profane;
Thy patient labors shall not be forgot,
Nor lost the influence of thy lofty strain.
From glory's nodding crest, of crimson stain,
The laurel shall forsake its seat sublime,
The prostrate column load the groaning plain;
While rising o'er the wreck, thy sacred rhyme
Shall fire to noble deeds the sons of future time.

THOMAS DERMODY.

HEARTH SONG.

Spirit of the half-closed eyes
Pacing to a drowsy tune,
Come to me ere midnight wanes,
Come with all thy dreamy trains,
Scattering o'er me poppy rains;
Dropping me 'mid weary sighs
Deep into a feathered swoon.
Leave thy odorous bed an hour—
Leave thy ebon-curtained bower—
Leave thy cavern to the moon.

Lowly burns the whitened hearth,
Slowly turns the quiet earth;
Now the woods and skies are dumb,
In the dizzy midnight hum,
Come to me, sweet phantom, come.

Hidden in the folded gray
Of thy garment, bear the urn
Full of Lethe's unsunned streams;
Bring the flowers that live in dreams,
Bring the boy* who often seems
O'er the earth with me to stray,
When the weary planets burn,
In a cloud of shifting light,
Thro' the hollow life of night
Mimicking the scenes of day:
Ye are coming nigher, nigher,
With my song I seem to tire.
I can hear thy spirit's hymn
Round my faint ear's closing rim,—
Ye are coming, phantoms dim.

THOMAS C. IRWIN.

THE ANGEL OF POETRY.

TO LETITIA E. LANDON.

Lady! for thee a holier key shall harmonize the
chord,—
In Heaven's defence Omnipotence drew an
avenging sword;
But when the bolt had crushed revolt, one angel,
though fair and frail,
Retained his lute, fond attribute! to charm that
gloomy vale.
The lyre he kept his wild hand swept; the music
he'd awaken
Would sweetly thrill from the lonely hill where
he sat apart forsaken;
There he'd lament his banishment, his thoughts
to grief abandon,
And weep his full.—'Twas pitiful to see him
weep, fair Landon!

He wept his fault! Hell's gloomy vault grew
vocal with his song;
But all throughout, derision's shout burst from
the guilty throng.
God pitying viewed his fortitude in that unhal-
lowed den;
Freed him from hell, but bade him dwell amid
the sons of men.

* Morpheus.

Lady! for us, an exile thus, immortal Poesy
Came upon earth, and lutes gave birth to sweet-
est minstrelsy;

And poets wrought their spell-words, taught by
that angelic mind,

And music lent soft blandishment to fascinate
mankind.

Religion rose! man sought repose in the shadow
of her wings;

Music for her walked harbinger, and genius
touched the strings:

Tears from the tree of Araby cast on her altar
burned,

But earth and wave most fragrance gave where
Poetry sojourned.

Vainly, with hate inveterate, hell labored in its
rage,

To persecute that angel's lute, and cross his
pilgrimage;

Unmoved and calm, his songs poured balm on
sorrow all the while;

Vice he unmasked, but virtue basked in the radi-
ance of his smile.

Oh, where, among the fair and young, or in
what kingly court,

In what gay path where pleasure hath her favor-
ite resort,

Where hast thou gone, angelic one? Back to
thy native skies?

Or dost thou dwell in cloistered cell, in pensive
hermit's guise?

Methinks I ken a denizen of this, our island—
nay,

Leave me to guess, fair poetess, queen of the
matchless lay!

The thrilling line, lady! is thine; the spirit pure
and free;

And England views that angel muse, Landon!
revealed in THEE!

FRANCIS S. MAHONY.

SING THE OLD SONG.

Sing the old song, amid the sounds dispersing
That burden treasured in your hearts too long;

Sing it with voice low-breathed, but never
name her:

She will not hear you, in her turrets nursing
High thoughts, too high to mate with mortal
song—

Bend o'er her, gentle heaven, but do not claim
her!

In twilight caves, and secret lonelinesses,
She shades the bloom of her unearthly days;

The forest winds alone approach to woo her.
Far off we catch the dark gleam of her tresses;
And wild birds haunt the wood-walks where she
strays,

Intelligible music warbling to her.

That spirit charged to follow and defend her,
He also, doubtless, suffers this love-pain;

And she perhaps is sad, hearing his sighing.
And yet that face is not so sad as tender;
Like some sweet singer's, when her sweetest
strain

From the heaved heart is gradually dying.

AUBREY DE VERE.

PROSE AND SONG.

I looked upon a plain of green

That some one called the land of prose,
Where many living things were seen.
In movement or repose.

I looked upon a stately hill

That well was named the mount of song,
Where golden shadows dwelt at will,
The woods and streams among.

But most this fact my wonder bred,

Though known by all the nobly wise,—
It was the mountain streams that fed
The fair green plain's amenities.

JOHN STERLING.

SPIRIT OF SONG.

Spirit of Song! that, in the elder time,
Mysterious dwelling far beyond the eye
Of vision unethereal, throned sublime,
Held'st near the golden chambers of the sky,
O'er Pindus ample or Olympus high,
Not widely were thy inspirations then
Bequeathed; for then thou did'st the gift deny
Of sacred song, save to the wondrous men—
The eremites of Soul, by thoughtful grove and
glen.

Then was thy kindling influence confined
Within the precincts of the classic East:
But in that olden empire of the Mind,
She spreads no longer now th' exclusive feast.

In charmed Castaly, her song has ceased :
The fruitage offerings of the Delphic bowers
Are consecrated not, by Delphos' priest,
Now to the bard of Thebes : from Athens'
towers,

No shout of Freedom now rings to the circling
hours !

But where the burning Occident unfolds
Her mountains high and inland oceans vast,
Where Liberty her chosen realm beholds,
And hears her songs arise on every blast,
As by Eurotas sung in ages past ;
Spirit of Song ! into that kindred clime—
For, thou with Liberty deep kindred hast—
Did'st thou advance to meet the march of Time
And inspiration breathe, exaltingly sublime.

JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

THE SPIRIT OF IRISH SONG.

Loved land of the bards and saints ! to me
There's naught so dear as thy minstrelsy ;
Bright is Nature in every dress,
Rich in unborrowed loveliness,
Winning in every shape she wears ;
Winning she is in thine own sweet airs.

What to the spirit more cheering can be
Than the lay whose lingering notes recall
The thoughts of the holy, the fair, the free,
Beloved in life, or deplored in their fall !
Fling, fling the forms of art aside,—
Dull is the ear that these forms enthrall ;
Let the simple songs of our sires be tried,—
They go to the heart, and the heart is all !

THOMAS FURLONG.

ON SONGS.

Oh ! tender songs !

Heart-heavings of the breast, that longs
Its best beloved to meet ;
You tell of youth's delightful hours,
Of meetings amid jasmine bowers,
And vows, like perfume of young flowers,
As fleeting, but more sweet.

Oh ! glorious songs !

That rouse the brave 'gainst tyrants' wrongs,
Resounding near and far ;
Mingled with trumpet and with drum,
Your spirit-stirring summons come,
And urge the hero from his home.
And arm him for the war.

Oh ! mournful songs !

When sorrow's hosts, in gloomy throngs,
Assail the widowed heart,
You sing, in softly soothing strain,
The praise of those whom death hath ta'en,
And tell that we shall meet again,
And meet no more to part.

Oh ! lovely songs !

Breathings of heaven, to you belongs
The empire of the heart ;
Enthroned in memory, still reign
O'er minds of prince, and peer, and swain,
With gentle power, that knows not wane
Till thought and life depart.

THOMAS DERMODY.

WAKE ME A SONG.

Out of the silences wake me a song,
Beautiful, sad, and soft, and low ;
Let the loveliest music sound along,
And wing each note with a wail of woe.
Dim and drear
As hope's last tear,

Out of the silences wake me a hymn,
Whose sounds are like shadows soft and dim.

Out of the stillness in your heart—
A thousand songs are sleeping there,—
Wake me a song, thou child of art !—
The song of a hope in a last despair,
Dark and low,
A chant of woe,
Out of the stillness, tone by tone,
Cold as a snow-flake, low as a moan.

Out of the darkness flash me a song,
Brightly dark and darkly bright ;
Let it sweep as a lone star sweeps along
The mystical shadows of the night.
Sing it sweetly,
Where nothing is drear, or dark, or dim,
And earth song soars into heavenly hymn.

ABRAM J. RYAN.

THE SONGS OF LONG AGO.

Oh, sing to me ; oh, sing again,
Those old familiar lays—
I love each sweet pathetic strain
That breathes of other days.

Well may my heart be deeply moved,
Well may my tears o'erflow—
Those were the songs my *mother* loved—
The songs of long ago!

When winter nights were dark and long,
We'd gather round her knee,
To listen to the thrilling song
Of love and chivalry—
Of noble knights and ladies fair,
Till our young hearts would glow—
Oh, wild and sweet, and wondrous were
Those songs of long ago!

Then sing—for, oh, I love to hear
The songs my mother sung;
Whose echoes many a weary year
Around my heart have hung—
While wafted to me from above,
Her sweet voice, soft and low,
Seems mingling with the music of
Those songs of long ago!

Oh, mother, dear! your songs are still
The sweetest songs to me;
No songs like them my heart can thrill—
No modern melody
Can stir the fountain of my tears,
Until their waters flow,
Like those dear songs of by-gone years—
The songs of long ago!

ELLEN FORRESTER.

THE SONGS OF HOME.

Come, sister, sit by my weary couch
As the day's bright face grows pale,
And sing me one of the sweet old songs
We loved in our native vale;
The present floats like a dream away,
And thoughts of the dear past come;
Fond memories cling round the vanished days,—
Oh, sing me a song of home!

The scenes we loved in our childhood days,
When life was so bright and fair,
Ere Time's rude pencil on heart or brow
Had written a line of care,
Shine brightly in memory's magic glass,
Though far from them now we roam,
As over the lonely heart-strings creep
The strains of a song of home.

What happy evenings long gone by
Do those dear old songs recall,
When the echoes of glad voices rang
From our cheerful cottage wall;
Loved faces far from our sight to-night,
Or moldering in the tomb,
Come back with their old, familiar smiles,
Called forth by the songs of home.

When life's pale lamp has at last gone out,
And our joys and woes have flown,
May we hear the angel choirs that sing
Around the eternal throne;
And, oh, how sweet in those joyous strains
Will the glad notes be that come
From well loved voices that long ago
Sang the dear old songs of home.

MARY A. McMULLIN.

A SONG FROM THE COPTIC.

Quarrels have long been in vogue among sages;
Still, though in many things wranglers and
rancorous,
All the philosopher scribes of all ages
Join, *una voce*, on one point to anchor us.
Here is the gist of their mystified pages,
Here is the wisdom we purchase with gold:—
Children of light, leave the world to its mulish-
ness,
Things to their natures, and fools to their foolish-
ness;
Berries were bitter in forests of old.

Hoary old Merlin, the great necromancer,
Made me, a student, a similar answer,
When I besought him for light and for lore:—
Toiler in vain! leave the world to its mulishness,
Things to their natures, and fools to their foolish-
ness;
Granite was hard in the quarries of yore.

And on the ice-crested heights of Armenia,
And in the valleys of broad Abyssinia,
Still spake the oracle just as before:—
Wouldst thou have peace, leave the world to its
mulishness,
Things to their natures, and fools to their foolish-
ness;
Beetles were blind in the ages of yore.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

—Adapted from Goethe.

THE SONG OF THE GLASS.

Once Genius, and Beauty, and Pleasure,
Sought the goddess of Art in her shrine;
And prayed her to fashion a treasure,
The brightest her skill could combine.
Said the goddess, well pleased at the notion,
"Most gladly I'll work your behest;
From the margin of yonder blue ocean
Let each bring the gift that seems best."

Chorus.

Then push round the flagon, each brother,
But fill bumper-high ere it pass;
And while we hob-nob one another
You'll sing us "The Song of the Glass."

Beauty fetched from her ocean-water
The sea-wraik that lay on the strand;
And Pleasure the golden sands brought her
That he stole from Time's tremulous hand.
But Genius went pondering and choosing,
Where gay shells and sea-flowers shine;
Grasped a sun-lighted wave in his musing,
And found his hand sparkling with brine.
Then push round the flagon, etc.

"'Tis well," said the goddess, as smiling,
Each offering she curiously scanned,
On her altar mysteriously piling
The brine, and the wraik, and the sand;
Mixing up with strange spells as she used them
Salt, kali, and flint in a mass,
With the flame of the lightning she fused them,
And the marvellous compound was—GLASS!
Then push round the flagon, etc.

Beauty glanced at the Crystal, half-frighted,
For stirring with life it was seen;
Till gazing, she blushed all delighted,
As she saw her own image within.
"Henceforth," she exclaimed, "be thou ever
The mirror to Beauty most dear;
Not from steel, or from silver, or river,
Is the reflex so lustrous and clear."
Then push round the flagon, etc.

But Genius the while rent asunder
A fragment, and raising it high,
Looked through it, beholding with wonder
New stars over-clustering the sky.
With rapture he cried, "*Now* is given
To Genius the power divine
To draw down the planets from heaven,
Or roam thro' the stars where they shine!"
Then push round the flagon, etc.

The rest fell to earth—Pleasure caught it;—
Plunged his bowl, ere it cooled, in the mass;
To the form of the wine-cup he wrought it,
And cried, "*Here's the true use of glass!*"
Then leave, boys, the mirror to women—
Through the lens let astronomers blink—
There's no glass half so dear to a true man
As the wine-glass when filled to the brink.
Then push round the flagon, etc.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

THE CRUISKEEN LAUN.

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
And the huntsman praise his hounds,
The shepherd his sweet scented lawn;
While I, more blest than they,
Spend each happy night and day
With my charming little *cruiskeen laun*.
Gra-ma-chree ma cruiskeen,
Slainte-gael ma-courteen.
Gra-ma-chree a coolin baun. baun, baun,
*Gra-ma-chree a coolin baun.**

Immortal and divine,
Great Bacchus, god of wine,
Create me by adoption your son.
In hope that you'll comply,
My glass shall ne'er run dry,
Nor my darling little *cruiskeen laun*.
Gra-ma-chree ma cruiskeen, etc.

And when grim death appears,
After few but happy years,
And tells me my glass it is run,
I'll say, begone, you slave!
For great Bacchus gives me leave
Just to fill another *cruiskeen laun*.
Gra-ma-chree ma cruiskeen, etc.

Then fill your glasses high,
Let's not part with lips adry,
Though the lark now proclaim it is dawn.
And since we can't remain,
May we shortly meet again,
To fill another *cruiskeen laun*.
Gra-ma-chree ma cruiskeen, etc.

ANONYMOUS.

* Literally:—My heart's love is my little jug;
Bright health to my darling;
My heart's love—her fair locks.

THE SINGER.

Ah, my life has grown a song, a song,
 And the throat may not be still,
 It is music, music faint and strong,
 And God must have his will.
 Alack!—the rest of his singers gay
 He hath given them wings for mirth,
 To soar and sing, to whirl and play,
 Over earth and the ways of earth.
 O to flit thro' leaves, to swing on the bough,
 To do as an eagle dare,
 To feel the cool flood catch the brow
 Diving adown the air;
 To leap from the nest in the crag's high crest,
 And drift thro' shower and shine,
 To make of the billow a moonlight pillow,
 To dance and duck in the brine;
 In Autumn days thro' fathomless ways
 Fly to a sunbright south!
 O to cross the plains of the ice and rains,
 And the realms of death and drouth;
 To beat the cloud with a pinion proud
 High over the stormy lands!—
 Is it meet to walk with bruised feet,
 To clamber with bleeding hands?
 Alack! why cannot my soul made free
 To the fields of its God upclimb?—
 Rest thee, rest thee; shall it not be
 In a little, a little time?

GEORGE F. ARMSTRONG.

SINGING AND SIGHING.

When my heart was singing
 All the world sang too,
 Merry laughed the greenwood,
 And the skies were blue;
 In and out, round about, thro' the tasseled corn,
 Golden bees, on the breeze, flew to chase the
 morn,
 And adown the hill-side,
 Through the rocky glen,
 Every rippling streamlet
 Danced and laughed again—
 When my heart was singing.

When my heart was sighing
 All the world was gray,
 Cloud and moaning breezes
 Hid the light away;

Gaunt and bare, thro' the air, rose the barren hill,
 Loud and clear, rising near, piped the locust
 shrill,
 And the gloom without us
 Seemed to find a rest
 In the gathering shadows
 Hidden in my breast,
 When my heart was sighing.

Between song and sighing
 Not a day had flown,
 Not a change had fallen
 Save on me alone;
 Shade or light, dark or bright, from my spirit
 still [or ill;
 Came the bloom, came the gloom, painting good
 So through all the seasons,
 Every day departs,
 Painted with the changes
 Of our changing hearts,
 Sighing thus or singing.

MARY E. BLAKE.

A SONG OF SPRING.

In April's dim and shadowy nights,
 When music melts along the air,
 And Memory wakens at the kiss
 Of wandering perfumes, faint and rare—
 Sweet springtime perfumes, such as won
 Proserpina from realms of gloom,
 To bathe her bright locks in the sun,
 Or bind them with the pansy's bloom,

When light winds rift the fragrant bowers
 Where orchards shed their floral wreath.
 Strewing the turf with starry flowers,
 And dropping pearls at every breath;

When all night long the boughs are stirred
 With fitful warblings from the nest;
 And the heart flutters like a bird
 With its sweet passionate unrest,—

Oh! then, beloved, I think on thee!
 And on that life so strangely fair,
 Ere yet one cloud of memory
 Had gathered in hope's golden air.

I think on thee and thy lone grave
 On the green hillside far away;
 I see the wilding flowers that wave
 Around thee as the night-winds sway;

And still, though only clouds remain
On life's horizon, cold and drear,
The dream of youth returns again,
With the sweet promise of the year.

I linger till night's waning stars
Have ceased to tremble thro' the gloom,
Till through the orient's cloudy bars
I see the rose of morning bloom!

All flushed and radiant with delight,
It opens through earth's stormy skies,
Divinely beautiful and bright,
As on the hills of paradise.

Lo! like a dew-drop on its breast
The morning star of youth and love,
Melting within the rosy east,
Exhales to azure depths above.

My spirit, soaring like a lark,
Would follow on its airy flight,
And, like yon little diamond spark,
Dissolve into the realms of light.

Sweet-missioned star! thy silver beams
Foretell a fairer life to come,
And through the golden gate of dreams
Allure the wandering spirit home.

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

THE MERRIEST BIRD.

The merriest bird on bush or tree
Was Robin of the grove,
When in the jocund spring-time he
Sang to his nesting love;
Unknowing he the art to frame
Methodic numbers vain,
For as each varied feeling came
He wove it in his strain;
With freedom gay
He poured his lay,
While heaved his little breast of fire
To rival all the woodland choir.

Upon a day, a luckless day,
When drove the wintry sleet,
Some urchins limed a willow spray
To catch poor Robin's feet;
They sought, by measured rule and note,
To change his woodland strain:—

Do, re, mi, fa he heeded not—
He never sang again!

His song is o'er;

He sings no more,
Nor knows the genial, kindling thrill
That only freedom's children feel.

You who would dull the poet's fire
With learning of the schools,
Gay fancy's feet with fetters tire,
And give to Genius rules,—
Had bounteous Nature's counsel hung
Upon your will severe,
Tom Moore had ne'er green Erin sung,
Nor Burns the banks of Ayr;
O'er-awed, I ween,
Both bards had been,
Nor dared to strike the simple lute
In your majestic presence mute.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

THE BOHEMIAN'S BALLAD.

The princes and peers have their lands,
The statesmen their bribes and their speeches
The soldiers their bullets and brands,
The doctors their philters and leeches—
We, sons of the fork, have no gear,
We've B's on our chests to make honey;
We sing, and the notes that you hear
Are draughts on demand for your money,
So here's to the fork and the chords!

Lord Mayors have their coaches of state,
And judges black caps and relations,
And toadies the smiles of the great,
And sailors their hemp complications—
We, sons of the palette and brush,
Can tuck 'neath an arm all the lumber
For changing boiled oil into lush,
And melting red gold from raw umber.
So here's to the palette and brush!

The merchants have opium and silk,
The spinners their fans and their fact'ries,
And those who are artists in milk
Their plaster-of-Paris and lact'ries—
We, sons of the pen, have our goods
Afloat on the cranium ichor,
For slaves we have tenses and moods
To fetch us the pipes and the liquor.
So here's to the quill of the goose!

Then fill up our cups to the brim,
 We'll drink to the ladies that love us ;
 Not those we adore on this dim
 Earth here, but those dwelling above us ;
 They feed us with nectar and sighs ;
 They smile when dame Fortune abuses ;
 When tired of the earth through the skies
 Let us fly to our ladies, the Muses,
 So here's to the glorious Nine .

RICHARD DOWLING.

MY VIOLON.

Within my little lonely room
 Where many a crimson evening shines,
 I cheer away the falling gloom
 With songs beneath the casement vines :
 Sweet memories haunt the lingering day
 That hovers o'er each golden sun—
 Each time I play
 Brings back a ray—
 Sing to me, sing, old Violon.

Old friends, your homes in sunset shine,
 The trees around them softly sigh,
 While o'er the rolling distant brine
 You sail from home and poverty ;
 I see your vessel far away,
 I see your faces sad and wan
 Turned where the day
 Sets wild and gray—
 Sing to them, sing, old Violon.

Old books, companions of my youth,
 And friends of age, still brightening earth,
 How oft we've mused above your truth,
 How often smiled upon your mirth !
 Your date recalls the happy years,
 And all who blessed them passed and gone—
 Their smile appears
 'Mid falling tears—
 Sing to them, sing, old Violon !

Companionless amid the days
 I wander in the autumn blast,
 Through fields and trees, and well-known ways,
 The silent scenery of the past.
 Like friends the distant mountains smile,
 O'erflowed by the departing sun—
 A little while,
 A little while,
 Sing to them yet, old Violon.

Yon pale autumnal cloud of white
 Stood in the cold east all day long,
 And in the silent sky to-night
 Under the full moon hears my song.
 My fancy whispers mournfully—
 'Tis some dear spirit beloved and gone,
 Come back to see
 Old earth and me—
 Sing to her, sing, old Violon.

Ah ! soon, sweet friend, thy aged strings
 To stranger fingers shall resound ;
 But, when to thy rich murmurings
 The joyous dancers beat the ground,
 Through the gay window, with the moon,
 I'll look ere mirth and dance be done,
 And list thy tune,
 Though soon, too soon,
 Death wafts me from my Violon.

THOMAS C. IRWIN.

TO THE LYRE.

Weird harp, evoke the scenes of youth,
 The morn of life, the golden hours,
 When reason first expands to truth,
 As to the sun the sleeping flowers,
 The heart, like swallow on the wing,
 The step, like dun-deer in the spring,
 The faith and hope, like vines that cling
 Round ruined towers !

The feast of shells, the royal games,
 The banquet hall, the revelrie ;
 The herald-roll of glorious names ;
 And oh ! recall our country free !
 Or wake the soul-inspiring words
 That swept and swelled thy passion-chords—
 Bold echoes to the clash of swords
 For libertie !

But no, those strains of loftier flight,
 Ah, me ! usurp the bard's control,
 For shadows darker than the night,
 Congeal his heart, oppress his soul !
 The requiem of his land is knelled,
 The spirit broken—never quelled—
 And sorrow cannot be dispelled
 By song or bow !

We've seen her people fearless stand,
 And the avenging hour draw near ;
 Seen the oppressors of the land
 Or fly afar, or pale with fear !

What see we now—bereaven one?
Thy day of resurrection gone,
And thee, betrayed, and leaning on
The broken spear!

Away, ye glowing rhapsodies,
Fond memories of the days of yore!
The echoes of the moaning seas
At midnight over Aileach's shore,
The reeds that murmur by the streams,
The shadows of departed dreams,
Those be thy voices, these thy themes
For evermore!

JOHN BOYLE.

IRISH MUSIC.

Oh, dear old airs of Ireland,
Fresh from the heart you spring!
Oh, grand old airs of Ireland,
Your spell around us fling!
The ear may be untuned, untaught,
The eye unused to glisten!
But yet when these sweet strains arise,
The heart keeps still to listen.

Old airs, old airs, ye raise the dead,
Ye bring the past before me;
The very winds that swept the hills
In youth, are blowing o'er me!
They rustle through the bearded grain,
Amid the trees they dally;
They stir the primrose in the mead,
The shamrock down the valley.

I'm home again: The Irish earth
And Irish sky are meeting,
And these old airs on Irish winds
Go by me like a greeting.
How sweet they are! how grand they are!
How tender and how glowing!
How weirdly sad, how wildly glad,
How full to over-flowing!

With memories of olden days,
With Ireland's grief and glory—
The pride and pathos, love and hate,
That chequer her sad story!

The burning sense of bitter wrong,
The scorn of base compliance,
That flings even in the face of Fate
Its deep and stern defiance!

Ah me! ah me! that fearful wail!
A heart is surely breaking,
And, like the swan, in melody
Its leave of life is taking;
And unto that heart's agony
Mine listened till it grew sick—
Then, tell me not those sighs are notes,
That storm of tears mere music!

Hush, hush! it dies away in sobs,
Grief's tide is ebbing slowly;
But ere the last faint sound is heard—
Ere it has died out wholly—
Bursts forth a strain so wildly gay,
So bubbling o'er with gladness,
It reels like Maenad in her play,
Or Bacchant in his madness;—

A strain that drives off thought and care
As day drives off a spectre,
And fills the heart up to the brim
With pleasure's sparkling nectar.
Then, while each sense is all distraught
With mirth's intoxication,
Rolls out a glorious battle-hymn—
The challenge of a nation!

Tell me not of Italian airs,
To sense, not heart, appealing:
Was ever sound so full of soul,
Or notes so strung with feeling
As in those dear old airs that spring
From passion or devotion,
Or love that hides within the heart,
Like pearls within the ocean?

Old airs, old airs, how faithfully
Each changing mood ye render,—
The sad, the proud, the fierce, the gay,
The martial and the tender!
Fresh are ye as the breeze that sweeps
From Carrick to Kinsale,
And sweet as a hawthorn hedge in bloom,
Old songs of Innisfail!

MARY MULLALLY.

PART VI.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

High on the hill-top
The old king sits ;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleage to Rosses ;
Or going up with music
On cold, starry nights,
To sup with the queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long ;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back
Between the night and morrow ;
They thought she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

"They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true; [Swamp,
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal
Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree
When the footstep of death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds :
His path was rugged and sore ;
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And, when on the earth he sank to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew.

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"O where shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the lake; and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd;—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed for many a night
The name of the death cold maid.

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from the shore;
Far, far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE MAIDS OF ELFIN-MERE.

'Twas when the spinning-room was here,
There came Three Damsels clothed in white,
With their spindles every night;
Two and one, and Three fair Maidens,
Spinning to a pulsing cadence,
Singing songs of Elfin-Mere;
Till the eleventh hour was toll'd,
Then departed through the wold.
Years ago, and years ago;
And the tall reeds sigh as the wind doth blow

Three white Lilies, calm and clear,
And they were loved by every one;
Most of all, the Pastor's son,
Listening to their gentle singing,
Felt his heart go from him, clinging
Round these Maids of Elfin-Mere;
Sued each night to make them stay,
Sadden'd when they went away.
Years ago, and years ago;
And the tall reeds sigh as the wind doth blow.

Hands that shook with love and fear
Dared put back the village clock,—
Flew the spindle, turn'd the rock,
Flow'd the song with subtle rounding,
Till the false "eleven" was sounding;
Then these Maids of Elfin-Mere
Swiftly, softly, left the room,
Like three doves on snowy plume.
Years ago, and years ago;
And the tall reeds sigh as the wind doth blow.

One that night who wander'd near
 Heard lamentings by the shore,
 Saw at dawn three stains of gore
 In the waters fade and dwindle.
 Nevermore with song and spindle
 Saw we Maids of Elfin-Mere.
 The Pastor's Son did pine and die:
 Because true love should never lie,
 Years ago, and years ago;
 And the tall reeds sigh as the wind doth blow.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE DEMON OF THE GIBBET.

There was no west, there was no east,
 No star abroad for eyes to see;
 And Norman spurred his jaded beast
 Hard by the terrible gallows-tree.
 "O, Norman, haste across this waste,—
 For something seems to follow me!"
 "Cheer up, dear Maud, for, thanked be God,
 We nigh have passed the gallows-tree!"
 He kissed her lip: then—spur and whip!
 And fast they fled across the lea!
 But vain the heel, and rowl steel,—
 For something leaped from the gallows-tree!

"Give me your cloak, your knightly cloak,
 That wrapped you oft beyond the sea!
 The wind is bold, my bones are old,
 And I am cold on the gallows-tree,"

"O holy God! O dearest Maud,
 Quick, quick, some prayers—the best that be!
 A bony hand my neck has spanned,
 And tears my knightly cloak from me!"

"Give me your wine,—the red, red wine,
 That in the flask hangs by your knee!
 Ten summers burst on me accurst,
 And I'm athirst on the gallows-tree!"

"O Maud, my life, my loving wife!
 Have you no prayer to set us free?
 My belt unclasps,—a demon grasps,
 And drags my wine-flask from my knee!"

"Give me your bride, your bonnie bride,
 That left her nest with you to flee!
 O she hath flown to be my own,
 For I'm alone on the gallows-tree!"

"Cling closer, Maud, and trust in God!
 Cling close!—Ah, heaven, she slips from me!"
 A prayer, a groan, and he alone
 Rode on that night from the gallows-tree.

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

THE WALKER OF THE SNOW.

Speed on, speed on, good master,
 The camp lies far away;
 We must cross the haunted valley
 Before the close of day.
 How the snow-blight came upon me
 I will tell you as we go,—
 The blight of the shadow-hunter
 Who walks the midnight snow.

To the cold December heaven
 Came the pale moon and the stars
 As the yellow sun was sinking
 Behind the purple bars.
 The snow was deeply drifted
 Upon the ridges drear,
 That lay for miles between me
 And the camp for which we steer.

'Twas silent by the hillside
 And by the sombre wood,
 No sound of life or motion
 To break the solitude,
 Save the wailing of the moose-bird
 With plaintive note and low,
 And the skating of the red leaf
 Upon the frozen snow.

And I said, "though dark is falling,
 And far the camp must be,
 Yet my heart it would be lightsome
 If I had but company."
 And then I sang and shouted,
 Keeping measure as I sped
 To the harp-twang of the snow shoe,
 As it sprang beneath my tread.

Nor far into the valley
 Had I dipped my weary way
 When a dusky figure joined me
 In a capuchin of gray,
 Bending upon the snow shoes
 With a long and limber stride,
 And I hailed the dusky stranger
 As we travelled side by side.

But no token of communion
 Gave he by word or look,
 And the fear-chill came upon me
 At the crossing of the brook.
 For I saw by the sickly moonlight,
 As I followed, bending low,
 That the walking of the stranger
 Left no footmarks on the snow.
 Then the fear-chill gathered o'er me
 Like a shroud around me cast,
 And I sank upon the snowdrift
 Where the shadow-hunter passed.
 And the otter-hunters found me
 Before the break of day
 With my dark hair blanched and whitened—
 As the snow on which I lay.

But they spoke not as they raised me,
 For they knew that in the night
 I had seen the shadow-hunter,
 And had withered in his blight.
 Sancta Maria speed us!
 The sun is falling low—
 Before us lies the valley
 Of the Walker of the Snow.

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

To Rathlin's Isle * I chanced to sail
 When summer breezes softly blew,
 And there I heard so sweet a tale,
 That oft I wished it could be true.
 They said, at eve, when rude winds sleep,
 And hushed is every turbid swell,
 A mermaid rises from the deep,
 And sweetly tunes her magic shell.
 And while she plays, rock, dell, and cave
 In dying falls the sound retrain,
 As if some choral spirits gave
 Their aid to swell her witching strain;
 Then, summoned by that dulcet note,
 Uprising to th' admiring view,
 A fairy island seems to float,
 With tints of many a gorgeous hue.
 And glittering fanes, and lofty towers,
 All on this fairy isle are seen;
 And waving trees, and shady bowers,
 With more than mortal verdure green.

* Off the north coast of Antrim.

And as it moves, the western sky
 Glows with a thousand varying rays;
 And the calm sea, tinged with each dye,
 Seems like a golden flood of blaze.

They also say, if earth or stone,
 From verdant Erin's hallowed land,
 Were on this magic island thrown,
 For ever fixed it then would stand.
 But when for this some little boat
 In silence ventures from the shore,
 The mermaid sinks, hushed is the note,
 The fairy isle is seen no more,

ANONYMOUS.

THE ISLE OF THE BLEST.

On the ocean that hollows the rocks where ye
 dwell,
 A shadowy land has appeared, as they tell:
 Men thought it a region of sunshine and rest,
 And they called it *Hy-Brasail*, the isle of the
 blest;
 From year unto year, on the ocean's blue rim,
 The beautiful spectre showed lovely and dim;
 The golden clouds curtained the deep where it
 lay,
 And it looked like an Eden, away, far away!

A peasant who heard of the wonderful tale,
 In the breeze of the Orient loosened his sail;
 From Ara, the holy, he turned to the west,
 For though Ara was holy, *Hy-Brasail* was blest.
 He heard not the voices that called from the
 shore—

He heard not the rising wind's menacing roar;
 Home, kindred, and safety, he left on that day,
 And he sped to *Hy-Brasail*, away, far away;

Morn rose on the deep, and that shadowy isle,
 O'er the faint rim of distance, reflected its smile;
 Noon burned on the wave, and that shadowy
 shore

Seemed lovelily distant, and faint as before;
 Lone evening came down on the wanderer's
 track,

And to Ara again he looked timidly back;
 O! far on the verge of the ocean it lay,
 Yet the isle of the blest was away, far away!

Rash dreamer, return! O, ye winds of the main,
 Bear him back to his own peaceful Ara again.

Rash fool! for a vision of fanciful bliss,
 To barter thy calm life of labor and peace.
 The warning of reason was spoken in vain;
 He never revisited Ara again!
 Night fell on the deep, amidst tempest and spray,
 And he died on the waters, away, far away,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

THE ATLANTIC.*

Roll on, thou Ocean, dark and deep,
 Thou wilderness of waves!
 Where all the tribes of earth might sleep
 In boundless graves.

The sunbeams on thy bosom wake,
 Yet never pierce thy gloom;
 The tempests sweep, yet never shake
 Thy mighty tomb.

Great mystery, unfathomed bier,
 Thy secret, who hath told?—
 Guilt, power, and passion's wild career,
 Man, and his gold.

There lie earth's myriads in the pall,
 Secure from sword and storm,
 And he, the feaster on them all,
 The canker-worm.

Bright from Heaven's hand, thy mountain's
 Once basked in morning's beam; [brow
 And loved thy midnight moon to glow
 On grove and stream.

And stately from thy tree-crowned height
 Looked down the holy fane;
 And filled thy valley of delight
 The golden grain.

And floated on thy twilight sky,
 The dewy field's perfume,
 The vineyard's breath of luxury,—
 Now, all the tomb!

An ocean shrouds thy glory now;
 Where are thy great and brave,
 Lords of the sceptre and the bow?—
 Answer, wild wave!

Crime deepened on the recreant land,
 Long guilty, long forgiven;
 There power upreared the bloody hand,
 Pride scoffed at Heaven!

Then came the word of overthrow,
 The judgment thunders pealed,
 The fiery earthquake burst below,—
 Her doom was sealed!

Now in her halls of ivory,
 Lie ocean weed and serpents' slime;
 Buried from man and angel's eye,
 The Land of Crime!

GEORGE CROLY.

THE AMBER WHALE.

A HARPOONER'S STORY.*

We were down in the Indian Ocean, after sperm,
 and three years out;
 The last six months in the tropics, and looking
 in vain for a spout,—
 Five men up on the royal yards, weary of strain-
 ing their sight;
 And every day like its brother,—just morning and
 noon and night—
 Nothing to break the sameness: water and wind
 and sun,
 Motionless, gentle, and blazing,—never a change
 in one.
 Every day like its brother: when the noonday
 eight-bells came,
 'Twas like yesterday; and we seemed to know
 that to-morrow would be the same.
 The foremast hands had a lazy time: there was
 never a thing to do;
 The ship was painted, tarred down, and scraped;
 and the mates had nothing new.
 We'd worked at sinnet and ratline till there wasn't
 a yarn to use,
 And all we could do was watch and pray for a
 sperm whale's spout—or news.
 It was whaler's luck of the vilest sort; and,
 though many a volunteer
 Spent his watch below on the look-out, never a
 whale came near,—

* The location of a vast island, or rather continent, in the space which now forms the bed of the Atlantic Ocean, is the subject of several ancient traditions, and is interwoven with many myths.

*Whalemen have a strange belief as to the formation of amber. They say that it is a petrification of some internal part of a whale; and they tell weird stories of enormous whales seen in the warm latitudes, that were almost entirely transformed into the precious substance.



faithfully yours
John Boyle O'Reilly

At least of the kind we wanted : there were lots of whales of a sort,—
 Killers and finbacks, and such like, as if they enjoyed the sport
 Of seeing a whale-ship idle ; but we never lowered a boat
 For less than a blackfish,—there's no oil in a killer's or finback's coat.
 There was rich reward for the look-out men,—tobacco for even a sail,
 And a barrel of oil for the lucky dog who'd be first to "raise" a whale.
 The crew was a mixture from every land, and many a tongue they spoke ;
 And when they sat in the fo'castle, enjoying an evening smoke,
 There were tales told, youngster, would make you stare,—stories of countless shoals
 Of devil-fish in the Pacific and right-whales away at the Poles.
 There was one of these fo'castle yarns that we always loved to hear,—
 Kanaka and Maori and Yankee ; all lent an eager ear
 To that strange old tale that was always new,—the wonderful treasure-tale
 Of an old Down-East harpooner who had struck an Amber Whale !
 Ay, that was a tale worth hearing, lad : if 'twas true we couldn't say,
 Or if 'twas a yarn old Mat had spun to while the time away.

"It's just fifteen years ago," said Mat, "since I shipped as harpooneer
 On board a bark in New Bedford, and came cruising somewhere near
 To this whaling-ground we're cruising now ; but whales were plenty then,
 And not like now, when we scarce get oil to pay for the ship and men.
 There were none of these oil wells running then,—at least, what shore folk term
 An oil well in Pennsylvania,—but sulphur-bottom and sperm
 Were plenty as frogs in a mud-hole, and all of 'em big whales, too ;
 One hundred barrels for sperm-whales ; and for sulphur-bottom, two.
 You couldn't pick out a small one ; the littlest calf or cow
 Had a sight more oil than the big bull whales we think so much of now.

We were more to the east, off Java Straits, a little below the mouth,—
 A hundred and five to the east'ard and nine degrees to the south ;
 And that was as good a whaling-ground for middling-sized, handy whales
 As any in all the ocean ; and 'twas always white with sails
 From Scotland and Hull and New England,—for the whales were thick as frogs,
 And 'twas little trouble to kill 'em then, for they lay as quiet as logs.
 And every night we'd go visiting the other whale-ships 'round,
 Or p'raps we'd strike on a Dutchman, calmed off the Straits, and bound
 To Singapore or Batavia, with plenty of schnapps to sell
 For a few whale's teeth or a gallon of oil, and the latest news to tell.
 And in every ship of that whaling fleet was one wonderful story told,—
 How an Amber Whale had been seen that year that was worth a mint of gold.
 And one man—mate of a Scotchman—said he'd seen, away to the west,
 A big school of sperm, and one whale's spout was twice as high as the rest ;
 And we knew that that was the Amber Whale, for we'd often heard before
 That his spout was twice as thick as the rest, and a hundred feet high or more.
 And often, when the look-out cried, 'He blows !' the very hail
 Thrilled every heart with the greed of gold,—for we thought of the Amber Whale.

"But never a sight of his spout we saw till the season there went round,
 And the ships ran down to the south'ard to another whaling-ground.
 We stayed to the last off Java, and then we ran to the west,
 To get our recruits at Mauritius, and give the crew a rest.
 Five days we ran in the trade winds, and the boys were beginning to talk
 Of their time ashore, and whether they'd have a donkey-ride or a walk,
 And whether they'd spend their money in wine, bananas, or pearls,
 Or drive to the sugar plantations to dance with the Creole girls.

But they soon got something to talk about. Five days we ran west-sou'-west,
 But the sixth day's log-book entry was a change from all the rest;
 For that was the day the masthead men made every face turn pale,
 With the cry that we all had dreamt about,—
 'HE BLOWS! THE AMBER WHALE!'

"And every man was motionless, and every speaker's lip
 Just stopped as it was, with the word half said: there wasn't a sound in the ship
 Till the captain hailed the masthead, 'Where-away is the whale you see?'
 And the cry came down again, '—He blows! about four points on our lee,
 And three miles off, sir,—there he blows! he's going to leeward fast!'
 And then we sprang to the rigging, and saw the great whale at last!

"Ah! shipmates, that was a sight to see: the water was smooth as a lake,
 And there was the monster rolling, with a school of whales in his wake.
 They looked like pilot-fish round a shark, as if they were keeping guard;
 And, shipmates, the spout of that Amber Whale was high as a sky-sail yard.
 There was never a ship's crew worked so quick as our whalemens worked that day,—
 When the captain shouted, 'Swing the boats, and be ready to lower away!'
 Then, 'A pull on the weather-braces, men! let her head fall off three points!'
 And off she swung, with a quarter-breeze straining the old ship's joints.
 The men came down from the mastheads; and the boat's crews stood on the rail,
 Stowing the lines and irons, and fixing paddles and sail.
 And when all was ready we leant on the boats and looked at the Amber's spout,
 That went up like a monster fountain, with a sort of a rumbling shout,
 Like a thousand railroad engines puffing away their smoke.
 He was just like a frigate's hull capsized, and the swaying water broke
 Against the sides of the great stiff whale: he was steering south-by-west,—
 For the Cape, no doubt, for a whale can shape a course as well as the best.

We soon got close as was right to go; for the school might hear a hail,
 Or see the bark, and that was the last of our Bank-of-England Whale.
 'Let her luff,' said the Old Man, gently. 'Now, lower away, my boys,
 And pull for a mile, then paddle,—and mind that you make no noise.'

"A minute more, and the boats were down; and out from the hull of the bark
 The shot with a nervous sweep of the oars, like dolphins away from a shark.
 Each officer stood in the stern, and watched, as he held the steering oar,
 And the crews bent down to their pulling as they never pulled before.

"Our Mate was as thorough a whaleman as I ever met afloat;
 And I was his harpooneer that day, and sat in the bow of the boat.
 His eyes were set on the whales ahead, and he spoke in a low, deep tone,
 And told the men to be steady and cool, and the whale was all our own.
 And steady and cool they proved to be: you could read it in every face,
 And in every straining muscle, that they meant to win that race.
 'Bend to it, boys, for a few strokes more,—bend to it steady and long!
 Now, in with your oars, and paddles out,—all together, and strong!'
 Then we turned and sat on the gunwale, with our faces to the bow;
 And the whales were right ahead,—no more than four ships' lengths off now.
 There were five of 'em, hundred-barrellers, like guards round the Amber Whale.
 And to strike him we'd have to risk being stove by crossing a sweeping tail;
 But the prize and the risk were equal. 'Mat,' now whispers the mate,
 Are your irons ready? 'Ay, ay, sir.' 'Stand up, then, steady, and wait
 Till I give the word, then let 'em fly, and hit him below the fin
 As he rolls to wind'ard. Start her, boys! now's the time to slide her in!
 Hurrah! that fluke just missed us. Mind, as soon as the iron's fast, [boys, at last.
 Be ready to back your paddles,—now in for it, Heave! Again!'

"And two irons flew : the first one sank in the joint,
 'Tween the head and hump,—in the muscle ; but
 the second had its point
 Turned off by striking the amber case, coming
 out again like a bow,
 And the monster carcass quivered, and rolled with
 pain from the first deep blow.
 Then he lashed the sea with his terrible flukes,
 and showed us many a sign
 That his rage was roused. 'Lay off,' roared the
 Mate, 'and all keep clear of the line !'
 And that was a timely warning, for the whale
 made an awful breach
 Right out of the sea ; and 'twas well for us that
 the boat was beyond the reach
 Of his sweeping flukes, as he milled around, and
 made for the Captain's boat,
 That was right astern. And, shipmates, then
 my heart swelled up in my throat
 At the sight I saw : the Amber Whale was lash-
 ing the sea with rage,
 And two of his hundred-barrel guards were ready
 now to engage
 In a bloody fight, and with open jaws they came
 to their master's aid.
 Then we knew the Captain's boat was doomed ;
 but the crew were no whit afraid,—
 They were brave New England whalemén,—and
 we saw the harpooneer
 Stand up to send in his irons, as soon as the
 whales came near,
 Then we heard the Captain's order, 'Heave !'
 and saw the harpoon fly,
 As the whales closed in with their open jaws : a
 shock, and a stifled cry
 Was all that we heard ; then we looked to see if
 the crew were still afloat,—
 But nothing was there save a dull red patch, and
 the boards of the shattered boat !
 " But that was no time for mourning words : the
 other two boats came in,
 And one got fast on the quarter, and one aft the
 starboard fin
 Of the Amber Whale. For a minute he paused,
 as if he were in doubt
 As to whether 'twas best to run or fight. 'Lay
 on !' the Mate roared out,
 'And I'll give him a lance !' The boat shot in ;
 and the Mate, when he saw his chance
 Of sending it home to the vitals, four times he
 buried his lance.
 A minute more, and a cheer went up, when we
 saw that his aim was good ;

For the lance had struck in a life-spot, and the
 whale was spouting blood !
 But now came the time of danger, for the school
 of whales around
 Had aired their flukes, and the cry was raised,
 'Look out ! they're going to sound !'
 And down they went with a sudden plunge, the
 Amber Whale the last,
 While the lines ran smoking out of the tubs, he
 went to the deep so fast.
 Before you could count your fingers, a hundred
 fathoms were out ;
 And then he stopped, for a wounded whale must
 come to the top and spout.
 We hauled slack line as we felt him rise ; and
 when he came up alone,
 And spouted thick blood, we cheered again, for
 we knew he was all our own.
 He was frightened now, and his fight was gone,
 —right round and round he spun,
 As if he was trying to sight the boats, or find the
 best side to run.
 But that was the minute for us to work : the boats
 hauled in their slack,
 And bent on the drag-tubs over the stern to tire
 and hold him back,
 The bark was five miles to wind'ard, and the
 mate gave a troubled glance
 At the sinking sun, and muttered, 'Boys, we must
 give him another lance,
 Or he'll run till night ; and, if he should head to
 wind'ard in the dark,
 We'll be forced to cut loose and leave him, or
 else lose run of the bark.'
 So we hauled in close, two boats at once, but
 only frightened the whale ;
 And, like a hound that was badly whipped, he
 turned and showed his tail,
 With his head right dead to wind'ard ; then as
 straight and as swift he sped
 As a hungry shark for a swimming prey ; and,
 bending over his head,
 Like a mighty plume, went his bloody spout.
 Ah ! shipmates, that was a sight
 Worth a life at sea to witness. In his wake the
 sea was white
 As you've seen it after a steamer's screw, churning
 up like foaming yeast ;
 And the boats went hissing along at the rate of
 twenty knots at least,
 With the water flush with the gunwale, and the
 oars were all apeak,
 While the crews sat silent and quiet, watching
 the long, white streak

That was traced by the line of our passage. We
 hailed the bark as we passed,
 And told them to keep a sharp look-out from the
 head of every mast;
 'And if we're not back by sundown,' cried the
 Mate, 'you keep a light
 At the royal cross-trees. If he dies, we may stick
 to the whale all night.'

"And past we swept with our oars apeak, and
 waved our hands to the hail
 Of the wondering men on the taffrail, who were
 watching our Amber Whale
 As he surged ahead, just as if he thought he
 could tire his enemies out;
 I was almost sorrowful, shipmates, to see after
 each red spout

That the great whale's strength was failing: the
 sweep of his flukes grew slow.
 Till at sundown he made about four knots, and
 his spout was weak and low.

Then said the Mate to his boat's crew: 'Boys,
 the vessel is out of sight

To the leeward: now, shall we cut the line, or
 stick to the whale all night?'

'We'll stick to the whale!' cried every man.
 'Let the other boats go back

To the vessel and beat to wind'ard, as well as
 they can, in our track.'

It was done as they said: the lines were cut, and
 the crews cried out, 'Good speed!'

As we swept along in the darkness, in the wake
 of our monster steed,

That went plunging on, with the dogged hope
 that he'd tire his enemies still,—

But even the strength of an Amber Whale must
 break before human will.

By little and little his power had failed as he
 spouted his blood away.

Till at midnight the rising moon shone down on
 the great fish as he lay

Just moving his flukes; but at length he stopped,
 and raising his square, black head

As high as the topmast cross-trees, swung round
 and fell over—dead!

"And then rose a shout of triumph,—a shout that
 was more like a curse

Than an honest cheer; but, shipmates, the
 thought in our hearts was worse,

And 'twas punished with bitter suffering. We
 claimed the whale as our own.

And said that the crew should have no share of
 the wealth that was ours alone.

We said to each other: We want their help till
 we get the whale aboard,

So we'll let 'em think that they'll have a share till
 we get the Amber stored.

And then we'll pay them their wages, and send
 them ashore—or afloat,

If they show their temper. Ah! shipmates, no
 wonder 'twas that boat

And its selfish crew were cursed that night.
 Next day we saw no sail,

But the wind and sea were rising. Still, we held
 to the drifting whale,—

And a dead whale drifts to windward,—going
 farther away from the ship,

Without water, or bread, or courage to pray with
 heart or lip

That had planned and spoken the treachery.
 The wind blew into a gale,

And it screamed like mocking laughter round
 our boat and the Amber Whale.

"That night fell dark on the starving crew, and
 a hurricane blew next day;

Then we cut the line, and we cursed the prize as
 it drifted fast away,

As if some power under the waves were towing
 it out of sight;

And there we were, without help or hope, dread-
 ing the coming night.

Three days that hurricane lasted. When it
 passed, two men were dead;

And the strongest one of the living had not
 strength to raise his head,

When his dreaming swoon was broken by the
 sound of a cheery hail,

And he saw a shadow fall on the boat,—it fell
 from the old bark's sail!

And when he heard their kindly words, you'd
 think he should have smiled

With joy at his deliverance; but he cried like a
 little child,

And hid his face in his poor weak hands,—for he
 thought of the selfish plan,—

And he prayed to God to forgive them all. And,
 shipmates, I am the man!—

The only one of the sinful crew that ever beheld
 his home;

For before the cruise was over, all the rest were
 under the foam.

It's just fifteen years gone, shipmates," said old
 Mat, ending his tale;

"And I often pray that I'll never see another
 Amber Whale."

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE GERALDINE'S SLEEP.*

The midnight just over, the dawning but gray,
 While birds seek their voices I'll up and away.
 My purpose a secret my silent heart keeps—
 To see for myself if the Geraldine sleeps.
 Shall I stand as the stranger, and see as he sees?
 No, down by the lakeside I'll kneel on my knees.
 Will the wind make no sound or the waters no
 stir,
 Where my Geraldine lies in the depths of Lough
 Gur?

I cover my face, for I blush, when 'tis said
 That the Geraldine living is still as the dead:
 That the hot blood that burst from the Boteler's
 chains
 Now runs thin and cold through the Geraldine's
 veins.
 I know, for I've heard it, how seanachies tell
 Of his steed silver-shod by the Sacsanach's spell.
 But—slumbering son of a warrior line—
 By what spell have they bound *him*, my own
 Geraldine?

Does he dream there is summer and sunshine
 above,
 And but rain falling soft on the land of his love?
 Have her tears trickled down to the bed where
 he lies,
 And sorrows too heavy forbade him to rise?
 Oh! false is that dreaming and fatal that rest;
 Now, hush thee, sweet west wind—he loved thee
 the best;
 Wave gently and woo him to listen, fair lake.
 My Desmond, my Desmond, awake! oh, awake!

False lake, must thou mimic the storms of the
 deep?
 Does thy breast rise and fall but to cradle his
 sleep?
 Art thou bound, in thy calm, by the pitiless foe,
 To hide with thy darkness the secrets below?
 Lone and sad now I leave thee—a pilgrim in vain,
 But I'll tread thy green borders in triumph again,
 When spell against spell shall discover thy caves,
 And Desmond rides rough-shod thy traitorous
 waves.

*Garrett Fitz Gerald, the fourth Earl of Desmond, is one of the spell-bound heroes of tradition, who are one day to return and hold their own again. He sleeps in Lough Gur, in the County Limerick, his silver-shod steed entranced beside him. When the shoes are worn off the awakened horse will rouse his master.

The charm of the stranger is subtle and strong;
 But ears sealed to speech will re-open to song.
 Not to me, not to me is the proud task assigned;
 But I'll circle our Erin a *File* to find.

Within a green ring where the Green People
 dwell

He shall weave it at midnight, a spell against
 spell;

Love, Magic and Music, Joy, Sorrow and Hope,
 Shall blend it and blind it as twists of a rope.

Not rudely my Geraldine's trance it shall break,
 But steal on his sleeping as dawn on the lake.
 It shall tell in the tongue that his fosterhood
 spoke,

How, weeping and bleeding, his Love wears the
 yoke;

How his kinsfolk are scorers, his knightliest
 name,

Long pride of the proudest, is spotted with
 shame.

In strain sweet as mead, yet soul-stirring as
 wine,

It shall taunt him with Thomas, "the silk of his
 kine."

Then the long summer evening I'll sail by the
 shore

Where Ocean keeps tryst with the faint Avon-
 more;

Going out with the tide, coming in with the
 flow,

Till I win a mermaid to sing it below.

But mermaids are false and but sing to betray;
 She might wake my O'Desmond to lure him
 away.

Than King of the Deep, shared in exile with
 her,

I'd rather he still slept his sleep in Lough Gur.

O seed of the mountains and valleys he trod,
 Are *your* arms enchanted, *your* feet silver-
 shod?

Ye men of his Munster, quick, circle him round!
 The pulse of his heart-strings will leap at the
 sound.

With foot on his shamrock and face to his skies,
 Call ye on your chief and he cannot but rise.

Then, then the Green Lady shall reign as of
 yore,

And the Geraldine, wakened, will slumber no
 more.

JULIA M. O'RYAN.

THE MONKS OF KILCREA.*

FYTTE I.

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire!
 Bare were their crowns, and their garments gray;
 Close sat they to that bogwood fire.
 Watching the wicket till break of day;
 Such was ever the rule at Kilcrea.
 For whoever passed, be he Baron or Squire,
 Was free to call at that abbey, and stay,
 Nor guerdon, nor hire for his lodging pay,
 Though he tarried a week with its holy choir!

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire!
 Dark looked the night from the window pane.
 They who sat by that bogwood fire
 Were Eustace, Alleyn, and Thade by name,
 And long they gazed at the cheerful flame;
 Till each from his neighbour began to inquire
 The tale of his life before he came
 To Saint Bridget's shrine, and the cowl had ta'en;
 So they piled on more wood, and drew their seats
 nigher

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire!
 Loud wailed the wind thro' cloister and nave,
 And with mournful air, by that bogwood fire,
 The first who spake it was Eustace grave,
 And told "He had been a gallant brave
 In youth, till a comrade he slew in ire;
 And he then foreswore both bastnet and glaive,
 And, leaving his home, he had crossed the wave
 And taken the cross and cowl at Saint Finbar's
 spire!"

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire!
 Swift thro' the glen rushed the river Lee;
 Alleyn next, by that bogwood fire,
 Told his tale—a woful man was he!
 Alas! he had loved unlawfullie!
 But whom and where he prayed them not inquire;
 And he fled to the altar's foot to free
 His soul from sin, and it was sad to see
 How much sorrow had wasted the mournful friar.

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire!
 And red its light on the rafters shone;
 The last who spoke by that bogwood fire
 Was Thade; of the three the only one

Whom care or grief had not lit upon:
 But, rosy and round, thro' city and shire
 His mate for innocent glee there was none;
 And soon frank he told, "How, a peasant's son,
 He was reared for the Church by their former
 Prior."

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire!
 The moon looked o'er all with clouded ray;
 And there they sat by that bogwood fire,
 Watching the wicket till break of day;
 And many that night did call and stay,—
 All whose names—if gentles, ye do not tire—
 In his next rude strain shall the bard essay;
 For here ends the first fyttle of "The Monks of
 Kilcrea,"

FYTTE II.

The bell of the abbey had numbered ten,
 O'er tower and roof rolled its sullen chime;
 Yet still by the fire sat those holy men,
 Keeping their vigil till morning's prime;
 And much did they marvel that, ere that time
 No traveller called, as 'twas common then
 For pilgrims to flock to Saint Bridgid's shrine;
 So they placed on the board the pitchers of wine,
 Game from the mountain, and meat from the
 pen.

And red trout that was caught in Dripsey Glen.

On the table were flagon and pasty good,
 On the hearth clean swept blazed a bogwood fire,
 Around were settles of the dark oak wood,
 And all that a weary guest could require.
 There was water in pans, to wash off the mire,
 Garment to don, and hose, and doe-skin shoon;
 In never a hostel throughout the shire
 Could you purchase for gold, or borrow for hire
 Such comforts, as freely for all, as boon,
 The monks of Kilcrea strewed around that cheer-
 ful room.

There came a loud knock to the abbey gate,
 And a voice in the storm was heard outside,
 And Eustace arose from where sad he sate,
 Went to the wicket and opened it wide,
 And crost the threshold with a heavy stride.
 A Saxon stranger; he was sore distraight,
 And told how he lost both his way and guide,
 That his horse was drown'd in fording the Bride,
 Then took off his cloak, a dripping weight,
 And look'd like a man who for life had struggled
 late!

* As the whole of this excellent poem makes a book of 150 pages, only a few extracts from it can be given. Kilcrea Abbey, County Cork, was founded in 1494, by Cormac, Lord of Muskerry, and dedicated to St. Bridget. Its monks belonged to the Franciscan Order, commonly called Gray Friars. Cromwell subjected it to outrage and mutilation, but its extensive ruins are still picturesque and interesting.

Again came a knock to the abbey gate,
While sad the wind moan'd thro' bower and tree,
And Alleyn arose, and opened the gate,
And entered the room, a Rapparee !
And haggard, and pale, and begrimed was he ;
As he leant on a spear in a drooping state !
His scanty garments scarcely reach'd his knee,
Yet, tho' feeble and worn was his mien and gait,
Still he glared on the Saxon with a look of hate.

Again came a knock to the abbey gate,
And a voice outside made a rueful din,
And Thade uprose and opened the gate ;
And lo ! he ushered a Gleeman in,
Threadbare his cloak, he was wet to the skin ;
Yet the leer of his eye told a roguish mate,
And he winked around with a cunning grin,
As deep in the flagon he stuck his chin,
And scarce would the loon for a blessing wait,
When his kind host heaped the food on his plate !

And there long they sat by that bogwood fire,
The monks of Kilcrea and those travellers three,
And each as they sat by that bogwood fire
Told by turns his name and his history ;
The Saxon ! the Gleeman ! the Rapparee !
And, gentles, once more, if ye do not tire,
I'll sing to you each in their due degree,
As of old a sennachie taught the lay to me !

FROM "THE GLEEMAN'S TALE."

The Hermit of Saint Bridget's well,
He stands in fervent prayer,
With hands upraised to heaven to bless
A youth and maiden fair
Before him kneeling there.
"And if I err"—'twas thus he spoke,—
"May saints assail my sin,
And the good thought that prompted this
From heaven my pardon win.
Save that her mother, now at rest,
And with God's angels pure and blest,
Had made me pledge my plighted word,
Upon her dying bed,
That thou, young chief of Inchiquin,
Her daughter fair should wed,
The holy words had ne'er been said ;
But this, and the strong wish for peace,
And hope those quarrels fierce will cease,
Hath moved my breast, thro' love of thee,
To join her fate to thine ;
And may God's blessings on you be—
The fault and penance mine.
But Cormac, here thou must not stay ;

For Onah's sake—thou shalt away.
I ween within this baronie
Thou hast no other friend but me ;
And wert thou here one instant known,
Begirt by foes, and thus alone,
Hadst thou a thousand lives, yet all
To glut dark Donat's rage would fall ;
And then on gentle Onah's head
His direst vengeance would be shed."

Light to his feet the young chief sprung,
And the good hermit's hand he wrung.
"Yes, Father,—yes, thy words are truth ;
No longer must I tarry now,
But for her sake, so lately mine,
All other hopes and thoughts resign,
And instant go ; and, dear one, thou
Wilt see me o'er the mountain's brow."
With tearful eyes and woful heart,
The hermit saw his guests depart ;
And, sinking on his bended knee,
Aves and Paters thrice said he,
That good Saint Bridget safe would guide
The gallant youth to Callan side.
With beating hearts and thoughtful air,
Onward they went, that youthful pair ;
Though grave, their bosoms ne'ertheless
O'erflowed with silent happiness ;
And linked together, hand-in-hand,
They left that hermit good ;
And passing by the path that ran
Along the slopes of Lisoskan,
On Mohir's cliffs they stood.

The ocean broad beneath them lay,
Spread out in countless miles ;
And, lit with sunshine, creek and bay
In dazzling splendor smiles ;
And seeming nigh, though far away,
Are Arran's holy isles.
At the sea-verge, remote as eye
Can object see or aught descrie,
Wild Conemera's peaks ascend ;
But yet so faint, 'twas doubtful still
To separate the cloud from hill—
Outline and shape so blend.
'Twas calm around, and you might note,
Far down below the seagulls float,
Poised in the middle air ;
And lower still, if brain and nerve
Taught not your reeling sight to swerve,
The billows whitening, where
Beneath their surface, hid from view,
Some rock opposed them there ;

And boiling upwards through the green
Of the clear wave, the foam is seen,
With scattered crags, that fancy well
Can shape to spire and pinnacle.

Long gazed the chief and maiden, long
Beheld with marvel warm and strong
The splendid glories of this scene,
Sleeping in loveliness serene;
And buoyant hope, with mimic art,
As fair a scene within each heart
With magic hues and tints portrayed,
And the dark future cloudless made;
With mutual trust, and love sore tried,
And fond fidelitie,

A youthful lover and his bride—
Why should they gloomy be?
God's sky was o'er them, and around
The hills and mountains free;
Beneath their feet the sea!
Oh! not in scene or hour like this
Can doubt or sorrow mar the bliss,
The gushing love and tenderness
Such fond and faithful hearts will bless!
And what was all this world to them,

Its sneers or hollow guile,
Its wreaths of fame, or riches vain,
But gauds and fardels vile?

More dear to him was Onah's smile
Than all the countless stores of gold
In coffers claspt, that misers hold;
More dear to her the soft low tone
Of Cormac's voice to her alone

In whispered praise or vow,
Than brightest gem or coronet
In dazzling splendor ever set

On proud Ban Tierna's brow!
And each the other's welfare sought,
Without one mean or selfish thought,
With all that pure ennobling glow

By true love only given,
That teaches souls like theirs to know
A bright foretaste of heaven.

Oh, could such feelings only last,
Nor age nor care their freshness blast,
Or cause their bloom to flee;
Nor cold neglect, nor sour distrust,
E'er choke their gushing founts with dust,
Then man might walk, all purified,
Once more with angels by his side.

And earth an Eden be.

FROM "THE RAPPAREE'S TALE."

The Saxon landed—young and tall,
Fair haired, and richly dressed withal,
With goodly sword, and golden spur,
And scanty cloak, all faced with fur,
With shaven lip, and cold blue eye;
His step was proud, his bearing high,
And full of scorn the look he cast
On all around until he past
Where Aithne stood, and then he gazed
Like one with sudden light amazed;
Then sate him down and by her side
The livelong night remained to bide.
I marked his face, so free and bold,—
The courtly words his false lips told
To her who by his side was set
In blushing innocence; and yet,
Although the wild fawn on the hill
Was not more startled, listened still.
All this I marked with jealous care;
And but 'twere infamy and shame
To wrong a stranger's holy name;
I would have stabbed the Saxon there!

Six days he tarried; on the first
I left the glen and sought the hill,
Fearful my smothered rage might burst,
And teach my erring hand to kill.
So up I went to hunt the stag
By the deep valley's shattered crag;
But vain the wish, the effort vain,—
My foot lacked speed, my hand lacked aim;
And thro' my heart and thro' my brain
Conflicting thoughts all fiercely prest,
And love, and hate, and fierce disdain,
Like famished wolves, my soul possessed.
And, holy men, ye err to say
That still for sinful man 'tis good
To dwell apart in solitude
From human neighborhood away;
For never in the wildest hour
That heard our slogan in the Pale,
When blazing rick, and burning tower,
And corn-stacks scattered in the gale,
And goaded kine, and slaughtered men
Were thick as leaves around us then,
And screams and curses filled the air;—
Never, I say, within me woke,
'Mid all those scenes of blood and smoke,
Such fearful thoughts of hate and sin
As stirred my heaving breast within,
Lone, sitting on the hill-side there!

Like whispering fiends they thronging past,
And each still darker than the last—
Though oft repressed, yet still renewed.
Oh, saints preserve in pitying mood
The jealous heart from solitude!

I left the hills, and turned me home,
And Aithne found within it, lone,
Silent, and drooping; sad and pale,
She met my view, and brief her tale:
That Tirlogh left that morn Glenbride,
The Saxon on his way to guide,
Nor back would come for three days space;
And as she spoke her conscious face
Flushed with a deep and crimson glow,
And tremulous her voice and low.
And then her eye, that never yet
But mine had frank and freely met
In all the purity of youth,
Confiding innocence, and truth,
Now changed and altered in its ray,
Still shunned my glance and turned away,
As if afraid her thoughts to speak;
And there were tears upon her cheek—
Tears for the Saxon!—Saint Columb! yes!
And wrung from her heart by sore distress.
And fierce my bursting soul spoke out
Each secret thought and jealous doubt;
And taxed her there in words of scaith
With falsehood's wile, and broken faith.
At first she struggled to reply,
With flushing cheek and kindling eye,
But faltered soon, and silent kept,
And only wrung her hands and wept.

Not long this lasted. On a day
When we had been since morn away,
Tracking the red deer on the hills,
Ere yet the mist the mountain left—
Hunting the herd by bush and brook,
And cairn, and crag, and rocky cleft,
Until a buck, the rest apart,
My arrow wounded in the heart,
And all the echoes round about
Gave back glad Tirlogh's hunter's shout;
And from his belt his skeyn he drew,
And o'er the tussocks eager flew
To where amid the red fern gaspt
The noble stag, his boundings past,
And with his keen and glancing knife
Ended its struggles with its life.
So swift the chase, the herd so fleet,
And we had tracked their course so far,

That when we reached the lake once more
The sunshine of the day was o'er,
And on the waters, calm and gray,
The night-mist like a mantle lay;

And in the sky the gloaming star
Peeped o'er the hills as down we strode,
Staggering beneath our heavy load.
Methought 'twas strange to Tirlogh's cry
That Aithne's voice gave no reply.
And all was silent—spark nor smoke
Above the Tinbath curling broke;
The doorway open, and an air
Of strangeness on its threshold there:
But where was Aithne? God! how wild
Did Tirlogh call upon his child,
And searched the lake, the wood, the hill,

And all the neighbors round about;
But useless were our efforts still,
And all was misery and doubt.
And then we thought that she had gone
Across the hills to Lemnaon,
To her mother's gossip; and tho' late,
Across the ford we hurried straight.
In vain—no tidings could we get,
Nor eves had Norah on her set;
But a strange herd that morning met
Two strangers riding through Glenshee,
Whose muffled face he could not see;
One tall, with sword and breastplate dight,
The other seemed a gossoon slight;
And that they gallop'd fleet and fast,
And to the Saxon's country past!

ARTHUR GERALD GEOGHEGAN.

BY THAT LAKE.

By that Lake, whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep,
"Here, at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had lov'd him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong,
Whereso'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh!
East or west, wh'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah, your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late,)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, "Heav'n rest her soul!"
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling o'er the fatal tide.

THOMAS MOORE.

CORMAC AND MARY.

"She is not dead—she has no grave—
She lives beneath Lough Corrib's water;
And in the murmur of each wave
Methinks I catch the songs I taught her."
Thus many an evening on the shore
Sat Cormac raving wild and lowly;
Still idly muttering o'er and o'er,
"She lives, detained by spells unholy.

"Death claims her not, too fair for earth,
Her spirit lives—alien of heaven;
Nor will it know a second birth
When sinful mortals are forgiven!
Cold is this rock—the wind comes chill,
And mists the gloomy waters cover;
But O! her soul is colder still—
To lose her God—to leave her lover!"

The lake was in profound repose,
Yet one white wave came gently curling,
And as it reach'd the shore, arose
Dim figures—banners gay unfurling.
Onward they move, an airy crowd:
Thro' each thin form a moonlight ray shone,
While spear and helm, in pageant proud,
Appear in liquid undulation

Bright barbed steeds curvetting tread
Their trackless way with antic capers
And curtain clouds hang overhead,
Festoon'd by rainbow-color'd vapors.
And when a breath of air would stir
That drapery of Heaven's own wreathing,
Light wings of prisms gossamer
Just moved and sparkled to the breathing.

Nor wanting was the choral song,
Swelling in silvery chimes of sweetness;
To sound of which this subtle throng
Advanced in playful grace and fleetness.
With music's strain, all came and went
Upon poor Cormac's doubting vision;
Now rising in wild merriment,
Now softly fading in derision.

"Christ, save her soul," he boldly cried;
And when that blessed name was spoken,
Fierce yells and fiendish shrieks replied,
And vanished all,—the spell was broken.
And now on Corrib's lonely shore,
Freed by his word from power of fairy,
To life, to love, restored once more,
Young Cormac welcomes back his Mary.

THOMAS CROFTON CROKER.

THE FAIRY WELL OF LAGNANAY.

Mournfully, sing mournfully!—
"O listen, Ellen, sister dear!
Is there no help at all for me,
But only ceaseless sigh and tear?
Why did not he who left me here,
With stolen hope steal memory?
O listen, Ellen, sister dear!
(Mournfully, sing mournfully!)—
I'll go away to Sleamish hill,
I'll pluck the fairy hawthorn-tree,
And let the spirits work their will;
I care not if for good or ill,
So they but lay the memory
Which all my heart is haunting still!
(Mournfully, sing mournfully!)—
The Fairies are a silent race,
And pale as lily flowers to see;
I care not for a blanch'd face,
Nor wandering in a dreamy place,
So I but banish memory,—
I wish I were with Anna Grace."
(Mournfully, sing mournfully!)

"Hearken to my tale of woe!"

'Twas thus to weeping Ellen Con
Her sister said in accents low,

Her only sister, Una bawn;

'Twas in their bed before the dawn

And Ellen answered, sad and slow,

"O Una, Una, be not drawn
(Hearken to my tale of woe!)—

To this unholy grief, I pray,

Which makes me sick at heart to know,

And I will help you if I may:—

The fairy well of Lagnanay—

Lie nearer me, I tremble so—

Una, I've heard wise women say

(Hearken to my tale of woe!)—

That if before the dews arise

True maiden in its icy flow

With pure hand bathe her bosom thrice,

Three lady-brackens pluck likewise,

And three times round the fountain go,

She straight forgets her tears and sighs!"

Hearken to my tale of woe!

All, alas! and well away!—

"O sister Ellen, sister sweet,

Come with me to the hill, I pray,

And I will prove that blessed freet."

They rose with soft and silent feet

They left their mother where she lay,

Their mother and her care discreet,

(All, alas! and well away!)

And soon they reached the Fairy Well,

The mountain's eye, clear, cold, and gray,

Wide open in the dreary fell:

How long they stood 'twere vain to tell

At last upon the point of day,

Bawn Una bares her bosom's swell,

(All, alas! and well-away!)

Thrice o'er her shrinking breasts she laves

The gliding glance that will not stay

Of subtly-streaming fairy waves:—

And now the charm three brackens craves,

She plucks them in their fringed array:—

Now round the well her fate she braves,

All, alas! and well-away!

Save us all from Fairy thrall!

Ellen sees her pace the rim

Twice and thrice, and that is all—

Fount and hill and maiden swim

All together melting dim!

"Una! Una!" thou may'st call,

Sister sad! but lith or limb

(Save us all from Fairy thrall!)

Never again of Una bawn,

Where now she walks in dreamy hall,

Shall eye of mortal look upon!

Oh! can it be the guard was gone,

That better guard than shield or wall?

Who knows on earth save Turlagh Daune?

(Save us all from Fairy thrall!)

Behold the banks are green and bare,

No pit is here wherein to fall:

Aye—at the fount you well may stare,

But nought save pebbles smooth is there,

And small straws twirling one and all.

Hie thee home, and be thy pray'r,

Save us all from Fairy thrall.

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

THE FAIRY CAVALCADE.

Have you not oft, in the still wind,

Heard sylvan notes of a strange kind,

That rose one moment, and then fell,

Swooning away like a far knell?

Listen!—that wave of perfume broke

Into sea-music, as I spoke,

Fainter than that which seems to roar

On the moon's silver-sanded shore,

When through the silence of the night

Is heard the ebb and flow of light.

Oh, shut the eye and ope the ear!

Do you not hear, or think you hear,

A wide hush o'er the woodland pass,

Like distant waving fields of grass!—

Voices!—ho! ho!—a band is coming,

Loud as ten thousand bees a-humming,

Or ranks of little merry men

Tromboning deeply from the glen.

And now, as if they changed, and rung

Their citterns small, and riband-slung,

Over their gallant shoulders hung!—

A chant! a chant! that swoons and swells

Like soft winds jangling meadow-bells;

Now brave, as when in Flora's bower

Gay Zephyr blows a trumpet flower;

Now thrilling fine, and sharp, and clear,

Like Dian's moonbeam dulcimer;

But mixed with whoops, and infant laughter,

Shouts following one another after,

As on a hearty holyday

When youth is flush and full of May;

Small shouts indeed, as wild bees knew

Both how to hum, and holloa too.

What! is the living meadow sown
 With dragon-teeth, as long ago?
 Or is an army on the plains
 Of this sweet clime, to fight with cranes?
 Helmet and hauberk, pike and lance,
 Gorget and glaive thro' the long grass glance,
 Red-men, and blue-men, and buff-men, small,
 Loud-mouthed captains, and ensigns tall,
 Grenadiers, light-bobs, inch-people all,
 They come! they come! with martial blare
 Clearing a terrible path before;
 Ruffle the high-peaked flags i' the wind,
 Mourn the long-answering trumpets behind,
 Telling how deep the close files are,—
 Make way for the stalwart sons of war!

Hurrah! the bluff-cheeked bugie band,
 Each with a loud reed in his hand!
 Hurrah! the pattering company,
 Each with a drum-bell at his knee!
 Hurrah! the sash-capt cymbal swingers!
 Hurrah! the kingle-klange wringers!
 Hurrah! hurrah! the elf-knights enter,
 Each with his grasshopper at a canter!
 His tough spear of a wild oat made,
 His good sword of a grassy blade,
 His buckram suit of shiny laurel,
 His shield of bark, embossed with coral;
 See how the plummy champion keeks
 His proud steed clambering on his hips,
 With foaming jaw pinned to his breast,
 Blood-rolling eyes, and arched crest;
 Over his and his rider's head
 A broad-sheet butterfly banner spread,
 Swoops round the staff in varying form.
 Flouts the soft breeze, and courts the storm.

Hard on the prancing heels of these
 Come on the pigmy Thyades;
 Mimics and mummers, masqueraders
 Soft flutists and sweet serenaders
 Guitarring o'er the level green,
 Or tapping the parched tambourine,
 As swaying to and swaying fro,
 Over the stooping flowers they go,
 That laugh within their greeny breasts
 To feel such light feet on their crests,
 And even themselves a-dancing seem,
 Under the weight that presses them.

But hark! the trumpet's royal clangor
 Strikes silence with a voice of anger:
 Raising its broad mouth to the sun
 As he would bring Apollo down,

The in-backed, swoln, elf-winder fills
 With its great roar the fairy hills;
 Each woodland tuft for terror shakes,
 The field-mouse in her mansion quakes,
 The heart-struck wren falls thro' the branches,
 Wild starts the earwig on his haunches;
 From trees which mortals take for flowers,
 Leaves of all hues fall off in showers;
 So strong the blast, the voice so dread,
 'Twould wake the very fairy dead!

Disparted now, half to each side,
 Athwart the curled moss they glide,
 Then wheel and front, to edge the scene,
 Leaving a spacious glade between;
 With small round eyes that twinkle bright
 As moon-tears on the grass of night,
 They stand spectorial, anxious all,
 Like guests ranged down a dancing-hall
 Some graceful pair, or more, to see
 Winding along in melody.

Now pine their little orbs in vain,
 For borne in with an oaten strain
 Three pretty Graces, arm-entwined,
 Reel in the light curls of the wind;
 Their flimsy pinions sprouted high
 Lift them half-dancing as they fly;
 Like a bright wheel spun on its side
 The rapt three round their centre slide,
 And as their circling has no end,
 Voice into sister-voice they blend,
 Weaving a labyrinthian song
 Wild as the rings they trace along.

GEORGE DARLEY.

GARDEN FAIRIES.

Keen was the air, the sky was very light,
 Soft with shed snow my garden was, and white,
 And walking there, I heard upon the night
 Sudden sound of little voices,
 Just the prettiest of noises.

It was the strangest, subtlest, sweetest sound—
 It seemed above me, seemed upon the ground,
 Then swiftly seemed to eddy round and round,
 Till I said, "To-night the air is
 Surely full of garden fairies."

And all at once it seemed I grew aware
 That little shining presences were there. [air;
 White shapes and red shapes danced upon the
 Then a peal of silvery laughter,
 And such singing followed after

As none of you, I think, have ever heard,
More soft it was than note of any bird,
Note after note, most exquisitely deferred,
Soft as dew-drops when they settle
In a fair flower's open petal.

"What are these fairies?" to myself I said:
For answer then, as from a garden's bed,
On the cold air, a sudden scent was shed—
Scent of lilies, scent of roses,
Scent of summer's sweetest posies.

And said a small sweet voice within my ear,
"We flowers that sleep thro' winter, once a
year
Are by our flower queen let to visit here;
That this fact may duly flout us—
Gardens can look fair without us.

"A very little time we have to play,
Then we must go, oh! very far away,
And sleep again for many a long, long day,
Till the glad birds sing above us,
And the warm sun comes to love us.

"Hark what the roses sing, now, as we go;"
Then very sweet and soft, and very low—
A dream of sound across the garden snow—
Came the sound of roses singing,
To the lily-bell's faint ringing.

"Softly sinking through the snow,
To our winter rest we go,
Underneath the snow to house
Till the birds be in the boughs,
And the boughs with leaves be fair,
And the sunshine everywhere.
Softly through the snow we settle,
Little snow-drops press each petal.
O! the snow is kind and white,—
Soft it is, and very light;
Soon we shall be where no light is,
But where sleep is, and where night is—
Sleep of every wind unshaken,
Till our Summer bids us waken."

Then toward some far-off goal that singing
drew,
Then altogether ceased; more steely blue
The blue stars shone, but in my spirit grew
Hope of summer, love of roses,
Certainty that sorrow closes.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER.

Little cow-boy, what have you heard
Up on the lonely rath's green mound?
Only the plaintive yellow bird
Singing in sultry fields around,
Charry, charry, charry, chee-e!
Only the grasshopper and the bee?

"Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too!
Scarlet leather sewn together,
This will make a shoe.
Left, right, pull it tight:
Summer days are warm;
Underground, in winter,
Laughing at the storm!"
Lay your ear close to the hill,
Do you not catch the tiny clamor;
Busy click of an elfin hammer,
Voice of the Luracaun sinking shrill,
As he merrily plies his trade?
He's a span
And a quarter in height.
Get him in sight, hold him fast,
And you're a made
Man!

You watch your cattle the summer day,
Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay;
How should you like to roll in your carriage,
And look for a duchess's daughter in marriage;
Seize the Shoemaker—so you may!

"Big boots a hunting,
Sandals in the hall;
White for a wedding feast,
And pink for a ball.
This way, that way,
So we make a shoe,
Getting rich every stitch,
"Tick-tack-too!"
Nine and ninety treasure-crocks
This keen miser-fairy hath,
Hid in mountain, wood, and rocks,
Ruin and round-tower, cave and rath,
And where the cormorants build;
From times of old
Guarded by him;
Each of them filled
Full to the brim
With gold!

I caught him at work one day myself,
In the castle-ditch where the foxglove grows;
A wrinkled, wizened, and bearded elf,

Spectacles stuck on the point of his nose,
 Silver buckles to his hose,
 Leather apron—shoe in his lap—
 "Rip-rap, tip-tap,
 Tick-tack-too!
 A grig skipped upon my cap,
 Away the moth flew.
 Buskins for a fairy prince,
 Brogues for his son,—
 Pay me well, pay me well,
 When the job is done!"

The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt;
 I stared at him, he stared at me.
 "Servant, sir!" "Humph!" says he,
 And pulled a snuff-box out.
 He took a long pinch, seemed better pleased.
 The queer little Lupracan;
 Offered the box with a whimsical grace,—
 Pouf!—he flung the dust in my face,
 And, while I sneezed,
 Was gone!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE FAIRIES' PASSAGE.

Tap, tap! Rap, rap! "Get up, Gaffer Ferryman!"
 "Eh? who is there?" The clock strikes three.
 "Get up—do, Gaffer! you are the very man
 We have been long—long—longing to see."
 The Ferryman he rises, growling and grumb-
 ling, [tumbling,
 And goes fum-fumbling, and stumbling and
 Over the wares on his way to the door
 But he sees no more
 Than he saw before,
 Till a voice is heard—"O Ferryman, dear!
 Here we are waiting, all of us here!
 We are a wee, wee colony, we;
 Some two hundred in all, or three.
 Ferry us over the river Lee
 Ere dawn of day,
 And we will pay
 The most we may,
 In our own wee way!"

"Who are you? Whence came you? What
 place are you going to?"
 "O, we have dwelt over long in this land.
 The people get cross, and are growing so
 knowing, too;
 Nothing at all but they now understand;
 We are daily vanishing under the thunder
 Of some huge engine or iron wonder;

That iron—O, it has entered our souls!"
 —"Your souls? O, Goles!
 You queer little drolls! [with speed,
 Do you mean—"?" "Good Gaffer, do aid us
 For our time, like our stature, is short indeed!
 And a very long way we have to go,
 Eight or ten thousand miles or so,
 Hither and thither, and to and fro.
 With our pots and pans,
 And little gold cans;
 But our light caravans
 Run swifter than Man's!"

"Well, well, you may come!" said the Ferry-
 man, affably;
 "Patrick! turn out, and get ready the
 barge!"
 Then again to the little folk: "Though you
 seem laughably
 Small, I don't mind, if your coppers be
 large."
 O, dear! what a rushing, what pushing, what
 crushing
 (The waterman making vain efforts at hushing
 The hubbub the while) there followed these
 words!

What clapping of boards!
 What strapping of cords!
 What stowing away of children and wives,
 And platters, and mugs, and spoons, and
 knives!
 Till all had safely got into the boat,
 And the Ferryman clad in his tip-top coat,
 And his wee little farers were fairly afloat!
 Then ding! ding! ding!
 And kling! kling! kling!
 How the coppers did ring
 In the tin pitcherling?

Off then went the boat, at first very pleasantly,
 Smoothly, and so forth, but after a while
 It swayed and it swagged this and that way,
 and presently
 Chest after chest, and pile after pile,
 Of the little folk's goods began tossing and
 rolling,
 And pitching like fun, beyond fairy control-
 ing!
 O, Mab! if the hubbub was great before,
 It was now some two or three million times
 more;
 Crash went the wee crocks and the clocks;
 and the locks
 Of each little wee box were stove in by hard
 knocks;

And then there were oaths, and prayers,
and cries—

"Take care!"—"see there!"—"oh, dear!
my eyes!"

"I am killed!"—"I am drowned"—with
groans and sighs;

Till to land they drew;

"Yeo heo! Pull to!

Tiller-ropes, thro' and thro'!"

And all's right anew.

"Now, jump ashore, ye queer little oddities!

Eh! what is this? Where are they at all?
Where are they, and where are their tiny
commodities?

Well, as I live!"—He looks blank as a wall,
The poor Ferryman. Round him and round
him he gazes,

But only gets deeper lost in the mazes
Of utter bewilderment!—all, all are gone,
And he stands alone,

Like a statue of stone,

In a doldrum of wonder. He turns to steer,
And a tinkling laugh salutes his ear,

With other odd sounds:—"Ha, ha! ha, ha!
Tol-lol, zid-ziddle—quee-quee—bah-bah!

Fizzigiggidy!—psha, sha, sha!"

"O, ye thieves, ye thieves, ye rascally thieves!"

The good man cries; he turns to his pitcher
And there, alas! to his horror perceives

That the little folk's mode of making him
richer

Has been to pay him with—withered leaves!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

EDWIN OF THE GREEN.

A Fairy Tale in the Ancient Style.

In Britain's isle and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies daunced the maze,

Lived Edwin of the Green:

Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,

Endow'd with courage, sense and truth,

Tho' badly shap'd he'd been.

His mountain back might well be said
To measure heighth against his head,

And lift itself above;

Yet spite of all that nature did

To make his uncouth form forbid,

This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,

Cou'd ladies look within;

But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,

And, if a shape could win a heart,

He had a shape to win.

Edwin (if right I read my song)

With slighted passion pac'd along

All in the moony light;

'Twas near an old enchanted court,

Where sportive fairies made resort

To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd

'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost,

That reach'd the neighbour-town;

With weary steps he quits the shades,

Resolv'd the darkling night he treads,

And drops his limbs adown.

But feant he lays him on the floor,

When hollow winds remove the door;

A trembling rocks the ground:

And (well I ween to count aright)

At once an hundred tapers light

On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,

Now sounding feet approachen near,

And now the sounds encrase:

And from the corner where he lay

He sees a train profusely gay

Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles) never yet

Was dight a masquing half so neat,

Or half so rich before;

The country lent the sweet perfumes,

The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,

The town its silken store.

Now, whilst he gazed, a gallant drest

In flaunting robes above the rest,

With awful accent cry'd:—

"What mortal of a wretched mind,

Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,

Has here presum'd to hide?"

At this the swain, whose vent'rous sou

No fears of magick art controul,

Advanced in open sight;

"Nor have I cause of dread," he said,

"Who view, by no presumption led,

Your revels of the night.

" 'Twas grief for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew."

" 'Twas well!" the gallant cries again;
" We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

" Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chance:
Whilst I with Mab my partner dance,
Be little Mabel thine."

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light music floats in wanton air;
The monarch and the queen:
The rest their fairie partners found;
And Mabel trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire;
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But now to please the fairie king,
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,
And antick feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wond'ring eyes.

Till one at last, that Robin hight
(Renown'd for pinching maids by night)
Has hent him up aloof:
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung,
To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence " Reverse my charm," he crys,
" And let it fairly now suffice
The gambol has been shown;"
But Oberon answers with a smile,
" Content thee Edwin for a while;
The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantome play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

When screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers dye;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place
Was ever wight in sike a case
Through all the land before?

But soon as dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success.

With lusty lively hed he talks,
He seems a dauncing as he walks,
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
(The youth of Edith erst approv'd)
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
The wind came rushing down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall;
Up spring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And musick fills the hall.

But certes sorely sunk with woe
Sir Topaz sees the elfin show,
His spirits in him dye;
When Oberon crys: " A man is near;
A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that Sir Topaz (hapless youth!)
In accents fault'ring ay for ruth
Intreats them pity graunt;
For als he been a mister wight,
Betray'd by wand'ring in the night,
To tread the circled haunt.

" Ah, lofell vile!" at once they roar;
" And little skill'd of fairie lore,
Thy cause to come we know;
Now has thy kestrell courage fell,
And fairies, since a lie you tell,
Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The caitive upward flung;
There like a tortoise in a shop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolick mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink;
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink
And down y'drops the knight.
For never spell by fairie laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er;
But wot ye well his harder lot:—
His seely back the bunch has got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a sybil-nurse ared;
She softly strok'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
"Thus some are born, my son" (she crys),
"With base impediments to rise,
And some are born with none.

"But virtue can itself advaunce,
To what the fav'rite fools of chance,
By fortune seem'd design'd;
Virtue can gain the odds of fate
And from itself shake off the weight
Upon th' unworthy mind."

THOMAS PARNELL.

THE LAND OF REST.

A land of youth, a land of rest,
A land from sorrow free;
It lies far off in the golden west,
On the verge of the azure sea.
A swift canoe of crystal bright,
That never met mortal view,—
We shall reach the land ere fall of night,
In that strong and swift canoe;
We shall reach the strand
Of that sunny land,

From druids and demons free;
The land of rest
In the golden west
On the verge of the azure sea!

A pleasant land of widening vales, bright
streams and verdurous plains,
Where summer all the live-long year in
changeless splendor reigns; [bloom;
A peaceful land of calm delight, of everlasting
Old age and death we never know, nor sick-
ness, care or gloom;
The land of youth,
Of love and truth,
From pain and sorrow free,
The land of rest
In the golden west,
On the verge of the azure sea!

There are strange delights for mortal men in
that island of the west
The sun comes down each evening in its
golden vales to rest;
And though far and dim
On the ocean's rim
It seems to mortal view,
We shall reach its halls
Ere the evening falls,
In my strong and swift canoe;
And evermore
That verdant shore
Our happy home shall be;
The land of rest
In the golden west,
On the verge of the azure sea!

It will guard thee, gentle Connla, of the
flowing golden hair,
It will guard thee from the druids, from the
demons of the air,
My crystal boat will guard thee till we reach
that western shore,
Where thou and I in joy and love shall live
forevermore.
From the druid's incantation,
From his black and deadly snare,
From the withering imprecation
Of the demon of the air,
It will guard thee, gentle Connla, of the
flowing golden hair;
My crystal boat shall guard thee till we reach
that silver strand
Where thou shalt reign in endless joy, the
King of the Fairyland!

PATRICK WESTON JOYCE.

THE SLEEPER'S SAIL.

"Mother! I've been on the cliffs out yonder,
Straining my eyes o'er the breakers free.
To the lovely spot where the sun was setting,
Setting and sinking into the sea.

The sky was full of the fairest colors,
Pink and purple and pale green;
With great soft masses of gray and amber,
And great bright rifts of gold between.

And all the birds that way were flying,
Heron and curlew overhead,
With a mighty eagle westward floating,
Every plume in their pinions red.

And then I saw it, the fairy city,
Far away o'er the waters deep;
Towers and castles and churches glowing
Like blessed dreams that we see in sleep.

What is its name?" "Be still, a *cushla*,
(Thy hair is wet with the mist, my boy).
Thou hast looked, perchance, on the *Tir-na-n'oge*,
Land of eternal youth and joy.

Out of the sea when the sun is setting,
It rises golden and fair to view;
No trace of ruin or change of sorrow,
No sign of age where all is new.

"Forever sunny—forever blooming—
Nor cloud, nor frost can touch that spot;
Where the happy people are ever roaming,
The bitter pangs of the past forgot."

"Mother! we've known no end of trouble
Since the night when father was drowned
i' the bay;

The cow lies dead in the poor old stable,
The black bread fails us day by day.

"Why should we hunger, weep and hunger,
Your cheeks grow hollow, your hair turn
white,
When over the sea to the *Tir-na-n'oge*
In father's boat we can sail to-night?"

"Nay, nay, my boy, lie down and slumber;
God's ways are dim to human pride:
None dare sail to the *Tir-na-n'oge*
Save those whom angels come to guide."

The lad's dark eyes grew wide and misty,
The eager flush his cheeks forsook:
As he laid him down on his bed of heather,
The wind the crazy cabin shook.

Hunger and cold and want and sorrow
Howled, like wolves, at the broken wall:
But wrapt in the arms of a weary mother,
The brave young heart forgets them all.

And the gloom melts into a sunset splendor,
A castled isle in the rosy west, [thranging,
Where the happy souls the shores are
Of the Golden City of endless rest.

"None dare sail to the *Tir-na-n'oge*,
~~Save those whom angels come to guide!~~"
In his deep, deep sleep, the little dreamer
Sees the door of the house set wide.

And a beckoning shape, vague, tall and
shining,
With flick'ring hair in the doorway stands;
The deep eyes draw him—a strange voice
calls him—
While sleep relaxes the mother's hands.

Ah! little she dreams that the gentle patter,
Of her boy's bare feet on the homely floor,
Like the sound of rain on the hawthorn
falling,
Will stir the pulse of her heart no more!

Little she dreams that his clear eyes never
Again in her face the smile shall seek;
Or his young arms clasp her neck, while ever
The bright lips warm her withered cheek!

He feels the salt wind past him rushing,
The moonlit cliffs are white as snow,
As step by step, he slowly clammers
Down to his father's boat below.

"How close it seems—the fairy city—
More bless'd and beauteous than before;
The moonshine, like a bridge of silver,
Stretching away to its flow'ry shore.

What matter if the sail be broken?
The hands of angels guide my boat:
We'll sing the *Ave Maris Stella*,
As down the pleasant tide we float.

"O fair and lovely *Tir-na-n'oge*!
I see thy castles close at hand:
Thy fragrant winds are wafted o'er me,
The happy saints are on the strand.

My father!—is it he? how altered!
Bright—strong? Gray-haired and poor
no more?

Good Angel! hold the boat securely,—
’Tis but a step—I’ll leap ashore.”

High on the cliffs the lighthouse keeper
Caught the sound of a piercing scream;—
Low in her hut the lonely widow
Moaned in the maze of a troubled dream;

And saw in her sleep a seaman ghostly,
With seaweeds clinging in his hair,
Into her room, all wet and dripping,
A drowned boy on his bosom bear.

Vainly the lighthouse keeper lingered,
And peered, good soul, thro’ the moonlit
Vainly the widow, waking, fingered [pane;
The empty bed where her boy had lain.

Over Death’s sea on a bridge of silver,
The child to his Father’s arms had passed;
Heaven was nearer than Tir-na-n’oge,
And the Golden City was reached at last.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THE CHURCH-YARD BRIDE.

The bride she bound her golden hair—
Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
And her step was light as the breezy air,
When it bends the morning flowers so fair,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And oh, but her eyes they danced so bright,
Killeevy, oh, Killeevy! [light,
As she longed for the dawn of to-morrow’s
Her bridal vows of love to plight,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The bridegroom is come with youthful brow,
Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
To receive from his Eva her virgin vow;—
“Why tarries the bride of my bosom now,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy?”

A cry—a cry! ’twas her maiden spoke,
Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
“Your bride is asleep—she has not awoke,
And the sleep she sleeps will be never broke,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.”

Sir Turlough sank with a heavy moan,
Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
And his cheek became like the marble stone—
“Oh, the pulse of my heart is forever gone!
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.”

Now the keen is loud; it comes again,
Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
And rises sad from the funeral train,
As in sorrow it winds along the plain
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And, oh, but the plumes of white were fair,
Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
When they flutter’d all mournful in the air,
As rose the hymn of the requiem prayer,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

There is a voice that but one can hear,
Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
And it softly pours, from behind the bier,
Its note of death on Sir Turlough’s ear,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The keen is loud, but that voice is low,
Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
And it sings its song of sorrow slow, [woe,
And names young Turlough’s name with
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The grave is closed, and the Mass is said,
Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
And the bride she sleeps in her lonely bed,
The fairest corpse among the dead,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The wreaths of virgin white are laid,
Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
By virgin hands o’er the spotless maid; [fade
And flowers are strewn, but they soon will
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

“Oh, go not yet—nor yet away,
Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
Let us feel that *life* is near our clay,”
The long departed seem to say,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

But the tramp and the voices of life are gone,
Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
And beneath each cold forgotten stone,
The mouldering dead sleep all alone,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

But who is he who lingereth yet?
 Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
 The fresh green sod with his tears is wet,
 And his heart in the bridal grave is set,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Oh, who but Sir Turlough, the young and
 Killeevy, oh, Killeevy! [brave.
 Should bend him o'er that bridal grave,
 And to his death-bound Eva rave,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy

"Weep not—weep not," said a lady fair,
 Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
 "Should youth and valor thus despair,
 And pour their vows to the empty air,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy?"

There's charmed music upon her tongue,
 Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
 Such beauty—bright, and warm, and young—
 Was never seen the maids among,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

A laughing light, a tender grace,
 Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
 Sparkled in beauty around her face,
 That grief from mortal heart might chase,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"The maid for whom thy salt tears fall,
 Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
 Thy grief or love can ne'er recall;
 She rests beneath that grassy pall,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"My heart it strangely cleaves to thee,
 Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
 And now that thy plighted love is free,
 Oh, give its unbroken pledge to me,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

The charm is strong upon Turlough's eye,
 Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
 His faithless tears are already dry,
 And his yielding heart has ceased to sigh,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"To thee," the charmed chief replied,
 Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
 "I pledge that love o'er my buried bride;
 Oh! come, and in Turlough's hall abide,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

Again the funeral voice came o'er,
 Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
 The passing breeze, as it wailed before,
 And streams of mournful music bore,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"If I to thy youthful heart am dear,
 Killeevy, oh, Killeevy! [here
 One month from hence thou wilt meet me
 Where lay thine Eva's bridal bier,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

He pressed her lips as the words were spoken,
 Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
 And his *banshee's* wail—now far and broken,
 Murmured: "Death," as he gave the token,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Adieu—adieu!" said the lady bright,
 Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
 And she slowly passed like a thing of light,
 Or a morning cloud, from Sir Turlough's sight,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Now Sir Turlough has death in every vein,
 Killeevy, oh, Killeevy! [main
 And there's fear and grief o'er his wide do-
 And gold for those who will calm his brain,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Come, haste thee, leech, right swiftly ride,
 Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
 Sir Turlough the brave, green Truagha's pride
 Has pledged his love to the churchyard bride
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

The leech groaned loud: "Come tell me this,
 Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
 By all thy hopes of weal and bliss,
 Has Sir Turlough given the fatal kiss,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy?"

"The banshee's cry is loud and long,
 Killeevy, oh Killeevy!
 At eve she weeps her funeral song,
 And it floats on the twilight breeze along,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

"Then the fatal kiss is given—the last
 Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
 Of Turlough's race and name is past,
 His doom is seal'd, his die is cast,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

"Leech, say not that thy skill is vain,
 Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
 Oh, calm the power of his frenzied brain,
 And half his lands thou shalt retain,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

The leech has failed, and the hoary priest,
 Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
 With pious shrift has his soul released,
 And the smoke is high of his funeral feast,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The *shanachies* now are assembled all,
 Killeevy, oh Killeevy!
 And songs of praise in Sir Turlough's hall
 To the sorrowing harp's dark music fall,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And there is trophy, banner, and plume,
 Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
 And the pomp of death with its darkest gloom
 O'ershadows the Irish chieftain's tomb,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy!

The month is closed, and green Truagha's
 pride,
 Killeevy, oh, Killeevy!
 Is married to death—and, side by side,
 He slumbers now with his church-yard bride
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

WILLIAM CARLETON.

THE BANSHEE'S SUMMONS.

I am come, I am come from the land unknown,
 For the earth I have quitted my airy throne,
 I have left the heights of yon starry sphere,
 To sing his dirge in a mortal's ear.
Ullilu, Ullilu! morn comes fast,
 A soul will have sped ere the moonlight's past.

I am come, I am come, as I came before
 To the sires of thy house in the days of yore;
 Many a chieftain has heard my cry—
 Many a dame of thy ancestry.
Ullilu, Ullilu! thou must go
 To join them either in joy or woe.

Hast thou call'd up tears to the widow's eye?
 Hast thou listen'd in vain to the orphan's cry?
 Hast thou driven the hungry from thy door?
 Or taken the roof from the starving poor?
Ullilu, Ullilu! take the cost!
 Ye mourners weep, for a soul is lost!

Hast thou seen thy country sunk in woe,
 And taken the side of the tyrant foe?
 Or a traitorous part has thy bosom played,
 Hast thou risen on the wreck of friends
Ullilu, Ullilu! then weep on, [betrayed?
 Ye mourners, weep, for a soul is gone!

Or hast thou striven for the good of all?—
 Did danger daunt not—nor death appal?
 Didst thou urge thy way in virtue's path,
 Fearing no vials of human wrath?
Ullilu, Ullilu! earth must wail,
 But heaven's bright angels record the tale.

Tremble not then, as thou hear'st my cry;
 Why should a good man fear to die?
 Mourners, let your mourning cease,
 Such a death is the soul's release.
 Away on the morn's first beam I soar,
 A sleeper will waken on earth no more.

ANONYMOUS.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.*

"A tale of forests and enchantments drear,"

Il Penseroso.

I.

Where a lone castle by the sea
 Upreared its dark and moldering pile,
 Far seen, with all its frowning towers,
 For many and many a weary mile;
 The wild waves beat the castle walls, [ers,
 And bathed the rocks with ceaseless show-
 The winds roared fiercely round the pile,
 And moaned along its moldering towers.

Within those wide and echoing halls,
 To guard her from a fatal spell,
 A maid of noble lineage born
 Was doomed in solitude to dwell.
 Five fairies graced the infant's birth
 With fame and beauty, wealth and power;
 The sixth by one fell stroke reversed
 The lavish splendors of her dower.

Whene'er the orphan's lily hand
 A spindle's shining point should pierce,
 She swore upon her magic wand,
 The maid should sleep a hundred years.
 The wild waves beat the castle wall, [ers:
 And bathed the rocks with ceaseless show-
 Dark heaving billows plunge and fall
 In whitening foam beneath the towers.

* This poem was conjointly written by Mrs. Whitman and her sister, Miss Power, although only the name of Mrs. Whitman is appended to it.

There, rocked by winds and lulled by waves,
 In youthful grace the maiden grew,
 And from her solitary dreams
 A sweet and pensive pleasure drew;
 Yet often, from her lattice high,
 She gazed athwart the gathering night,
 To mark the sea-gulls wheeling by,
 And longed to follow in their flight.

One winter night, beside the hearth
 She sat and watched the smoldering fire,
 While now the tempest seemed to lull,
 And now the winds rose high and higher;
 Strange sounds are heard along the wall,
 Dim faces glimmer thro' the gloom,
 And still mysterious voices call,
 And shadows flit from room to room.

Till, bending o'er the dying brands,
 She chanced a sudden gleam to see:
 She turned the sparkling embers o'er,
 And lo! she finds a golden key!
 Lured on, as by an unseen hand,
 She roamed the castle o'er and o'er,
 Through many a darkling chamber sped,
 And many a dusky corridor;—

And still, through unknown, winding ways
 She wandered on for many an hour,
 For gallery still to gallery leads,
 And tower succeeds to tower.
 Oft wearied with the steep ascent,
 She lingered on her lonely way,
 And paused beside the pictured walls,
 Their countless wonders to survey.

At length upon a narrow stair
 That wound within a turret high,
 She saw a little low-browed door,
 And turned, her golden key to try:
 Slowly beneath her trembling hand
 The bolts recede, and backward flung
 With harsh recoil and sullen clang
 The door upon its hinges swung.

There in a little moonlit room,
 She sees a wierd and withered crone,
 Who sat and spun amid the gloom,
 And turned her wheel with drowsy drone.
 With mute amaze and wondering awe
 A passing moment stood the maid,
 Then, entering at the narrow door,
 More near the mystic task surveyed.

A sudden longing seized her breast,
 To twine the fleece, to turn the wheel:
 She stretched her lily hand, and pierced
 Her finger with the shining steel!
 Slowly her heavy eyelids close,
 She feels a drowsy torpor creep
 From limb to limb, till every sense
 Is locked in an enchanted sleep.

A dreamless slumber, deep as night,
 In deathly trance her senses locked;
 At once through all its massive vaults
 And gloomy towers the castle rocked
 The beldame roused her from her lair,
 And raised on high a mournful wail,—
 A shrilly scream that seemed to float
 A requiem on the dying gale.

"A hundred years shall pass," she said,
 "Ere those blue eyes behold the morn,
 Ere these deserted halls and towers
 Shall echo to a bugle-horn;
 A hundred Norland winters pass,
 While drenching rains and drifting snows
 Shall beat against the castle walls,
 Nor wake thee from thy long repose.

"A hundred times the golden grain
 Shall wave beneath the harvest moon;
 Twelve hundred moons shall wax and wane
 Ere yet thine eyes behold the sun!"
 She ceased: but still the mystic rhyme
 The long-resounding aisles prolong,
 And all the castle's echoes chime
 In answering cadence to her song.

She bore the maiden to her bower,
 An ancient chamber wide and low,
 Where golden sconces from the wall
 A faint and trembling lustre throw;
 A silent chamber, far apart,
 Where strange and antique arras hung,
 That waved along the moldering walls,
 And in the gusty night wind swung,
 She laid her on her ivory bed,
 And gently smoothed each snowy limb,
 Then drew the curtain's dusky fold
 To make the entering daylight dim.

II.

And all around, on every side,
 Throughout the castle's precincts wide,
 In every bower and hall,
 All slept:—the warder in the court,
 The figures on the arras wrought,
 The steed within his stall.

No more the watch-dog bayed the moon,
The owlet ceased her boding tune,
The raven on his tower,
All hushed in slumber still and deep,
Enthralled in an enchanted sleep,
Await th' appointed hour.

A pathless forest, wild and wide,
Engirt the castle's inland side,
And stretched for many a mile ;
So thick its deep, impervious screen,
The castle towers were dimly seen
Above the moldering pile.

So high the ancient cedars sprung,
So far aloft their branches flung,
So close the covert grew,
No foot its silence could invade,
No eye could pierce its depths of shade,
Or see the welkin through.

Yet oft, as from some distant mound
The traveller cast his eyes around,
O'er wold and woodland gray,
He saw, athwart the glimmering light
Of moonbeams, on a misty night,
A castle far away

A hundred Norland winters passed ,
While drenching rains and drifting snows
Beat loud against the castle walls,
Nor broke the maiden's long repose.
A hundred times on vale and hill
The reapers bound the golden corn—
And now the ancient halls and towers
Re-echo to a bugle-horn !

A warrior from a distant land,
With helm and hauberk, spear and brand
And high, untarnished crest,
By visions of enchantment led,
Hath vowed, before the morning's red,
To break her charmed rest.

From torrid clime beyond the main
He comes the costly prize to gain,
O'er deserts waste and wide ;
No dangers daunt, no toils can tire,—
With throbbing heart and soul on fire
He seeks his sleeping bride.

He gains the old, enchanted wood,
Where never foot of mortal trod.
He pierced its tangled gloom ;
A chillness loads the lurid air,
Where baleful swamp-fires gleam and glare,
His pathway to illumine.

Well might the warrior's courage fail,
Well might his lofty spirit quail,
On that enchanted ground ;
No open foeman meets him there,
But, borne upon the murky air,
Strange horror broods around.

At every turn his footstep sank
Mid tangled boughs and mosses dank,
For long and weary hours,
Till, issuing from the dangerous wood,
The castle full before him stood,
With all its flanking towers !

The moon a pale lustre sheds ;
Resolved, the grass-grown court he treads
The gloomy postal gained,
He crossed the threshold's magic bound,
He paced the hall, where all around
A deathly silence reigned.

No fears his venturous course could stay
Darkling he groped his dreary way,—
Up the wide stair-case sprang :
It echoed to his mailed heel ;
With clang of arms and clash of steel
The silent chambers rang.

He sees a glimmering taper gleam
Far off, with faint and trembling beam,
Athwart the midnight gloom ;
Then first he felt the touch of fear,
As with slow footsteps drawing near,
He gained the lighted room.

And now the waning moon was low,
The perfumed tapers faintly glow,
And, by their dying gleam,
He raised the curtain's dusky fold,
And lo ! his charmed eyes behold
The lady of his dream !

As violets peep from wintry snows,
Slowly her heavy lids unclose,
And gently heaves her breast ;
But all unconscious was her gaze,
Her eye with listless langour strays
From brand to plummy crest.

A rising blush begins to dawn,
Like that which steals at early morn
Across the eastern sky ;
And slowly, as the morning broke,
The maiden from her trance awoke,
Beneath his ardent eye !

As the first kindling sunbeams threw
 Their level light athwart the dew,
 And tipped the hills with flame,
 The silent forest boughs were stirred
 With music, as from bee and bird
 A mingling murmur came.

From out its depths of tangled gloom,
 There came a breath of dewy bloom,
 And from the valleys dim
 A cloud of fragrant incense stole,
 As if each violet breathed its soul
 Into that floral hymn.

Loud neighed the steed within his stall,
 The cock crowed on the castle wall,
 The warder wound his horn ;
 The linnet sang in leafy bower,
 The swallows, twittering from the tower,
 Salute the rosy morn.

But fresher than the rosy morn,
 And blither than the bugle-horn,
 The maiden's heart doth prove,
 Who, as her beaming eyes awake,
 Beholds a double morning break,
 The dawn of light and love !

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

One morn a Peri at the gate
 Of Eden stood, disconsolate ;
 And as she listened to the springs
 Of Life within, like music flowing,
 And caught the light upon her wings
 Through the half open portal glowing,
 She wept to think her recreant race
 Should e'er have lost that glorious place

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,
 "Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
 'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall,
 Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
 And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
 One blossom of Heaven outblooms them all !

"Though sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere,
 With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,
 And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall ;
 Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
 And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
 Yet—O, 'tis only the Blest can say [all !
 How the waters of Heaven outshine them

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
 From world to luminous world, as far
 As the universe spreads its flaming wa
 Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
 And multiply each through endless years,
 One minute of Heaven is worth them all !"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
 The gates of Light, beheld her weeping ;
 And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
 To her sad song, a teardrop glisten'd
 Within his eyelids, like the spray
 From Eden's fountain, when it lies
 On the blue flow'r, which—Brahmins say—
 Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

"Nymph of a fair but erring line !"
 Gently he said—"One hope is thine
 'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
 The Peri yet may be forgiven
 Who brings to this Eternal gate
 The Gift that is most dear to Heaven !
 Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin—
 'Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in."

Rapidly as comets run
 To the embraces of the sun :—
 Fleeter than the starry brands
 Flung at night from angel hands,
 At those dark and daring sprites
 Who would climb the empyreal heights,
 Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
 And, lighted earthward by a glance
 That just then broke from morning's eyes,
 Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the spirit go
 To find this gift for Heav'n—"I know
 The wealth," she cries, "of every urn
 In which unnumbered rubies burn,
 Beneath the pillars of Chilminar ;
 I know where the Isles of Perfume are,
 Many a fathom down in the sea,
 To the south of sun-bright Araby ;
 I know, too, where the Genii hid
 The jewelled cup of their King Jamshid
 With life's elixir sparkling high,—
 But gifts like these are not for the sky.
 Where was there ever a gem that shone
 Like the steps of Allah's wonderful Throne ?
 And the Drops of Life—O, what would they be
 In the boundless Deep of Eternity ?"

While thus she mused, her pinions fanned
 The air of that sweet Indian land,

Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!
But crimson now her rivers ran

With human blood—the smell of death
Came reeking from those icy bowers,
And man, the sacrifice of man,
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafed from the innocent flowers.

Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy pagods and thy pillared shades,
Thy cavern shrines and Idol stones,
Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones?

'Tis he of Gazna,—fierce in wrath:
He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scattered in his ruinous path—
His bloodhounds he adorns with gems
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and loved Sultana;
Maidens, within their pure Zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
And, through the war-fields bloody haze
Beholds a youthful warrior stand
Alone beside his native river,—
The red blade broken in his hand,
And the last arrow in his quiver.
"Live!" said the Conqueror,—*"live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"*
Silent that youthful warrior stood,
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to th' Invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The Tyrant liv'd, the Hero fell!—
Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay,
And, when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.

Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For Liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill,
"That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss."
O, if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her
cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
"Sweet is our welcome of the Brave
Who die thus for their native Land.—
But see—alas!—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than ev'n this drop the boon must be,
That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among Afric's lunar Mountains
Far to the South, the Peri lighted;
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide—whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth.
Deep in those solitary woods,
Where oft the Genii of the Floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the new-born Giant's smile.
Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,

Her grotts, and sepulchres of Kings,
The exil'd Spirit sighing roves;
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Rosetta's vale,—now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Mœris' Lake.
'Twas a fair scene—a Land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!
Who could have thought, that saw this night
Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in Heaven's serenest light;—
Those groups of lovely date trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
Warns them to their silken beds;—
Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved Sun's awake;—
Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream;
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Naught but the lapwing's cry is heard,

Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting
Fast from the moon, unsheath'd its gleam,)
Some purple-wing'd Sultana* sitting
Upon a column, motionless
And glittering like an Idol bird!

Who would have thought, that there, ev'n
Amid those scenes so still and fair, [there,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red Desert's sands of flame!

So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,
Like plants, where the Simoom hath pass'd,
At once falls black and withering!
The sun went down on many a brow,

Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pesthouse now,

And ne'er will feel that sun again.
And, O, to see th' unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away,

And sicken at so foul a prey
Only the fierce hyena stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies:—

Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying Spirit,

"Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall—
Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"
She wept—the air grew pure and clear
Around her, as the bright drops ran;
For there's a magic in each tear,
Such kindly Spirits weep for man!

Just then beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,

Close by the Lake, she heard the moan
Of one who, at this silent hour,
Had thither stol'n to die alone.

One who in life where'er he mov'd,
Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were lov'd
Dies here unseen, unwept by any!

* A beautiful and stately Eastern bird which obtained the title of Sultana.

None to watch near him—none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake,
Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice, well known through many a day,
To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
Is still like distant music heard:—
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone

Shed joy around his soul in death—
That she, whom he for years had known,
And lov'd, and might have call'd his own,

Was safe from this foul midnight's breath,—
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
Freshly perfum'd by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see—who yonder comes by stealth,

This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,

He knew his own betroth'd bride,
She, who would rather die with him,

Than live to gain the world beside!

Her arms are round her lover now,

His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.

Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come, when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,

Those gentle arms, that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place

Of Eden's infant cherubim!

And now he yields—now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay

All in those proffer'd lips alone—

Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came

Near his unask'd or without shame.

"O let me only breathe the air,

The blessed air that's breathed by thee
And, whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me

There—drink my tears while yet they fall,—
 Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
 And well thou knowest I'd shed it all
 To give thy brow one minute's calm.

Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
 Am I not thine, thy own loved bride—
 The one, the chosen one, whose place
 In life or death is by thy side?

Think'st thou that she, whose only light
 In this dim world from thee hath shone,
 Could bear the long, the cheerless night

That must be hers when thou art gone?
 That I can live, and let thee go,
 Who art my life itself?—No, no—
 When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
 Out of its heart must perish too!
 Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
 Before, like thee, I fade and burn;
 Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
 The last pure life that lingers there!"

She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
 In charnel airs, or cavern damp,
 So quickly do his baleful sighs
 Quench all the light of her sweet eyes.
 One struggle—and his pain is past,—

Her lover is no longer living!
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last
 Long kiss, which she expires in giving!
 "Sleep," said the Peri, as she stole
 The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
 As true as e'er warmed woman's breast—
 "Sleep on,—in visions of odor rest,
 In balmier airs than ever yet stirred
 Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
 Who sings at the last his own death lay,
 And in music and perfume dies away!"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
 Unearthly breathings through the place,
 And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
 Such lustre o'er each paly face
 That like two lovely saints they seemed,
 Upon the eve of doomsday taken
 From their dim graves, in odor sleeping;
 While that benevolent Peri beamed
 Like their good angel, calmly keeping
 Watch o'er them till their souls should
 waken.

But morn is blushing in the sky;
 Again the Peri soars above,
 Bearing to Heav'n that precious sigh
 Of pure, self-sacrificing love.

High throbbed her heart, with hope elate,
 Th' Elysian palm she soon shall win,
 For the bright Spirit at the gate
 Smiled as she gave that offering in;
 And she already heard the trees
 Of Eden, with their crystal bells,
 Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
 That from the throne of Alla swells;
 And she can see the starry bowls
 That lie around that lucid lake,
 Upon whose banks admitted souls
 Their first sweet draught of glory take!

But, ah! even Peri's hopes are vain—
 Again the Fates forbade, again
 Th' immortal barrier closed—"Not yet,"
 The angel said, as with regret
 He shut from her that glimpse of glory,—
 "True was the maiden, and her story,
 Written in light o'er Alla's head,
 By seraph eyes shall long be read.
 But, Peri, see—the crystal bar
 Of Eden moves not,—holier far
 Than even this sigh the boon must be
 That opes the gates of Heav'n for thee."

Now, upon Syria's land of roses
 Softly the light of eve reposes,
 And, like a glory, the broad sun
 Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
 Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
 And whitens with eternal sleet,
 While summer, in a vale of flowers,
 Is sleeping cosy at his feet.

To one who looked from upper air
 O'er all the enchanted regions there,
 Howauteous must have been the glow,
 The life, the sparkling from below!
 The gardens, shining streams, with ranks
 Of golden melons on their banks,
 More golden where the sunlight falls;
 Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
 Of ruined shrines, busy and bright,
 As they were all alive with light;
 And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
 Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
 With their rich restless wings that gleam
 Various in the crimson beam
 Of the warm West, as if inlaid
 With brilliants from the mine, or made
 Of tearless rainbows, such as span
 The unclouded skies of Peristan.

And then the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine,

Banqueting thro' the flowery vales ;
And Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods so full of nightingales.

But naught can charm the luckless Peri—
Her soul is sad, her wings are weary—
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great Temple once his own,
Where lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
Had raised to count his ages by !

Yet haply there may lie concealed
Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,
Some amulet of gems, annealed
In upper fires, some tablet sealed
With the great seal of Solomon,
Which, spelled by her illumined eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon
An erring Spirit to the skies.

Cheered by this hope, she bends her thither—
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither ;—
When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they ;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies
That fluttered round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems :—
And, near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink ;
Then swift his haggard brow he turned
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath daylight burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder clouds of gloom and fire,
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed :

The ruined maid—the shrine profaned—
Oaths broken—and the threshold stained
With blood of guests !—*there* written all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play :—
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze
As torches, that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But, hark ! the vesper call to prayer
As slow the orb of daylight sets
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's thousand minarets !
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisp'ing th' eternal name of God
From Purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again.
O, 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that child—
A scene, which might have well beguiled
Ev'n haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by !

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace.
" There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones—" thou blessed child !
When, young and haply pure as thou,
I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"
He hung his head—each nobler aim,
And hope, and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept !
Blest tears of soul-felt penitence !
In whose benign, redeeming flow

Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the Peri, "that down
from the moon

Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that ev'n in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies!—
O, is it not thus, thou man of sin,

The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"

And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a soul Forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek.
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam
But well th' enraptur'd Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy forever! my task is done,
The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!
O, am I not happy? I am, I am—

To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!
Farewell, ye odors of Earth, that die
Passing away like a lover's sigh:—

My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,
Whose scent is the breath of Eternity.

Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone

In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief:—
O, what are the brightest that ev'r have blown
To the lote tree springing by Alla's throne,

Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf?—
Joy, joy forever!—my task is done!—

The gates are passed, and Heav'n is won!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE SPIRIT BRIDAL.

Go—gather the diamonds that float through
the waves,

All sparkling with light through the long
summer's day, [caves

And let ocean give up from her hiddenmost
Every gem she holds purest and brightest of
ray,

To deck with their sheen
The fair brow of our queen
For the bridal of Spirit and Mortal—away!

And twine with the garland the beam of the
moon,

As she tremblingly kisses the water at even,
Impearling the fair, fragrant flowers of June

With her soft light that flows like a river,
thro' heaven;

And blend with the wreath
Honor, Passion and Faith,
To mortal the purest and holiest given.

And with the beam mingle the hues that the
bow

From its watery prison in harmony flings,
Emblazoned with colors as radiant as though

They had flashed from a wave of the Sera-
phim's wings;

Let every ray be
As bright as ye see [springs.

The Sun, when at morn from the Ocean he

Then weave her a robe from a wreath of the
foam [shore,

That the storm-spirit dashes in sport on the
And braid it with pearls from the mermaid's
green home,

That lies deep in the wave, 'neath its sap-
phire floor:—

And the bridal robe twine
With that rich golden line [ore.

That the summer sun flings on the water, like

Take for her chariot the amber ye find

All fresh from the night-mourning sea-bird
that weeps, [wind

And give her for steeds the fleet wings of the
As over the ocean in winter he sweeps,—

Haste, Spirits—away,
From the regions of Day

To depths where the dolphin in revelry leaps.

EDWARD MATURIN.

From "*The Enchanted Ring*."

THE FATE OF THE FAIRY SWAN.

"When shall the swan her death-note sing,
 Sleep with wings in darkness furled?
 When shall heaven its sweet bell ring,
 Call my spirit from this stormy world?"

(Song of Fionnuala).

Up and down the crystal river
 Sailed the fair enchanted Swan:
 In the east a rose-flush quivered,
 In the west the stars grew wan;
 On the bank in costume rude,
 Knelt a mighty multitude.

While the dew in gentle showers
 Bathed the bishop's cape and crook:
 Gemmed the altar, crowned with flowers,
 Flashed on chalice, bell and book,—
 Vested priest, upon the grass,
 Offered up the first great Mass.

First great Mass on Erin's altars,
 Sunburst brighter than the dawn!
 Closer to the reeds and rushes,
 Swam the fair enchanted Swan:
 Throbbing fast and drooping low,
 Feathered breast, and wings of snow.

With her wierd bright eyes she watched them,
 That mysterious multitude,—
 Prostrate on the ground, and sobbing,
 As they beat their breasts subdued;
 Every lip, (unshorn or bare)—
 Trembling with ecstatic prayer

"*Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus!*" murmured
 At the shrine the bending priest.—
 All was still—the very breathing
 Of that mighty gathering ceased,—
 As, upon the hush there fell
 Silvery tinkling of a bell!

Sacred sound, so long awaited!
 Blessèd chiming, long deferr'd!—
 In the mist among the rushes
 Something white and trembling stirred,
 As the Bird in rapture strong
 Sang her last delicious song:

"Farewell, Erin, 'mid the waters,
 Shining, like an em'rald green,—
 Ne'er again shall Fionnuala
 On your sparkling lakes be seen;
 After ages of unrest,
 Sweet shall be her slumbers blest.

"Christ hath triumphed! Christ hath riven
 From my soul its shackles sore:
 Farewell, Erin, lov'd of heaven!
 Never shall I see thee more.
 —Chime, O chime, thou holy bell!
 Lir's lone daughter breathes—farewell!"

Ringing sweetly, ringing softly,—
 Lo! a white ethereal shape,
 With the last clear note of triumph
 Winged to heav'n its glad escape.
 Farewell, lake! Farewell, bright river!
 Fionnuala is free forever!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THE MISTLETOE.

A Prophet sat at the Temple gate,
 And he spake the passers by,
 In thrilling tone, with words of weight,
 And fire in his rolling eye:—
 "Pause thee, believing Jew,
 Nor move one step beyond,
 Until thy heart hath pondered
 The mystery of this wand:"
 And a rod from his robe he drew.
 'Twas a withered bough,
 Torn long ago
 From the branch on which it grew,
 But the branch long torn
 Showed a bud new born,
 That had blossomed there anew,
 That wand was "*Jesse's Rod*,"
 And the bud was the birth of God.

A Priest of Egypt sat meanwhile
 Beneath a lofty palm,
 And gazing on his native Nile
 As in a mirror calm,
 He saw a lowly Lotus plant,
 Pale orphan of the flood,
 And long did the aged hierophant
 Gaze on that beauteous bud;
 For well he thought as he saw it float
 O'er the waste of waters wild,
 Of the symbol told of the cradle boat
 Of the wondrous Hebrew child.
 Nor was that lowly Lotus dumb
 Of a mightier infant yet to come,
 If mystic skill
 And hieroglyph
 Speak aught in Luxor's catacomb.

A Greek sat on Colonne's cape,
 In his lofty thoughts alone,
 And a volume lay in Plato's lap,
 For he was that lonely one;
 And oft as the sage gazed o'er the page,
 His forehead radiant grew,
 For in Wisdom's womb of the Word to come,
 The vision blest his view
 He broached that theme in the Academe
 In the teachful olive grove,
 And a chosen few that secret knew
 In the Porch's dim alcove.

A Sybil sat in Cumæ's cave,
 In the hour of infant Rome,
 And vigil kept and warning gave
 Of the Holy One to come;
 'Twas she who had culled the hallowed branch,
 And sat at the silent helm,
 When Æneas, sire of Rome, would launch
 His bark over Hades' realm.
 And now she poured her vestal soul
 Through many a bright illumined scroll
 By priest and sage
 Of an after age
 Conned in the lofty Capitol.

A Druid stood in the dark oak-wood
 Of a distant Northern land,
 And he seemed to hold a sickle of gold
 In the grasp of his withered hand;
 And he slowly moved around the girth
 Of an aged oak to see
 If an orphan plant of wondrous birth
 Had clung to the old oak tree;
 And anon he knelt and from his belt
 Unloosed his golden blade,
 Then rose and culled the MISTLETOE
 Under the greenwood shade

O blessed bough, meet emblem thou
 Of all dark Egypt knew,
 Of all foretold to the wise of old,
 To Roman, Greek and Jew.
 And long, God grant, time-honored plant,
 May we behold thee hung
 In cottage small or in baron's hall,
 Banner and shield among.
 Thus fitly rule the mirth of Yule
 Aloft in thy place of pride,
 Still usher forth in the land of the North
 The solemn Christmas Tide.

FRANCIS S. MAHONY.

A Noel ascribed to Abeland.

THE TREASURE OF ABRAM.

I.

In the old Rabbinical stories,
 So old they might well be true—
 The sacred tales of the Talmud,
 That David and Solomon knew—
 There is one of the Father Abram,
 The greatest of Heber's race,
 The mustard seed of Judea
 That filled the holy place.
 'Tis said that the fiery heaven
 His eye was first to read,
 Till the planets were gods no longer,
 But helps for the human need;
 He taught his simple people
 The scope of eternal law,
 That swayed at once the fleecy cloud
 And the circling suns they saw.
 But the rude Chaldean peasants
 Uprose against the seer,
 And drove him forth—else never came
 This Talmud legend here.

With Sarah his wife, and his servants,
 Whom he ruled with potent hand,
 The Patriarch planted his vineyards
 In the Canaanitish land;
 With his wife—the sterile, but lovely,
 The fame of whose beauty grew
 Till there was no land in Asia
 But tales of the treasure knew.
 In his lore the sage lived—learning
 High thought from the starlit skies;
 But heedful, too, of the light at home,
 And the danger of wistful eyes;
 Till the famine fell on his corn-fields,
 And sent him forth again,
 To seek for a home in Egypt,—
 The land of the amorous men.

II.

Long and rich is the caravan that halts at
 Egypt's gate,
 While duty full the stranger pays on lowing
 herd and freight.
 Full keen the scrutiny of those who note the
 heavy dues
 From weanling foal to cumbrous wain, no
 chance of gain they lose.
 But fair the search,—no wealth concealed;
 while rich the gifts they take
 From Abram's hand, till care has ceased, and
 formal quest they make.

They pass the droves and laden teams, the
weighted slaves are past,
And Abram doubles still the gifts; one wain—
his own—is last—

It goes unsearched! Wise Abram smiles,
though dearly stemmed the guest;
But haps will come from causes slight,
And hidden things upspring to light:
A breeze flings wide the canvas fold, and deep
within the wain, behold
A brass-bound, massive chest!

"Press on!" shouts Abram. "Hold!" they
cry; "what treasure hide ye here?"
The word is stern—the answer brief: "Treas-
ure! 'tis household gear;
Plain linen cloth and flaxen thread." The
scribes deceived are wroth;
"Then weigh the chest—its price shall be the
dues on linen cloth!"

The face of Abram seemed to grieve, though
joy was in his breast,
As carefully his servants took and weighed
the mighty chest.

But one hath watched the secret smile; he
cries—"This stranger old
Hath used deceit: no cloth is here—this
chest is filled with gold!"

"Nay, nay," wise Abram says, and smiles,
though now he hides dismay;

"But time is gold: let pass the chest—on
gold the dues I pay!"

But he who read the subtle smile detects the
secret fear:

"Detain the chest! nor cloth nor gold, but
precious silk is here!"

Grave Father Abram stands like one who
knoweth well the sword

When tyros baffle thrust and guard; slow
comes the heedful word:

"I seek no lawless gain—behold! my trains
are on their way,

Else would these bands my servants break,
and show the simple goods I take,

That silk ye call; but, for time's sake, on silk
the dues I pay!"

"He pays too much!" the watcher cries; "this
man is full of guile;

From cloth to gold and gold to silk, to save a
paltry mile!

This graybeard pay full silken dues on cloth
for slave-bred girls!
Some prize is here—he shall not pass until he
pay for pearls!"

Stern Abram turned a lurid eye, as he the
man would slay:

An instant, rose the self-command; but thin
the lip and quick the hand,

As one who makes a last demand: "On
pearls the dues I pay!"

"He cannot pass!" the watcher screamed,
as to the chest he clung;

"He shall not pass! Some priceless thing he
hideth here. Quick, workmen bring!

I seize this treasure for the King!"

Old Abram stood aghast; it seemed the knell
of doom had rung!

III.

Red-eyed with greed and wonder,

The crowd excited stand;

The blows are rained like thunder

On brazen bolt and band;

They burst the massive hinges,

They raise the ponderous lid,

And lo! the peerless treasure

That Father Abram hid:

In pearls and silks and jewels rare,

Fit for a Pharaoh's strife;

In flashing eyes and golden hair

Sat Abram's lovely wife!

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE GODS OF HELLAS.

The gods are all forgotten long ago—

The merry gods to whom the Grecian prayed

In those soft words so honey-sweet to flow

Like some rare vintage that for long has stay-

Deep hidden in some happy earthen jar, [ed

Whose ruddy grapes were ripely grown be-

neath some fortunate star.

They have gone hence and left us, floated

Over the pallid ocean of the sky, [out

Into those purpling clouds that cling about

The setting splendor of the sun, and lie

Upon the edge of plain or sea, unfurled

To the dim shapes of stately gods who ruled

an elder world.

But ye who pity these poor deities [earth,
Whose temples long have crumbled to the
Who from their groves and happy summer
seas

Have fled, and left no echo of their mirth
Pour a libation out to every one
Of the immortal gods who long ago are dead
and gone.

Although for us the gods are never dead—
For us who, in the yellowing wastes of dawn
Still see Aurora hasten from her bed—
For us who hear on every upland lawn
The pipings of God Pan upon the breeze,
And see the merry Satyrs chase the Dryads
through the trees.

And surely when the summer clothes the wold
With gaudy grasses and a world of flowers,
We may believe that Saturn's age of gold
Has come again, and the delightful hours
May pass like comely maidens on their way
About the flaming chariot of the glorious god
of day.

In such an hour upon some woodland hill
Lapped in a lazy leisure we may lie,
And dream that Grecian gods inhabit still
The coloured temples of the shifting sky,
Still hearken with some pity to our sighs,
And watch our mortal grief and joy with
kindly deathless eyes.

They are not dead, the joyous gods of Greece,
A Pan endures where any green thing grows ;
Within their hills the Oreads sleep in peace ;
The Naiads float where any river flows ;
The Dryads linger in each haunted wood ;
And still Poseidon and the Nereids rule the
writhing flood ;

And in the evening clouds about the sky
You may behold the shapes of ancient gods.
Can you not see great Ares sweeping by ?
And in yon storm-rack Zeus the saviour nods
His curls ambrosial ; in that vapour, see,
The fiery steeds of Dis bear off Persephone !

Hail, heavenly Hera, floating down the wind,
Borne by thy gaudy birds, the Argus-eyed !
Now that the gods are banished, do you find
That Zeus remains more faithful by thy side
Than when of old his uncontrolled desire
On half the heroes of the world bestowed a
heavenly sire ?

Great Pan, the laughing fountains and the
Of ancient rivers are thy altars still ; [edged
And where the wind makes sport among the
Thy pleasant pipings of lost Syrinx fill [edged
The hollow groves and mossy mountain
ledges : [hedges.

And so we find old Arcady between our leafy

God of the gardens, lord of Lampsacus,
Grinning with half shut eyes against the sun
Altho' the world has laughed and left you
With desolate altars where sad ivies run, [thus
Yet, while the Queen of Love finds worship-
pers,

Be well assured your horde of slaves shall aye
out-number hers.

Wing-footed Hermes, cunning King of thieves,
Whose duty 'twas to herald down to hell
The ghosts more thick than winter-scattered
leaves,

Say, hast thou led the shapes of gods as well ?
Hast thou, thyself a shade, been forced to float
Across the muddy waves of Styx in Charon's
creaking boat ?

Archer Apollo, young in the world's age,
Come with the sunshine in your face and hair !
You served Admetus once ; ah ! with what wage
Will ye serve us, whose summer fields are fair,
And fair our meadows and our wood-clad hills.
And fair our babbling rivers as the old Cas-
talian rills ?

O golden lord of sunlight, goodliest
Of all thy heavenly fellows, where are they,
Calliope, Euterpe, and the rest
Of thy nine maidens ? Have they lost their way
To old Parnassus, where the trembling trees
Give to the winds the echo of your ancient
melodies ?

Where is thy sister Artemis to-day,
Lyric Apollo ? Do her white feet run
Down the green track to bring the stag to bay
In some unknown-of forest, where the sun
Shines on the shapes of deathless deities,
That wander in eternal youth among eternal
trees ?

Surely of moonlit nights the Parthenon
Beholds Athene, and the broad white brows
Of Pallas bent in godlike grief upon
Her much loved Piræus, where the prow
Of all the nations cluster as of old,
When she was throned in solemn pride of
ivory and gold.

Surely about that ghostly hour when dawn
Creeps through the sky and stars on Sulamis,
The ghosts come thick from each Elysian lawn
And from the hollow flowerless fields of Dis,
And wend their way from the still town in
pairs

To greet their goddess at the head of holy
temple stairs.

Those comely youths with lissom limbs that
Around thy storied frieze, O, Virginal! [ride
Those glorious girls for whom their lovers
sighed

What time they went upon thy festival,
Bearing thy yellow garments softly spun [run.
In token that another year of jocund life was

Once more the noisy gaily colored crowd
People thy holy courts with many a gift;
Once more the choral voices, rising loud
In clear triumphant tuneful union, lift
Thy holy praises to the heedless sky.
O goddess, these are dead and gone who
thought not thou could'st die!

Down on the hill the long-deserted stage [see
Is thronged with changing shadows; sure I
The tortured Titan brave Olympian rage,
And Ædipus bewail his misery
By white Colonos, from whose olive trees
Thick haunting nightingales make moan to
every wandering breeze.

Medea, with love's ruin in her heart,
Calls to her young with cruel Colchian breath;
The great good-humoured giant takes the part
Of the true woman and o'ermasters death;
And lo, from seat to seat runs ghostly mirth,
While Socrates in basket swings between the
heaven and earth!

O Dionysius, gladdest-hearted god,
Do not the purple vineyards hold you still?
Do you not rule us with your tendrilled rod,
And the soft juices that defeat the will,
From any heed of cruel hours that creep
Away in fancies brighter than the dreams of
poppied sleep?

For every man to whom the subtle fire
Gives an unreal lordship of the earth,
And feigned accordance of his heart's desire—
The love of woman or what nobler worth
His heart most hungers after—each of these
Adds one more loyal worshipper to all your
votaries.

No more the dappled leopards draw thy car
Adown the noisy flower-sown street; no more
Some baby Bacchus on a giant jar,
By jolly vine-clad Satyrs lifted o'er
The heads of all the laughing people, wields
His little thyrsus in the praise of him the
vineyard yields.

Perchance on summer evenings calm and still,
You sit with Ariadne by your side
On the soft slope of some Arcadian hill,
Singing and drinking of the purple tide,
Crushed beneath sunburnt feet with merry
noise
Of laughter and of rustic song from brown-
skinned girls and boys.

JUSTIN H. M'CARTHY.

From "The Gods of Hellas."

TO IMAGINATION.

When weary with the long day's care,
And earthly change from pain to pain,
And lost, and ready to despair,
Thy kind voice calls me back again:
Oh, my true friend, I am not lone
While thou canst speak with such a tone!

So hopeless is the world without,
The world within I doubly prize;
Thy world, where guile, and hate, and doubt,
And cold suspicion never rise;—
Where thou, and I, and Liberty
Have undisputed sovereignty.

What matters it that, all around,
Danger, and guilt, and darkness lie,
If but within our bosom's bound
We hold a bright, unclouded sky,
Warmed with ten thousand mingled rays
Of suns that see no winter days?

Reason, indeed, may oft complain
For Nature's sad reality,
And tell the suffering heart how vain
Its cherished dreams must always be;
And Truth may rudely trample down
The flowers of Fancy, newly blown:

But thou art ever there, to bring
The hovering visions back, and breathe
New glories o'er the blighted spring,
And call a lovelier life and death;

And whisper, with a voice divine,
Of real worlds as bright as thine.

I trust not to thy phantom bliss,
Yet still, in evening's quiet hour,
With never-failing thankfulness
I welcome thee, Benignant Power ;
Sure solacer of human cares.
And sweeter hope, when hope despairs !

EMILY BRONTE.

THE PLAIN OF ASPHODEL.

"Naked and dry on the plain of Asphodel."—*Homer*.

I.

Looking down the slopes of splendor,
Where the garden spreads in glory,
Where the forms, all bright and tender,
Seem to speak a gentler story
Than the written page can show us
Or than memory can bestow us—
If your mind could be uplifted
With a sudden manumission.
Could be mercifully gifted
With a special-sent permission
Of delight in this bright vision,—
You might think that life was painless,
You might think that man was stainless,
You might think that earth was paradise
Because it bloomed so well ;
You'd not think such star-like creatures,
So unstamped with earthly features.
Could be found to glow and flourish
On the plain of Asphodel—
Could be found in such bright beauty
On this plain of Asphodel.

II.

Ah ! those flow'rets are no other
Than the scarce and stinted wrapping
Of our earth, the sheltering mother,
Of the dead, in gala trapping :—
All these gardens in their glory
Bloom on lethal territory ;
This dead clay, so gaily wreathed,
Is all human, and its brightness
Is but grief, for once it breathed ;
And our living spirit's lightness
Starts and soars with scorn's uprightness :—
Must our flesh be decked, polluted
As the sod—at least transmuted ?
Must this panoramic grandeur
Which the soul can love so well,

Rightly rendered, show us plainly
That our eyes admire it vainly ?—
For this place of our devotion
Is the plain of Asphodel—
All this lovely earthly garden
Is the plain of Asphodel.

III.

'Tis a vast humiliation,
But let truth be ever gaining—
What is flesh, that its prostration
Should induce this keen complaining ?
Flesh is far the poorest sample
Of this earth we proudly trample ;
Earth is strengthful ; flesh is forceless ;
Earth is fruitful ; flesh is failing ;
Earth is guileless ; flesh remorseless ;
Earth is blooming ; flesh is ailing,
And its works are unavailing :—
On the day that earth receives it,
All its quickening vigor leaves it ;
Is it then a guest too noble
In this new abode to dwell ?
Harassed, shattered, bloated, blighted
For its passion-gusts required,
Does it lend too high an honor
To the plain of Asphodel ?
Is our flesh too fine a treasure
For the plain of Asphodel ?

IV.

No ; but yet there's consolation :
Truth may scare with sudden flashes ;
But it lends no degradation
To ourselves to see our ashes,—
When our eyes are skilled in reading
By its light, there's joy succeeding ;
If this soil of earth is vested
With a dazzling, fragrant presence,
It is mercy's hand that drest it :—
Are not human hearts its essence ?
Glorious thought that lifts, not lessens !
Howsoever foul they ended,
When the breath of heav'n descended
They have reappeared in lustre
Which we feel but cannot tell :
Reappeared, those hearts of ours,
Glorious, stainless, sinless flowers !
Lovely, darling, heav'nly flowers,
On this plain of Asphodel !
Aye, in many a flow'r immortal
On this plain of Asphodel.

FRANCIS O'RYAN.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF HELEN.

[When Paris is slain, she Helen is transferred, according to the customs of those ages, to Demophobus. The only passage in which she is introduced in company with her new husband occurs shortly after the lines which I am about to translate. *Author's Introduction.*]

From her perfumed chamber wending
Did the high-born Helen go:
Artemis she seemed descending,
Lady of the golden bow;
Then Adrasta, bent on duty,
Placed for her the regal chair;
Carpet for the feet of beauty
Spread Alcippe soft and fair.

Phylo came the basket holding,
Present of Alcandra's hand;
Fashioned was its silvery moulding
In old Egypt's wealthy land;
She, in famous Thebe living,
Was of Polybus the spouse,
He with soul of generous giving
Shared the wealth that stored his house.

Ten gold talents from his coffer,
Lavers twain of silver brought,
With two tripods at his offer,
Had he to Atrides brought;
While his lady came bestowing
Gifts to Helen rich of price,
Gave a distaff, golden, glowing,
Gave this work of rare device

Shaped was it in fashion rounded,
All of silver but the brim.
Where by skillful hand 'twas bounded
With a golden guarded rim.
Now to Helen Phylo bore it,
Of its well-spun labor full,
And the distaff laid she o'er it,
Wrapt in violet-tinted wool.

Throned then and thus attended,
Helena the King addressed:
"Menelaus, Jove-descended,
Know'st thou who is here thy guest?
Shall I tell thee, as I ponder,
What I think, or false or true
Gazing now with eyes of wonder
On the stranger whom I view?

"Shape of male or female creature,
Like to bold Odysseus' son;
Young Telemachus in feature,
As this youth I have seen none.

From the boy his sire departed,
And to Ilion's coast he came
When to valiant war ye started
All for me—a thing of shame."

And Atrides spake, replying,
"Lady, so I think as thou,
Such the glance from eyeballs flying,
Such his hands, his feet, his brow;
Such the locks his forehead gracing;
And I marked now, as I told
Of Odysseus' deeds retracing,
Down his cheeks the tear-drop rolled,

"While he wiped the current straying
With his robe of purple hue."
Nestor's son then answered, saying—
"What thou speakest, King, is true.
He who at thy board is sitting
Is of wise Odysseus sprung;
Modest thoughts, his age befitting,
Hitherto have stilled his tongue.

"To address thee could he venture,
While thy winning accents flowed,
In our ravished ears to enter,
As if uttered by a god!
At Gerenian Nestor's sending
Comes beneath my guidance he,
In the hope thy well intending
To his guest of help may be.

"Many a son feels sorrow try him
While his sire is far away,
And no faithful comrades by him,
In his danger prop or stay.
So, my friend, now vainly sighing,
O'er his father absent long,
Finds no hand on which relying,
He may meet attempted wrong."

Kindly Menelaus spake him,
Praised his sire in grateful strain,
Told his whilome hope to take him
As a partner in his reign;
All were softened at his telling
Of the days now past and gone;
Wept Telemachus, wept Helen,
Fell the tears from Nestor's son.

Gushing came they for his brother,
Slain by Dawn-born Memnon's sword;
But his grief he strove to smother,
As unfit for festal board.

Ceased the tears for wo and sláughter,
And again began the feast;
Bore Asphalion round the water,
Tendered to each noble guest.

Then to banish gloomy thinking,
Helen on gay fancy bent,
In the wine her friends were drinking
Flung a famed medicament:
Grief-dispelling, wrath-restraining,
Sweet oblivion of all wo;
He the bowl thus tempered draining
Never felt a tear to flow.

Not if she whose bosom bore him
Or his sire in death were laid;
Were his brother slain before him,
Or his son with gory blade.
In such drugs was Helen knowing;
Egypt had supplied her skill,
Where those potent herbs are growing,
Some for good and some for ill.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

From the "Odyssey" of Homer.

THE SATYR.

Was he aware of dancing in the woods
To Pan's wild fluting, when he drooped his head

Thus o'er his bosom, with his limbs outspread
Amid the pines and rocky solitudes,
And fell a dozing so deliciously?
Did some fantastic dæmon in the wine
Tangle his brain in such a sleepy twine, [glee,
And drench him with that quaint and drowsy
Or drifted he to sleep with idle sails,
Charmed with witch lullabies of luscious
nightingales?

Blithe creature in whose being meet and
mingle [things
Mæn's motions with the life of dumb dull
Of field and thicket, and the spirit's wings
Half-pledged begin to pulsate and to tingle,
With faint forefeelings of potential flights;
Dream of Sin's soilure makes him not afraid,
No curb of Conscience on his heart is laid
To check his quickening senses' soft delights;
He roams the woods in measureless content,
Quaffing earth's mystic boons in pleased
bewilderment.

All rich and gummy odors soothe his sense;
All flavors of ripe berries in the brake,
Or fruits that can the thirst of summer slake;

All sounds of winds that come he knows not
whence,

Whispering amid the tree-tops and the reeds,
With bleat of sheep and low of uddered cows
All glints of sunshine on the glossy boughs
And little leaflets bright with dewy beads;
The hornless kids that butt him, and the
lambs [clumsy palms.
That push against his knees and lick his

But ah! the vines, the vines in autumn's glow,
With bloomy bunches trailing from the stem,
What wooing witchery abides in them [low
That he should love to bask their boughs be-
Like full-fed tortoise dozing in his shell,
While o'er his breast and neck and visage
brown [ping down,
Plump grapes and golden leaves come drop-
And all the air exhales a fruity smell,
And every tendril tickling brows and nose
Is as a touch of love to lull him to repose?

The trickling brook was dainty to his lip,
But sure 'twas Bacchus' self, on frolic bent,
That by the fount his thirsty mates frequent
Laid once a beaker purple to the tip
With honeyed vintage tempting him to taste.
Gods! how he eyed the bright mysterious
draught,

Then took it timidly, and sipped, and laughed,
Then drained it to the lees in eager haste,
Then laughed as if his joy could never fail,
And like a dancing rivulet skipped adown the
dale!

He nibbles the brown nuts with squirrel-mirth,
And gambols kid-like thro' the rocky glades;
He dances in the flickering olive-shades
To magic melodies of air and earth
That seize him with a reinless ecstasy,
And whirl him leaping in fantastic round
With jerking arms and feet that fly the ground;
While Pan, half-hid in cave or hollow tree,
Pursues him, while he pipes, with twinkling
eyes, [flies.
And holds his shaggy side for laughter as he

In sooth he seems the sport of all the gods;
Gay Eros hath bewildered his poor heart,
And set him sighing for the nymphs that dart
With twinkling feet across the woodland sods;
For them he capers, smiles and blithely sings;
They flatter him with mischief in each eye;
He fingers their smooth necks, and off they
hie,

And round the rocks their mirthful laughter
rings;

Well pleased he laughs with them that laugh
at him, [dim.]

And they forbear to chide a sense so vague and

Stop, and behold him as he dozes there,
His listless limbs extended on the rock,
Close by his side a goat from the black flock
Munches the ivy fallen from his hair;
The hornet whizzes harmless by; a bird
With saffron breast beside an olive's root
Drops down to peck the berries at his foot,
Because these two long hours he hath not
stirred,

The nightingale above him trills at ease,
The lizard stares and pouts, then climbs his
gnarled knees.

He dreams of noonday slumber as he sleeps,
Of drowsy whispers in the waving tree
And far-off murmurs of the mystic sea,
And some soft eye that thro' the thicket peeps,
And glossy purring things that brush his palm,
And troops of laughing naiads at the spring
His face affrights amid their gambolling
And white-necked drvads with their breath of
balm,

And then of Bacchus and his purple wiles,
And, happier than a child, amid his sleep he
smiles.

GEORGE FRANCIS ARMSTRONG.

From "I Garland from Greece."

CÆSAR AND CATO.

A Dialogue in the Elysian Fields.

Across the narrowing stream, as Cato's eye
Marked the pale train, nor marked without a
sigh,

The shade of Cæsar rushing on his view,
Swift to the utmost verge of Lethe flew,
And fain had plunged beneath the parting
wave,

But fate forbad his daring limbs to lave,
Or with a tyrant's unrepented crimes
Taint the pure ether of Elysian climes.

"Tis Cato's self—his form, his godlike mien,
As Mars determined and as Jove serene!"

Exclaimed the astonished ghost:—"that robe
he wears,

With garland of immortal oak, declares
The stubborn patriot who disdained to live
On any terms that Cæsar's power could
give."

With looks of mild benignity, like those
Which Mercy, checked by stricter justice,
shows

When bending o'er some wretch whose
impious deeds

Oppose the grace for which he vainly pleads,
Great Cato turned, and to the guilty shade
Thus the soft tribute of compassion paid:—

"Ill-fated ghost! since death's avenging spear
Hath stopt thy vices in their mad career;
Since Rome from thee no future ills can know,
Cato's no longer fallen Cæsar's foe.

But would those waves, whose drowsy cur-
rents glide

With lingering pace our spirits to divide,
Back roll their stream, my former wrongs
effaced,

I'd soothe thy sorrow in my arms embraced;
For well my soul each tender feeling knows
Which to a Roman's grief a Roman owes."

"Proud shade!" exclaimed the indignant
ghost again,

"Take back the insulting pity I disdain;
Fall'n tho' I am by murder's treacherous
steel,

Think not my god-like soul debased I feel.
Cæsar is Cæsar, though from empire hurled,
Great as when throned the master of the
world!

O glorious name! my glowing spirit towers
When memory brings again those golden
hours,

Which saw me like the undaunted eagle soar
To heights of radiant fame untracked before;
Saw me o'er empires stretch my sceptred
hand,

And round my throne dependent monarchs
stand.

"Nor canst thou, Cato, rigid as thou art,
If Candor guide thee, blame the aspiring
part [voice

Which Cæsar chose, since Rome's consenting
That Cæsar hailed the Emperor of her choice.
'Great as thou art!' they cried, 'to glory born,
The humbler fortunes of thy fathers scorn;

A throne for thee the favoring powers ordain,
An empire worthy Jove's immortal reign.
Seize then the blessing, and, with sails un-
furl'd [world ;
Launch forth at once the sovereign of the
O'er Rome and Rome's proud lords extend
thy sway
And bow by arms her senate to obey ! "

Smiling calm scorn on Cæsar's vaunting pride,
Thus to his vain appeal the sage replied : —
"How weak that judgment which decides a
fame

By the low rabble's censure or acclaim !
An impious herd, unprincipled and bold
The tools of faction and the slaves of gold,
Stand ever prompt at mad ambition's call
Alike to pour their venal praise on all ;
With throats of brass to thunder forth the
deeds

Of each proud consul who for triumph pleads ;
Who their base suffrage (still by gifts ob-
tained),

Bribes with the wealth from plundered nations drained :

And from the hackneyed bursts of such applause,

Drawest thou a sanction, Julius, to thy cause?
O lost to shame, to truth, to honor lost,
Who glorying thus in infamy can boast
The triumph of his guilt! Say, in the throng
Who roared thy praise in their intemperate
song.

And like wild bacchantes in their orgies lewd,
With drunken riot sober sense subdued,
Joined there one citizen whose generous soul
Breathed its free thoughts disdainful of control?

Spoke there one man but those by interest
Of fame regardless, and to virtue dead?"

ELIZABETH RYVES.

WALPURGIS NIGHT—FROM "FAUST."

Scene: Hartz Mountains;—Present: Faust, Mephistopheles, and Witches.

MEPH. Come, be alive—so far, so well,
We're at the half-way pinnacle.
The worst is over now; catch fast
My mantle, while we turn and cast
A glance beneath us on the mines
Where Mammon in the mountains shines!

FAUST. What a strange glimmer stains the
ground,

Like the dull heavy clouds around
The east, ere yet the sun ascends:
Far down the dusky hue extends,
For leagues below earth's surface spread,
A gloomy, thick, discolored red,
Tinging the dreary sides of this
Desperate, hope-deadening precipice—
Here rises smoke, there vaporous white-
ness.

But yonder what a blaze of brightness
On every object round is gleaming !
Now in a narrow thread 'tis streaming,
And now the illuminating current
Bursts sparkling like a winter torrent,
Here, round the vale, you see it wind,
In long veins delicate and slender,
And there in bondage strict confined,
It brightens into burning splendor !
A thousand sparks, like gold-dust, sprink
ling

The waste air, are before us twinkling,
And see the tall rock kindling, bright'ning,
Glow with intensity of lightning—
Turret, 'twould seem—and fence and spire
Lit up at once with festal fire.

MEPH. Well, is not Mammon's princely hall
Lit gayly for our festival!

I'm glad you've seen it—the wild night
Bodes storm, that soon will hide it quite—
Already is it swept from sight.

Wild work is on the winds—I see already
Omens that say the boisterous guests are
coming.

FAUST. The angry gale blows insolently
upon us!

How keen and cold upon my neck it falls,
Like strokes of some sharp weapon.

MEPH. Firmly seize
The old projections of the ribbed rock—
Else it will blow you down into the chasm
Yawning below us like a sepulchre.
Clouds frown heavily, and hearken
How the wood groans as they darken,
And the owls, in fear and fright
At the stormy face of night,
Beat the air in homeward flight;
The halls of evergreen are shaking,
And their thousand pillars breaking.
Hearken how the tempest wrenches
Groaning trunks and crashing branches,
And the earth beneath is rifted.
And the shrieking trees uplifted—

Bole, and bough, and blossom cheerful,
 Fair trees fall in ruin fearful;
 How the haughty forest brothers
 Bend and tremble!—how they fall!
 How they cling on one another's
 Arms!—each crushes each and smothers,
 Till, tangled, strangled, down come all;
 And the wild Winds through the ruin
 Are howling, hissing, and hallooing!
 Down the valleys how they sweep,
 Round and round, above and under,
 Rend the giant cliffs asunder,
 And, with shout and scream appalling,
 Catch the mighty fragments falling!
 How they laugh, and how they leap,
 As they hurry off their plunder!
 Headlong steep, and gorges deep,
 Gulf, and glen, and rock, in wonder,
 Echo back the stormy thunder!
 List!—I thought I heard a ringing
 In my ear of voices singing—
 Above, around us, faint, now clearer,
 Distant now, now warbling nearer;
 Now, all the haunted hill along,
 Streams the maddening, magic song!

WITCHES IN CHORUS. On to the Brocken
 the witches are flocking—
 Merry meet, merry part, how they gallop
 and drive,

Yellow stubble and stalk are rocking,
 And young green corn is merry alive,
 With the shapes and shadows swimming by.
 To the highest heights they fly,
 Where Sir Urian sits on high.
 Throughout and about,
 With clamor and shout,
 Drives the maddening rout,
 Over stock, over stone;
 Shriek, laughter, and moan,
 Before them are blown.

A VOICE. Before the rest—beyond the best—
 Who to lead the group is fitter?
 In savage pride see Baubo ride
 On her sow about to litter.

CHORUS. Baubo—honor to whom honor—
 Benediction be upon her—
 Foward, mother!—as we speed us,
 Who so fit as thou to lead us!
 Foward—clear the way before us!
 Then follow we in screaming chorus!

A VOICE. Whence came you?

A VOICE. Over Ilsestein—
 As I passed I peeped into a nest

And the night-owl, scared from her stupid
 rest.

Fixed her frightened eyes on mine! [past,
 A VOICE. She grazed my side as she hurried
 And the skin is sore and the blast is chill:
 Look there—see where—'tis bleeding still.

CHORUS OF WITCHES. The way is long, and
 weary, and wide— [side—
 And the madman throng crowds on every
 The pitchforks scratch, and the broom-
 sticks scrape,

Will the child within escape,
 When the mother, crushed to death,
 Suffocating, pants for breath?

WIZARDS AND WARLOCKS [*Semichorus 1*].
 Like the lazy snail, we linger and trail:
 Our woman-kind as fleet as the wind,
 Have left us far and far behind—
 On a road like this men droop and drivel,
 While woman goes fearless and fast to the
 devil.

WIZARDS AND WARLOCKS [*Semichorus 2*].
 Swift they go, and swift they go,
 And gain a thousand steps or so,
 But slow is swift, and swift is slow.
 Woman will bustle, and woman will juggle,
 But yet at the end will lose the day,
 For hurry and hurry as best she may,
 Man at one long bound clears the way.

VOICES FROM ABOVE. Come with us—come
 with us from Felsen-see,
 From the lake of rocks to the eagle height
 Of the hills—come with us—to-night—to-
 night!

VOICES FROM BELOW. To wander above, is
 the thing we love.

Oh for one hour of this one night!
 For one mad dance on the Brocken height!
 When shall we join in the wild delight?
 We have washed, and washed, and washed
 us white

Again and again—we are barren quite—
 But our hearts are aglow, our cheeks are
 bright— [a-right,

We have watched a-left—we have watched
 And we hear the sound of the far-off flight
 As they hurry away, and are swept from
 sight.

THE TWO CHORUSES. That wind that scat-
 tered the clouds is dead, [moon:
 And they thicken soon o'er the wandering
 She hides her head—and the stars are fled:
 With a whispering, whistling, drizzling
 sound,

And a fall of meteor fires around—
Onward, onward, hurry, skurry,
The hell-driven rout of wizards hurry.

VOICE FROM BELOW. Stop—stop—stop!

VOICE FROM ABOVE. What voice is this
Calls to us from the abyss?
Seems it that the words just spoken
From the crannied rock have broken?

VOICE FROM BELOW. Stop—stop—stop—for
me—for me—

Guarded and bound with slant rocks round—
Stop—stop—stop—and make me free—
Three hundred years moiling, three hun-
dred years toiling,

Hurry work—weary work—step after step;
I grasp and I grope, and in time I have hope
To climb to the top—sisters, stop—sisters,
stop— [prayer,

I anoint every joint, and I pray my own
In the May-sabbath night, to the Prince of
the air— [hinder'd

Are you not my kindred?—and why am I
From mixing among you, and meeting him
there?

BOTH CHORUSES. Brooms fly fast when war-
locks ride 'em;

Rams, with those who know to guide 'em;
Broken branches gallop lightly;
Pitchforks, too, make coursers sprightly.
A buck-goat or boar is as good as the best
of them, [rest of them?

Each man for himself and who cares for the
Many an egg-shell air-balloon
To-night will land at our saloon;
He who fails in his endeavor
To join us now, is gone forever.

HALF-WITCH [*from below*]. Far away I hear
their laughter,

Hopelessly I stumble after;
Cannot rest at home in quiet—
Here I cannot join the riot.

WITCHES [*in chorus*]. Strength is given us
by this ointment—

We will keep to-night's appointment—
We can speed on sea, no matter
Were the sail a cobweb tatter;
And a plank as weak and thin as
Snail's abandoned shell our pinnace.
He who cannot fly to-night,
Will never soar a wizard's flight.

BOTH CHORUSES. And when we've reached
the topmost bound,

Like swallows skim the haunted ground;

Far and wide upon the heath,
Spread your circling guard beneath;
Watch and ward 'gainst treachery,
With all the hosts of witchery.

MEPH. The air is heavy and oppressive,
And the whirling din excessive;
Rattling with the ceaseless babble
Of the tumultuous hell-driven rabble;
Sultry, vaporous, and sickening;
To a denser substance thickening,
Burning noisomely, and glittering
With fiery sparks forever frittering,
Poisoning everything it reaches,—
Atmosphere for fiends and witches.

JOHN ANSTER.

From the German of Goethe.

ECDICIUS AND LALAGE.

ECDICIUS. This is a dull world, Maxentius,
And a most sleepy city. Nothing stirs
Worthy a moment's wonder day by day;
Each like his fellow dwindles thro' the glass.
The very Gallileans keep their peace,
And we for prudent reasons are content
To let them slumbersafe. What news to-day?

MAXENTIUS. Little, my lord. A ship has come
to port

Having on board a messenger from Cæsar,
Who will be straightway here. The news of
Is fortunate,—'tis said the Persians fly; [war
Nothing beside save this, that from the Pharos,
Another ship—a galley, too, of war—
Is sighted out at sea, and in its wake
Still further sail.

ECDICIUS. Belike more messengers
Of Julian's fiery mind. 'Tis well, Maxentius,
I would be left alone. Let none approach,
Unless indeed the Lady Lalage.—

I had an evil dream last night; I dreamt
That death had taken me and Lalage,
And on his mighty wings had wafted us
To the chill side of Styx. Alone we stood,
Alone and shivering in the starless air;
And at our feet the oozy water washed
With loathsome lapping; and a silent fear
Possessed my soul, for it most strangely seem-
That we had left some well-lit festival [ed
To pass between the gloomy gates of death

And watch that Sundering stream—on the one
Our agony, and on the other side [side
Thick darkness and the drear abode of Dis.
Then, as we waited, on the stream appeared
A wherry, and the form of one that rowed.

I beckoned, and he came. Ye gods, how cold
The slippery ledge where could our feet scarce
As she and I—yea, I and Lalage— [cling,
Stood waiting for that fatal boat to hold
Its silent passage on that murky tide!
For round that prow the waves went noise-
lessly.

Then, as the boat drew nearer, she and I
Looked at each other; and I most miserable,
I stooped and kissed that sweet small mouth of
hers,

So cold with death behind, and clung to her
With a great joy to find love not forgot
In that dim kingdom of the pallid shades.
Then clinging to that last long kiss of ours,
We turned and saw the barge lay but a length
From where we stayed; and then I saw the
face

Who waited it to shore. It was the face
Of that dark hermit, with a smile on it
Of such malignant triumph that the look
Haunts me to-day, as it would stay by me
Till I had seen the latest of my suns.
Then Lalage cried out,—a fearful cry;
Whereat, like some spell broken, all the place,
The silent stream and the gray silent rocks,
And that wild face that bent its gaze on us,
And she and I, all seemed to float away
Upon a tide of dreams; and I awoke
With that wild cry still ringing in my ears,
And that fell visage staring into mine.
To thank the gods I had but had a dream.
And when I tell it, Lalage will laugh
Her laugh, so sweet a man might die to hear;
And I shall kiss her, and it be forgot

(*Lalage comes in.*)

LALAGE. So grave and full of thought?
Then Lalage troubles the State.

ECDICIUS. Let all the fond world perish
Before one thought for it should be a bar
Between us twain! But 'twas not to the State
My mind was given, but to yourself, sweet
What have you there? [queen!

LALAGE. Here is a thing for you
I took this moment from a fellow's hand,
A messenger of Julian's fresh from sea,
The very foam upon him, and his speech
Salt as the ocean. He would fain refuse
The precious roll to me; but when I frowned,
And bent my forehead in Olympian wrath,
He yielded up his treasure. Welcome me,
If not for mine own merit, for the grace
That girdles an imperial messenger.

ECDICIUS. Angel of love, thou art more wel-
come here
Than Julian's herald, or than Jove himself,
With all the stars about him. Where is this
That knows so rare a bearer? [letter

LALAGE. Great Ecdicius,
Upon my knees I humbly offer up
The sacred characters that Cæsar's hand
Has traced on parchment, hodied by his touch
Beyond the human. Do I carry it well?
Is it not thus that all you lesser gods,
Jove's deputies, are custom'd to receive
The heavenly message?

ECDICIUS. Never, by thy goddess,
From such an Iris; nor do kisses pay
The pains of Cæsar's people.

LALAGE. Truce! a truce
You do forget your letter, stay my breath,
And outrage Cæsar. Let us both be wise.
Read you your letter. I will stand aloof
And look wise counsel.

JUSTIN H. MCARTHY.

(*From "Scraption," a dramatic poem.*)

PART VII.

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM.

She is a rich and rare land ;
Oh ! she's a fresh and fair land ;
She is a dear and rare land—
 This native land of mine.

No men than her's are braver,—
Her women's hearts ne'er waver,—
I'd freely die to save her,
 And think my lot divine.

She's not a dull or cold land ;
No ! she's a warm and bold land ;
Oh ! she's a true and old land,—
 This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,
And virtue still reward her,
No foe would cross her border—
 No friend within it pine.

Oh ! she's a fresh and fair land ;
Oh ! she's a true and rare land ;
Yes, she's a rare and fair land,—
 This native land of mine.

THOMAS DAVIS.

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM.

TO IRELAND.

My country, wounded to the heart,
Could I but flash along thy soul
Electric power to rive apart

The thunder clouds that round thee roll,
And by my burning words uplift
Thy life from out Death's icy drift,
Till the full splendors of our age
Shone round thee for our heritage—
As Miriam's, by the Red Sea strand
Clashing proud cymbals, so my hand
Would strike thy harp
Loved Ireland!

She flung her triumphs to the stars
In glorious chants for freedom won,
While over Pharaoh's gilded cars
The fierce, death-bearing waves rolled on;
I can but look in God's great face,
And pray Him for our fated race,
To come in Sinai thunders down,
And, with his mystic radiance, crown
Some prophet leader with command
To break the strength of Egypt's band,
And set them free,
Loved Ireland!

New energies, from higher source,
Must make the strong life-currents flow,
As Alpine glaciers in their course
Stir deep the torrents 'neath the snow.
The woman's voice dies in the strife
Of Liberty's awakening life:
We wait the hero-heart to lead,
The hero who can guide at need,
And strike with bolder, stronger hand
Tho' towering hosts his path withstand,
Thy golden harp,
Loved Ireland!

For I can breathe no trumpet call
To make the slumbering soul arise;
I only lift the funeral pall,
That so God's light might touch thine eyes.
And ring the silver prayer-bell clear,
To rouse thee from thy trance of fear;
Yet, if thy mighty heart has stirred
Even with one pulse-throb at my word,
Then not in vain my woman's hand
Has struck the gold harp while I stand
Waiting thy rise,
Loved Ireland!

LADY WILDE.

SOUL AND COUNTRY.

Arise! my slumbering soul, arise!
And learn what yet remains for thee,
To dree or do!
The signs are flaming in the skies—
A struggling world would yet be free,
And live anew.
The earthquake hath not yet been born,
That soon shall rock the lands around,
Beneath their base.
Immortal freedom's thunder horn,
As yet, yields but a doleful sound
To Europe's race.
Look round, my soul, and see and say
If those about thee understand
Their mission here;
The will to smite—the power to slay—
Abound in every heart—and hand
Afair, anear.
But, God! must yet the conqueror's sword
Pierce *mind*, as heart, in this proud year?
O, dream it not!

It sounds a false, blaspheming word,
 Begot and born of moral fear—
 And ill-begot!

To leave the world a name is nought;
 To leave a name for glorious deeds
 And works of love—

A name to waken lightning thought,
 And fire the soul of him who reads,
This tells above.

Napoleon sinks to-day before
 The unguiled shrine, the *single* soul
 Of Washington;

Truth's name, alone, shall man adore,
 Long as the waves of time shall roll
 Henceforward on!

My countrymen! my words are weak,
 My health is gone, my soul is dark,
 My heart is chill—

Yet would I fain and fondly seek
 To see you borne in freedom's bark
 O'er ocean still.

Beseech your God, and bide your hour
 He cannot, will not, long be dumb;
 Even now his tread

Is heard o'er earth with coming power;
 And coming, trust me, it will come,
 Else were he dead!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

MY NATIVE LAND.

It chanced to me upon a time to sail
 Across the Southern Ocean to and fro;
 And, landing at fair isles, by stream and vale
 Of sensuous blessing did we oftentimes go.
 And months of dreamy joys, like joys in sleep,
 Or like a clear, calm stream o'er mossy stone,
 Unnoted passed our hearts with voiceless
 sweep,

And left us yearning still for lands unknown.

And when we found one,—for 'tis soon to find
 In thousand-isled Cathay another isle,—
 For one short noon its treasures filled the
 mind, [smile.

And then again we yearned, and ceased to
 And so it was, from isle to isle we passed,
 Like wanton bees or boys on flowers or lips;
 And when that all was tasted, then at last
 We thirsted still for draughts instead of sips.

I learned from this there is no Southern land
 Can fill with love the hearts of Northern men.
 Sick minds need change; but, when in health
 they stand [again.

'Neath foreign skies their love flies home
 And thus with me it was: the yearning turned
 From laden airs of cinnamon away,
 And stretched far westward, while the full
 heart burned

With love for Ireland, looking on Cathay!

My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief!
 My land that has no peer in all the sea
 For verdure, vale, or river, flower or leaf,—
 If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me.
 New loves may come with duties, but the first
 Is deepest yet,—the mother's breath and
 smiles:

Like that kind face and breast where I was
 nursed

Is my poor land, the Niobe of isles.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

SWEET INNISFALLEN.

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
 May calm and sunshine long be thine!
 How fair thou art let others tell,—
 To feel how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
 In memory's dream that sunny smile,
 Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
 When first I saw thy fairy isle.

'Twas light, indeed too blest for one
 Who had to turn to paths of care,—
 Through crowded haunts again to run,
 And leave thee bright and silent there.

No more unto thy shores to come,
 But on the world's wide ocean tossed,
 Dream of thee sometimes as a home
 Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hours
 To part from thee, as I do now,
 When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
 Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
 Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,
 But thus in shadow, seem'st a place
 Where erring man might hope to rest.

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's, on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
And all the lovelier for thy tears—
For though but rare thy sunny smile,
'Tis heaven's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
But, when indeed they come, divine—
The brightest light the sun e'er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

THOMAS MOORE.

A NATIONAL ANTHEM.

God save our native land!
May His strong sustaining hand
Be for aye her sure protection and her stay;
May He bid her strength increase,
Give her comfort, joy, and peace,
And banish feud and faction far away!
God save Ireland, pray we loudly,
May Heaven's choicest blessings on her fall!
From every harm and woe
That may lay a nation low,
May God save Ireland, say we all!

From evil-hearted foes,
And from traitors worse than those,
From schemings of the slavish and the vile,
From the blighting civil strife
That makes dark a nation's life,
Oh, may God protect our own beloved isle!
God save Ireland, pray we loudly,
May Heaven's choicest blessings on her fall!
From every harm and woe
That may lay a nation low,
May God save Ireland, say we all!

May a grace from God above
Fill her people's hearts with love, [hurled,
May foolish hates and fears from thence be
And her sons for ever stand
Gallant guardians of a land
The brightest and the bravest in the world!
God save Ireland, pray we loudly,
May Heaven's choicest blessings on her fall!
From every harm and woe
That may lay a nation low,
May God save Ireland, say we all!

May the years, as on they roll,
Never touch her heart or soul
With a stain to dim her old and honored name,
But may Ireland dear be still
As a light upon a hill,
In the pure and holy splendor of her fame!
God save Ireland, pray we loudly,
May Heaven's choicest blessings on her fall!
From every harm and woe
That may lay a nation low,
May God save Ireland, say we all!

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN.

THE RING AND THE CROWN.

The banquetting hall is a glare of light,
It gleams on the ruddy wine—
On the fair queen's face as she feasts to-night,
On the gems and the raiment fine,
And her crown of gold.
Is it the wind or a woman's wail
That rings through the palace wide?
The face of the fair queen grows death-pale.
"It is naught," saith one at her side:
But her lips are cold.

"One stands without at the palace gate,
Fair queen, and would speak with thee."
"Bid her come in, for the hour is late,
And say what she would with me,
Ere the night be spent."
"She will not within. In mist and rain
On the threshold stone she stands;
She bears a sword and a broken chain,
And a ring on her bleeding hands,
And a banner rent.

"Her face gleams white thro' the driving rain,
In her eyes there sleepeth Death;
The ring thou gavest she brings thee again—
'Thy ring for her crown,' she saith,
And bids thee come down."
The queen hath risen and left her place,
On the threshold stone she stands,
In the wind and rain they meet face to face;
One bears a ring in her bleeding hands,
And one wears a crown.

"Pale sister, enter and dwell with me,
Thy banner and sword lay down;
Thy chains are broken, thy hands are free,
And what would avail a crown
For thy pallid brow?"

"Nay, sister, I pass not within thy door,
On the stone there is a stain—
The blood of my sons is on the floor;
God judge between us twin
As we stand here now."

"Within is shelter, and bread, and wine—
Oh! enter and rest thee here."

"The cry of famine, fair sister mine,
It ringeth still in mine ear,
And thy voice is low."

"Pale woman, thy vesture dark lay by—
Here are robes for thee to wear,"

"Nay, sister, there is a crimson dye
That stains thy raiment fair—
Whence it comes I know!

"I bring thy ring for my crown," she saith,
But the fair queen turns in scorn
From the weary eyes where sleepeth Death,
And the feet that are bruised and worn
And the night is long.

In the wind and the rain, in the silent street,
Alone a woman stands,
A ring she hath trodden beneath her feet,
And she bears a sword in her hands
To avenge her wrong.

UNA ASHWORTH TAYLOR.

ERINA REGINA.

O land of the harp and the shamrock,
O fair land and gallant and true,
O land that no power can subdue,
So brave in the trust that endureth,
So firm in the faith that assureth,
So steadfast and fearless,
Through ages all cheerless,
And dim with the darkness of wrong!—
O daughter of sorrow, long stricken,
And sorrowing ever anew,
With grief and with longings that quicken
To pangs and to prayer and to song,
While shadows around thee still thicken
And scarcely one ray shineth through!—
O queen in the high court of duty,
Though prone in thy grace and thy beauty
And trampled and bound by the strong,
Who cruelly taunt and deride thee,
And mockingly jeer thee, or chide thee,
And scourge thee with many a thong—
O queen, though long robbed of thy reign
Yet despair not; thou'lt have it again,

And the crown that is ruthlessly rent from thee
now.

Yet once more shall sit fair on thy brow!

Man's strength is the strength of an hour,
And the strength of the tyrant is man's;
It breaks in the pride of its power,
Yea, breaks like the stem of a flower,
And crumbles and passes away;

And the mightiest measures and plans
Beaten out in the forges of mind,
To repress, and to shackle and bind,
Drop to dust on the pathway of time;
And though wrong be triumphant to-day,

Yet the purpose of Heaven remains,
And though justice lie bleeding in chains
At the feet of incarnadined crime,
Yet shall right
Rise in panoplied might,

And lift up, and avenge, and requite;
And the haughtiest captains and kings
Shall go down as the proudest have gone:
Shall go down, leaving nought but a name;
And their dust shall be scattered on wings
Of the wind unto places where none
Shall know ought of their fame or their
shame!

O brave land! that hath suffered so long,
O true land! that the ages have seen
Steadfast still, with the grasp of the strong
On thy throat—O immutable queen!
Yet again shall the crown that is now
Ravished from thee, embellish thy brow!

The night and the darkness are passing,
The dawn and the splendor draw near,
Be of cheer, O true land, be of cheer,
For on fields that you see not are massing
Strong forces that patiently form
For the sanctified task of redressing
The wrongs that have grown with the years
Not wild forces of tumult and storm,
That descend and destroy, and are broken,
Leaving ruin and madness and tears,
And the shame that can never be spoken,
Not these, but the legions of thought,
Slowly marshalling over the world,
With the legends of liberty wrought
Upon banners that ne'er shall be furled.
They will come to thee, Erin, at last,
Lo! their plumes are on mountain and
main—
Thou wilt rise when they greet thee, and
cast

From thy limbs every fetter and chain ;
 And from lands of the east and the west,
 Shall thy far-scattered children return
 Never more to weep with thee and mourn,
 Never more to behold thee oppress.
 But to clasp thee and crown thee again,
 And to build thee a throne, [reign,
 Where, triumphant, once more thou shalt
 Happy Queen of Thine Own.

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

THE BANSHEE.

Green, in the wizard arms
 Of the foam-bearded Atlantic,
 An isle of old enchantment,
 A melancholy isle,
 Enchanted and dreaming lies ;
 And there, by Shannon's flowing,
 In the moonlight, spectre-thin,
 The spectre, Erin, sits.

An aged desolation,
 She sits by old Shannon's flowing,
 A mother of many children,
 Of children exiled and dead ;
 In her home, with bent head, homeless,
 Clasping her knees she sits,
 Keening, keening.

And at her keene the fairy-grass
 Trembles on dun and barrow ;
 Around the foot of her ancient crosses
 The rye-grass shakes and the foxglove swings ;
 In haunted glens the meadow-sweet
 Flings to the night wind
 Her mystic mournful perfume :
 The sad spearmint by holy wells
 Breathes melancholy balm.

Sometimes she lifts her head,
 With blue eyes tearless,
 And gazes athwart the reek of night
 Upon things long past,
 Upon things to come.

And sometimes when the moon
 Brings tempest upon the deep,
 And roused Atlantic thunders from
 His caverns in the west,
 The wolf-hound at her feet
 Springs up with a mighty bay,
 And chords of mystery sound from
 The wild harp at her side,

Strung from the heart of poets ;
 And she flies on the wings of tempest
 Around her shuddering isle,
 With gray hair streaming,
 A meteor of evil omen,
 The spectre of hope forlorn,
 Keening, keening.

She keenes, and the strings of her wild harp
 Shiver on the gusts of night :
 O'er the four waters she keenes—
 Over Moyle she keenes,
 O'er the sea of Miledth,
 And the strait of Strongbow,
 And the ocean of Columbus.

And the Fianna hear, and the ghosts of her
 cloudy hovering heroes,
 And the swan, Fianoula, wails o'er the waters
 of Innisfail,
 Chanting her song of destiny,
 The rune of the weaving Fates ;
 And the nations hear, in the void and quak-
 ing time of night,
 Sad unto dawning, dirges,
 Solemn dirges,
 And snatches of bardic song ;
 And they dream of the weird of kings,
 And tyrannies moulting, sick
 In the dreadful wind of change.

Wail no more, Lonely one !
 Mother of Exiles, wail no more !
 Banshee of the world—no more !
 Thy sorrows are the world's,
 Thou art no more alone—
 Thy wrongs, the world's.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

IRELAND—1882.

"Island of Destiny! Innisfail!" they cried
 when their weary eyes
 First looked on thy beauteous bosom from
 the amorous ocean rise.

"Island of Destiny! Innisfail!" we cry, dear
 land, to thee,
 As the sun of thy future rises and reddens the
 Eastern sea!

Pregnant as Earth with its gold and gems and its metals strong and fine, Is thy soul with its ardors and fancies and sympathies divine.	It is mud that coheres; but the sand is free— till the lightning smite the shore, And smelt the grains to a crystal mass, to re- turn to sand no more.
Mustard seed of the nations! they scattered thy leaves to the air, And the ravisher pales at their harvest that flourishes everywhere.	And so with the grains of our Irish sand, that flash clear-eyed to the sun, When a grand Idea smites them and smelts them into one!
Queen in the right of thy courage! manacled, scourged, defamed; Thy voice in the teeth of the bayonets the right of a race proclaimed.	When the sands are free, O Tyrants! like the wind are your steel and speech; Your brute force crushes a legion, but a soul it can never reach.
"Bah!" they sneered from their battlements; "her people cannot unite; They are sands of the sea, that break before the rush of our ordered might!"	Ireland of Destiny! Innisfail! for thy faith is the payment near: The mine of thy future is opened, and the golden veins appear.
And wherever the flag of the pirate flew, the English slur was heard, And the souls of the shallow echoed the boast of the robber's word.	Thy hands are white and thy page unstained. Reach out for the glorious years, And take them from God as His recompense for thy fortitude and tears.
But we—O Sun! that of old was our god, we look in thy face to-day, As our Druids who prayed in the ancient time, and with them we proudly say:	Thou canst stand by the way ascending, as thy tyrant goes to the base; The seeds of her death are in her, and the signs in her cruel face.
"We have wronged no race; we have robbed no land; we have never oppressed the weak!" And this in the face of Heaven is the nobler thing to speak.	On her darkened path lie the corpses of men, with whose blood her feet are red; And the curses of ruined nations are a cloud above her head.
We cannot unite—thank God for that!—in such unity as yours, That strangles the rights of others, and only itself endures.	O Erin, fresh in the latest day, like a gem from a Syrian tomb, The burial clay of the centuries has saved thy light in the gloom.
As the guard of a blood-stained spoil and the red-eyed watch of the slave; No need for such curséd unity to a race free- souled and brave.	Thy hands may stretch to a kindred world: there is none that hates but one; And she must hate as a pretext for the rapine she has done.
The peoples that band for plunder are the mud of the human stream, The base and the coward and sordid, without an unselfish gleam.	The night of thy grief is closing, and the sky in the East is red: Thy children watch from the mountain tops for the sun to kiss thy head.
It is mud that unites; but the sand is free— ay, every grain is free, And the freedom of individual men is the highest of liberty!	O Mother of men that are fit to be free, for their test for Freedom borne, Thy vacant place in the Nations' race awaits but the coming morn!

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

OUT OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

ERIN—1800—1885.

"She died from you," they said, "in the flush
of her bridal bloom."

But they lied with their hearts and lips—
beloved, thou could'st not die!

They lured thee out of my arms, and shut
thee alive in the tomb,

And guarded with fire and sword the place
of thine agony.

And they laughed but yester-eve, in their
cruel strength and scorn,

Saying, "Still through the years he seeks
her—O fondest, faithfullest!

And still are fools to follow his beck on a
hope forlorn,

And never a one a-weary—and oh, the idle
quest!"

Did they dream their swords could sunder the
bonds of soul to soul?

Or that flames could daunt my purpose,
though lit from the central hell?

Ah, they thought I grieved like a man—that
time would ease my dole,

With a new fair face forgetting what late I
loved so well.

They knew me not—changeless, deathless,
what time with heart grief-riven,

For thee in mortal seeming the paths of
pain I trod—

But I am Freedom—Freedom—and I've stood
in the highest heaven,

With the seven armored angels who guard
the throne of God.

Courage, mine own, nor falter, but hold for
thy life to me—

Look not back where the flames and the
swords and the serpents were—

Look up! for yon stars are the souls of the
men who died for thee,

Crushed under the stone they would roll
from the door of thy sepulchre.

Ah, me! but thy face is wan, and thy sweet
eyes dimmed with tears,

And the soul on thy pale lips flutters as if
it were fain to flee—

Ah, God! for thy years of waiting—thy tor-
tured, murdered years—

Ere I rent thy tomb and fled through the
Valley of Death with thee!

But oh! for our journey's end, and home, and
the light of dawn,

And the sweet green earth, the bird-singing,
the balm of the soft sea air—

Oh, to hold thee close to my heart till the
chill of the grave is gone

And kiss thy lips and thy hands and the
strands of thy long fair hair.

Courage, mine own, nor falter, but cling for
thy life to me—

Hear the home-welcoming music, nor faint
nor far away—

And the conquering Cross ablaze in the
heavens above us—see!

We are out of the Shadow of Death—but
one step more to the day!

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

TO IRELAND.

A song of love to my own old land,

The land of my fathers' graves,

Though none to-night in so sad a plight

Looks over old ocean's waves.

New lands arise beneath other skies;

Old lands from their thrall spring up;

Still in captive state at the stranger's gate

Thou art draining the bitter cup.

But still my love unto thee, old land,

And to every land to-night,

Whether East or West, by the tyrant pressed,

That fell in the cause of Right!

Yet thou wert great in thy time, old land.

Though fallen and captive now,

A sceptre swayed in thy queenly hand,

And a crown on thy regal brow.

In the days of eld thy sons upheld

The painted Briton's cause;

Gave a grave to the Dane on their native plain,

And to Scotland her kings and laws.

So here is my love unto thee, old land,

And to every land to-night,

Whether East or West, by the tyrant pressed,

That fell in the cause of Right!

Then thou wert a name of renown, old land,

In the halls of the chiefs and kings;

When thoughts divine, like the beaded wine,

Arose from the minstrel's strings.

Then the Brehon gave his counsel grave,
And the Druid his runic lore :—
The light of their time to their race and
clime,—

And the saints could do no more.
Then here is my love unto them, old land,
And to all true men to-night,
Whether East or West in their homes op-
pressed,
Or that fell in the cause of Right.

When I look from those ages to this, old land,
And the stormy gulf between,
Where by field and flood your heroes stood,
The Red above—or the Green ;
With a soul aflame, each glorious name
Through the clouds of time I call ;
But to check my joy, I see thee nigh,
And a mourner, the last of all.
Still a song of love to thee, old land,
And to every land to-night,
Whether East or West, by the tyrant pressed,
That fell in the cause of Right !

Yes, thou art great in thy lore, old land,
And thy gift, divine, of song ;
Thou art even great in thy fallen state,
For thy ceaseless hate of wrong.
Ay, free or thrall, thou wert great in all,
But greatest of all to me,
That though stricken low by a heartless foe,
Thou never wouldst bend the knee.
Then here is my love unto thee, old land,
And to every land to-night,
Whether East or West, by the tyrant pressed,
That fell in the cause of Right !

JOHN BOYLE.

SHE IS NOT DEAD !

Who said that thou wast dead, O darling of
my heart ?
My fairest one amid the daughters,
My lily brooding on the waters,—
Who said that thou wast dead, and I from
thee must part ?

Who said that thou wast dead, and called me
from thy side ?
Bright saint and queen of my devotion,
My spotless, priceless pearl of ocean,—
My bitter ban shall rest upon the knaves who
lied !

They said that thou wast dead, tho' fair thy
beauty shone,

My sweet Undine gently gleaming [ing,
Thro' crystal mists of tear-drops stream-
That catch the iris-tints from Aphrodite's
zone.

They said that thou wast dead, O chosen one
of Fate,—

My sovereign lady proud and peerless,
My swan-like Valkyr wild and fearless,
My deathless maid whose soul recks not for
love or hate.

They said that thou wast dead, they wiled me
far from thee ;

But ah ! my heart was sadly pining,—
Its tendrils still around thee twining,
Drew back my soul in bonds, as noonbeams
draw the sea.

And then I saw that still the life was in thine
eyes,

O sweet ! most loved, most sorrow-laden !
The flashes from thy ravished Aidenn
Played o'er thy face like lightnings o'er the
twilight skies.

And then I knew at last that thou could'st
never die,

O sister of the great Immortals,
That standest hard by Freedom's portals,
Until an unseen Hand shall open from on
high.

Lo ! roses red thy lovers strew before thy
shrine, [flowing,
Dipped deep in blood from heart-veins
With hues of death and passion glowing,
Yet thou regardest not, for thou wast born
divine.

Lo ! roses white thy lovers strew before thy
feet,

Bright blossoms of pure lives and holy ;
But thy firm eyes look upward solely,—
Our love can bring no offerings that for thee
are meet.

Thou art our queen,—we bare our bosoms
to thy tread ;

Thy empty throne for thee is waiting ;
Tread on, all heedless still of love or
hating !

Enough for us who kneel, to know thou art
not dead.

FANNY FARNELL.

THE PRAYER OF IRELAND.

O Lord! my sorrows are too great to bear!
My feet wax weary and mine eyes grow dim;
Give ear, O Lord! unto my earnest prayer
And lift the burden from each wearied limb!
When others left Thee and blasphemed Thy
With loyal faith I firmer clung to Thee; [name,
Yet they are great in riches and in fame,
While I have naught but shame and misery.

Why hast Thou left me, Lord, these dreary
Beneath the lashes of the tyrant's rod? [years
Loud were my groans, and bitter all my tears,
Yet these moved not Thy pity, O my God!
At times, so great my anguish and my grief—
(O, Lord! I crave forgiveness for the thought!)
When I had prayed and did not find relief,
Methought, O Lord, by Thee I was forgot!

But yet Thy will in everything be done!
Thou knowest best; but oh! 'tis hard to bear,
To be denied fair Freedom's glorious sun,
Yet see it beaming round me everywhere;
With naked feet to tread a thorny way,
Faint and athirst, and grieving piteously,—
Must this continue, O my God, for aye?
Is there no end to my Gethsemane?

Roll back, O Lord! from the dark sepulchre,
Where I have lain for many a weary year,
The heavy stone that keeps me prisoned there;
Strike low the girded guard that hovers near.
Have pity, Lord, assuage my bitter woe;
With bleeding heart to Thee I fervent pray,
To strike to earth the mocking, ruthless foe,
And give to me ere long an Easter day!

Behold me, Lord, and ease my poignant pain.
O listen to my children's wailing cry! [vain?
They pray to Thee—O shall their prayers be
Aid them, my Father, else they surely die!
Or if it be Thy holy will that they
Worse than Egyptian bondage must endure
For years to be, O strengthen them, I pray,
And keep their Faith both steadfast and
secure!

What crime, O Lord, in primal hour was done
By me or mine against Thy holy word, [sun,
That blotted from our sky bright Freedom's
And laid us prostrate 'neath a foreign horde?
I know not, O my God! but this I know,
If we have sinned, our punishment is great!
Absolve us, Father! O, dispel our woe, [state!
And lift Thy children from their wretched

JAMES RYAN.

ERIN.

When Erin first rose from the dark swelling
flood,
God bless'd the green island, and saw it was
good;
The em'rald of Europe, it sparkled and shone,
In the ring of the world, the most precious
stone.
In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice
blest,
With her back towards Britain, her face to
the West,
Erin stands proudly insular, on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp 'mid the ocean's
deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and
to weep,
The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the
deep;
At the thought of the past the tears gush from
her eyes,
And the pulse of her heart makes her white
bosom rise.
O! sons of green Erin, lament o'er the time,
When religion was war, and our country a
crime,
When man, in God's image, inverted his plan,
And moulded his God in the image of man.

When the int'rest of state wrought the general
woe,
The stranger a friend, and the native a foe;
While the mother rejoic'd o'er her children
oppressed,
And clasp'd the invader more close to her
breast.
When with pale for the body and pale for the
soul,
Church and state joined in compact to con-
quer the whole;
And as Shannon was stained with Milesian
blood,
Ey'd each other askance and pronounced it
was good.

By the groans that ascend from your fore-
fathers' grave,
For their country thus left to the brute and
the slave,
Drive the Demon of Bigotry home to his den,
And where Britain made brutes now let Erin
make men.

Let my sons like the leaves of the shamrock
unite,

A partition of sects from one footstalk of right,
Give each his full share of the earth and the
sky.

Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would
die.

Alas! for poor Erin that some are still seen,
Who would dye the grass red from their hat-
tred to Green;

Yet, O! when you're up and they're down, let
them live,

Then yield them that mercy which they would
not give.

Arm of Erin, be strong! but be gentle as
brave!

And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save!
Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause of, or men of, the Emerald Isle.

The cause it is good and the men they are true,
And the Green shall outlive both the Orange
and Blue!

And the triumphs of Erin her daughters shall
share,

With the full swelling chest and the fair flow-
ing hair.

Their bosom heaves high for the worthy and
brave,

But no coward shall rest in that soft swelling
wave!

Men of Erin! awake and make haste to be
blest!

Rise, Arch of the Ocean and Queen of the
West!

WILLIAM DRENNAN.

IRELAND, MOTHER!

Vein of my heart, light of mine eyes,
Pulse of my life, star of my skies,
Dimmed is thy beauty, sad are thy sighs,
Fairest and saddest, what shall I do for thee?
Ireland, mother!

Vain, ah vain is a woman's prayer;
Vain is a woman's hot despair;
Naught can she do, naught can she dare,—
I am a woman, I can do naught for thee,
Ireland, mother!

Hast thou not sons, like the ocean-sands?
Hast thou not sons with brave hearts and
hands?

Hast thou not *heirs* for thy broad, bright lands?
What have they done,—or what will they do
for thee?

Ireland, mother!

Were I a man from thy glorious womb,
I'd hurl the stone from thy living tomb;
Thy grief should be joy, and light thy gloom,
The rose should gleam 'mid thy golden broom,
Thy marish wastes should blossom and bloom;
I'd smite thy foes with thy own long doom,
While God's heaped judgments should round
them loom;

Were I a man, lo! this would I do for thee,
Ireland, mother!

FANNY FARNELL.

ERIN.

Love! what have we done to thee?

Thou hast given thine own a bitter cup to
drain;

Thy kisses on our lips are red with pain;
Where are our noblest, who for love of thee,
Made mad with glamour of thy matchless face
Found sweet as thy white arms the grave's
embrace; [death,

And for thy sake danced down dim ways to
Crowning their fair young brows with cypress
wreath

For roses at a feast? Perchance they stand
Freed from the fetters forged by thy small
hand,

Knee-deep in sun-washed meads of asphodel,
Forgetting thee, and with them all is well,
Dost thou forget the dear lives quenched in
night,

That still thine eyes smile with divinest light,
And men go mad for one long look of them?
The mystic jewels of thy diadem
Are tears, and blood, and pain. O fatal fair,
Thy love is but a fever and a fret!
With the gold river of thy sunset hair
Hide thy white beauty, let our thralldom cease,
Away from thee are flower-set paths of peace,
And peace is sweet, and we would fain forget.

So said I in my heart,
Grown hot with pain for Emmet, and Wolfe
Tone.

And dear Lord Edward, all the fair seed sown,

Nor saw for tears the golden wheat ears
start

Where martyrs' blood is fruitful, and a rain
Great as the seas hath dyed with crimson stain
Thy deep-sea robe, and washed thy white feet
red.

Ah! love, forgive, I knew not what I said!
They were thine own, thy yearning arms did
hold

The bodies rent for thee, thy lips were cold
When thou didst kiss the faces, chill and
fine,

That flushed no more for any kiss of thine,
Or any passion-sweet look, or love-soft tone.
Beloved! how oft in patience thou hast sown
A shining growth for Freedom, when the
skies

Were red with dawn, and others' argosies
Of golden, gleaming grain showed rich and
heaped,
And in thine hour, but this thy hand hath
reaped—

A fair, crushed harvest for thy granary,
Tears, and a slain hope dead across thy knee.

Death borne for thee were sweet,
And glorified for thee are chains and shame.
Our words are prayers when we name thy
name;

Make of our hearts a pathway for thy feet
To that fair goal of Freedom, where our
hands

Shall raise thy throne above all other lands,
To shine for aye against the western fire,
Then, quenched at last, their hunger and
desire,

Our hearts shall ask no other boon but sleep
Under thy shamrocks, nor shall vigil keep,
Finding night sweet within the soft, still bed,
While gold and glad the day goes by o'erhead.
There is no other land like thee, beloved!
No heart that once was thine has ever roved,
No resting-place we find save thy dear breast;
He seeks no other kiss who once had pressed
The cleft red flower of thy unsmiling mouth.
In chains thou dost the world's enthroned sur-
pass;

For loss of thee, the gold sun of the south
Lacks light and warmth; thy yearning exiles
come

Like children tired, who turn with tears to
home,

And lay them gladly in thy churchyard grass.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

TO ERIN.

My country!—too long, like the mist on thy
mountains,

The cloud of affliction hath sadden'd thy
brow;

Too long hath the blood-rain empurpled thy
fountains,

And Pity been deaf to thy cries—until now.

Thou wert doom'd for a season in darkness to
languish,

While others around thee were basking in
light;

Scarce a sunbeam e'er lighten'd the gloom of
thy anguish—

In the "Island of Saints" it seem'd still to
be night.

Of thy children, alas! some in sorrow forsook
thee,

They could not endure to behold thee dis-
tress'd;

In "the land of the stranger" did others
o'erlook thee,

Unworthy the life-stream they drew from
thy breast.

And the song of the minstrel was hushed in
thy bowers;

For Discord's dire trump thy lov'd harp was
thrown by;

While, strong as the ivy that strangled thy
towers,

The gripe of oppression scarce left thee a
sigh!

That is past—and for aye let its memory
perish;

The day-spring arises, while weariness
ends;

Wake, Erin! forbear thy dark bodings to
cherish—

The wheel hath revolv'd and thy fortune
ascends!

Yes, thy cause hath been heard—men have
wept at thy story.

Alas! that a land of such beauty should
mourn!

Have thy children ne'er grac'd the high niches
of glory?

Was kindness ne'er known in their bosoms
to burn?

Yes, rich as the mines which thy teeming hills
nourish,

Are their stores of the genius which nature
imparts;

And sweet as the flow'rs in thy valleys that
flourish,

The fragrance of feeling that breathes from
their hearts!

When stung to despair, in their wildness what
wonder

If sometimes their souls from affection
might rove?

That frenzy subsiding, their feelings the
fonder

Will seek their own halcyon channel of love!

Let the past be forgotten! Yet shalt thou,
fair Erin,

Fling off the base spells which thy spirit
enslave;

Thou shalt, like the sea-bird, a while disap-
pearing,

Emerge with thy plumage more bright from
the wave.

Once more 'mong the verdure and dew of thy
mountains

The shamrock shall ope its wet eye to the
sun,

While fondly the muse shall recline by thy
fountains,

And warble her strains to the rills as they
run.

Then tuning thy mild harp, whose melody
slumbers,

As high on the willow it waves in the
breeze;

Let poesy lend thee her liveliest numbers,
To sound thy reveille, thy anthem of praise.

And say unto those that have left thee for-
saken

"Return, oh, return, to your lone mother's
arms!

Other lands in their sons can a fondness
awaken;

Shall Erin alone for her race have no
charms?

"Oh, blush as ye rove, that it e'er should be
taunted,

That strangers have felt what my own could
not feel;

That, when Britons stood forth in my trial
undaunted,

My children slunk back unconcerned in my
weal.

"Oh, if yet in your bosom one last spark ye
treasure

Of love for the land of your sires—of your
birth—

Return! and indulge in the soul-thrilling
pleasure

Of hailing that land 'mong the brightest on
earth!"

THOMAS DEVIN REILLY.

LINES TO ERIN.

When dullness shall chain the wild harp that
would praise thee,

When its last sigh of freedom is heard on
thy shore,

When its raptures shall bless the false heart
that betrays thee,

Oh, then, dearest Erin, I'll love thee no
more!

When thy sons are less tame than their own
ocean waters,

When their last flash of wit and of genius is
o'er,

When beauty and virtue forsake thy young
daughters,

Oh, then, dearest Erin, I'll love thee no
more!

When the sun that now holds his bright path
o'er thy mountains,

Forgets the green fields that he smiled on
before,

When no moonlight shall sleep on thy lakes
and thy fountains,

Oh, then, dearest Erin, I'll love thee no
more!

When the name of the Saxon and tyrant shall
sever,

When the freedom you lost you no longer
deplore,

When the thoughts of your wrongs shall be
sleeping forever,

Oh, then, dearest Erin, I'll love thee no
more!

JAMES J. CALLANAN.

CUSHLA-MA-CHREE.

Dear Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises,
An emerald set in the ring of the sea,
Each blade of thy meadows thy faithful heart
prizes,

Thou queen of the west, the world's *cushla-*
ma-chree.

Thy gates open wide to the poor and the
stranger,

There smiles hospitality, hearty and free;
Thy friendship is seen in the moment of
danger,

And the wanderer is welcomed with *cushla-*
ma-chree.

Thy sons they are brave, but the battle once
over,

In brotherly peace with their foes they
agree,

And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters dis-
cover

The soul-speaking flush that says, *cushla-*
ma-chree.

Then flourish forever, my dear native Erin,
While sadly I wander an exile from thee,
And firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,
May Heaven defend its own *cushla-ma-*
chree.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

SONS OF HAPLESS ERIN.*

Weep, sons of Hapless Erin, weep;
Your chains in tears of anguish steep;
And as you bend the streaming eye,
Where pale and plundered brethren lie,
On Albion's head no blessings breathe—
She's tinged with blood the victor wreath!

Lo! where the famished peasant lies;—
No more with freedom flash his eyes;
No more the smiling pleasures steal
From heaven, to bless his temp'rate meal;
Even hospitality no more
Courts the tired stranger to the door

Wisdom, indignant, flies the land
Where folly plants her venal band
Gay humor drops the beamy dart
All powerless on corruption's heart;

*Addressed to "The Catholics of Ireland" at the time of
the Union.

And, veiled in shame's most sullen hues,
Fair honor follows with the Muse.

Sweet country, shall I never hear—
Best music to the patriot's ear—
The ploughman's carol, as he wakes
The small larks from the russet brakes?
Or twilight, as it creeps along,
Made lovely by his evening song.

For ah! without the laborer's toil
(So much despised—the courtier's spoil!)
Without the soft arts that refine
The soul, and knit in bonds divine,
The vacant boast, the armed train,
Or all that tyrants grant—are vain!

The speeding sail that oft of yore
Commercial wealth and plenty bore,
Droops in the gale;—some British god
Has barred the ocean's open road,
In cruel, cold, un pitying jest
Saying, *Thou* be wretched! *I* am blest!

Weep, sons of hapless Erin, weep;
Your chains in tears of anguish steep;
And as you bend the beaming eye,
Where pale and plundered brethren lie
On Albion's head no blessing breathe,—
With blood she's tinged the victor wreath!

THOMAS DERMODY.

OH, ERIN! SWEET ERIN!

Oh, Erin! sweet Erin! thy strains
To the heart-broken exile are dear;
And each note in its sweetness remains
Long, long on the listening ear.
But even when those sounds should be gay,
Such sorrow is mixed with their tone,
And each note melts so slowly away,
That our hearts feel their sadness alone.

Oh, 'tis thus when life's sunshine is o'er
And its visions in darkness are hid,
When the friends of our youth are no more,
And our hearts cease to beat as they did,
A sound will bring back thoughts that pass,
Like a shadow on all that is glad
We may laugh, if we will—but alas!
E'en the sound of our laughter is sad.

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

A VISION OF EIRE.

Once in a vision grand,
 We saw, above this Land,
 Its bright, eternal genius rise,
 With every gift endowed,
 But robed in stormy cloud,
 And girt about by various destinies.
 O'er her, from foam to foam,
 A rainbow arched its dome;
 Clouds swept her throne of sunshine, thunder,
 rains,
 Which shone and shadowed o'er
 Her mountains green and hoar,
 Her wave-wild coasts, rivers and grassy plains.
 Behind her lay the past—a mighty sea
 Of splendor and of shadow, phantom-thronged
 With figures who her state had raised or
 wronged,
 Saviour and enemy;
 And in the space of day,
 Remote in vapors gray,
 The Future into golden being rising o'er the
 spray.

Lo! from that Past there came
 Figures of fate and fame,
 Warrior and minstrel, poet, saint, and sage,
 Who with her foes had fought,
 Who with their harps had caught
 And echoed Pagan glories, many an age;
 Who changed her hosts of death
 Inspired by Love's bright Faith,
 Baptizing thereunto Barbarity;
 Who sailed within the bark
 Of letters, when thick dark
 And deluge reigned around, and saved us
 History.
 And toward the van of that cloud-crossed
 array,
 Still richer in the front of temperate time,
 Heroes of mind and action more sublime,
 Chiefs of an ampler day—
 Spirits whose thoughts and deeds,
 For universal needs, [feeds.
 Are omnipresent now wherever life or spirit

Then, as we gazed upon
 That Future, where the sun
 Now lifts through April mists his rim of fire,
 O'ergoldening a great
 Island, whose summer gate
 Glows with the riches which all states desire—
 We looked where Europe spread,
 And past the ocean's bed,

Westward and South, saw mighty realms in-
 crease,
 Both cradles of new life,
 Franchised from history's strife,
 Armed with all powers, yet emulous of peace;
 And looking past the present's shade and
 strife,
 Rolling o'er thrones and hosts, surveyed afar
 Human communities erasing War
 Out of their book of life;
 And civilization free,
 Based upon industry,
 Become the symbol of mankind's federative
 empire.

Nor was it man alone
 Whose brain essayed to tone
 Time's widening harmonies that heavenward
 run;
 But his bright counterpart,
 Life's nurse and holy heart,
 Who raised earth's anthem soaring to the sun,
 Woman—as slave too long
 Accounted by the strong.
 Or, even in years less barbarous, little more
 Than child—matured now,
 Raised her meridian brow,
 As potent, if more soft, from shore to shore;
 Emancipated from the ignorant chains of old,
 And o'er Intelligence enthroning Love,
 Her guiding influence was seen to move
 Through stormless climes of gold,
 Progress! thy bark, whose course,
 By revolution's force,
 So often has been wrecked by man 'mid rocks
 and billows hoarse.

Then, like the orbs that roll
 Through space, from pole to pole,
 Crowned with their rights, the Peoples, great
 and small,
 Moved through the age, intent
 On rich development,
 The spiritual gravity of Justice swaying all;
 Faith, love, truth, happiness,
 Sources and ends which bless
 Each home and nation, and inspire their song;
 And for the races here,
 And the soul's future sphere,
 Consecrating present effort passed thro' time
 along;
 Till human lives, expunged of stain and flaw,
 Endowed in every zone with liberty,
 Perfectest freedom, governed only by

The double bonds of law,
Moved brightly through the skies
Toward vaster destinies—
Above them, God, and in the distance, heaven's infinity.

Then thought we: when all those
Nations, no longer foes,
In federative families consulted what was best
For Being, everywhere;
Our Genius, strong and fair, [West,
Stretched forth a hand to Europe and the
To make this Earth's wide home
One true, bright Christendom;
Conjoining powers to harmonize all strife
And foster every mood
Of the Useful and the Good,
To beautify the deepening Poem of Life.
Then saw we, energized and glorified,
Eire, thy Genius, and a fresh life spring
And flourish bounteous 'mid the isle's green
ring,
And spread its influence wide,
Till field and shore and mart,
Throbbed with her living heart,
And golden Commerce robed her, while she
crowned her brows with Art.

THOMAS C. IRWIN.

ANDROMEDA.

They chained her fair young body to the cold
and cruel stone;
The beast begot by sea and slime had marked
her for his own;
The callous world beheld the wrong, and left
her there alone,
Base caitiffs who belied her, false kinsmen
who denied her,
Ye left her there alone!

My beautiful, they left thee in thy peril and
thy pain:
The night that hath no morrow was brooding
on the main;
But lo! a light is breaking of hope for thee
again,
'Tis Perseus' sword aflaming, thy dawn of day
proclaiming,
Across the western main.
O Ireland, O my Country! he comes to break
thy chain.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

ACUSHLA GAL MACHREE.

The long-long wished for hour has come,
But come, asthore, in vain,
And left thee but the wailing hum
Of sorrow and of pain;
My light of life, my only love,
Thy portion sure must be
Man's scorn below, God's wrath above—
Acushla gal machree.

'Twas told of thee the world around,
'Twas hoped for thee by all,
That with one gallant sunward bound
'Thou'd burst long ages' thrall;
Thy fate was tried, alas! and those
Who periled all for thee
Were cursed and branded as thy foes,
Acushla gal machree.

What fate is thine, unhappy isle,
That e'en the trusted few
Should pay thee back with fraud and guile
When most they should be true?
'Twas not thy strength or courage failed
Nor those whose souls were free;
By moral force wert thou betrayed,
Acushla gal machree.

I've given thee my youth and prime,
And manhood's waning years;
I've blest thee in thy sunniest time,
And shed for thee my tears;
And mother, tho' thou'st cast away
The child who'd die for thee,
My fondest wish is still to pray
For cushla gal machree.

I've tracked for thee the mountain sides
And slept within the brake,
More lonely than the swan that glides
On Lua's fairy lake;
The rich have spurned me from their door
Because I'd set thee free,
Yet do I love thee more and more—
Acushla gal machree.

I've run the outlaw's bold career,
And borne his load of ill,
His troubled rest and waking fear
With fixed, sustaining will;
And should his last dread chance befall,
E'en that should welcome be.
In Death, I'll love thee more than all—
Acushla gal machree.

MICHAEL DOHENY.

DEAR LAND.

When comes the day all hearts to weigh,
 If staunch they be or vile,
 Shall we forget the sacred debt
 We owe our mother isle?
 My native heath is brown beneath,
 My native waters blue;
 But crimson red o'er both shall spread,
 Ere I am false to you,

Dear land,

Ere I am false to you.

When I behold your mountains bold,
 Your noble lakes and streams,
 A mingled tide of grief and pride
 Within my bosom teems.

I think of all—your long, dark thrall,
 Your martyrs brave and true;
 And dash apart the tears that start—
 We must not weep for you,

Dear land,

We must not weep for you.

My grandsire died his home beside,
 They seized and hanged him there;
 His only crime, in evil time,
 Your hallowed green to wear.
 Across the main his brothers twain
 Were sent to pine and rue;
 And still they turn'd, with hearts that burned.
 In hopeless love to you,

Dear land,

In hopeless love to you.

My boyish ear still clung to hear
 Of Erin's pride of yore,
 Ere Norman foot had dared pollute
 Her independent shore;
 Of chiefs, long dead, who rose to head
 Some gallant patriot few,
 Till all my aim on earth became
 To strike one blow for you,

Dear land,

To strike one blow for you.

What path is best your rights to wrest
 Let other heads divine;
 By work or word, with voice or sword,
 To follow them be mine.
 The breast that zeal and hatred steel
 No terrors can subdue;
 If death should come, that martyrdom
 Were sweet, endured for you,

Dear land,

Were sweet, endured for you.

JOHN O'HAGAN.

TO THE HOME OF MY FATHERS.

Does Freedom still breathe in the bard's rustic
 number?

Can his harp, by the Genius of Liberty
 strung,

Be mute, while the land where his forefathers
 slumber

Is bleeding in bondage and bleeding unsung?

Is no Washington near thee, thou captive of
 ages,

To marshal thy brave ones and lead them
 to war?

Is no Franklin arrayed in the list of thy sages?
 In that of thy heroes, no young Bolivar?

Thy sons must forsake thee if worth bids
 them cherish

A hope on the records of glory to shine.

Does not Wellington reign? Had not Emmet
 to perish?

The laurel is England's, the cypress is thine!

But weep not, poor Erin; though Emmet is
 wanting. [brave;

His spirit still lives in the hearts of thy
 There are bosoms behind as devotedly panting
 For the breath of the free or the boon of
 the grave.

And hope tells my heart that a day will be
 given

When the chain shall be loosed and their
 sorrows redressed;

When thou shalt go forth in the pride of thy
 eve.,

As free as the zephyr that sports on thy
 breast.

Oh, then shall thy harp, which has slumbered
 in sadness,

Feel the pulse of fair Freedom, that erst
 made it thrill;

Then the bard shall awake it in accents of
 gladness,

And sweep its wild chords on thy ever-green
 hill.

And oh, when the last scene of nature is
 closing,

When this spirit of mine shall burst forth
 and be free,

How calm could I rest, on thy bosom reposing,
 Thou home of my fathers, Green Isle of the
 Sea!

JOHN HUGHES.

OH! IRELAND, MY COUNTRY.

Oh! Ireland, my country, the hour
Of thy pride and thy splendor hath pass'd;
And the chain that was spurned in the moment
of pow'r,

Hangs heavy around thee at last.
There are marks in the fate of each clime;
There are turns in the fortunes of men;
But the changes of realms, or the chances of
time,

Can never restore thee again.

Thou art chain'd to the wheel of the foe,
By links which the world shall not sever;
With thy tyrant, thro' storm and thro' calm
thou shalt go,

And thy sentence is bondage forever.
Thou art doom'd for the thankless to toil;
Thou art left for the proud to disdain;
And the blood of thy sons and the wealth of
thy soil

Shall be wasted, and wasted in vain.

Thy riches with taunts shall be taken,
Thy valor with coldness repaid;
And of millions who see thee thus sunk and
forsaken,

Not one shall stand forth in thine aid.
In the nations thy place is left void;
Thou art lost in the list of the free;
Even realms by the plague or the earthquake
destroy'd

May revive—but no hope is for thee.

THOMAS FURLONG.

OUR OWN LAND.

Though lands may be, beyond the sea,
More blest than thee, our Island mother,
'Tis thine alone our hearts to own,
Which ne'er have flown, or loved another.
Where'er we stray, though bleak the way,
Or dark the day is round us closing,
We sadly turn, with hearts that burn,
To be upon thy breast reposing.

Our own land, our own land,
The bold, the brave and old land;
On earth there's not a greener spot,
Nor brighter than our own land.

They laud the Rhine in song divine,
And pledge in wine the rolling river;
And hymn its praise in glorious lays,
Which, like its waves, roll on forever.

But can the Rhine in beauty shine,
Can stream or tide that ever ran on,
Compare with thee, bright rolling Lee,
Or match the graceful bounding Shannon?

Our own land, our own land,
The bold, the brave and old land;
On earth there's not a greener spot,
Nor brighter than our own land.

The streams that run, kissed by the sun,
Past rath and dun, by vale and highland,
In beauty glide, outspreading wide,
And grace with pride our grand old island.
Amid the foam she stands alone,
The loveliest one that gems the ocean,
And hearts are found the wide world round
Who bend to her with true devotion.

Our own land, our own land,
The bold, the brave and old land;
On earth there's not a greener spot,
Nor brighter than our own land.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE OLD LAND.

Ah, kindly and sweet, we must love thee per-
force!

The disloyal, the coward alone would not
love thee:

Ah, mother of heroes! strong mother! soft
nurse!

We are thine while the large clouds swim
onward above thee.

By thy hills ever blue that draw heaven so near;
By thy cliffs, by thy lakes, by thine ocean-
lulled highlands;

And more—by thy records disastrous and dear,
The shrines on thy headlands, the cells in
thine islands!

Ah, well sings the thrush by Lixnau and
Traigh-li!

Ah, well breaks the wave upon Umthall and
Bandon!

Thy breeze o'er the upland blows clement and
free,

And o'er fields, once his own, which the hind
must abandon.

A caitiff the noble who draws from thy plains
His all, yet reveres not the source of his
greatness;

A clown and a serf, 'mid his boundless domains
His spirit consumes in the prison of his
straightness!

Through the cloud of its pathos thy face is
more fair:

In old time thou wert sun-clad: the gold
robe thou worst!

To thee the heart turns as the deer to her lair,
Ere she dies—her first bed in the gloom of
the forest.

Our glory, our sorrow, our mother! Thy God
In thy worst dereliction forsook but to prove
thee:—

Blind, blind as the blind worm; cold, cold as
the clod,

Who, seeing thee, see not,—possess but not
love thee!

AUBREY T. DE VERE.

OUR FAITH—OUR FATHERLAND.

Ireland, that sittest by the shores of Time—
Watching the nations' sunrise—on thy lips
Hovers the gospel of a faith sublime,
Conserved through blight and blast and foul
eclipse.

Great, glorious mother! when the awful night
Brooded o'er Europe with portentous ills,
Thy brow was lifted to the morning light—
Thy lamp was shining on eternal hills.

Forth rang the clarion voice, and at its call
The blinded peoples gathered to thy feet;
From the remotest East to savage Gaul
The tramp of pilgrims thro' the midnight
beat.
And they beheld thee crowned upon the sea—
A perfect Paradise of perfect bloom—
The Pharos of the West, whose brilliancy
Blazed like a star amid the ocean gloom.

Then close beside the spectral pillar-tower
The holy shrines were builded unto God;
Thy soul expanded into fruit and flower,
Inheritance of peace blessed each abode,
And from the morning watches till the sun
Sank in Hy Brasil, firing the vast dome,
Up swelled the myriad-voiced, sweet orison
From the green altar burning on the foam.

There was a clash of weapons in the air—
Ruin of peace and seasonable good;
And, flanked by gallant natures, everywhere
The green flag staggered over fields of blood.

The Norman steed was stabled in thy fanes,
The Norman bugles rang upon the heath;
Thy children bared their hearts and spurned
their chains,

And sealed thy glorious constancy in
death.

Yes, Liberty was lost—her cause betrayed—
Stabbed in Christ's presence by unholy
hands;

Through the gray ages the remorseless blade
Hewed down the bravest of thy valiant
bands.

But where the Cross was lifted, at the sign
The baffled multitudes resistless rose,
Swept the long war-plains in unbroken line,
And dealt the debt of vengeance on thy foes.

O holy faith—God's best inheritance!
Bulwarked by thee, our Mother need not
fear;

O'Donnell loved thee when his eagle glance
Was muffled in death's blinding atmos-
phere;

And the great chieftain of Blackwater heard
Thy voice, when, broken with the ills of
years,

In mighty Rome he broke his conquered
sword,

And clasped thy Cross in penitence and
tears.

"Our Faith—Our Fatherland!" Our God—
Our Race!

If rise—as rise we must—erect and free,
That battle-cry must pierce the fighting-space
From shore to utmost shore—from sea to
sea.

When the vile power that gripes us shall be
smote,

Wherever havoc rolls and blood is spilt,
That cry must thunder from the cannon's
throat—

The Cross must glitter on the falchion's hilt.

Ireland, bright Motherland, where'er the day
Sinks or uproars around this reeling earth,
Thy children multiply, or, dying gray,
Breathe thy dear name beside a foreign
hearth.

In Babylon no willow bears their lyres;

'Tis theirs to toil, to sweat, to civilize,—

To guard the flames of consecrated fires,
And wait the omens looming through the
skies.

And wheresoe'er the empire's morning drum
Beats through the sunrise, million hearts
awake

To call thee Mother—Inspiration—Home—
All holy names that sanctity can take.
Lean 'gainst the Cross, and keep thy torch
alight;

The past behind is drear and desolate,
But thine eyes keep a revelation bright—
The golden future destined for thy fate.

JOHN F. O'DONNELL.

SONGS OF OUR LAND.

Songs of our land, ye are with us forever;
The power and the splendor of thrones pass
away,

But yours is the might of some far flowing
river,

Through summer's bright roses or autumn's
decay.

Ye treasure each voice of the swift passing ages,
And truth, which time writeth on leaves or
on sand;

Ye bring us the bright thoughts of poets and
sages,

And keep them among us, old songs of our
land.

The bards may go down to the place of their
slumbers,

The lyre of the charmer be hushed in the
grave,

But far in the future the power of their num-
bers

Shall kindle the hearts of our faithful and
brave.

It will waken an echo in souls deep and lonely,
Like voices of reeds by the summer breeze
fanned;

It will call up a spirit of freedom, when only
Her breathings are heard in the songs of
our land.

For they keep a record of those, the true-
hearted,

Who fell with the cause they had vowed to
maintain;

They show us bright shadows of glory departed,
Of the love that grew cold, and the hope
that was vain;

The page may be lost and the pen long for-
saken,

And weeds may grow wild o'er the brave
heart and hand;

But ye are still left when all else hath been
taken,

Like streams in the desert, sweet songs of
our land.

Songs of our land, ye have followed the
stranger,

With power over ocean and desert afar;
Ye have gone with our wanderers through
distance and danger,

And gladdened their path like a home-
guiding star;

With the breath of our mountains in summers
ong vanished,

And visions that passed like a wave from
our strand,

With hope for their country and joy from her
banished,

Ye come to us ever, sweet songs of our land.

The spring-time may come with the song of
her glory,

To bid the green heart of the forest rejoice;
But the pine of the mountain, though blasted
and hoary,

And rock in the desert, can send forth a
voice.

It is thus in their triumph for deep desola-
tions,

While ocean waves roll or the mountains
shall stand,

Still hearts that are bravest and best of the
nations,

Shall glory and live in the songs of our
land.

FRANCES BROWN.

NOT DEAD.

Not death, nor sleep, nor yet the hectic flush-
ing

Of one whose hours are closing with the
day,—

Not the cold pallor, the reluctant eyelids,

The hair, once golden, dashed with ashen
gray,

Are thine, dear Island; but the calm suspen-
sion, [drawn,

From the deep, vital fount of suffering
Of passion, progress, effort, and achievement,

Thro' the night agony that moves toward
dawn.

How have they painted thee? A haggard
beauty.

One pearly elbow o'er a rent harp cast,
Eyes tear-diffused with multitudes of sorrows,
And hair blown backward by the shrieking
blast.

The hills encircle thee, the sea's before thee;
And on the yeasty billows' shaking rim,
Sole hope of thine, and of thy generations,
One melancholy star shines low and dim.

I have beheld thee, O transcendent vision!
A greater glory rounded thy estate,
Thine were not then the weeds of woman's
sorrow,

Nor the quenched lamp outside the thrice-
barred gate:

The Summer kindled in thy radiant tresses,
The passion-flowers were heaped upon thy
lap,

Thy left hand held the shield, thy right the
sabre,

And on thy temples sat the Phrygian Cap.

A lovely majesty, a form immortal!
Grace in thy silence, music in thy step!
The ever vernal youth beneath thine eyelids,
Fresh blood and beauty on thy high-curved
lip.

The clear, chill air grew golden to thy move-
ment,

The columned aisles of oaks bowed to thine
head,

And, maiden as thou art, the flinten moun-
tains

Shook, as a god had moved them, to thy
tread.

Ah, the wild background! for there loomed
behind thee

The spectral shadow of the land that was—
Heaped ruin, chaos piled on tumbled chaos,
The giant fragments of a beaten cause;
But not thy *cause*—the cause of thine oppressor
His temples' depths lay baking in the sun,
The owls were harvesting within his prisons;
For thou hadst conquered, and his race was
run.

The painful vigil, the sublime persistence—
Prayers, tears, and sufferings—had wrought
their end;

Thou stoodst a victor crowned among the
nations,

Angel of Peace, but armed to defend.

The banner of our Race flew on the oceans,
No more the trampled ensign of the Past;
Dense legions poured along the swollen high-
ways,

Or where the cities rose erect and vast.

And from the People's hearts one thunderous
pean

Gathered and rolled along the skirts of
night:

"Praise to our God, whose arm hath slain
oppression,

And given the battle to dishonored Right."

O waiting Ireland, 'twas thy shining future!
What reck's it that thy past was foul and red,
When, on the calm and fullness of fruition,
Heaven shall proclaim to Earth:—Thou art
not dead?

JOHN F. O'DONNELL.

POST-MORTEM.

Shall mine eyes behold thy glory, O my country!
Shall mine eyes behold thy glory?

Or shall the darkness close around them, ere
the sun-blaze

Break at last upon thy story?

When the nations ope for thee their queenly
circle,

As a sweet, new sister hail thee,

Shall these lips be sealed in callous death and
silence,

That have known but to bewail thee?

Shall the ear be deaf that only loved thy
praises,

When all men their tribute bring thee?

Shall the mouth be clay, that sang thee in thy
squalor,

When all poets' mouths shall sing thee?

Ah! the harpings and the salvos and the
shoutings

Of thy exiled sons returning!

I should hear, though dead and mouldered,
and the grave-damps

Should not chill my bosom's burning.

Ah! the tramp of feet victorious! I should
hear them

'Mid the shamrocks and the mosses,

And my heart should toss within the shroud
and quiver,

As a captive dreamer tosses.

I should turn and rend the cere-clothes round
Giant-sinews I should borrow, [me,
Crying, "O my brothers, I have also loved her,
In her lowliness and sorrow.

"Let me join with you the jubilant procession,
Let me chant with you her story; [rocks,
Then contented I shall go back to the sham-
Now mine eyes have seen her glory."

FANNY PARNELL.

THE INTERCESSION.

Ulster, A. D. 1641.

Iriel, the priest, arose and said,
"The just cause never shall gain by wrong!
The ill cause battens on blood ill shed;
'Tis Virtue only makes justice strong.

"I have hidden the Saxon's wife and child
Beneath the altar; behind the porch;
O'er them that believe not these hands have
piled
The stoles and vestments of Holy Church!

"I have hid three men in a hollow oak;
I have hid three maids in an ocean cave:"
As though he were lord of the thunder stroke,
The old priest lifted his hand—to save.

But the people loved not the words he spake;
And their face was changed, for their heart
was sore:
They answered not, but their brows grew
black,
And the hoarse halls roar'd like a torrent's
roar

"Has the stranger robbed you of house and
land?

In battle meet him and smite him down!
Has he sharpen'd the dagger? Lift ye the
brand!

Has he trapped your princes? Set free the
clown!

"Has the stranger his country and knight-
hood shamed?

Though he 'scape God's vengeance, so shall
not ye!

His own God chastens. Be never named
With the Mullaghmast slaughter. Be just
and free!"

But the people received not the words he
spake, [sore;
For the wrong on their heart had made it
And their brows grew black like the stormy
rack,

And the hoarse hall roar'd like the wave-
wash'd shore.

Then Iriel the priest put forth a curse;
And horror crept o'er them from vein to
vein,—

A curse upon man and a curse upon horse,
As forth they rode to the battle plain.

And there never came to them luck nor grace,
No saint in the battle-field helped them
more.

Till O'Neill, who hated the warfare base,
Had landed at Doe on Tyrconnell shore.

True Knight, true Christian, true Prince was
he!

He lived for Erin; for Erin died: [free,
Had Charles proved true and the faith set
O'Neill had triumphed at Charles' side.

AUBREY T. DE VERE.

MY GRAVE.

Shall they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?

Shall they dig a grave for me
Under the green-wood tree?
Or on the wild heath,

Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow?
O, no! O, no!

Shall they bury me in the Palace tombs,
Or under the shade of Cathedral domes?
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;

Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love
it more,

In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing
wind?

Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,
Where coffinless thousands lie under the
ground?

Just as they fall they are buried so—
O, no! O, no!

No! on an Irish green hill-side,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide!

For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
 I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze,
 To freshen the turf—put no tombstone there,
 But green sods deck'd with daisies fair,
 Nor sods too deep; but so that the dew,
 The matted grass-roots may trickle through.
 Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
 "He served his country, and loved his kind"—

O! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
 If one were sure to be buried so.

THOMAS DAVIS.

DARK ROSALEEN.

O! my Dark Rosaleen,
 Do not sigh, do not weep,
 The priests are on the ocean green,
 They march along the deep.
 There's wine from the royal Pope
 Upon the ocean green,
 And Spanish ales shall give you hope,
 My Dark Rosaleen!
 My own Rosaleen!—
 Shall glad your heart and give you hope,
 Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
 My Dark Rosaleen!

Over hills, and through dales,
 Have I roamed for your sake,
 All yesterday I sailed with sails
 On river and on lake.
 The Erne, at its highest flood,
 I dashed across unseen,
 For there was lightning in my blood,
 My Dark Rosaleen!
 My own Rosaleen!
 Oh! there was lightning in my blood,
 Red lightning lightened through my blood,
 My Dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,
 To and fro, do I move.
 The very soul within my breast
 Is wasted for you, love!
 The heart in my bosom faints
 To think of you, my Queen,
 My life of life, my saint of saints,
 My Dark Rosaleen!
 My own Rosaleen!
 To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
 My life, my love, my saint of saints,
 My Dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
 Are my lot, night and noon,
 To see your bright face clouded so,
 Like to the mournful moon.
 But yet will I rear your throne
 Again in golden sheen;
 'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
 My Dark Rosaleen!
 My own Rosaleen!
 'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
 'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
 My Dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
 Will I fly, for your weal:
 Your holy delicate white hands
 Shall girdle me with steel.
 At home in your emerald bowers,
 From morning's dawn till e'en,
 You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
 My Dark Rosaleen!
 My fond Rosaleen!
 You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
 My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
 My Dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
 I could plough the high hills,
 Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,
 To heal your many ills!
 And one beamy smile from you
 Would float like light between
 My toils and me, my own, my true,
 My Dark Rosaleen!
 My fond Rosaleen!
 Would give me life and soul anew,
 A second life, a soul anew,
 My Dark Rosaleen!

Oh! the Erne shall run red
 With redundancy of blood,
 The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
 And flames wrap hill and wood,
 And gun-peal and slogan cry
 Wake many a glen serene,
 Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
 My Dark Rosaleen!
 My own Rosaleen!
 The judgment hour must first be nigh,
 Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
 My Dark Rosaleen!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

From the Irish—Elizabethan Era.

REMONSTRANCE.

Bless the dear old verdant land,
 Brother, wert thou born of it?
 As thy shadow life doth stand,
 Twining round its rosy band,
 Did an Irish mother's hand
 Guide thee in the morn of it?
 Did thy father's soft command
 Teach thee hate or scorn of it?

Thou who tread'st its fertile breast,
 Dost thou feel a glow for it?
 Thou, of all its charms possess'd
 Living on its first and best,
 Art thou but a thankless guest,
 Or a traitor foe for it?
 If thou lovest, where the test
 Would'st thou strike a blow for it?

Has the past no goading sting
 That can make thee rouse for it?
 Does thy land's reviving spring,
 Full of buds and blossoming,
 Fail to make thy cold heart cling,
 Breathing lover's vows for it?
 With the circling ocean's ring
 Thou wert made a spouse for it!

Hast thou kept, as thou should'st keep,
 Thy affection warm for it?
 Letting no cold feeling creep,
 Like the ice breath, o'er the deep,
 Freezing to a stony sleep
 Hopes the heart would form for it—
 Glories that like rainbows weep
 Through the darkening storm for it?

What we seek is Nature's right—
 Freedom and the aids of it;—
 Freedom for the mind's strong flight,
 Seeking glorious shapes star-bright
 Through the world's intensest night,
 When the sunshine fades of it!
 Truth is one, and so is light,
 Yet how many shades of it!

A mirror every heart doth wear,
 For heavenly shapes to shine in it;
 If dim the glass or dark the air,
 That Truth, the beautiful and fair,
 God's glorious image, shines not there,
 Or shines with naught divine in it:
 A sightless lion in its lair,
 The darkened soul must pine in it!

Son of this old, down-trodden land,
 Then aid us in the fight for it;
 We seek to make it great and grand,
 Its shipless bays, its naked strand,
 By canvas-swelling breezes fanned.
 Oh! what a glorious sight for it!
 The past expiring like a brand,
 In morning's rosy light for it!

Think that this dear old land is thine,
 And thou a traitor slave of it;
 Think how the Switzer leads his kine,
 When pale the evening star doth shine,
 His song has home in every line,
 Freedom in every stave of it!
 Think how the German loves his Rhine,
 And worships every wave of it!

Our own dear land is bright as theirs,
 But, oh! our hearts are cold for it;
 Awake! we are not slaves, but heirs;
 Our fatherland requires our cares,
 Our work with man, with God our prayers.
 Spurn blood-stained Judas-gold for it,
 Let us do all that honor dares—
 Be earnest, faithful, bold for it!

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

ST. COLUMBA AND THE STORK.

The tempest broke over the Isle of Iona,
 The seas, roaring, rose in the lightning's
 wild glare; [battle,
 Cloud rushing on cloud, like dark foemen in
 Awoke with their clamor the hush of the air.

Who walks on the sands, like a monarch un-
 sceptred?

The folds of his raiment are heavy with rain;
 The hood, backward blown from the white
 streaming tresses,
 Reveals the grand face in its pallor and pain.

He turns to the south, he folds tight in his
 mantle

The sinewy arms on his broad heaving chest;
 The wonderful eyes in their lustre dilated,
 The lips in their grey-bearded shadows, com-
 press'd.

What reck's he of clouds o'er the heavens
 careering? [scape faints?

Of seas tossing wild where the dim land-
 Columba, the exile, is gazing on Erin, [Saints!
 The saint looks afar on the Isle of the

In vain the sharp lightnings strike red on his eye-balls,
 In vain the vast torrents descend on his head—
 While the brave Celtic heart thro' yon green island wanders,
 The flesh that enshrines it, is dull as the dead.

Ah! then the great heart of the patriot mastered
 The soul of the saint in Columba's old breast—
 He stooped to the sands, caught the bird to his bosom,
 And cradled it there, like a babe in its rest.

He sees the sweet valleys, the rills fair as silver,
 The cattle a-field, and the hawthorn in bloom;
 [Ulster,
 The blue pleasant skies bending over old Cluain-iraird, a haven of light and perfume.

"Lie close in the arms that enfold thee," he whispered,
 While his eyes swam with tears, and his chest rose and fell
 With the smothering sobs:—"in the breast of Columba,

And all the pure mem'ries of boyhood and manhood,
 And all the dear dreams of the far away years.
 Sweep back o'er his spirit, like pinions of angels,
 The gold of whose garments is darkened with tears.

He'll bear thee secure to his own little cell.

"And there his scant meal shall be thine; his fond fingers
 Anointing, shall heal the red wound in thy breast;
 And soon thro' the sunshine, O creature of Heaven!

Yea, darkened with tears of the bitterest sorrow,
 Great drops, as of blood, wrung from penitent eyes—
 The plains of Westmeath, red and reeking with slaughter,
 From the mists of the past gory phantoms, arise.

He'll watch thee take wing for the groves of the west.

"Across the dark waters his grey eyes shall track thee.
 But ne'er shall his form follow thine to the shore;
 For thou canst go back to our dear native Erin—
 But Columba, the exile, returns nevermore!"

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Once more at monk Manuel's feet he is kneeling,
 Once more the dread sentence falls solemn and stern:
 "Thy sin has been great; greater still be thy penance.
 —Leave Erin this night, never more to return!"

"O God!" cries the saint, "'tis Thy will that I worship,
 Lord Christ! make this sacrifice ever more sweet!—"
 —And lo! thro' the tempest, wind-batter'd and bleeding,
 A stork, like a snow drift, falls faint at his feet!

A speck on the ether—a feather out-wafted
 From Erin's dear coast, it had breasted the storm;
 Unseen and yet seen in the dream of the seer—
 Its blood on his feet trickled ruddy and warm.

SELF-RELIANCE.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks,
 They have a King who buys and sells;
 In native swords and native ranks
 Your only hopes of freedom dwell.

Byron.

O would that Ireland's sons would take
 This glorious lesson once to heart;
 And from the sleep of bondage wake,
 And on the road to freedom start!
 O would at last they learn'd to know,
 If they would bid the foe defiance,
 If they would strike a winning blow,
 Their hope and shield is Self-reliance!

In years gone by our fathers tried
 To break the chain that binds our land,
 The foe that now assails—defied,
 And nobly bared the gleaming brand.

But though they braver were than we,
And then the foe was less defiant,
Their struggles ended wretchedly,
And why?—they were not Self-reliant.

Oh, God! it pains my soul to hear
That still there live in that green land
Degenerate sons who quake with fear
To see their brothers grasp the brand;
Who'd rather crawl in servile dust
Than rise and bid the foe defiance,—
Who think it sin her chains to burst,
And sneer and jeer at Self-reliance.

But onward, sons of Innisfail!
The bright and glorious goal is nearing;
On mountain top and down the vale,
Behold hope's rays at last appearing.
Let cowards mock, let cravens fear;
We'll use for Freedom each appliance;—
The dawn is here, the skies grow clear,
If in your heart be Self-reliance!

JAMES T. GALLAGHER.

HOPELESS.

Hopeless! The fields are fair again, and the
flowers begin to blow,
The birds are learning the songs they lost in
the nights of the frost and snow;
Don't you see the trees, when they hear the
breeze rushing on in the front of Spring,
Have buds to show, to be leaves, you know,
where the thrushes will love to sing?
And here, at our feet, is the leaf of leaves that
our Saint in the days of old
Set for a sign that our land is God's, nor made
to be bought and sold!
And look, old mother! God's own blue isles
are thronging the skies in crowds,
Growing and growing from hour to hour in
face of the angry clouds!

Hopeless! Who cares if a son or two you
suckled should come to shame!
We're better now that our house is clear of
the dumb and the blind and lame!
The thirty pieces are quick to go, but hurrah
for your curse, that stays
Fierce as fate in their tracks for aye to tor-
ture their nights and days!

And so God help your traitor sons. But look
to your children here
Who would drain the blood of their hearts in
drops for the love of you, mother dear—
Who will live to laugh many days with you
till their sweet dead brothers call,
Or, if you must die, will die with you, to
answer to God for all!

Hopeless! Hurrah for the Irish race, that
holds in its conquering hands
The nations' strength and the nations' fate
and the fatness of all the lands!
O seas, you worship us well, I know, with the
wonder of all your waves!
O shores, you are safe and sacred now with
the glory of Irish graves!
And all the echoes have heard your name—
will hear it, mother dear,
Chanted by poets through all the earth with
the strength of a charging cheer!
And the lands are bright with the fiery light
that shoots from your soldiers' scars;
Hopeless! Hurrah for the Southern Cross!
Hurrah for the Stripes and Stars!

Hopeless! Ah, do you remember the days
when your body, all gashed and tore,
Lay like death through the ghastly night when
Owen* could strike no more;
Hell let loose to trample you down, Heaven
all blank and bare
As its face was found, till the stars stood out
to brighten its blackness there?
But God was living—(He lives to-day)—had
pity on all your pain,
Sending you sons who were known for kings
by right of the kingly brain;
By right of the kingly presence too; by right
of the kingly deeds—
The great grim valor whose eyes are dry while
the heart in its bosom bleeds!

Hopeless! Will this be the end of all? Is God
to be brought to shame?
He proved you long, is proving you still, in
the red-hot furnace flame.
Do you think, old mother, it's all for naught
that the gold to the furnace goes?
That the iron (which holds the steel, you
know) is under the sledge's blows?
Does the path of the desert lead no more to
the pleasant Promised Land?
Is our God, like Bel, asleep, do you think? or
shortened his Holy hand?

* Owen Roe O'Neill.

We wait, you know, for our thunder, long:
we wait for our lightning leaps;
But it comes at last—hurrah! hurrah!—from
the Lord that never sleeps.

Rise up, old mother! No grave for you till the
seas give up their dead:

We kiss the tears from your cheeks to-day,
with our hands on your holy head!

Perhaps our restless feet would range if your
cheeks were fresh and fair,

But cursed be our hearts if we fail you now,
when the furrows are deepening there!

We ask no more than your right to-day in the
face of the nations all—

We call no God but the Justice-God, on whom
the nations call!

But the fields are white and the reapers few,
and our sickles are here at hand—

Hopeless! we'll crown you a queen as yet,
and lady of all the land!

J. J. MURPHY.

THE IRISH EXILES.

When round the festive Christmas board, or
by the Christmas hearth,

That glorious mingled draught is poured—
wine, melody and mirth!

When friends long absent tell, low-toned,
their joys and sorrows o'er,

And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and
lips meet lips once more—

O in that hour 'twere kindly done, some
woman's voice would say:

"Forget not those who 're sad to-night—poor
exiles far away!"

Alas, for them! this morning's sun saw many
a moist eye pour

Its gushing love, with longings vain, the waste
Atlantic o'er.

And when he turned his lion-eye this ev'ning
from the west,

The Indian shores were lined with those who
watched his couched crest,

But not to share his glory, then, or gladden
in his ray, [exiles far away!

They bent their gaze upon his path—those

It was—oh! how the heart will cheat! because
they thought, beyond

His glowing couch lay that Green Isle of
which their hearts were fond;

And fancy brought old scenes of home into
each welling eye.

And through each breast pour'd many a
thought that filled it like a sigh!

'Twas then—'twas then, all warm with love,
they knelt them down to pray

For Irish homes and kith and kin—poor
exiles, far away!

And then the mother bless'd her son, the lover
bless'd the maid.

And then the soldier was a child, and wept
the while he prayed;

And then the student's pallid cheek flushed
red as summer rose,

And patriot souls forgot their grief to weep
for Erin's woes;

And oh! but then warm vows were breathed,
that come what might or may,

They'd right the suffering isle they loved—
those exiles, far away!

And some there were around the board, like
loving brothers met,

The few and fond and joyous hearts that
never can forget;

They pledged: "The girls we left at home,
God bless them!" and they gave

"The memory of our absent friends, the
tender and the brave!"

Then up, erect, with nine times nine—hip—
hip—hip—hurrah!

Drank: "*Erin slantha gal go bragh!*" those
exiles far away.

Then, oh! to hear the sweet old strains of
Irish music rise,

Like gushing memories of home, beneath far
foreign skies;

Beneath the spreading calabash, beneath the
trellised vine,

The bright Italian myrtle bower, or dark
Canadian pine—

Oh! don't those old familiar tones—so sad,
and now so gay— [far away!

Speak out your very—very hearts—poor exiles

But, Heavens! how many sleep afar, all heed-
less of these strains,

Tired wanderers! who sought repose through
Europe's battle plains—

In strong, fierce, headlong fight they fell—as
ships go down in storms—

They fell—and human whirlwinds swept
across their shattered forms!

No shroud, but glory, wrapped them 'round;
nor prayer nor tear had they—
Save the wandering winds and the heavy
clouds—poor exiles, far away!

And might the singer claim a sigh, he, too,
could tell how tost
Upon the stranger's dreary shore his heart's
best hopes were lost;
How he, too, pined to hear the tones of friend-
ship greet his ear,
And pined to walk the river side, to youthful
musing dear,
And pined with yearning silent love among
his own to stay—
Alas! it is so sad to be an exile far away!

Then, O! when 'round the Christmas board,
or by the Christmas hearth,
That glorious mingled draught is poured—
wine, melody and mirth!
When friends long absent tell, low-toned,
their joys and sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips
meet lips once more—
In that glorious hour, perhaps—perhaps, some
woman's voice would say—
"Think—think on those who weep to-night,
poor exiles, far away!"

MARTIN M'DERMOTT.

IN EXILE.

"Where dwelleth the mother that bore you?"
they questioned of us driven forth
From the shores of the island market that
lieth away to the North:
And we answered, "She dwelleth seaward, in
the midst of a shrouded sun,
And the days of her joy are over, and the
night of her travail begun,"

And they said, "Is she fair, that mother who
dwells in the seaward home?"
And we answered, "Her face is whiter than
the storm-drifts of bloodless foam,
And her eyes than the night are deeper, her
brows are set and drawn,
And she looks in vain for a token to tell of
the distant dawn."

"Hath she, then, gifts for her children, that
homeward ye turn your eyes,
Or gold or raiment, or freedom, or wisdom to
render wise—

Or song to sing you, or healing, or kisses to
soothe to sleep—
Or bread for your lips when ye hunger, or
shelter when night winds sweep?"

"No love songs hath she to soothe us, the
kiss of her lips is cold,
Nor hath she bread for the hungry, nor wis-
dom, nor grapes, nor gold,
Nor freedom for them that follow, nor heal-
ing for them that bleed,
Nor any roof to shelter our heads in the night
of need.

"Ye know not, O ye who questioned!—(for
how should ye know who dwell
In the land of your birth?)—of *our* homeland,
of the mother of whom we tell;
But all we who once beheld her, naught heed
we the flush of the South—
No lips for our lips have sweetness who have
touched her sunless mouth.

"Lo! the gifts of her hands are fourfold; she
sets in our hearts a flame
Till the crown of our life's desire is a share of
our mother's shame;
And then she giveth famine to the lips that cry
for bread,
And she giveth tears to the living, and a grave
to her children's dead."

And they that questioned made answer: "And
what, O ye sons! is her name?"
(Ah, how shall we breathe it, O mother! slave
mother! our glory and shame?)
And we cried, "In the night it is hidden, but
when her redemption is won
The name of her ancient glory shall be
written upon the sun."

UNA ASHWORTH TAYLOR.

THE EXILE'S REQUEST.

O, Pilgrim, if you bring me from the far-off
lands a sign, [once mine;
Let it be some token still of the green old land
A shell from the shores of Ireland would be
dearer far to me, [art of Italie.
Than all the wines of the Rhine land, or the

For I was born in Ireland—I glory in the
name— [fame!
I weep for all her sorrows, I remember well her

And still my heart must hope that I may yet
 repose at rest,
 On the Holy Zion of my youth, in the Israel
 of the West.

Her beauteous face is furrowed with sorrow's
 streaming rains,

Her lovely limbs are mangled with slavery's
 ancient chains,

Yet, Pilgrim, pass not over with heedless heart
 or eye; [to die.]

The Island of the gifted, and of men who knew

Like the crater of a fire-mount, all without is
 bleak and bare,

But the rigor of its lips still show what fire and
 force was there,

Even now in the heaving craters, far from the
 gazer's ken, [foes again.]

The fiery steel is forging that will crush her

Then, Pilgrim, if you bring me from the far-off
 lands a sign,

Let it be some token still of the green old land
 once mine :

A shell from the shores of Ireland would be
 dearer far to me,

Than all the wines of the Rhine land, or the
 rt of Italie.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

THE EXILE.

Spring's sweet odors from the meadow
 Fling their fragrance far and wide,
 And the tall trees cast the shadow
 Of the winter's gloom aside ;
 But for me no spring is bearing
 Gladness to my heart despairing ;
 Comes no more with soothing power
 Kindly voice, or friendly hand,
 Song of home, or breath of flower,
 From my own dear native land.

High in Heaven, circling nightly,
 Moon and stars shine overhead ;
 Mighty rivers rush on brightly
 To the ocean's distant bed ;
 But for me, in sorrow pining,
 Star and stream in vain are shining,
 Foreign skies are drear above me,
 By a foreign shore I stand,
 Thinking of the friends that love me,
 In my own dear far-off land.

LADY WILDE.

THE EXILE TO HIS SON.

On a shelving cliff by the restless sea,
 An exile sat at the close of day,
 In the great broad land of the brave and free,
 Where starry flags in the breezes play ;
 And sad he seemed, and old and weak,
 Though scarce past life's meridian day ;
 The shade of death was on his cheek,
 His brow was ridged, his locks were gray.

Low at his feet reclined a boy—
 A blue-eyed boy, with golden hair ;
 The exile's pride and only joy,
 And wise was he, and brave as fair.
 He gazed into his father's face,
 And mutely drank each word he said ;
 Like wind-swept cloudlet's shadow-chase,
 Unconscious flushes came and fled.

" 'Tis thirty years," the old man cried,
 " Ay, thirty weary years this day,
 Since, leaning o'er the big ship's side,
 I watched loved Erin fade away.
 Oh, didn't she then look bright and grand,
 Dressed in the flowery robes of May !
 The bridegroom, Ocean, with his hand,
 Laving her feet in milky spray.

" You wonder that I weep, my boy,
 But sure you never saw that land :
 Ah ! you know not the wealth of joy
 I buried ere I left its strand
 You'll never know the cherished dreams
 I nursed alone beside that sea,
 When moonlight beams seemed sabre-gleams,
 And Ocean's voice spoke Liberty.

" My boy, come swear by yonder star
 That late has seen my suffering land—
 By all the wrongs that were and are,
 And all my country's martyred band—
 By all the torture and the pain
 The tyrant caused that land and me ;
 You'll ever give your strength and brain
 To Erin, till she's ransomed, free !"

The wind was still, the ocean spoke
 In murmured whispers on the shore ;
 The sea-birds scarce an echo woke,
 The crag-tossed streamlet ceased its roar.
 Up stood the youth before his sire,
 The moon gleamed on his flushing brow,
 His blue eyes flashed with patriot fire,
 As slow he spoke his father's vow.

Up sprang the old man from his seat,
 And round the youth his arms he flung :
 " *Ma bouchal beawn*, ne'er may defeat"—
 No other word ere spake his tongue ;
 His arms relaxed—a gasp—a moan !
 In vain the youth raised up his head ;
 " Oh, father, leave me not alone !"—
 In vain he cried—his sire was dead.

JAMES T. GALLAGHER.

THE EXILE'S DREAM.

I will go to holy Ireland,
 The land of Saint and Sage,
 Where the pulse of boyhood is leaping
 In the shrunken form of age ;
 Where the shadow of giant hopes
 For evermore is cast,
 And the wraiths of mighty chieftains
 Are looming through the past.
 From the cold land of the Stranger
 I will take my joyous flight,
 To sit by my slumbering country,
 And watch her through the night ;
 When Spring is in the sky,
 And the flowers are on the land,
 I will go to ancient Ireland,
 Of the open heart and hand.
 I will go where the Galtees
 Are rising bare and high,
 With their haggard foreheads fronting
 The scowl of the clouded sky ;
 I will gaze adown on the valleys,
 And bless the teeming sod,
 And commune with the mountains—
 " The almoners of God."
 I will list to the murmurous song
 Which is rising from the river,
 That flows crooning to the Ocean
 For ever and for ever.
 When the May-month is come,
 When the year is fresh and young,
 I will go to the home of my fathers—
 The land of sword and song.
 I will go where Killarney
 Is sleeping in peaceful rest,
 Unmoved, save when a falling leaf
 Ripples its placid breast ;
 Where the branches of oak and arbutus
 Are weaving a pleasant screen,
 And the sunshine breaks in diamonds
 Through its tracery of green ;

Where the mists, like fantastic spectres,
 For ever rise and fall,
 And the rainbow of the Covenant
 Is spanning the mountains tall.
 When the wind blows from the West
 Across the deep Sea,
 I will sail to my Innisfail—
 To the Isle of Destiny.

I will go to beautiful Wicklow,
 The hunted outlaw's rest,
 Which the tread of rebel and rapparee
 In many a struggle prest :
 I will go to the lonely graveyard,
 Near the pleasant fields of Kildare,
 And pray for my chief and my hero,
 Young Tone, who is sleeping there.

I will go to the gloomy Thomas street,
 Where gallant Robert died,
 And to the grim St. Michan's,
 Where " the Brothers " lie side by side ;
 I will go to where the heroes
 Of the ancient Celts are laid,
 And chant a Miserere
 For the souls of the mighty Dead.

I will seize my pilgrim staff,
 And cheerily wander forth
 From the smiling face of the South
 To the black frown of the North ;
 And in some hour of twilight
 I will mount the tall Slieve-Bloom,
 And weave me a picture-vision
 In the evening's pleasant gloom.

I will call up the buried leaders
 Of the ancient Celtic race,
 And gaze with a filial fondness
 On each sternly-noble face—
 The masters of the mind.
 And the chieftains of the steel,
 Young Carolan and Grattan,
 The M'Caura and O'Neill.

I will learn from their voices,
 With a student's love and pride,
 To live as they lived,
 And to die as they died.
 Oh ! I will sail from the West,
 And never more will part
 From the ancient home of my people—
 The land of the loving heart.

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

A LAY SERMON.

Ireland, mother of grief and glory,
 Ireland, daughter of sorrow and song,
 Weep no more o'er thy long, sad story,
 Mourn not over the ancient wrong;
 Tears and sighing and sore complaining
 Bring no balm to the hurt that bleeds;
 Turn thine eyes: they are weak with straining
 Back where the dead dim past recedes.

Turn thy gaze from the haunted darkness
 Shrouding the graves of the vanished years,
 There lie cerements, and dust, and starkness
 Ashes and urns and mouldering biers;
 Strength comes never of drear repining,
 Hearts may cherish, but souls must strive;
 Not in the mists, but where suns are shining,
 Flowers and fruits of the earth best thrive.

Great are the names that gild thy pages,
 Bright the fame of thy faithful sons;
 Down through the sinuous vales of ages
 Grandly the stream of thy glory runs;
 But, O mother of ancient splendor,
 Nought of this can avail thee now;
 The mightiest dead no aid can render
 To trampled bosom or tortured brow!

All that is past is past forever,
 Buried and lost in a soundless sea;
 Gaze not there, but with firm endeavor
 Fix thine eyes on what yet may be!
 Turn from the west, where night still lingers,
 Slumbrous, shadowy, weirdly gray;
 Look to the east, where golden fingers
 Open the amethyst gates of day!

Over each peak and promontory
 Swiftly the wakening splendor flies,
 Till rounded summit and headland hoary
 Gleam with the new morn's roseate dyes!
 For thee, O Erin, long bowed in sorrow,
 Thus hope and promise their radiance pour;
 Lift up thy face to the dawning morrow,
 And mourn and weep in the gloom no more!

Faithful still are thy children to thee,
 Resolute, brave in the love they bear;
 Eager to serve as when fame first knew thee,
 Crowned as a Queen, and blithe and fair.
 Whether where Shannon and Suir are flowing
 Or toiling afar under stranger skies,
 Warmly for thee are their hearts still glowing,
 Proudly for thee does each fond thought rise!

Winds are winging the songs they're singing,
 Seas are swelling each hopeful strain;
 Winds and waves unto thee are bringing
 Sounds that echo one strong refrain:—
 Turn from the past where shrouds are lying,
 And shades are gathered in dumb array,
 Arise from travail and tears and sighing,
 And set thy face to the beaming day!

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

THE FAITHLESS SHEPHERDS.

Dead!—dead! Ye are dead while ye live;
 Ye've a name that ye live,—but are dead:
 Neither counsel nor love did ye give,
 And your lips never uttered a word
 While swift ruin downward sped,
 And the plague raged on undisturbed.
 Not a throb of true life in your veins
 Not a pulse in your passionless heart,
 Not a thought in the dull, cold brains,
 Of how ye should bear your part
 When summoned the strife to brave,
 For our country, with Death and the grave.

Ye have gold for the follies of fashion,
 And gold for its tinsel glare,
 But none for the wild, sobbing passion
 Wrung from the lips of despair—
 False Shepherds and Guides are ye,
 For the heart in each bosom is cold
 As the ice in a frozen sea;
 And your trappings of velvet and gold
 Lie heavy and close as a pall,
 When the steps of the bearers fall
 On a grave, with measured tread;
 For ye seem to live,—but are dead.

Ye are dead!—ye are dead! stone by stone
 The temple is crumbling down;
 It will fall with a crash of doom,
 For the night deepens dark in its gloom.
 But ye look on with vacant stare
 Like men lying still in the tomb.
 Stand forth! face the sun, if ye dare,
 With your cold eyes unwet by a tear,
 For your country, laid low on your bier,
 And say—have ye stretched forth a hand
 To raise up our desolate Land?

She dies,—but ye flourish and grow
 In the midst of the deadly maze:

Like the palm springing heavenward?—No!

But like weeds in the churchyard fed
By the vapors of death below,
Breathing round you a poisonous haze.
Go!—go! True life is not so,—
For decay lies beneath your tread,
And the staff in your hand is a reed,
Too weak for your country's need;
For ye seem to live,—but are dead.

Ye are dead!—Ye are dead! Fling the clay
On the noble names, noble no more;
Leave the sword in the sheath to rust;
Let the banners be trailed in the dust;
And the memory perish away
Of the dead, who are dead evermore;
Blot them out from the book writ in gold.
Noble neither in deed nor in soul.
Are ye worthy to stand in the roll
Of the glorified heroes of old?

Has Ireland need of such sons?
Floating down with a silken sail
On the crimson tide of her life, that runs
With a mournful, ceaseless wail,
Like rain pouring down from the eaves.
And ye laugh when the strangers deride
Her trials, the saddest and sorest,
And plunge the sword deep in her side;
And no kindly heart sighs or grieves
For her branches, all bare as a forest
When the autumn wind scatters the leaves.

Laugh low with your perfumed breath,
For the air is heavy with death,
But ye hear not the gliding feet
Of the Future, that stands at your door;
For the roses lie heavy and sweet,
And too thick on your marble floor.
And your dead soul is dead to his call,
And your eyes are heavy with wine;
Ye see not the letters of flame,
Traced by a hand divine,—
The writing of God on the wall,—
"Ye are weighed and found wanting!"—Oh,
shame!

Your life is a gilded lie;
And the wide world that doom has read,
With a shudder and chill of dread;
For the judgment of God is nigh,
And the universe echoes the cry,—
Ye've a name that ye live—but are dead!

LADY WILDE.

DRAGONS' TEETH.

Oh! where are you going with corpse-lights
glowing,

Here where the ravenous were-wolf moans?
And what are you sowing—carelessly strow-
ing—

Down in the valley of dead men's bones?
Woman in scarlet and purple and gold,
Beautiful, witch-like Delilah of old,
Bright with the phosphor of death,
Blighting the lands with her breath,
Swiftly she's strowing, swiftly she's sowing,
In the valley of ghouls beneath,
The Dragons' teeth.

Oh! well do we know you, and rich store we
owe you,

Woman of Babylon, robed in red!
Rich store we owe you, and strange grain
we'll sow you,

Bake for your hunger your own bitter bread.
Empress we've seen as the whole world's
bride,

Filled to the throat with carnage and pride,
Cruel as Scylla and fair,
Slaying the strong with despair,—
Fain would we show you the great crops we'll
sow you,

In the valley of ghouls beneath—
Of Dragons' teeth.

Oh! never once o'er you, and never before
you,

Never behind you your eyes shall look;
Princes and merchants are here that adore
you,

Warning nor prayer at the last you shall
brook;

Woman that's drunken with agony's wine,
Woman that's blinded with glamour and
shine,

Never to front or to rear
Glancing with rue or fear—
Doom is before you, omnipotence o'er you,
While you sow 'mid the ghouls beneath
The Dragons' teeth.

The great crop is growing, the white skenes
are glowing,

The dumb armies gather with fleet steps
behind;

The fool that will know not shall perish
unknowing;

The eyes that will see not shall ever be
blind.

Woman of Babylon, call, oh call !
 Cry for lackey, and lover, and thrall !
 Far off they shall stand with jeers ;
 Never again in the years
 Shall we see you going, with red hands sowing
 In the valley of ghouls beneath—
 The Dragons' teeth.

FANNY PARNELL.

OURSELVES ALONE.

The work that should to-day be wrought,
 Defer not till to-morrow ;
 The help that should within be sought,
 Scorn from without to borrow ;
 Old maxims these, yet stout and true :
 They speak in trumpet tone
 To do at once what is to do,
 And trust ourselves alone.

Too long have Irish hearts been schooled
 In patient hope to bide,
 By dreams of English justice fooled,
 And English tongues that lied ;
 That hour of weak delusion's past,
 The empty dream is flown :
 Our hope and strength, we find at last,
 Is in ourselves alone.

Ay ! bitter hate, or cold neglect,
 Or lukewarm love at best,
 Is all we've found or can expect,
 We Aliens of the West.
 No friend, beyond our own green shore
 Can Erin truly own ;
 Yet stronger is her trust, therefore,
 In her brave sons alone.

Remember when our lot was worse,—
 Sunk, trampled in the dust,
 'Twas long our weakness and our curse
 In stranger aid to trust ;
 And if, at length, we proudly trod
 On bigot laws o'erthrown,
 Who won that struggle ? Under God,
 Ourselves—ourselves alone !

Oh, let its memory be enshrined
 In Ireland's heart forever ;
 It proves a banded people's mind
 Must win in just endeavor ;

It shows how wicked to despair,
 How weak to idly groan :—
 If ills at others' hands you bear,
 The cure is in your own.

The " foolish word impossible,"
 At once, for aye, disdain ;
 No power can bar a people's will
 A people's right to gain.
 Be bold, united, firmly set
 Nor flinch in word or tone,—
 We'll be a glorious nation yet,
 REDEEMED, ERECT, ALONE !

JOHN O'HAGAN.

HOW HAVE YE LABORED ?

As starlight on the sleeping earth
 My early thoughts came to my soul
 That mourned in bitterness and dol
 Of truth and trust the fearful dearth.

I thought of all my early dreams—
 The young hearts marshalled for the fight,
 When Right would march o'er brutal Might,
 And men, in beauty's harness dight,
 Quaff flashing draughts of Spartan streams.

When blackened walls shall cease to pain
 The gaze of Christian manhood's eye ;
 When forms once swept by sleet and rain
 By blazing hearths might sit again,
 And smile at tempests warring by.

And freemen stand on hill and rock,
 No master but the Lord above,
 And banners long in darkness hid
 Shine like a blazing pyramid,
 And brethren learn their hearts to lock
 In the strong clasp of angel love.

All unfulfilled. The earth is dark
 As ever with the lust of wrong ;
 Christ's children wander pale and stark
 Amid the red assassin throng.

And some ask madly, " Where is God ?"
 With boiling veins and streaming eyes,
 They blame His justice-dealing rod ;
 They hear no calm voice from the skies :
 " How have ye labored, men of earth,
 To win regenerating birth ?"

And others whine, with slavish bow,
 "The crowning day will shortly come—
 Till then we sit in martyrdom;
 Once we had dreams—we spurn them now."
 "How have ye labored? martyrs, tell,"
 Rings out the ceaseless voiceful bell;

And I, too, in my frenzy held
 Reproachful thoughts, that all my dreams
 Had faded like the four bright streams
 Which once in beauteous Eden welled,
 How have you labored, minstrel, say!
 To raise your visions from the clay?

"How have ye labored?" This is all,
 O teachers of our fallen land!
 To free the stricken one from thrall
 Have ye obeyed the Lord's command
 As erst the faithless-hearted Saul,
 Or walked with David and his band?

Ah me! my heart is full of dole,
 The myriads pass with faces white,
 I hear a still voice in my soul:
 "Ye did not labor well and true,
 As the appointed men should do
 Who lead the strife of truth and right."

JOHN KEEGAN CASEY.

OUR COURSE.

We looked for guidance to the blind!
 We sued for counsel to the dumb!
 Fling the vain fancy to the wind—
Their hour is past and *ours* is come!
 They gave, in that propitious hour,
 Nor kindly look nor gracious tone;
 But heaven has not denied us power
 To do their duty, and our own.

And is it true that tyrants throw
 Their shafts among us steeped in gall?
 And every arrow, swift or slow,
 Points foremost still, ascent or fall?
 Still sure to wound us, though the aim
 Seems ta'en remotely, or amiss?
 And men with spirits feel no shame
 To brook so dark a doom as this?

Alas! the noble of the land
 Are like our long-deserted halls;
 No living voices, clear and grand,
 Respond when foe or freedom calls;

But ever and anon descends
 Low moaning, when the tempest rolls,—
 A tone that desolation lends
 Some crevice of their ruined souls!

So be it,—yet shall we prolong [need?
 Our prayers, when deeds would serve our
 Or wait for woes, the swift and strong
 Can ward by strength or 'scape by speed?
 The vilest of the vile of earth,
 Were nobler than our proud array,
 If, suffering bondage from our birth,
 We will not burst it when we may!

And has the bondage not been borne
 Till all our softer nature fled—
 Till tyranny's dark tide had worn
 Down to the stubborn rock its bed?
 But if the current, cold and deep,
 That channel through all time retain,
 At worst, by heaven! it shall not sweep
Unruffled o'er our hearts again!

JOHN D. FRASER.

OUR VOW.

They may pluck the green bays from thy brow,
 Thy laurels in twain they may tear. [bow
 Till thy beautiful head to the dust thou must
 'Neath the weight of a ghastly despair;

They may jibe thee and jeer thee, astor,
 As they jibed thee and jeered thee for years;
 They may pamper their veins with thy sancti-
 fied gore;
 And laugh at thy sorrowing tears;

They may scourge, they may plunder and slay
 All over thy emerald strand;
 They may scatter, as weeds of the ocean, away
 The sinew and bone of the land;

They may tread on thy once radiant crown;
 They may people each tall mountain's base,
 Each hillock and hamlet, each city and town,
 With the clans of their conquering race;

They may strew the fair fields with thy dead,
 'Mid the smoke of their myriad guns;
 But the chains that they forge and the red
 blood they shed
 Shall never make serfs of thy sons.

We vowed in the sunshine of youth,
We vow when our bright youth is past,
That the instincts of freedom, the lessons of
Shall live in our souls to the last:— [truth.

That we'll march 'neath the flag as of old,
With the faith and the trust of the brave,
Tho' the creed we believe and the pathway we
But lead to the dungeon or grave! [hold

Yet we vow but the centuried vow—
The vow of our thousands of dead: [brow,
To replace the green bays on thy sorrowing
And its crown on thy beautiful head!

EUGENE DAVIS.

CUI BONO?

If all the wrath of England ran
To fill the land with ruin-fires,
If all her bloodiest hounds began
To tear us as they tore our sires:
If every cabin felt the flame,
And all the fields were waste and red,
Till silence o'er our highways came—
Such silence as will bless the dead:

If blood were spilled in thunder-showers
Where'er the hunted came to bay,
And all the grass and all the flowers
Were stained and sickened day by day:
If once again the maidens cried
To all the hills to hide their heads,
And babes and mothers side by side
Lay butchered in their bloody beds:

If all the love that lit the land
When priests knew well how hunger kills,
Flashed out again when, bruised and banned,
The priests were with us on the hills:
If in the lonely mountain cave
We heard how Jude and Macchabee
Cried God's great curse to smite the slave
Who e'er forgot God made him free:

If all the tears our fathers shed
Came back to us, and all the groans;
And wives and sons and daughters dead
Lay, with no priest to bless their bones:
All, all were vain to quench the fires
That burn within our veins to-day;
So help us, God, that helped our sires,
We cannot give the land away!

J. J. MURPHY.

BIDE YOUR TIME.

Bide your time: the morn is breaking,
Bright with freedom's blessed ray;
Millions, from their trance awaking,
Soon shall stand in firm array.
Man shall fetter man no longer—
Liberty shall march sublime:
Every moment makes you stronger—
Firm, unshrinking, bide your time!

Bide your time: one false step taken
Perils all you yet have done;
Undismayed—erect—unshaken,
Watch and wait, and all is won.
'Tis not by a rash endeavor
Men or states to greatness climb:—
Would you win your rights forever—
Calm and thoughtful, bide your time!

Bide your time: your worst transgression
Were to strike, and strike in vain;
He whose arm would smite oppression,
Must not need to smite again.
Danger makes the brave man steady,
Rashness is the coward's crime;
Be for freedom's battle ready—
When it comes—but bide your time!

MICHAEL J. BARRY.

JUSTICE.

Spirit of awe, enthroned in the thunderous
heart of the night,
Spirit of terrible eyes, with the blaze of Mount
Sinai alight,
Looking thro' endless fogs of blood, thro'
quenchless vapors of tears,
That creep and coil and climb from the
hideous stream of the years;
Spirit with pallid blood-tipped hands, hung
limp and loose at thy side,
Seeming too feeble for aught save a cloud or
a feather to guide;—
Hands that are strong as God's—drooping
listless 'mid rapine and wrong!
Is it we that are foolish and blind? or thou
that stayest too long?

Lo! the spectre of Murder flings her challenge
right up in thy face,
And the hooves of the Men of Peace have
trodden thy holiest place.

And the Champion of Freedom sets, with a
threat and a curse and a blow,
His heel on the struggling slave, and thinks,
—"Aha! God shall never know!"

Have we made us a fetich of stone, in a shrine
too far away
For the stormiest prayer to reach, that a
trampled soul can pray?
Is our Justice a grinning fiend, or only a deaf-
mute born?
And our Christ—our beautiful Christ!—will
he pass the leper in scorn?

From the crater of night shoots out a great
white arm like a bar,
From the crater of night flames out a won-
drous Face like a star;
Yet a moment and all is black, while the
thunder moans and swells,
Till it shapes to a voice at last, like the crash
of a million bells.

And it says, "O ye craven hearts, the immor-
tal times are yours;
Blesséd is he that labors, thrice blesséd is he
that endures;
Wait! for your waiting is God-like, yet work,
for no true work is vain;
And your martyrdom's rack shall seem but a
moment's dream of pain."

Then a sword flashed over the gulf, and we
veiled our faces in dust;
"We have murmured and sinned," we cried,
"in Thy sight, O God, that art just;
For we know when the day shall come, Thy
arm is not shortened yet,
And the robber shall pay at last the outermost
farthing of debt."

FANNY PARNELL.

THE THREE WOES.

That angel whose charge is Eire sang thus,
o'er the dark isle winging;
By a virgin his song was heard at a tempest's
ruinous close:
"Three golden ages God gave while your
tender green blade was springing;
Faith's earliest harvest is reaped. To-day God
sends you three woes.

"For ages three without laws ye shall flee as
beasts in the forest;
For an age and a half age faith shall bring
not peace, but a sword;
Then laws shall rend you, like eagles sharp-
fanged, of your scourges the sorest:
When these three woes are past, look up, for
your hope is restored.

"The times of your woe shall be twice the
time of your foregone glory;
But fourfold at last shall be the grain on your
granary floor."
The seas in vapor shall fleet, and in ashes the
mountains hoary:
Let God do that which He wills. Let His
servants endure and adore!

AUBREY T. DE VERE.

LE REVEILLE.

It was the lark—not the nightingale—
Poured forth her notes of warning;
Upwards she flew from the sun-lit vale,
Awoke by the light of the morning.
The day, the day is bright!
The night
Hath fled that in darkness bound ye;
Fling ye the myrtle of love aside,
And grasp the sword whate'er may betide—
For the Foemen are gathering round ye!

It was the lark—not the nightingale—
Arouse ye from apathy's slumber!
Few and dull do your watchfires pale,
But they soon shall the stars outnumber.
Awake, awake to life!
The strife
For God and your right advances;
Leave the white arms of weeping beauty,
The van of the battle's your post of duty,
Where glitter the Foeman's lances!

It was the lark—not the nightingale—
The gate of the morning uncloses;
She sings of the thundering cannon's hail—
She sings of the battle's roses;
On the warrior's breast
They rest—
The crimson roses that free the world!
Up, then, in Liberty's cause ye are sent—
Let the wide heavens be but one warrior's tent,
When the banner of Freedom's unfurled.

It was the lark—not the nightingale—
 Leave, then, O youth, thy dreaming!
 As dashes the torrent adown the vale,
 O'er all barriers wildly streaming,
 So of thy young heart's blood.

The flood
 Pour down on thy thirsty land;
 And Liberty's cause, that would else have
 died,
 Will bloom afresh from that crimson tide;
 So pledge ye your heart and hand.

It was the lark—not the nightingale—
 Who chanted a Nation's rise;
 Borne on the wings of the morning gale,
 It peals through the azure skies.
 Liberty's torch is bright!

The light
 May mock our tyrants' scorning,
 Formillions of hearts will be kindled ere noon;
 And the freedom we dream'd of in darkness,
 full soon

We'll achieve in the light of the morning!

LADY WILDE.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

Hark, hark, that chime! the frosts are o'er!
 With the birds force on the spring:
 Thus, Ireland, sang thy bards of yore:
 O younger bards, 'tis time to sing!
 Your country's smile, that with the past
 Lay dead so long—that vanished smile,
 Evoke it from the dark, and cast
 Its light around a tearful isle.

Like severed locks that keep their light
 When all the stately form is dust,
 A nation's songs preserve from blight
 A nation's name, their sacred trust.
 Temple and pyramid eterne
 May memorize her deeds of power;
 But only from the songs we learn
 How throbb'd her life-blood, hour by hour.

Thrice blessed the strain that brings to one
 Who weeps by some Australian rill
 A worn-out life far off begun,
 His country's countenance beauteous still!
 That 'mid Canadian wilds, or where
 Rich-feathered birds are void of song,
 Wafts back, 'mid gusts of Irish air,
 Old wood-notes loved and lost so long!

Well might the Muse at times forsake
 Her Grecian hill, and sit where swerve
 In lines like those of Hebe's neck,
 That wood-girt bay, yon meadow's curve,
 Watching the primrose clusters throw
 Their wan light o'er that ivied cave,
 And airs by myrtles odored blow
 The apple-blossom on the wave!

Thrice blessed the strain that, when the May
 Woos thus the young leaf from the bud,
 When robins, thrushlike, shake the spray,
 And deepening purples tinge the flood,
 Kindles new worlds of love and truth,
 This world's lost Eden, still new-born,
 In breast of Irish maid or youth,
 Reading beneath the Irish thorn!

That lures from overheated strife
 Blinded ambition's tool; that o'er
 The fields of unsabbatic life
 The church bells of the past can pour;
 Around the old oak lightning-scarred
 Can raise the virgin woods that rang
 When, throned 'mid listening kerns, the bard
 Of Oisín and of Patrick sang.

Saturnian years return! Erelong
 Peace, justice-built, the Isle shall cheer:
 Even now old sounds of ancient wrong
 At distance roll, and come not near:
 Past is the iron age,—the storms
 That lashed the worn cliff, shock on shock;
 The bird, in tempest cradled, warms
 At last her wings upon the rock.

How many a bard may lurk even now,
 Ireland, among thy noble poor!
 To Truth their genius let them vow,
 And scorn the Siren's tinsel lure;
 Faithful to illustrate God's word
 On Nature writ; or re-revealing
 Thro' Nature, Christian lore transferred
 From faith to sight by songs heart-healing.

Fair land! the skill was thine of old
 Upon the illumined scroll to trace,
 In heavenly blazon, blue or gold,
 The martyr's palm, the angel's face;
 One day on every Muse's page
 Be thine a saintly light to fling,
 And bathe the world's declining age
 Once more in its baptismal spring.



Yours very truly
Fanny Parnell

Man sows. A Hand divine must reap;
 The toil wins most that wins not praise;
 Stones buried in oblivion deep
 May help the destined pile to raise,
 Foundations fix for pier or arch;
 Above that spirit-bridge's span
 To Faith's inviolate home may march
 In God's good, time enfranchised man.

AUBREY T. DE VERE.

WHAT SHALL WE WEEP FOR?

"Woe is me now! for my soul is wearied because of murderers,"—*Jeremiah*.

Shall we weep for thee, O my mother,—shall
 we weep for the martyred land,—
 For the queen that is prone in ashes, struck
 down by a robber's hand?

Shall we weep for the fair green banner,
 drowned deep in a sea of tears—
 For the golden harp that is broken, and dumb
 with the rust of years?

Shall we weep for the children banished, or
 for those crushed down to the brute,—
 Crushed out of the semblance of human,
 while Justice sits blind and mute?

For the peasant that died in torments,—for
 the hero that battling fell,
 For the martyr that slowly rotted in the
 voiceless dungeon cell?

For the famine, the filth, and fever, the lash
 and the pitchcap, and sword,
 For the homeless, coffinless corpses, flung out
 on their native sward?

For the strong man that crept from prison,
 old, helpless, and blind, to die,
 For the soldier that bled for England, 'neath
 many a hostile sky,—

Whom England, delighting to honor, gifts of
 chains and a dungeon gave,
 Till his brave heart broke with its anguish,
 and he staggered from cell to grave?

Shall we weep for these, O my brothers?—my
 brothers in pain and in love,—
 For these who have suffered and perished,
 and shine as the stars above?

Lo! yonder, like white hot beacons, they light
 up the path we should tread;
 Pure flames on the heavenly watch-towers,—
 shall we weep for those happy dead?

Nay, not for mother or children, nor for
 centuries' woes we'll weep,
 But we'll weep for the vengeance coming,
 that waits, but shall never sleep.

Let us weep for the hand that's bloody with
 many an innocent life;
 Let us weep for those who have trampled the
 defenceless down in the strife;

For the heart the Lord hath hardened, with
 triumph, and spoil, and crown,
 For the robber whose plundered kingdoms
 never see the sun go down;

For the Scarlet Woman that's drunken with
 the blood and tears of her slaves,
 Who goes forth to slay with a psalm-tune,
 and builds her churches on graves;

For her sons who rush out to murder, and
 return with plunder and prayer,
 Lifting up to the gentle Saviour the red hands
 that never spare;

For these, and the doom that is on them, the
 spectre ghastly and gray,
 Looming far in the haunted future, where
 Nemesis waits her prey—

Let us weep, let us weep, my brothers! We
 have heard but a whisper fall,
 But we know the voice of the tempest, be it
 ever so still and small.

To their God of Cant and Slaughter they
 shall cry in their hour of need,
 But the true God shall rise and break them as
 one that breaketh a reed.

Weep not for the wronged, but the wronger,—
 the despot whom God hath cursed,—
 Holding off awhile till the floodgates of His
 gathering wrath have burst,

For the wronged, a moment's anguish—for
 the wronger, damnation deep,—
 He that soweth the wind shall surely for
 harvest the whirlwind reap.

FANNY FARNELL.

THE ROSEMARY CROWN.

Waiting in sorrow and mourning—
 Waiting through gloomiest night,
 Clad in the robe of the cypress—
 Craving for beauty and light;
 Centuries lifted the nations,
 And hurled wrong's pinnacles down—
 Yet still holy Ireland is waiting,
 And wearing the Rosemary Crown.

Oh, the fullness of joy in the hoping,
 The rich light which fancy had dreamed,
 When once, for the lapse of a moment,
 The sunlight of Liberty streamed.
 How we planted the flag on our towers,
 And waved it o'er mountain and town:
 But, alas! still the cypress was blooming—
 Alas! for the Rosemary Crown.

And lonely, and lonely, and lonely,
 A watcher still sat by the sea,
 With face as the white marble pallid,
 And eyes gazing mournfully;
 With hands lifted up in appealing
 That God would His mercy send down,
 And the leaves of the laurel be shining,
 Where rested the Rosemary Crown.

We gave her the song of the poet,
 We gave her the work of the brain,
 Cast the glory of heaven around her,
 Yet still all our work was inane.
 "She is dead," said the scoff of the stranger,
 A laugh for the cynic and clown;
 Ah! little he knew the wild passion
 Long hid in the Rosemary Crown.

Now, the love and the hope of a world,
 Dear Mother! thy children have brought:
 The hard-handed strength of the soldier,
 The blade of the mind full of thought.
 The earnestness martyrs have taught us,
 The strength of their glorious renown—
 To the graves of the dead shall be borne
 The leaves of the Rosemary Crown.

Weep not! 'tis the hour of the dawning—
 Weep not! we are ready to save—
 Nor reck of a newer heart broken,
 Nor reck of another fresh grave. [time,
 O'er the graves we have marched in the past
 Still praying the dew to fall down,
 Till the leaves of the bay shine as fairly—
 As darkly the Rosemary Crown.

JOHN KEEGAN CASEY.

AFTER AUGHHRIM.

Do you remember long ago,
 Kathaleen!
 When your lover whispered low,
 "Shall I stay or shall I go,
 Kathaleen?"
 And you answered proudly, "Go
 And join King James and strike a blow
 For the Green."

Mavrone! your hair is white as snow,
 Kathaleen!
 Your heart is sad and full of woe—
 Do you repent you bade him go
 Kathaleen?
 And through your tears you answer, "No!
 Better die with Sarsfield so
 Than live a slave, without a blow
 For the Green."

ARTHUR GERALD GEOGHEGAN.

SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

In due time we shall reap, if we faint not. —Gal. vi.

Guard we the holy Faith
 With love as strong as death;
 Many the tears it cost us,—
 Cherished the friends it lost us—
 Oh, by the heavy Past,
 Hold we the Old Faith fast:
 So shall we win at last
 The crown of our toils and scaith.

The ploughshare was sharp and red—
 Graves 'neath our footsteps spread—
 The seed-time was long and dreary,
 The sowers weeping and weary;
 Chilling the sudden snows,
 Bitter the piercing woes
 That saddened the souls of those
 Who planted the Future's bread.

They passed over many lands,
 Still, as with fated hands,
 Toiling in fruitless patience,
 Outcasts among the nations.
 While round them the glad earth teemed,
 No harvest for them e'er gleamed,
 And idle their labor seemed
 As sowing the desert sands.

But a light o'er the ocean afar
 Comes, bright as Aurora's car,
 And in its radiance glancing
 Troop upon troop advancing.

Chanting a beautiful strain,
Laden with golden grain,
The fruit of the tearful rain
That fell 'neath our wormwood Star.

Before them a Presence grand,
Of aspect benign and bland,
Saith "These are your great departed,
The patient and faithful hearted,
Who add to thy crown of glory
The lustre of their story;
And I, who ever watch o'er ye,
Your Patron for ever more,
Bid peace on your emerald shore;
So while our Lord ye adore
Shall ye hence possess your Land!

OLIVIA KNIGHT CONNOLLY.

THE PENAL DAYS.

O! weep those days, the penal days,
When Ireland hopelessly complained!
O! weep those days, the penal days,
When godless persecution reigned!
When year by year,
For serf and peer,
Fresh cruelties were made by law,
And, filled with hate,
Our senate sate
To weld anew each fetter's flaw.
O! weep those days, those penal days—
Their mem'ry still on Ireland weighs,
They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
To sell the priest and rob the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar.
Among the poor,
Or on the moor,
Were hid the pious and the true—
While traitor knave,
And recreant slave,
Had riches, rank, and retinue;
And, exiled in those penal days,
Our banners over Europe blaze.
A stranger held the land and tower
Of many a noble fugitive;
No Popish lord had lordly power,
The peasant scarce had leave to live;
Above his head
A ruined shed,
No tenure but a tyrant's will—
Forbid to plead,
Forbid to read,

Disarm'd, disfranchis'd, imbecile—
What wonder if our step betrays
The freedman, born in penal days?

They're gone, they're gone, those penal days!
All creeds are equal in our isle;
Then grant, O Lord, thy plenteous grace,
Our ancient feuds to reconcile.
Let all atone
For blood and groan,
For dark revenge and open wrong;
Let all unite
For Ireland's right,
And drown our grief in Freedom's song;
Till time shall veil in twilight haze,
The memory of those Penal days.

THOMAS DAVIS.

SUN-BURST.

I.

Oh! hear you the sound of shouting far over
the eastern waves?
The voice of a people calling, "Come help us,
for we are slaves?"
And see you the banners flying, the sinister
glow of steel,
As the hordes of the tyrant gather, and the
plains beneath them reel?
Why do the valleys of Erin ring with the
sound of a name,
Once it were treason to utter? Why are her
hilltops aflame?
Has the long slumber been broken? Have
the dead spoken at last?
Sending the slogan of battle far on the wild
sweeping blast!
Ah, but the years are returning! Time is the
righter of all;
He will repay for the slaughter; his voice will
answer the call,
That loud through the echoing ages, the ages
of hatred has told
How the hand of the slayer has reddened, his
heart in its anger grown cold.

II.

What have we done that is criminal? Why
are we holden in chains?
Where is the blot on our scutcheon? Where
on our record the stains?

Have we not stood for our brothers, when, like a fierce crimson rain, Over and over our bodies surged the red blood of our slain?	Then when the brightness of morning shone through the swift fading mist, Loud rose the sound of our progress, song in our valleys made tryst.
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Who, when our graves grew in number, who when our hearthstones were bare, Came with the burden of plenty, strong- limbed, and loyal, and fair? Was it the nation that held us? She who grew rich with our spoil? Rich from our courage in battle, rich from our daring in toil?	Say we are hard in our anger, say that our hands have grown red; Have we not watched in the darkness, watched by our murdered dead, Watched in the land that bore us, the land that is ours by right, Telling our sorrow in whispers, and tearing the dawn of light?
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No! In her halls she was feasting. What though we starved at her door? We, who had beaten her foeman back from her wave-beaten shore; We had no grain from her threshing; we had no wine from her press; Only the scorn of her silence, while the store in our hovels grew less.	Ours is the patient waiting, and ours is the garnered wrong; We have seen the bright days darken, and the years grow cold and long; We have worked when hands were weary, but we never reaped the gain; They have gathered the wheat and comfort, and left us the chaff and pain.
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Far over wide leagues of ocean came the white sails of the ships, Bearing the bread that would help us, the wine that was sweet to our lips; What have we then to be glad for, what have we then to repay, To her who listened unheeding, holding her shut hands away?	Yet we envy not their riches, let them keep their heavy gold, And leave us our ancient birthright, the freedom we won of old, When the dawning flashed in splendor on the lines of level spears, And we charged the Danish foemen, while the air grew loud with cheers.
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Nothing but hate do we owe her, nothing but battle and wrath; She who has grown on our hunger, the serpent that rose in our path; That filled our valleys with wailing, and stole the strength of our lives, And left in our desolate dwellings the tears and moaning of wives.	The days of our waiting are numbered, the time of our serving past; You can hear the braying of trumpets, the roll of drums on the blast; And now when the war clouds gather, we will stand as oft we have stood, When we held the front of the battle and the earth was red with blood.
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Look at the years in their passing; what have they given the world? Hope for the gladness of nations; thought at all tyranny hurled; Freedom for men held in bondage; deeds that were kindly and just; Only one land was forgotten, one banner still trails in the dust.	Oh! men who have seen the sunburst, the radiant coming of morn, Surge over the purple mountains, and shine on your bending corn; By the love that is your triumph, by the blood that made you free, Send us back a shout of greeting, across the wide reaches of sea.
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Nothing have we to be glad for; once we had glory and pride, Holding the beacon of promise, sending our call far and wide;	Now when the foe is marching, and the great guns grimly frown, And the heavy wrath of the tempest on our worn land bears down.
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When the lurid light of the bale-fires is gleaming in the sky,
Out through the growing darkness we send you our passionate cry.

III.

Why are the fetters clanking? and why do the bright swords shine?
Is there coming another harvest of blood that is red as wine?
Yes, up through the heights of purple you can hear the cry, wind-blown,
Of a nation, loudly calling to be brought unto its own.

Ah, but the years are returning, and the dead will not lie still;
You can see their garments trailing far along each windy hill;
And the air is full of moaning, and the earth is salt with tears,
And the hate that is strong in battle is the bitter hate of years.

The high waves surge on the headlands, the wild winds sweep through the land,
And the murmurs of strife are rising: who now will idle stand?
For the tyrants have banded together, they will strike again and again,
And the struggle is that of Freedom, the strong, sweet Freedom of men.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

THE FAMINE OF 1880.

Serenely on the ocean sits an island in the sheen
Of silver skies and purple hills and pastures ever green.
The corn is waving gladsomely, the white flocks bleat with glee;
And tawny herds shake silken sides in valley, glen, and lea;
Fish frolic in the rivers, birds carol in the trees,
White sails gleam in the harbors, ships throng her busy quays:—
It was not thence that groan came forth?—again it swells on high:
In Ireland's bread and meat enough—not *hers* a famine cry?

O miracle of miracles! O wondrous cause of wonder!

Proclaim the story to mankind with trumpet of the thunder!

A fertile, generous, joyous land, forbid to feed its people

By laws enacted 'neath the shade of consecrated steeple!

Starvation made by statute—famine a legal code

For subjects of a Government with an "established" God!

Look not into their genial soil for hunger's helpless cause—

[laws

The Irish people famish—to obey their English

They plow and plant, they sow and reap, they weave and spin all day,

The English fleet is at their wharves to bear it all away!

Their fathers' land the alien owns; the landlords own their labor;

Their mortgaged lives have been foreclosed to glut their English neighbor!

Their rulers, oh, are noble! See yonder mincing Earl!

His sire went forth to Ireland a thieving English churl,

He pulled from out the shallows the King's ship's entangled flukes,—

His sovereign dubbed him on the shore the first of Irish dukes!

Behold the lovely vista within yon Irish dale!
The rosy dawn is blushing behind her hazy veil;

The brooklet prattles on the sward, the linnet's early notes

Are answered from the foliage by countless tuneful throats;

The zephyrs tease the tassels of the nodding, drowsy grain

That soon will be awakened to be tossed into the wain;—

Now o'er the luscious landscape the sun's broad rays are broke,

And from the cottage chimneys ascends the cheery smoke!

The morning mist has disappeared—the vision is still clearer,—

What terror-stricken band is that whose feet are hurrying nearer?

God of justice! God of mercy! They are weeping, they are shrieking!

There is frenzy on their faces, and some with wounds are reeking!

The bailiff horde behind them in cruel fury comes,

For the smoke we saw ascending was the burning of their homes!

So this is Irish famine and this is English law,
And this the saddest sight on earth that
Sorrow ever saw!

Nature's heart is touched with pity, Nature's
eyes with tears are filled,

While the people die of hunger in the fields
that they have tilled!

From the pastures low the cattle, "For the
stranger is our flesh";

Moans the wind unto the harvest: "For the
stranger you must thresh";

And the sheep bleat sadly seaward from green
gorges in the rocks;

"The stranger wears our wool, and the stranger
eats our flocks";

And the horses paw in fury as they neigh from
out the manger,

"Oh, we would fight for Ireland—but our
backs are for the stranger!"

In this band of homeless outcasts limps a
cripple whose deep scars

Tell of service as a soldier, perhaps in foreign
wars;

An arm is gone; he totters; in youth his hair
is white,

Is it hunger makes you tremble who shrank
not in the fight?

The coat he wears is tattered—why, the color!
yes, 'tis blue!

Were you ever in America? pale friend, oh,
tell me true!

The ashen lips grow livid, the face becomes
less wan—

"Ay, was I," proudly answers he, "I fought
with Sheridan!"

"Before the war was over, here my aged
father died;

The only daughter, fair and young, lies buried
at his side;

The dear old mother lingered still,—to shelter
her from harm

I came across the water, and worked the little
farm;

'Twas taken from us yesterday—"And she?"
"She died last night—

Of hunger, hunger—oh, great God! that son
should see such sight!

In battle I ne'er trembled—in the whirr of
shot and shell

I rushed with demon recklessness within the
living hell!

To-day I shake with palsy, unmanned by
hunger's pangs;

I feel about my breaking heart a slimy
creature's fangs;

And all are gone who loved me, the last one
of my kin,

Patrick drove the serpents out to let English
reptiles in!"

Lo, here a mother hurries, in her fleshless
arms a child,

Her limbs begin to fail her, her face is white
and wild;

Full twenty miles she walked to-day to reach a
poor-house door,

And keep the feeble flickering light in eyes
that ope no more!

Dead the babe upon her bosom! Oh,
mother's mighty sorrow,

Bewail in vain your journey's length! Bewail
your awful morrow!

"Dear turf," she faintly murmurs, "take the
life I could not save!

Oh, land that dare not give her bread, give
my sweet child a grave!"

She falls—she dies—but not until her voice
has stirred the tombs:

"Victoria, with my milkless breasts, I curse
your English wombs!"

Philanthropist and missionary lives on St.
George's Channel—

Sends Bibles—to the Pope of Rome, and to
the tropics—flannel!

Prays godly prayers for *foreign* sin before her
holy altar,

The while her hands twist at her back for
Ireland's neck a halter!

In *foreign* lands protects the weak, with
treaties—or with cannon!

And turns the dagger in the heart of her
sister on the Shannon!

So generous to her foreign foes they praise
her to the sky—

And leaves her Irish subjects *one* privilege—
to die!

Come, nations of both continents, behold a
Land of Graves!

Come, Russia, with Siberia! France, bring
your galley slaves!
Come, leering Turk, with dripping knife, re-
freshed in Christian gore
Bashi-bazouk, hold up your head! Be ye
ashamed no more:
O empires of a humane world! hold this
Christian nation,
That *makes* her people paupers and grants
them then—starvation!

MARGARET F. SULLIVAN.

OUR RECORD.

Who casts a slur on Irish worth, a stain on
Irish fame,
Who dreads to own his Irish blood or wear his
Irish name,
Who scorns the warmth of Irish hearts, the
clasp of Irish hands?
Let us but raise the veil to-night and shame
him where he stands.

The Irish fame! It rests enshrined within
its own proud light,
Wherever sword or tongue or pen has fash-
ioned deeds of might,
From battle charge of Fontenoy to Grattan's
thunder tone,
It holds its storied past on high unstoried and
alone.

The Irish blood! Its crimson tide has watered
hill and plain
Wherever there were wrongs to crush, or
freemen's rights to gain;
No dastard thought, no coward fear, has held
it tamely by
When there were noble deeds to do, or noble
deaths to die!

The Irish heart! The Irish heart! God keep
it fair and free,
The fullness of its kindly thought, its wealth
of honest glee,
Its generous strength, its ardent faith, its un-
complaining trust,
Though every worshipped idol breaks and
crumbles into dust.

And Irish hands?—ay, lift them up; em-
browned by honest toil,
The champions of our western world, the
guardians of the soil;

When flashed their battle-swords aloft, a
waiting world might see
What Irish hands could do and dare to keep
a nation free.

They bore our starry flag above through
bastion, gate, and wall,
They stood before the foremost rank, the
bravest of them all;
And when before the cannon's mouth they
held the foe at bay,
O never could old Ireland's heart beat prouder
than that day.

So when a craven fain would hide the birth-
mark of his race,
Or slightly speak of Erin's sons before their
children's face,
Breathe no weak word of scorn or shame, but
crush him where he stands,
With Irish worth and Irish fame as won by
Irish hands.

MARY E. BLAKE.

THE MEN OF TO-DAY.

There are some in our land who are ever
despairing,
Whose minds trace no glory except in the
past,

Whose eyes flash no fire and whose souls know
no daring,

Who tell us the Saxon has triumphed at last;
But, ah! these are few—we have those who
are stronger,

Who unto these cravens give answer and
say:

To right our loved nation—to baffle her
wronger—

We've men as of old in dear Ireland to day.

They would have us believe that men stalwart
as Brian,

As brave as those soldiers who drove out the
Dane,

As bold as Red Hugh, who had heart like a
lion,

Shall never be seen in our island again;
They say that the valor of Conn has departed,
That prostrate and weak in the dust we must
stay;

But our answer is—No! for men staunch and
stout-hearted

As ever have lived are in Ireland to-day.

These creatures despondent deny we inherit
The strong iron nerve of Fitzgerald and
Tone;

And Emmet's pure manhood and Grattan's
proud spirit

They say from our country for ever have
flown.

They libel their kinsmen while thus they are
whining;

For us, we believe, let them shrink as they
may.

That courage lives on and that virtue is shining
As brightly as ever in Ireland to-day.

Yes, men with the strength and the faith of
past ages

Are here with us now marching towards
the same end;

We've scholars and statesmen and soldiers and
sages.

With spirits no tyrant can conquer or bend:

And ever till Ireland has worsted the spoilers,
Till falls on her white brow blest Liberty's
ray.

Her cause will be championed by hosts of such
toilers [to-day.

As those who bear onward her banner

DANIEL CILLY.

THE IRISHMAN.

The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air;
Then well may Erin's sons adore
Their isle which nature formed so fair
What flood reflects a shore so sweet
As Shannon great or pastoral Bann?
Or who a friend or foe can meet
So generous as an Irishman?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm
But honesty is still his guide;
None more repents a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride;
He may be duped, but won't be dared—
More fit to practice than to plan;
He dearly earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange or poor, for you he'll pay,
And guide to where you safe may be;
If you're his guest, while e'er you stay,
His cottage holds a jubilee.

His inmost soul he will unlock,
And if he may your secrets scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honor bound in woe or weal,
Whate'er she bids he dares to do;
Try him with bribes—they won't prevail;
Prove him in fire—you'll find him true.
He seeks not safety, let his post
Be where it ought in danger's van;
And if the field of fame be lost,
It won't be by an Irishman.

Erin, loved land, from age to age,
Be thou more great, more famed and free;
May peace be thine, or shouldst thou wage
Defensive war—cheap victory.
May plenty bloom in every field,
Which gentle breezes softly fan,
And cheerful smiles serenely gild
The home of every Irishman.

JAMES ORR.

OUR OWN AGAIN.

Let the coward shrink aside,
We'll have our own again;
Let the brawling slave deride,
Here's for our own again;
Let the tyrant bribe and lie,
March, threaten, fortify,
Loose his lawyer and his spy,
Yet we'll have our own again.
Let him soothe in silken tone,
Scold from a foreign throne;
Let him come with bugles blown,
We shall have our own again.
Let us to our purpose bide,
We'll have our own again;
Let the game be fairly tried,
We'll have our own again.

Send the cry throughout the land,
"Who's for our own again?"
Summon all men to our band,—
Why not our own again?
Rich, and poor, and old, and young,
Sharp sword and fiery tongue,
Soul and sinew firmly strung,
All to get our own again.
Brothers thrive by brotherhood—
Trees in a stormy wood—

Riches come from Nationhood ;
 Sha'n't we have our own again ?
 Munster's woe is Ulster's bane !
 Join for our own again ;
 Tyrants rob as well as reign—
 We'll have our own again.

Oft our fathers' hearts it stirred,
 " Rise for our own again !"
 Often passed the signal word,
 " Strike for our own again !"
 Rudely, rashly, and untaught,
 Uprose they, ere they ought,
 Failing, though they nobly fought,
 Dying for their own again.
 Mind will rule and muscle wield
 In senate, ship and field,—
 When we've skill our strength to wield,
 Let us take our own again.
 By the slave his chain is wrought,
 " Strive for our own again ;
 Thunder is less strong than thought—
 We'll have our own again !

Calm as granite to our foes,
 Stand for our own again ;
 Till his wrath to madness grows,
 Firm for our own again :
 Bravely hope and wisely wait,
 Toil, join, and educate ;
 Man is master of his fate,—
 We'll enjoy our own again.
 With a keen constrained thirst—
 Powder's calm ere it burst—
 Making ready for the worst,
 So we'll get our own again.
 Let us to our purpose bide,
 We'll have our own again ;
 God is on the righteous side—
 We'll have our own again !

THOMAS DAVIS.

O, BLAME NOT THE BARD.

O, blame not the Bard if he fly to the bowers,
 Where pleasure lies carelessly smiling at
 fame ;
 He was born for much more, and, in happier
 hours,
 His soul might have burn'd with a holier
 flame.
 The string that now languishes loose o'er the
 lyre,

Might have bent a proud bow to the
 warrior's dart ;
 And the lip which now breathes but the song
 of desire,
 Might have pour'd the full tide of the
 patriot's heart !

But, alas, for his country ! her pride is gone by,
 And that spirit is broken which never
 would bend ;
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
 For 'tis treason to love her, and death to
 defend !
 Unprized are her sons, till they've learned to
 betray ;
 Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame
 not their sires,
 And the torch that would light them thro'
 dignity's way,
 Must be caught from the pile where their
 country expires !

Then blame not the Bard, if, in pleasure's
 soft dream,
 He should try to forget what he never can
 heal !
 Oh ! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
 Thro' the gloom of his country, and mark
 how he'll feel !
 That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay
 down
 Ev'ry passion it nurs'd, ev'ry bliss it ador'd ;
 While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his
 crown,
 Like the wreath of Harmodius, should
 cover his sword.

But, tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade
 away,
 Thy name, loved Erin ! shall live in his
 songs ;
 Not e'en in the hour when his heart is most
 gay,
 Will he lose the remembrance of thee and
 thy wrongs !
 The stranger shall hear thy lament on his
 plains ;
 The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the
 deep,
 Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy
 chains,
 Shall pause at the song of their captive,
 and weep !

THOMAS MOORE.

THE IRISH MINSTREL.

I hear cold voices saying, that she, my queen,
is dead.
And those sad chords may nevermore their
tones of music shed;
That I, who wildly loved her, must weep in
mute despair—
Ah! they know not how true love will cling,
though blight and death be there!

I have no joy or triumph to swell my minstrel
lay,
I have no hope to cheer me on the dark and
lonely way;
But in this feeble soul there's still a might
they dream not of.
While living springs are in my breast of deep
unswerving Love!

Yes, pale one, in thy sorrow—yes, wrong'd one,
in thy pain,

This heart has still a beat for thee—this trem-
bling hand a strain;

They cannot steal the golden stores the *past*
has left to me—

Or make me shrink with broken faith, ashore
machree, from thee!

O! hear—my darling, hear me!—'tis no cold
pulse meets thine own,

Its burning throbs would warm to life, an'
thou wert changed to stone;

I'll call the color to thy cheek, the light into
thine eye—

I know at least if *thou* art dead my love can
never die!

'Twould make the air around thee warm with
breath of living flame,

In life or death, or joy or woe, 'twill cling to
thee the same—

No—never in the gladdest hour, when thou
wert proud and strong,

Was deeper worship pour'd than now in this
low mourning song.

I knelt before you long ago, when a crown
was on your brow,

I lov'd you then with fervent love—I love
you firmer now;

And that which makes the ivy green around
the mould'ring tree—

Will make my voice all tuneful still, ashore
machree, for thee!

EVA MARY KELLY.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of Song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

THOMAS MOORE.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Dear harp of my country, in darkness I
found thee,

The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee
long,

When proudly, my own Island Harp! I un-
bound thee,

And gave all thy chords to light, freedom,
and song;

The warm lay of love and the light note of
gladness

Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of
sadness,

That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee
still.

Dear harp of my country! farewell to thy
numbers,

The sweet wreath of song is the last we
shall twine;

Go—sleep, with the sunshine of fame on thy
slumbers,

Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy
than mine.

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Has throbb'd at our lay, 'twasthy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy
own.

THOMAS MOORE.

ERIN'S FLAG.

Unroll Erin's flag! fling its folds to the breeze!
Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the
seas;

Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of
yore,

When the chiefs with their clans stood around
it and swore

That never—no!—never, while God gave them
life,

And they had an arm and a sword for the
strife,

That never—no!—never, that Banner would
yield

As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield;
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to
wield,

And his last drop of blood was unshed on the
field.

Lift it up! wave it high! 'tis as bright as of
old!

Not a stain on its Green, not a blot on its
Gold,

Though the woes and the wrongs of three
hundred long years

Have drenched Erin's sunburst with blood and
with tears;

Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it
in gloom,

And around it the thunders of tyranny boom.
Look aloft! look aloft! lo, the clouds drifting
by!

There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a
light in the sky.

'Tis the sunburst resplendent! far-flashing on
high!

Erin's dark night is waning, her day-dawn is
nigh!

Lift it up! lift it up! the old banner of
green!

The blood of its sons has but brightened its
sheen!

What though the tyrant has trampled it down?
Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of
renown?

What though for ages it droops in the dust?
Shall it droop thus for ever? No! no! God is
just!

Take it up! take it up from the tyrant's foul
tread,

Let him tear the green flag! we will snatch
its last shred,

And beneath it we'll bleed as our forefathers
bled,

And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of
our dead,

And we'll swear by the blood which the Briton
has shed,

And we'll vow by the wrecks which through
Erin he spread,

And we'll swear by the thousands who,
famished, unfed,

Died down in the ditches—wild howling for
bread,

And we'll vow by our heroes, whose spirits
have fled,

And we'll swear by the bones in each coffinless
bed,

That we'll battle the Briton through danger
and dread—

That we'll cling to the cause which we glory
to wed,

Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of
our lead

Shall prove to our foe that we meant what we
said—

That we'll lift up the Green and tear down the
Red.

Lift up the Green Flag! oh! it wants to go
home;

Full long has its lot been to wander and
roam;

It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the
world,

But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded
nor furled;

Like a weary-winged bird, to the east and the
west,

It has flitted and fled—but it never shall
rest,

Till pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the
main,

And speeds to the shores of its old home
again,

Where its fetterless folds, o'er each mountain
and plain,

Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.

Take it up—take it up! bear it back from
afar—

That banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings of
war;

Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to
the sky

And swear that you'll bear it triumphant or
die!

And shout to the clans scattered far o'er the
earth,
To join in the march to the land of their
birth;
And wherever the exiles, 'neath Heaven's
broad dome,
Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow and roam,
They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the
foam,
They'll sail to the music of "Home, Sweet
Home!"

ABRAM J. KYAN.

THE GREEN AND THE GOLD.

In the soft, blooming vales of our country,
Two colors shine brightest of all,
O'er mountain, and moorland, and meadow,
On cottage and old castle wall;
They shine in the gay summer garden,
And glint in the depths of the wold,
And they gleam on the banner of Ireland,
Our colors, the Green and the Gold!
Then hurrah for the Green and the Gold!
By the fresh winds of Freedom outrolled,
As they shine on the brave Irish banner,
Our colors, the Green and the Gold!

In the days of Fomorian and Fenian,
These colors flashed bright in the ray;
And their gleam kept the fierce Roman eagles
In Rome-conquered Britain at bay;
When Conn fought his hundred red battles,
And the lightning struck Daithi of old,
As he bore through Helvetia's wild gorges
Our colors, the Green and the Gold.
Then hurrah for the Green and the Gold!
May they flourish for ages untold,
May they blaze in the vanguard of freedom,
Our colors, the Green and the Gold!

In these dark days of doom and disaster,
Is it dead, the old love for our land?
Are our bosoms less brave than our fathers',
Comes the sword-hilt less deft to our hand?
No! we've proved us the wide world over
Wherever war's surges have rolled,
And we'll raise once again in Old Ireland
Our colors, the Green and the Gold!
Then hurrah for the Green and the Gold!
And hurrah for the valiant and bold
Who will raise them supreme in Old Ireland,
Our colors, the Green and the Gold!

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED.

Full often when our fathers saw the Red above
the Green,
They rose in rude but fierce array, with sabre,
pike, and skian,
And over many a noble town, and many a
field of dead,
They proudly set the Irish Green above the
English Red.

But, in the end, throughout the land, the
shameful sight was seen—
The English Red in triumph high above the
Irish Green;
But well they died, in breach and field, who,
as their spirits fled,
Still saw the Green maintain its place above
the English Red.

And they who saw, in after times, the Red
above the Green,
Were withered as the grass that dies beneath
a forest screen;
Yet often by this healthy hope their sinking
hearts were fed,
That, on some day to come, the Green should
flutter o'er the Red.

Sure 'twas for this Lord Edward died, and
Wolfe Tone sunk serene—
Because they could not bear to leave the Red
above the Green;
And 'twas for this that Owen fought, and
Sarsfield nobly bled—
Because their eyes were hot to see the Green
above the Red.

So, when the strife began again, our darling
Irish Green
Was down upon the earth, while high the
English Red was seen;
Yet still we held our fearless course, for some-
thing in us said,
"Before the strife is o'er you'll see the Green
above the Red."

And 'tis for this we think and toil, and
knowledge strive to glean,
That we may pull the English Red below the
Irish Green,
And leave our sons sweet liberty, and smiling
plenty spread
Above the land once dark with blood—the
Green above the Red!

The jealous English tyrant now has banned
the Irish Green,

And forced us to conceal it like a something
foul and mean;

But yet, by heavens! he'll sooner raise his
victims from the dead

Than force our hearts to leave the Green and
cotton to the Red.

We'll trust ourselves, for God is good, and
blesses those who lean

On their brave hearts, and not upon an earthly
king or queen;

And, freely as we lift our hands, we vow our
blood to shed

Once and forevermore to raise the Green
above the Red!

THOMAS DAVIS.

THE GREEN FLAG.

The Green Flag—the Green Flag! oh, would
that it flew

As proudly in the Old Land as 'tis flying in
the New!

For West and South give honored place
unto its radiant sheen,

And our exiles build their homes beneath the
banner of the Green!

Oh, the South loves the Green, for the sum-
mer's shining there,

While here the winter, dim and cold, is dark
as our despair,

And the numbing snow-drifts cover every
path where once was seen

The pride and promise of the spring,—the
glory of the Green.

Once gallant hands upheld the flag, and hearts
were throbbing high

With fiery love that deemed it joy for that
dear cause to die;

Now strangers mock its drooping folds, and
scorning pass it by,

While round it swells no battle-song, but
slavery's feeble sigh.

Oh, the West loves the Green, for her sun is
high and fair,

And her silver stars shine brightly down
through Freedom's azure air;

But here no ray of sun or star yet lights the
dreary scene,

And night-clouds hide our joy and pride—
the beauty of the Green.

Alas, alas for Eire!—oh, the friends are faint
and few

That still guard round the emblem of her
spirit bright and true;

Yet day by day some shrink away, or turn
their hearts and eyes

To where the Green is waving free beneath
the Southern skies;

But sure as God renews again the glory of the
year,

Our winter yet shall pass away—the summer
shall be here!

'Neath gloom and snow revives the glow in
Eire's breast, I ween.

And faithful lovers yet shall twine fresh gar-
lands of the Green!

OLIVIA KNIGHT CONNOLLY.

UP FOR THE GREEN.

A Song of the United Irishmen.

'Tis the green—oh! the green is the color of
the true,

And we'll back it 'gainst the orange, and we'll
raise it o'er the blue!

For the color of our Fatherland alone should
here be seen—

'Tis the color of the martyred dead—our own
immortal green.

Then up for the green, boys, and up for
the green;

Oh! 'tis down in the dust, and a shame
to be seen;

But we've hands,—oh! we've hands, boys,
full strong enough, I ween,

To rescue and to raise again our own im-
mortal green!

They may say they have power it is vain to
oppose—

That 'tis better to obey and live, than surely
die as foes;

But we scorn all their threats, boys, whatever
they may mean;

For we trust the God above us, and we dearly
love the green.

So, we'll up for the green, and we'll up for
the green!

O! to die is far better than be curst as we
have been;

And we've hearts!—O, we've hearts, boys,
full true enough, I ween,

To rescue and to raise again our own im-
mortal green!

They may swear, as they often did, our wretchedness to cure ;
 But we'll never trust John Bull again, nor let his lies allure.
 No, we won't—no, we won't, Bull, nor now nor evermore !
 For we've hopes on the ocean, and we've trust on the shore.
 Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green !
 Shout it back to the Sassanach, " We'll never sell the green !"
 For our Tone is coming back, and with men enough, I ween.
 To rescue and avenge us and our own immortal green.

DENNY LANE.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

O brothers dear, and did you hear the news that's goin' round ?
 The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground ;
 No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep, its color can't be seen,
 For there's a bloody law agen the wearing of the green.
 O, I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
 And he says, How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand ?
 She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,
 They're hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.

Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
 Old Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed.
 You may take the shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,
 It will take root and flourish still, though under foot 'tis trod,
 When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
 And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare not show,
 Then I will change the color that I wear in my caubeen,
 But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the green.

And if at last her color should be torn from Ireland's heart,
 Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear old land will part.
 I've heard whispers of a country that lies far beyond the sea,
 Where the rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.
 O Erin ! must we leave you, driven by the tyrant's hand ?
 Must we seek a mother's blessing from a strange but happier land ?
 Where the cruel cross of England's thralldom never shall be seen,
 But where, please God ! we'll live and die, still wearing of the green.

DION BOUCAULT.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

One blessing on my native isle, one curse upon her foes !
 While yet her skies above me smile, her breeze around me blows :
 Now, never more my cheek be wet ; nor sigh, nor altered mien
 Tell the dark tyrant I regret the Wearing of the Green.
 Sweet land ! my parents loved you well : they sleep within your breast ;
 With theirs—for love no words can tell—my bones must never rest ;
 And lonely must my true love stray, that was our village queen,
 When I am banished far away for the Wearing of the Green.

But, Mary, dry that bitter tear, 'twould break my heart to see ;
 And sweetly sleep, my parents dear, that cannot weep for me.
 I'll think not of my distant tomb, nor seas rolled wide between,
 But watch the hour, that yet will come, for the Wearing of the Green.

Oh ! I care not for the thistle, and I care not for the rose,
 For when the cold winds whistle, neither down nor crimson shows ;
 But, like hope to him that's friendless, where no gaudy flower is seen,
 By our graves, with love that's endless, waves our own true-hearted Green.

Oh! sure God's world was wide enough, and
 plentiful for all!
 And ruined cabins were no stuff to build a
 lordly hall!
 They might have let the poor man live, yet all
 as lordly been;
 But heaven its own good time will give for
 the Wearing of the Green.

HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

THE GERALDINES.

The Geraldines—the Geraldines!—'tis full a
 thousand years
 Since, 'mid the Tuscan vineyards, bright
 flashed their battle-spears;
 When Capet seized the crown of France, their
 iron shields were known,
 And their sabre-dint struck terror on the
 flanks of the Garonne;
 Across the downs of Hastings they spurred
 hard by William's side,
 And the grey sands of Palestine with Moslem
 blood they dyed;—
 But never then, nor thence, till now, has
 falsehood or disgrace
 Been seen to soil Fitzgerald's plume, or mantle
 in his face.

The Geraldines—the Geraldines!—'tis true in
 Strongbow's van,
 By lawless force, as conquerors, their Irish
 reign began;
 And, oh! through many a dark campaign they
 proved their prowess stern,
 In Leinster's plains, and Munster's vales, on
 king, and chief, and kerne;
 But noble was the cheer within the halls so
 rudely won,
 And gen'rous was the steel-gloved hand that
 had such slaughter done;
 How gay their laugh, how proud their mien,
 you'd ask no herald's sign—
 Among a thousand you had known the
 princely Geraldine

These Geraldines—these Geraldines!—not
 long our air they breath'd;
 Not long they fed on venison, in Irish water
 seethed;
 Not often had their children been by Irish
 mothers nursed,

When from their full and genial hearts an
 Irish feeling burst!
 The English monarchs strove in vain, by law,
 and force, and bribe,
 To win from Irish thoughts and ways this
 "more than Irish" tribe;
 For still they clung to fosterage, to brehon,
 cloak, and bard;
 What king dare say to Geraldine: "Your
 Irish wife discard"?

Ye Geraldines—ye Geraldines!—how royally
 ye reigned
 O'er Desmond broad, and rich Kildare, and
 English arts disdained;
 Your sword made knights, your banner waved,
 free was your bugle call
 By Glyn's green slopes, and Dingle's tide,
 from Barrow's banks to Youghal.
 What gorgeous shrines, what brehon lore,
 what minstrel feats there were
 In and around Maynooth's grey keep, and
 palace-filled Adare!
 But not for rite or feast ye stay'd, when friend
 or kin were press'd;
 And foemen fled, when "*Crom abo*" bespoke
 your lance in rest.

Ye Geraldines—ye Geraldines!—since Silken
 Thomas flung
 King Henry's sword on council board, the
 English thanes among,
 Ye never ceased to battle brave against the
 English sway,
 Though ax and brand and treachery your
 proudest cut away.
 Of Desmond's blood, through woman's veins
 passed on th' exhausted tide;
 His title lives—a Saxon churl usurps the lion's
 hide;
 And, though Kildare tower haughtily, there's
 ruin at the root,
 Else why, since Edward fell to earth, had such
 a tree no fruit?

True Geraldine! brave Geraldine!—as tor-
 rents mould the earth,
 You channelled deep old Ireland's heart by
 constancy and worth;
 When Ginkle leaguered Limerick, the Irish
 soldiers gazed
 To see if in the setting sun dead Desmond's
 banner blazed!
 And still it is the peasant's hope upon the
 Curragh's mere,

"They live, who'll see ten thousand men with
good Lord Edward here"—
So let them dream till brighter days, when,
not by Edward's shade,
But by some leader true as he, their lines shall
be arrayed!

These Geraldines—these Geraldines!—rain
wears away the rock,
And time may wear away the tribe that stood
the battle's shock:
But ever, sure, while one is left of all that
honored race,
In front of Ireland's chivalry is that Fitzger-
ald's place.
And, though the last were dead and gone,
how many a field and town,
From Thomas Court to Abbeyfeale, would
cherish their renown!
And men would say of valor's rise, or ancient
power's decline,
" 'Twill never soar, it never shone, as did the
Geraldine."

The Geraldines—the Geraldines!—and are
there any fears
Within the sons of conquerors for full a thou-
sand years?
Can treason spring from out a soil bedewed
with martyr's blood?
Or has that grown a purling brook, which
long rushed down a flood?—
By Desmond swept with sword and fire,—by
clan and keep laid low,—
By Silken Thomas and his kin,—by Sainted
Edward,—No!
The forms of centuries rise up, and in the
Irish line
COMMAND THEIR SON TO TAKE THE POST THAT
FITS THE GERALDINE!

THOMAS DAVIS.

THE PILLAR TOWERS OF IRELAND.

The pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously
they stand
By the lakes and rushing rivers through the
valleys of our land:
In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their
heads sublime,
These grey old pillar temples—these con-
querors of time!

Beside these grey old pillars, how perishing
and weak

The Roman's arch of triumph, and the temple
of the Greek:

And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the
pointed Gothic spires,—

All are gone, one by one, but the temples of
our sires

The column, with its capital, is level with the
dust,

And the proud halls of the mighty and the
calm homes of the just:

For the proudest works of man, as certainly,
but slower,

Pass like the grass at the sharp scythe of the
mower!

But the grass grows again when in majesty
and mirth,

On the wing of the Spring comes the Goddess
of the Earth;

But for man in this world no spring-tide e'er
returns

To the labors of his hands or the ashes of his
urns!

Two favorites hath Time—the pyramids of
Nile,

And the old mystic temples of our own dear
isle;

As the breeze o'er the seas, where the halcyon
has its nest,

Thus time o'er Egypt's tombs and the temples
of the West!

The names of their founders have vanished
in the gloom,

Like the dry branch in the fire or the body
in the tomb;

But to-day, in the ray, their shadows still they
cast—

These temples of forgotten gods—these relics
of the past!

Around these walls have wandered the Briton
and the Dane—

The captives of Armorica, the cavaliers of
Spain—

Phœnician and Milesian, and the plundering
Norman Peers—

And the swordsmen of brave Brian, and the
chiefs of later years!

How many different rites have these grey old
temples known?

To the mind what dreams are written in these
chronicles of stone!

What terror and what error, what gleams of
love and truth,
Have flashed from these walls since the world
was in its youth?

He e blazed the sacred fire, and when the sun
was gone,
As a star from afar to the traveller it shone ;
And the warm blood of the victim have these
grey old temples drunk,
And the death-song of the Druid and the
matin of the Monk.
Here was placed the holy chalice that held
the sacred wine,
And the gold cross from the altar, and the
relics from the shrine,
And the mitre shining brighter with its
diamonds than the East,
And the crozier of the Pontiff, and the vest-
ments of the Priest!

Where blazed the sacred fire, rung out the
vesper bell,—
Where the fugitive found shelter became the
hermit's cell ;
And hope hung out its symbol to the innocent
and good,
For the Cross o'er the moss of the pointed
summit stood.
There may it stand forever, while this symbol
doth impart
To the mind one glorious vision or one proud
throb to the heart ;
While the breast needeth rest, may these grey
old temples last,
Bright prophets of the future, as preachers of
the past!

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

THE CELTS.

Long, long ago, beyond the misty space
Of twice a thousand years,
In Erin old there dwelt a mighty race,
Taller than Roman spears ;
Like oaks and towers they had a giant grace,
Were fleet as deers ; [place,
With winds and waves they made their 'biding
These western shepherd seers.

Their ocean God was Man-a-man-McLir,
Whose angry lips,
In their white foam, full often would inter
Whole fleets of ships ;

Cromah, their Day-God and their Thunderer,
Made morning and eclipse ;
Bride was their Queen of Song, and unto her
They prayed with fire-touched lips.

Great were their deeds, their passions and their
sports ;
With clay and stone [forts
They piled on strath and shore those mystic
Not yet o'erthrown ; [courts,
On cairn-crowned hills they held their council
While youths alone
With giant dogs, explored the elk resorts,
And brought them down.

Of these was Fin, the father of the Bard,
Whose ancient song
Over the clamor of all change is heard,
Sweet-voic'd and strong.
Fin once o'ertook Granu, the golden-hair d,
The fleet and young ;
From her the lovely, and from him the fear'd,
The primal poet sprung.

Ossian ! two thousand years of mist and change
Surround thy name—
Thy Finian heroes now no longer range
The hills of fame.
The very name of Fin and Gaul sound strange,
Yet thine the same—
By miscalled lake and desecrated grange—
Remains, and shall remain !

The Druid's altar and the Druid's creed
We scarce can trace.
There is not left an undisputed deed
Of all your race,
Save your majestic song, which hath their
speed
And strength and grace ;
In that sole song they live and love, and
bleed—
It bears them on thro' space.

O, inspir'd giant ! shall we e'er behold,
In our own time,
One fit to speak your spirit on the wold,
Or seize your rhyme ?
One pupil of the past, as mighty soul'd
As in the prime,
Were the fond, fair, and beautiful, and bold—
They, of your song sublime !

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

LAMENT FOR BANBA.

O, my land! O, my love!
 What a woe, and how deep,
 Is thy death to my long mourning soul!
 God alone, God above,
 Can awake thee from sleep,
 Can release thee from bondage and dole!
 Alas, alas, and alas,
 For the once proud people of Banba!

As a tree in its prime,
 Which the axe layeth low,
 Didst thou fall, O, unfortunate land!
 Not by Time, nor thy crime,
 Came the shock and the blow.
 They were given by a false felon hand!
 Alas, alas, and alas,
 For the once proud people of Banba!

O, my grief of all griefs
 Is to see how thy throne
 Is usurped, whilst thyself art in thrall!
 Other lands have their chiefs,
 Have their kings, thou alone
 Art a wife, yet a widow withal!
 Alas, alas, and alas,
 For the once proud people of Banba!

The high house of O'Neill
 Is gone down to the dust,
 The O'Brien is clanless and banned;
 And the steel, the red steel,
 May no more be the trust
 Of the Faithful and Brave in the land!
 Alas, alas, and alas,
 For the once proud people of Banba!

True, alas! Wrong and wrath
 Were of old all too rife;
 Deeds were done which no good man admires;
 And perchance Heaven hath
 Chastened us for the strife
 And the blood-shedding ways of our sires.
 Alas, alas, and alas,
 For the once proud people of Banba!

But no more! This our doom,
 While our hearts are yet warm,
 Let us not over-weakly deplore;
 For the hour may soon loom
 When the Lord's mighty hand
 Shall be raised for our rescue once more;
 And our grief shall be turned into joy
 For the still proud people of Banba.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

From the Irish.

THE CELTIC TONGUE.

'Tis fading, oh, 'tis fading! like leaves upon
 the trees!
 In murmuring tone 'tis dying, like the wail
 upon the breeze!
 'Tis swiftly disappearing, as footprints on the
 shore
 Where the Barrow, and the Erne, and Loch
 Swilly's waters roar—
 Where the parting sunbeam kisses Loch
 Corrib in the West,
 And Ocean, like a mother, clasps the Shannon
 to her breast,
 The language of old Erin, of her history and
 name—
 Of her monarchs and her heroes—her glory
 and her fame—
 The sacred shrine where rested, thro' sunshine
 and thro' gloom,
 The spirit of her martyrs, as their bodies in
 the tomb.
 The time-wrought shell, where murmur'd,
 'mid centuries of wrong,
 The secret voice of Freedom in annal and in
 song— [last,
 Is slowly, surely sinking, into silent death at
 To live but in the memories of those who
 love the Past.

Ah! magic Tongue, that round us wove its
 spells so soft and dear!
 Ah! pleasant Tongue, whose murmurs were
 as music to the ear!
 Ah! glorious Tongue, whose accents could
 each Celtic heart enthrall!
 Ah! rushing Tongue, that sounded like the
 swollen torrent's fall!
 The Tongue, that in the Senate was lightning
 flashing bright,—
 Whose echo in the battle was the thunder in
 its might!
 That Tongue, which once in chieftain's hall
 poured loud the minstrel lay,
 As chieftain, serf, or minstrel old is silent there
 to-day!
 That Tongue whose shout dismayed the foe
 at Kong and Mullaghmast,
 Like those who nobly perished there is num-
 bered with the Past!
 The Celtic Tongue is passing, and we stand
 coldly by
 Without a pang within the heart, a tear within
 the eye—

Without one pulse for Freedom stirred, one
 effort made to save
 The Language of our Fathers from dark
 oblivion's grave!
 O, Erin! vain your efforts—your prayers for
 Freedom's crown,
 Whilst offered in the language of the foe
 that clove it down;
 Be sure that tyrants ever, with an art from
 darkness sprung,
 Would make the conquered nation slaves
 alike in limb and tongue;
 Russia's great Czar ne'er stood secure o'er
 Poland's shatter'd frame,
 Until he trampled from her heart the tongue
 that bore her name.
 O, Irishmen, be Irish still! stand for the dear
 old tongue
 Which as ivy to a ruin, to your native land
 has clung!
 O, snatch this relic from the wreck! the only
 and the last,
 And cherish in your heart of hearts, the
 language of the Past!

MICHAEL MULLIN.

THE MONKS OF ERIN.

The Irish monks, the Irish monks, their
 names are treasured still
 In many a foreign valley, on many a foreign
 hill,
 Their preaching, prayers, and fasting are still
 the peasants' themes
 Around the coast of Cornwall, and along old
 Flanders' streams;
 Their lives austere and holy, and the wonders
 of their hands,
 Still nourish faith and sanctity through fair
 Italia's lands,
 The cross they bore in triumph still bright as
 ever shines
 Above the domes of Austria, among the Tus-
 can vines.

Quaint Mechlin's noblest temple to an Irish
 monk is raised,
 In every home in Mechlin St. Rumold's name
 is praised;
 Virgilius, the gifted, in his glorious Saltzburgh
 tomb,
 Is honored by the silent prayer and by the
 cannon's boom;

Old hymns are sung to Fridolin in the islands
 of the Rhine,
 And the relics of Besançon's saint sleep in a
 silver shrine;
 The voice that roused Crusaders by the Tagus,
 Rhone and Po,
 Seems ringing still o'er Malachy at the con-
 vent of Clairvaux.

The Irish monks, the Irish monks, their spirit
 still survives
 In the stainless Church of Ireland, and in her
 priesthood lives.
 Their spirit still doth linger round Holy Cross
 and Kells—
 Oh, Ireland's monks can know no death while
 gush our holy wells.
 High Cashel's fane is standing, and though
 in the spoiler's hand,
 Like the captive ark of Judah, 'tis a blessing
 to our land,
 For proudly it reminds us of the palmy days
 of yore,
 When kings were monks and monks were
 kings, upon our Irish shore.

WILLIAM P. TREACY.

THE DIRGE OF ATHUNREE.

Athunree! Athunree! *
 Erin's heart, it broke on thee!
 Ne'er till then in all its woe
 Did that heart its hope forego.
 Save a little child—but one—
 The last regal race is gone,
 Roderick died again on thee
 Athunree!

Athunree! Athunree!
 A hundred years and forty-three
 Winter-winged and black as night,
 O'er the land had tracked their flight;
 In Clonmacnoise from earthy bed
 Roderick raised once more his head :—
 Fedlim flood-like rushed to thee,
 Athunree!

Athunree! Athunree!
 The light that struggled sank on thee!
 Ne'er since Cathal the red-handed,
 Such a host till then was banded.

* Athunry.—In this battle the Norman power at last triumphed over that of the Gael, which had long been enfeebled by the divisions in the royal house of O'Connor.

Long-haired Kerne and Galloglass
Met the Norman face to face;
The saffron standard floated far
O'er the on-rolling wave of war;
Bards the onset sang o'er thee,
Athunree.

Athunree! Athunree!
The poison tree took root on thee!
What might naked breasts avail
'Gainst sharp spear and steel-ribbed mail?
Of our Princes twenty-nine,
Bulwarks fair of Connor's line,
Of our clansmen thousands ten,
Slept on thy red ridges. Then—
Then the night came down on thee,
Athunree!

Athunree! Athunree!
Strangely shone that moon on thee!
Like the lamp of them that tread
Staggering o'er the heaps of dead,
Seeking that they fear to see.
O that widows' wailing sore!
On it rang to Oranmore;
Died, they say, among the piles
That make holy Arran's isles;
It was Erin wept on thee,
Athunree!

Athunree! Athunree!
The heart of Erin burst on thee!
Since that hour some unseen hand
On her forehead stamps the brand:
Her children ate that hour the fruit
That slays manhood at the root;
Our warriors are not what they were;
Our maids no more are blithe and fair;
Truth and honor died on thee,
Athunree!

Athunree! Athunree!
Never harvest waves o'er thee!
Never sweetly breathing kine
Pant o'er golden meads of thine!
Barren be thou as a tomb;
May the night-bird haunt thy gloom,
And the wailer from the sea,
Athunree!

Athunree! Athunree!
All my heart is sore for thee;
It was Erin died on thee,
Athunree!

AUBREY T. DE VERE.

CAHAL MOR OF THE WINE-RED HAND.

I walked entranced
Through a land of Morn;
The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
Shone down and glanced
Over seas of corn,
And lustrous gardens left and right.
Even in the clime
Of resplendent Spain
Beams no such sun upon such a land;
But it was the time,
'Twas in the reign,
Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand.

Anon stood nigh
By my side a man
Of princely aspect and port sublime.
Him queried I:
"Oh, my lord and khan,
What clime is this and what golden time?"
When he: "The clime
Is a clime to praise,
The clime is Erin's, the green and bland;
And it is the time,
These be the days,
Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-Red Hand."

Then I saw thrones,
And circling fires,
And a dome 'rose near me as by a spell,
Whence flowed the tones
Of silver lyres,
And many voices in wreathed swell;
And their thrilling chime
Fell on mine ears
As the heavenly-hymn of an angel band—
"It is now the time,
These be the years,
Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand."

I sought the hall,
And, behold!—a change:
From light to darkness, from joy to woe
King, nobles, all,
Looked aghast and strange;
The minstrel-group sate in dumbest show!
Had some great crime
Wrought this dread amaze,
This terror? None seemed to understand!
'Twas then the time,
We were in the days,
Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand.

I again walked forth;
 But lo! the sky
 Showed fleckt with blood, and an alien sun
 Glared from the north.
 And there stood on high,
 Amid his shorn beams, A SKELETON!
 It was by the stream
 Of the castled Maine,
 One Autumn eve, in the Teuton's land,
 That I dreamed this dream
 Of the time and reign
 Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

FREEDOM.

Most glorious Freedom, from the heavens, oh,
 hear!

The prostrate world in bitter anguish groans,—
 Hurl o'er our hills thy fetter-breaking spear,—
 Speak with the loudest stormy trumpet-
 tones,—

Dash the earth's tyrants from their gory
 thrones!

Hark to the mighty music of her wings,
 Rushing in thunder from the starry zones;
 On broken bonds she treads, and crownless
 kings,
 And o'er the new-born world a dazzling glory
 flings.

Oh! *thou* hast been my muse. From thy bright
 eyes,

Freedom, I drew the minstrel's lonely lore—
 For thee, my wing first dared the poet's skies,
 And since in dreams I wooed thee first of yore,
 Each hour my soul would clasp thee more and
 more;

With clearer worship now I bend the knee,
 Queen of my love! thy cloudy shrine before;
 Abhorring chains, and panting to be free,
 My kindling soul invokes immortal liberty.

Arise, Columbia! bright in all the stars!
 Hail to young Freedom's constellated flag!
 As the past have been, ever be thy wars,
 Just and successful! O'er thine eagle's crag
 Ne'er shall an alien pirate's "motley rag"
 Flutter triumphant. From thy chainless shore
 The old-world harlot, red and murderous hag—
 The nightmare of the sea—returns no more;
 Or, thunder-blasted, flies as she hath fled
 before.

See yonder human devil stand alone, [flame,
 Grasping with desperate hand, 'mid circling
 The crackling fragments of her blazing throne;
 While hatred, terror, baffled rage, and shame,
 Distort her features and convulse her frame!
 Her snake eyes glitter, and her white lips
 foam—

Traitress! erewhile earth trembled at thy
 name,

But now thy blood-sapped cannon-bristling
 home

Around thee falls in ruins, crashing dome on
 dome.

Thus may all tyrants perish! But thy throne,
 Aventine goddess! child of the Most High!
 Like a huge rock in stormy seas alone,
 Fixed as the basis of thy native sky,
 Shall see them, at thy feet, unpitied die.
 And then shall be, O daughter of the Lord,
 From ransomed nations jubilant a cry
 Of joy and triumph to thy saving sword,
 And thou shalt be thenceforth eternally
 adored.

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT.*

O, the French are on the sea,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 The French are on the sea,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.
 O, the French are in the Bay,
 They'll be here without delay,
 And the Orange will decay,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.
 O, the French are in the Bay,
 They'll be here by break of day,
 And the Orange will decay,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And where will they have their camp?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 Where will they have their camp?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.
 On the Curragh of Kildare,
 The boys they will be there,
 With their pikes in good repair,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.
 To the Curragh of Kildare,
 The boys they will repair,
 And Lord Edward will be there,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht

*These stanzas, written in 1797, are the original of numerous ballads with the same title.

Then what will the yeomen do?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 What *will* the yeomen do?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.
 What *should* the yeomen do,
 But throw off the red and blue,
 And swear that they'll be true
 To the Shan Van Vocht?
 What *should* the yeomen do,
 But throw off the red and blue.
 And swear that they'll be true
 To the Shan Van Vocht?

And what color will they wear?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 What color will they wear?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.
 What color should be seen
 Where our fathers' homes have been,
 But their own immortal Green?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.
 What color should be seen
 Where our fathers' homes have been,
 But their own immortal Green?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And will Ireland then be free?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 Will Ireland then be free?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.
 Yes! Ireland shall be free
 From the centre to the sea.
 Then hurrah for Liberty!
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.
 Yes! Ireland shall be free,
 From the centre to the sea.
 Then hurrah for Liberty!
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

ANONYMOUS.

THE FELONS OF OUR LAND.

Fill up once more, we'll drink a toast
 To comrades far away—
 No nation upon earth can boast
 Of braver hearts than they.
 And though they sleep in dungeons deep,
 Or flee, outlawed and banned,
 We love them yet, we can't forget
 The felons of our land!
 In boyhood's bloom and manhood's pride,
 Foredoomed by alien laws,
 Some on the scaffold proudly died
 For holy Ireland's cause.

And, brothers, say, shall we to-day
 Unmoved, like cowards, stand,
 Whilst traitors shame, and foes defame
 The felons of our land?

Some in the convict's dreary cell
 Have found a living tomb,
 And some unseen, unfriended, fell
 Within the dungeon's gloom!
 Yet, what care we, although it be
 Trod by a ruffian band—
 God bless the clay where rest to-day
 The felons of our land!

Let cowards sneer and tyrants frown,
 Oh, little do we care—
 A felon's cap's the noblest crown
 An Irish head can wear!
 And every Gael in Innisfail
 (Who scorns the serf's vile brand),
 From Lee to Boyne, would gladly join
 The felons of our land!

ARTHUR M. FORRESTER.

TOAST-SONG.

The dauntless soul of Ireland,
 Through centuries of woe,
 Has never shrunk for one brief hour
 From combat with the foe;
 And still unawed
 By force or fraud
 It cleaves unto the right :—
 The dauntless soul of Ireland,
 Come, toast with me to-night.

The fearless heart of Ireland
 Has never lost its hope,
 Or throbbled in terror as it braved
 The dungeon, axe, or rope;
 And stout and bold
 Now as of old,

It beats in Freedom's fight :—
 The fearless heart of Ireland,
 Come, toast with me to-night.

The willing hands of Ireland
 Upheld the nation's flag,
 When Liberty's bright sunlight gleamed
 On every mountain crag,
 And clenched this hour,
 With passion-power
 They still have strength to smite :—
 The willing hands of Ireland,
 Come, toast with me to-night.

The deathless cause of Ireland
Has lived through many ills,
And dauntless souls, and fearless hearts,
Strong hands and stubborn wills,
Are linked to-day
To force their way,
Through gloom to Freedom's light:—
The deathless cause of Ireland,
Come, drink with me to-night.

DANIEL CRILLY.

OUR OWN GREEN ISLE.

Come, chime a song with me for our own green
isle,

For bright and fair to see is our own green isle;
And down from times of old,

As the ages on have rolled,
There were true hearts brave and bold in our
own green isle.

To many lands a light was our own green isle,
For learning's lamp shone bright in our own
green isle;

And filled with godlike powers,
Saint and sage went from the bowers
And the abbeyes and the towers of our own
green isle.

And when despoiling foes sought our own
green isle,

Our fathers brave arose in our own green isle;
On valley, hill and plain,

Fought and bled and fought again,
For they'd brook no foreign chain in our own
green isle.

And when unholy might, in our own green isle,
Trampled justice, truth and right in our own
green isle,

Still quick to do and dare
Were the gallant sons she bare,
For they never knew despair in our own green
isle.

Then let us all be true to our own green isle,
Bear our parts as men should do for our own
green isle,

And ours the bliss shall be
In the coming years to see
Peace, joy and liberty in our own green isle.

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN.

THE PEOPLE'S CHIEF.

Come forth, come forth, O Man of Men! to
the cry of the gathering nations,

We watch on the tow'r, we watch on the hill,
pouring our invocations—

Our souls are sick of sounds and shades, that
mark our shame and grief,

We hurl the Dagon from their seats, and call
the lawful Chief!

Come forth, come forth, O Man of Men! to
the frenzy of our imploring,

The winged despair that no man can bear, up
to the Heavens soaring—

Come! Faith and Hope, and love and trust,
upon their centre rock,

The wailing Millions summon thee amid the
earthquake shock!

We've kept the weary watch of years, with a
wild and heart-wrung yearning,

But the star of the Advent we sought in vain,
calmly and purely burning;

False meteors flash'd across the sky, and
falsely led us on;

The parting of the strife is come—the spell is
o'er and gone!

The storms of enfranchised passions rise as
the voice of the eagle's screaming,

And we scatter now to the earth's four winds
the memory of our dreaming;

The clouds but veil the lightning's bolt—
Sibylline murmurs ring

In hollow tones from out the depths—the
People seek their King!

Come forth, come forth, Anointed One! nor
blazon nor honors bearing—

No "ancient line" be thy seal or sign, the
crown of Humanity wearing—

Spring out as lucent fountains spring exult-
ing from the ground—

Arise, as Adam rose from God, with strength
and knowledge crown'd!

The leader of the world's wide host guiding
our aspirations,

Wear thou the seamless garb of Truth sitting
among the nations!

Thy foot is on the empty forms around in
shivers cast—

We crush ye with the scorn of scorn, exuviae
of the past!

The Future's closed gates are now on their
ponderous hinges jarring,
And there comes a sound as of winds and
waves each with the other warring:
And forward bends the list'ning world, as to
their eager ken
From out that dark and mystic land appears
the Man of Men!

EVA MARY KELLY.

QUERIES.

Oh, tell me are the skies as blue
In Ireland as of yore?
Do valleys wear that verdant hue
They once so proudly wore?
Do zephyrs o'er her meadows sigh?
Can pilgrims' eyes see still
The fern leaves on the mountain high,
And heather on the hill?
Do rivers run, thro' forests dun,
Or by each castle hold,
Now slow, now fleet, with cadence sweet,
As in the days of old?

Tell me if yet round towers stand
In silence, to proclaim
The glory of an ancient land—
The splendor of her fame?
Can men still see the rath so green,
The abbey, lorn and lone,
The holy well, in glen serene,
And quaint Druidic stone?
The castle-eaves, where ivy leaves
Sob—crooning in the blast,
O'er bright hopes fled, brave chieftains dead,
And relics of the past?

Oh, tell me are the maids as fair
As in the long ago;
With laughing eyes, and raven hair,
To set one's heart aglow?
Say, have they still the modest grace,
And blushes like the dawn?
The beauty of the classic face?
The meekness of the fawn?
And are they true, dear land, to you,
As they who scorned the frown,
And ruthless swords, of Saxon hordes,
By Limerick's leaguered town?

Oh, tell me if the grand old names
Have magic power still
To kindle freedom's sacred flames,
Like Baal-fires on the hill:

The saintly Laurence, brave Red Hugh,
O'Neill, of famed Tyrone,
And Sarsfield bold, and Emmet true—
Fitzgerald and Wolfe Tone,
And all who died, in manly pride,
On scaffold or in fray,
To save the isle from Saxon wile,
Or shatter Saxon sway?

Oh, tell me if the night be done,
And daylight's on the strand?
And if a summer's lustrous sun
Shines on a risen land?
Have voices from each hill and glen
Taught men to do and dare—
The path to tread—the goal to win—
The glorious crown to wear?
If so—may soon a cloudless noon
Our aspirations hail,
And men acclaim in Freedom's name,
The triumph of the Gael!

EUGENE DAVIS.

THE YOUNG ENTHUSIAST.

Tho' young that heart, tho' free each thought,
Tho' free and wild each feeling;
And tho' with fire each dream be fraught
Across those bright eyes stealing—

That heart is true, those thoughts are bold;
And bold each feeling sweepeth;
There lies not there a bosom cold,
A pulse that faintly sleepeth.

His dreams are idle dreams, ye say,
The dreams of fairy story;—
Those dreams will burn in might some day
And flood his path with glory!

Thou old dull vassal! fling thy sneer
Upon that young heart coldly,
And laugh at deeds thy heart may fear,
Yet he will venture boldly.

Ay, fling thy sneer, while dull and slow
Thy withered blood is creeping;
That heart will beat, that spirit glow,
When thy tame pulse is sleeping.

Ay, laugh when o'er his country's ills
With manly eye he weepeth:
Laugh, when his brave heart throbs and
thrills,
And thy cold bosom sleepeth.

Laugh, when he vows in Heaven's sight,
Never to flinch or falter;—
To toil and fight for a nation's right,
And guard old Freedom's altar.

Ay, laugh, when on the fiery wing
Of hero thought ascending,
To fame's bold cliff, with eagle spring,
That young bright mind is tending.

He'll gain that cliff, he'll reach that throne,
The throne where genius shineth,
When 'round and thro' thy nameless stone,
The green weed thickly twineth.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

THE MEN OF OUR ISLAND.

The men of our Island! what think ye of them?

Does the blood of their ancestry beat in their veins?

Does Freedom their prowess deny or condemn?

Or has Cowardice fastened one link of their chains?

The men of our Island! the fearless and brave,
Whose banner the proudest flashed out mid the proud,

Whose sword, ever drawn to unfetter the slave,

Flashed out on the foe like the bolt from the cloud—

Who dares to impugn them—their valor—their worth,

Descending, unlesened, through proud generations;

In the days of her freedom the light of the earth—

In the days of her bondage the Moral of Nations!

In the love-bow'rs where Nature and Beauty are one,

In the Senate where Eloquence mastery wields,

At the board where the hours in festivity run,

In the wars that are loud with the clashing of shields—

In the homes where the virtues spring sacredly forth,

Like the waters that gush from the holy Zem-Zem;

In all—they are first mid the spirits of earth!
Now! the men of our Island! what think ye of them?

Though their own mountain breezes embrace them no more,

And the vallies that cradled the dreams of their youth,

The sweet spells of Memory only restore,
They love them with deeper and holier truth.

The "cælum non animam mutant" which tells

The dominant feeling, triumphant o'er time,
Now—now in their bosoms more glowingly dwells

Than when Liberty walked on those mountains sublime.

They know not, who've seen not their own native hills,

In the distance of waters forever retire,

The pulse in the heart of the Exile that fills
Its innermost shrine with unquenchable fire.

Through this land, in each section, their patriot pray'rs

For their loved native Island in harmony rise;

And where is the pulse more electric than theirs

When Hope flashes out from her darkness of skies?

From the deserts of Ind and the shores of Kathay.

To the farther Atlantic, they worship her name;

While time, every minute, in passing away,

But gathers fresh incense to hallow the flame.

Then, hurrah, for the men of our Isle and her worth!

Soon—soon must the stricken of centuries be,

With heralds of Freedom like them through the earth,

Mid the nations around her, "great, glorious, and free!"

JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

ADDRESS TO A PATRIOT.*

Hail, youthful tribune of an ancient race!
 Hail, living martyr of a sacred cause! [face
 Unchained, unscathed, thou standest face to
 With Britain's power and Draconian laws!
 A world thy forum, and thy nation now
 Stands in the fulgence of the immortal
 wreath
 Which aye shall bourgeon brightly on thy brow,
 To hear thy mandate with abated breath:
 Whether her hopes shall bloom again, or
 wither in inglorious death.

Blast not her hope of freedom! nor eclipse
 The beacon light of many a stormy sea!
 Nor silence, by the fiat of thy lips,
 Hearts sorely tried, yet panting to be free;
 But with a patriot hero's hopeful hand,
 Prophetic ken, and tongue of living fire,
 Call back a soul into that withering land;
 Bid, once again, her drooping sons aspire.
 Freedom, though stricken low, at each
 rebound still mounts the higher.

Her cause, immortal as the verdant hills
 That first unto thy soul its vision spoke;
 Nor purer are the sunlit crystal rills [woke.
 Which in thy heart the songs of freedom
 The mountains speak in thunder tones to
 heaven,
 And fling their tides in fertilizing flow;
 So thou, to whom the mountain voice is given,
 Should'st tell unto the world her living woe,
 And pour revivifying streams down on the
 parched hearts below.

Nations have changed; and causes, too, have
 changed

Since last you stood before a list'ning world;
 And from the path of Right are some
 estranged,

Whilst on the flag they now display unfurled
 Are strange devices. Millions, too, have flown
 To worship freedom in this gen'rous clime;
 Some seek the shelter of their tyrant's throne,
 Or follow any God, in any land, save Free-
 dom's in their own.

Still, Hope is Freedom's voice, the sword her
 pen [write

The stainless tables where she deigns to
 Her lessons are the hearts of fearless men.

Whenever and wherever they unite,

* Written on the arrival of Thomas Francis Meagher in
 America from Australia.

They form in heaven's sight a sacred band,
 Such as issuing, the pride of ancient Greece,
 Her robes the trophies of a rescued land,
 Her mural crown the happy homes won by
 a glorious peace.

Be these thy aim: be Wisdom's cautious voice
 Forever on thy tongue and in thine ears;
 Nor bid in vain thy country's heart rejoice
 While earth is moistened by her exiles' tears;
 Be native hearts and native truth thy hope!
 Oh, guard with jealous care thy sacred trust,
 And pitying heaven a certain path will ope,
 A path as glorious as her cause is just,
 To lead a land redeemed to mourn above
 her hero's sacred dust.

JOHN BOYLE.

"STAMPING OUT."

Ay, stamp away! Can you stamp it out—
 This quenchless fire of a nation's freedom?
 Your feet are broad and your legs are stout,
 But stouter for this you'll need 'em!
 You have stamped away for six hundred years,
 But again and again the Old Cause rallies,
 Pikes gleam in the hands of our mountaineers,
 And with scythes come the men from our
 valleys;
 The steel-clad Norman as he roams,
 Is faced by our naked gallowglasses,
 We lost the plains and our pleasant homes,
 But we held the hills and passes!
 And still the beltane fires at night,
 If not a man were left to feed 'em—
 By widows' hands piled high and bright,
 Flashed far the flame of Freedom!

Ay, stamp away! Can you stamp it out,
 Or how have your brutal arts been baffled?
 You have wielded the power of rope and knot,
 Fire, dungeon, sword and scaffold.
 But still, as from each martyr's hand
 The Fiery Cross fell down in fighting,
 A thousand sprang to seize the brand,
 Our beltane fires relighting!
 And once again through Irish nights,
 O'er every dark hill redly streaming,
 And numerous as the heavenly lights
 Our rebel fires were gleaming!
 And though again might fail that flame,
 Quenched in the blood of its devoted,
 Fresh chieftains 'rose, fresh clansmen came,
 And again the Old Flag floated!

That fire will burn, that flag will float,
 By virtue nursed, by Valor tended—
 Till with one fierce clutch upon your throat
 Your Moloch reign is ended!
 It may be now, or it may be then,
 That the hour will come we have hoped for
 ages—
 But, failing and failing, we try again,
 And again the conflict rages.
 Our hate though hot is a patient hate,
 Deadly and patient to catch you tripping—
 Your years are many, your crimes are great,
 And the sceptre is from you slipping.
 But stamp away with your brutal hoof,
 While the fires to scorch you are upward
 cleaving,
 For, with bloody shuttles, the warp and woof
 Of your shroud the Fates are weaving!

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
 Who blushes at the name?
 When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
 Who hangs his head for shame?
 He's all a knave, or half a slave,
 Who slights his country thus;
 But a *true* man, like you, man,
 Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
 The faithful and the few—
 Some lie far off beyond the wave—
 Some sleep in Ireland, too;
 All—all are gone—but still lives on
 The fame of those who died—
 All true men, like you, men,
 Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
 Their weary hearts have laid,
 And by the stranger's heedless hands
 Their lonely graves were made;
 But, though their clay be far away
 Beyond the Atlantic foam—
 In true men, like you, men,
 Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth,
 Among their own they rest:
 And the same land that gave them birth
 Has caught them to her breast;

And we will pray that from their clay
 Full many a race may start,
 Of true men, like you, men,
 To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
 To right their native land;
 They kindled here a living blaze
 That nothing shall withstand.
 Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—
 They fell and pass'd away;
 But true men, like you, men,
 Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be
 For us a guiding light,
 To cheer our strife for liberty,
 And teach us to unite.
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
 Though sad as theirs your fate;
 And true men be you, men,
 Like those of Ninety-Eight.

JOHN KELLS INGRAM.

TO AMERICA.

America! adopted land
 Of thousands from my native isle,
 'Tis thine by Freedom's sons to stand,
 And bid the ocean-pilgrims smile;
 They who have sought her day by day,
 Far from their native homes away,
 Far from the graves of worthy sires,
 Far from their sacred altar-fires,
 And far from those endearing ties
 In which half life's elysium lies.
 For they have bled and still would bleed,
 Ere of thy banner proud unfurled
 One stripe should fade, one star recede,
 Before a thunder-mailed world.
 And they can dare the field, how well,
 How willingly, thy wars can tell.
 Let but the veriest mountaineer
 That roams upon Hibernia's hills
 The sacred name of Freedom hear,
 Oh! how his heart with rapture thrills!

America! need I portray
 The fervent, unconditioned love
 With which they battled in that day
 When England's banner first above
 Thy homes in fury was flung out?
 Or tell with what a joyous shout
 They rushed into thy battle then,
 A living hurricane of men?

Shall I, though humble, call upon
Thy Heaven-commissioned Washington,
Whose fortunes in their darkest night
They followed in the doubtful fight?
No—step of mine shall not invade
The home of his departed shade;
But of the living I shall seek,

Who, counseled by awarding Fame,
In monumental marble speak

The glory of Montgomery's name;
And see, again, where close beside
Standeth that obelisk of pride
To Ireland's Cicero, who gave

His exiled genius to the state,
And sank into his honored grave,

Pre-eminent among the great;
While Justice 'mid her sacred walls,
Upon the shade of Emmet calls,
From whose inspired lips the spell
Of eloquence convincing fell:—
Yes! there are living round us still
Of whom these works declare the will,
Who twined the wreaths of grateful fame
For Emmet's and Montgomery's name.

And shall the island of their birth,
'Gainst slavery leagued, a slave remain
Or, 'mid the nations of the earth,

Uprising from the oppressor's chain,
Resume her place? It is with thee
To say how long these things shall be.
Yes, yes, to thee and to thy race,

America, I urge my plea;
Thy land is Freedom's dwelling-place,
And such may it forever be:

She tells her tale of woes to thee,—
To whom can she look up for aid
If not to the victorious free,
Whom Freedom her vicegerents made?

All thou canst do is but thy part
Of Freedom's delegated trust,
To cheer the nations who would start
To life, and lift them from the dust,
Be friendly to her friends, and fond,
For so 'tis written in the bond.

We ask not men, we ask not arms,
Nor fleets to thunder war's alarms,—
Nothing to weaken ev'n one tie
Which Commerce weaves across the sea:
We ask thee but to breathe the sigh,
The generous word of sympathy,—
To give the heart without the hand,
And vindicate my native land.

JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

WASHINGTON.

The name a Patriot builds upon his age,
Based on enduring deeds, with honor crowned,
Towering o'er Parties blind and bigot rage,
And frowning on the deathful wars they wage,
And teaching earth, to its remotest bound,
Greatness sublime—philosophy profound—
Who would not, spurning every lesser aim,
Aspire to immortality like this—
To link his memory with his country's fame,
High as her hope—eternal as her name,
A beacon o'er the perilous abyss
Where perish glories Earth may not reclaim?
Such is the name that meets the circling sun,
The universal Perfect—Washington.

JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;

Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it, let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner! furl it sadly!
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands, wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that proudly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner—it is trailing!
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it!
 Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!
 Weep for those who fell before it!
 Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
 But, oh! wildly they deplore it,
 Now who furl and fold it so!

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
 Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
 And 'twill live in song and story,

Though its folds are in the dust:
 For its fame on brightest pages,
 Penned by poets and by sages,
 Shall go sounding down the ages,
 Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner! softly, slowly!
 Treat it gently,—it is holy,
 For it droops above the dead!
 Touch it not—unfold it never,
 Let it droop there, furled forever,
 For its people's hopes are dead!

ABRAM J. RYAN.

HAIL, BRIGHTEST BANNER.

Hail, brightest banner that floats on the gale!
 Flag of the country of Washington, hail!
 Red are thy stripes as the blood of the brave,
 Bright are thy stars as the sun on the wave,
 Wrapt in thy folds are the hopes of the free,
 Banner of Washington, blessings on thee!

Mountain tops mingle the sky with their snow;
 Prairies lie smiling in sunshine below;
 Rivers as broad as the sea in their pride
 Border thine empires, but do not divide;
 Niagara's voice far out-anthems the sea;
 Land of sublimity! blessings on thee!

Hope of the world! on thy mission sublime,
 When thou didst burst on the pathway of
 Time,

Millions from darkness and bondage awoke;
 Music was born when liberty spoke;
 Millions to come yet shall join in the glee:
 Land of the pilgrim's hope? blessings on thee!

Empires shall perish and monarchies fail;
 Kingdoms and thrones in thy glory grow pale!
 Thou shalt live on, and thy people shall own
 Loyalty's sweet, where each heart is thy
 throne.

Union and freedom thine heritage be;
 Country of Washington! blessings on thee!"

WILLIAM E. ROBINSON.

BUNKER HILL CENTENNIAL ODE.

Heroes of Greek renown!
 Ye who with floods of Persian gore,
 Purpled Cychreia's sounding shore!
 Strong wielders of the Dorian spear!
 And ye, dear children of the dear,

The holy violet crown,
 Ye live to-day. Distance and time
 Vanish before our longing eyes,
 And fresh in their eternal lives
 The Demigods arise.

Fierce breed of iron Rome!
 Ye whose relentless eagle's wings
 Are shadowing subjugated kings,
 With death and black destruction fraught
 To every hateful tyrant brought
 His own cursed legion home.
 Smile sternly now; a free-born race
 Vanish before our proudest maxims in,
 And eagerly in ampler space
 A mightier Rome begin.

Savage, yet dauntless crew!
 Who broke with grim, unflinching zeal,
 The mighty Spaniard's heart of steel;
 When ye, with patriotic hands
 Bursting the dikes that keep your lands,
 Let death and freedom through,—
 Arise in glory! Angry floods
 And haughty bigots all are tame,
 But ye, like liberating Gods,
 Have everlasting fame.

And ye, rock-nurtured men!
 Suliote or Swiss,—whose crags defied
 Burgundian power and Turkish pride!
 Whose deeds, so dear to freemen, still
 Make every alp a holy hill,
 A shrine each Suliote glen!
 Rejoice to-day! No little bands
 Face here th' exulting despot's horde;
 But Freedom sways with mighty hands
 Her ocean-sweeping sword.

Chiefs of our own blest land.
 To whom turned long oppressed mankind
 A sacred refuge here to find!
 Of every race the pride and boast,
 From wild Atlantic's stormy coast
 To far Pacific's strand.
 Millions on millions here maintain
 Your generous aims with steady will,
 And make our vast imperial reign
 The world's asylum still!

GEORGE SENNOTT

SONG OF THE IRISH AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A southern sky above my head,
 A southern wave before me;
 The dewy ground my welcome bed,
 And the night-cloud gathering o'er me.
 Our tented host around me spread,
 Yet the scalding tear-drops blind me,
 As memory dwells on days long fled
 And the friends I left behind me.

I love this noble western land,
 Her hills, her vales, her mountains,
 Her cloudless skies, her rivers grand,
 Deep woods and sparkling fountains;
 I love her great historic fame,
 'Twas that which first inclined me
 To draw the sword for her proud name,
 And the land I left behind me.

For, fighting in Columbia's cause,
 I fight for home and sire-land,
 For the welcome kind, the equal laws
 She gave our kin from Ireland.
 Her flag is ours, her glory, too,
 For does not all remind us
 That she has been both leal and true
 To the land we left behind us?

When driven from our island-home
 By famine and oppression,
 We found, beyond the ocean's foam,
 Wealth—honors, for possession;
 We found no harsh, restrictive laws
 In misery to bind us,
 And we'll cherish aye Columbia's cause
 For the land we left behind us.

For, north and south, and east and west
 We see but one dominion,
 Where peace uprears her halcyon crest
 Above the eagle's pinion.
 As it has been in the glorious past,
 So may the future find it,

And if love keep not our Union fast,
 Then a clasp of steel shall bind it!

MARY A. SADLER.

A FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

Farewell! my more than Fatherland!
 Home of my heart and friends, adieu!
 Linger beside some foreign strand,
 How oft shall I remember you!
 How often o'er the waters blue
 Send back a sigh to those I leave,
 The loving and beloved few
 Who grieve for me—for whom I grieve!

We part!—no matter how we part;
 There are some thoughts we utter not,
 Deep treasured in our inmost heart,
 Never revealed, and ne'er forgot!
 Why murmur at the common lot?
 We part!—I speak not of the pain,—
 But when shall I each lovely spot
 And each loved face behold again?

It must be months, it may be years—
 It may—but no!—I will not fill
 Fond hearts with gloom, fond eyes with tears,
 "Curious to shape uncertain ill."
 Though humble, few, and far,—yet, still
 Those hearts and eyes are ever dear;
 Theirs is the love no time can chill,
 The truth no chance or change can sear!

All I have seen, and all I see,
 Only endears them more and more;
 Friends cool, hopes fade, and moments flee,
 Affection lives when all is o'er!
 Farewell, my more than native shore!
 I do not seek or hope to find,
 Roam where I will, what I deplore
 To leave with them and thee behind!

RICHARD HENRY WILCOX.

PART VIII.

POEMS OF HEROISM.

Then rose the clang, the shout, the cry
Of war from inward fosse and outward pale,
And fast again the arrowy showers did fly—
From twanging bows thick as the rattling hail
From thundering cloud and lightning-litten sky,
And shields were split, and riven breast and mail
Gave forth the souls of heroes, till the night
Lowered o'er the woods, and still the clamorous fight

Raged round the castle with redoubled roar,
Through all the long and lonesome hours of dark,
As roll Moyle's wallowing billows on the shore
Mixed with the mariners' cries; and still their mark
The axe and red glaive made of steaming gore
On many a hero's front, until the lark
Sang his thin song from heavenly meadows sweet,
Bright with the radiance of dawn's rosy feet.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

POEMS OF HEROISM.

A BALLAD OF ATHLONE.

Does any man dream that a Gael can fear?
Of a thousand deeds let him learn but one!
The Shannon swept onward, broad and clear,
Between the Leaguers and worn Athlone.

"Break down the bridge!"—Six warriors rushed
Through storm of shot and storm of shell;
With late, but certain victory flushed,
The grim Dutch gunners eyed them well.

They wrenched at the planks 'mid a hail of
fire:

They fell in death, their work half done;
The bridge stood fast, and nigh and nigher
The foe swarmed darkly, densely on.

"O who for Erin will strike a stroke? [roar?]"
Who hurl yon planks where the waters
Six warriors forth from their comrades broke,
And flung them upon the bridge once more.

Again at the rocking planks they dashed;
And four dropped dead, and two remained:
The huge beams groaned, and the arch down-
crashed;

Two stalwart swimmers the margin gained.

St. Ruth in his stirrups stood up and cried,
"I have seen no deed like that in France!"
With a toss of his head Sarsfield replied,

"They had luck, the dogs! 'Twas a merry
chance!"

O many a year upon Shannon's side
They sang upon moor and sang upon heath
Of the twain that breasted that raging tide,
And the ten that shook bloody hands with
death!

AUBREY T. DE VERE.

THE PLACE TO DIE.

How little recks it where men die
When once the moment's past
In which the dim and glazing eye
Has looked on earth its last;
Whether beneath the sculptured urn
The coffined form shall rest,
Or, in its nakedness, return
Back to its mother's breast.

Death is a common friend or foe,
As different men may hold,
And at its summons each must go,
The timid and the bold;
But when the spirit, free and warm,
Deserts it, as it must,
What matter where the lifeless form
Dissolves again to dust?

The soldier falls 'mid corpses piled
Upon the battle-plain,
Where reinless war-steeds gallop wild
Above the gory slain:
But though his corse be grim to see,
Hoof-trampled on the sod,—
What recks it when the spirit free
Has soared aloft to God?

The coward's dying eye may close
Upon his downy bed,
And softest hands his limbs compose,
Or garments o'er him spread:
But ye who shun the bloody fray
Where fall the mangled brave!
Go strip his coffin-lid away.
And see him in his grave!

'Twere sweet indeed to close our eyes
 With those we cherish near,
 And, wafted upward by their sighs,
 Soar to some calmer sphere;
 But whether on the scaffold high,
 Or in the battle's van,
 The fittest place where man can die
 Is where he dies for man.

MICHAEL J. BARRY.

O'BRIEN OF ARRA.

Tall are the towers of O'Kennedy,
 Broad are the lands of Mac Caura,
 Desmond feeds five hundred men a day
 Yet here's to O'Brien of Arra!
 Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 Clansmen and kinsmen are coming here,
 To give him the *cead mille failte*.

See you the mountain looks huge at eve—
 So is our chieftain in battle;
 Welcome he has for the fugitive,
 Usquebaugh, fighting, and cattle.
 Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 Gossip and ally are coming here,
 To give him the *cead mille failte*.

Horses the valleys are tramping on,
 Sleek from the Sassenach manger;
 Creaghts the hills are encamping on,
 Empty the lawns of the stranger;
 Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 Kern and bonaght are coming here,
 To give him the *cead mille failte*.

He has black silver from Killaloe—
 Ryan and Carroll are neighbors—
 Neagh submits with a *fuilitiu*,
 Butler is meant for our sabres.
 Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 Ryan and Carroll are coming here,
 To give him the *cead mille failte*.

'Tis scarce a week since through Ossory
 Chased he the Baron of Durrow,
 Forced him five rivers to cross, or he
 Had died by the sword of Red Murrough.
 Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 All the O'Briens are coming here,
 To give him the *cead mille failte*.

Tall are the towers of O'Kennedy,
 Broad are the lands of Mac Caura,
 Desmond feeds five hundred men a day,
 Yet, here's to O'Brien of Arra!
 Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 Clansmen and kinsmen are coming here,
 To give him a *cead mille failte*.

THOMAS DAVIS.

CROSSING THE BLACKWATER.

We stood so steady,
 All under fire;
 We stood so steady,
 Our long spears ready
 To vent our ire,—
 To dash on the Saxon,
 Our mortal foe,
 And lay him low
 In the bloody mire,

'Twas by Blackwater
 When snows were white,
 'Twas by Blackwater,
 Our foes for the slaughter
 Stood full in sight;
 But we were ready
 With our long spears,
 And we had no fears
 But we'd win the fight.

Their bullets came whistling
 Upon our rank,
 Their bullets came wnistling,
 Their spears were bristling
 On the other bank;
 Yet we stood steady,
 And each good blade,
 Ere morn did fade,
 At their life-blood drank.

"Hurrah for Freedom!"
 Came from our van;
 "Hurrah for Freedom!"
 Our swords—we'll feed 'em
 As best we can,—
 With vengeance we'll feed 'em!"
 Then down we crashed,
 Through the wild ford dashed,
 And the fray began!

Horses to horses,
 And man to man,—

O'er dying horses,
And blood and corpses,
O'Sullivan,
Our general, thundered,
And we were not slack
To slay at his back
Till the fight began.

O how we scattered
The foemen then,—
Slaughtered and scattered,
And chased and shattered,
By shore and glen!—
To the wall of Mayallo
Few fled that day,—
Will they bar our way
When we come again?

Our dead freres we buried,—
They were but few,—
Our dead freres we buried
Where the dark waves hurried,
And flashed and flew:
O sweet be their slumber
Who thus have died
In the battle's tide,
Inisfail, for you!

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

NO, MY LORD!"

O Leixlip bridge in the morning
Is a pleasant place to be;
The salmon-leap in the dawning
Is a pleasant sight to see, [growth,
When the fresh grass waves in its greenest
And the sun comes up o'er the Hill of Howth
In summer majesty.

But naught reck's he of the beauty
Of scene so passing fair:
Other and sterner the duty
Of him who paces there;—
Nicholas Dempsey, the yeoman,
Sentinels Leixlip road,
And his gray eye seeks a foeman,
For rebels are abroad.

But save the morning song of the bird,
Or the far-off low from the browsing herd,
Or the word of command from the old king
crow,
Passed from the van to the rearward row,
As the black troop winged o'er the watchers
below;—

Save bark of the waking dog answering bark,
Or the dying song of the soaring lark,
Or the fitful rustle of green-eared corn,
No sound broke the calm of the summer morn.

Wearily Nicholas Dempsey changed
From shoulder to shoulder his gun,
And wearily his gray eye ranged
From sun to earth, from earth to sun.
But what is the sound that now falls on his ear,
And swells with each moment more near and
more clear?

'Tis but a flock of bleating sheep,
'Tis but a drover behind;
Round the bend in the road they sweep,
And the dust in the drover's coat lies deep
As he breasts the rising wind.

Nicholas Dempsey turned on his heel,
With a long-drawn weary sigh,
And turned again in a lazy wheel
As the drover passed him by.
"God save you, friend!" the drover said,
"Can I pasture my weary sheep?" [fled?
But why has the hue from the yeoman's cheek
As though he were placed face to face with
the dead?

And why does the blood now rush back so red,
And his hand to his sword-hilt leap?

Calmly stands the drover,
Waiting his reply;
No fear you may discover
In that undaunted eye.

The yeoman stands in a waking dream,
And far away doth his spirit seem;
Slowly his thoughts come back again,
As half in fear and half in pain
Strange feelings stirred his rugged heart,
And he sheathed again his sword,
And he felt a tear to his eyelids start
As he answered, "No, my lord!"

Lord Edward Fitzgerald passed on his way
Behind his flocks of sheep,
And Nicholas Dempsey all that day
His weary watch did keep.
For Ireland's cause Lord Edward bled,
Not as he hoped when his flock he led
That morn o'er the emerald sward,
Yet oft ere from his prison bed
To heaven his spirit soared,
He thought of that brave yeoman
Who answered his young foeman,
"No, my lord!"

ANONYMOUS.

THE FAITHFUL NORMAN.

Praise to the valiant and faithful foe!
 Give us noble foes, not the friend who lies!
 We dread the drugged cup, not the open blow;
 We dread the old hate in the new disguise.
 To Ossory's King they had pledged their
 word;

He stood in their camp, and their pledge they
 broke;

Then Maurice, the Norman, upraised his
 sword;

The cross on the hilt he kissed and spoke:

"So long as this sword or this arm hath might,
 I swear by the cross which is lord of all,
 By the faith and honor of noble and knight,
 Who touches yon Prince, by this hand shall
 fall!"

Side by side through the throng they passed;
 And Eire gave praise to the just and true.
 Brave foe! Wrongs past truth heals at last;
 There is room in the great heart of Eire for
 you

AUBREY T. DE VERE.

ARTHUR M'COY.

While the snow-flakes of winter are falling
 On mountain, and housetop, and tree,
 Come olden weird voices recalling
 The homes of Hy-Faly to me;
 The ramble by river and wild wood,
 The legends of mountain and glen,
 When the magical mirror of childhood
 Made heroes and giants of men.

Then I had my dreamings ideal,
 My prophets and heroes sublime,
 Yet I found one—true, living, and real—
 Surpass all the fictions of time:
 Whose voice thrilled my heart to its centre,
 Whose form tranced my soul and my eye;
 A temple no treason could enter;—
 My hero was Arthur M'Coy.

For Arthur M'Coy was no bragger,
 No bibber, nor blustering clown,
 Fore the club of an alehouse to swagger,
 Or drag his coat-tail through the town;
 But a veteran, stern and steady,
 Who felt for his land and her ills;
 In the hour of her need ever ready
 To shoulder a pike for the hills.

As the strong mountain tower spreads its
 Dark, shadowy, silent, and tall, [arms,
 In our tithe-raids and midnight alarms,
 His bosom gave refuge to all—
 If a mind, clear, and calm, and expanded
 A soul ever soaring and high,
 'Mid a host—gave a right to command it
 A hero was Arthur M'Coy.

While he knelt, with a Christian demeanor,
 To his priest, or his Maker alone,
 He scorned the vile slave, or retainer,
 That crouched 'round the castle, or throne;
 The Tudor—The Guelph, The Pretender,
 Were tyrants, alike, branch and stem;
 But who'd free our fair land, and defend her.
 A nation, were monarchs to him.

And this faith in good works he attested,
 When Tone linked the true hearts, and
 Every billow of danger he breasted— [brave,
 His sword-flash, the crest of its wave;
 A standard he captured in Gorey,
 A sword-cut and ball through the thigh
 Were among the mementoes of glory
 Recorded of Arthur M'Coy.

Long the *quest* of the law and its beagles,
 His covert the cave and the tree;
 Tho' his home was the home of the eagles,
 His soul was the soul of the free.
 No toil, no defeat could enslave it,
 Nor franchise, nor "Amnesty Bill"—
 No lord, but the Maker who gave it,
 Could curb the high pride of his will.

With the gloom of defeat ever laden—
 Seldom seen at the hurling or dance,
 Where thro' blushes, the eye of the maiden
 Looks out for her lover's advance;
 And whenever he stood to behold it,
 A curl of the lip or a sigh,
 Was the silent reproach that unfolded
 The feelings of Arthur M'Coy.

For it told him of freedom o'er-shaded—
 That the iron had entered their veins—
 When beauty bears manhood degraded,
 And manhood's contented in chains.
 Yet he loved that fair race as a martyr,
 And if his own death could recall
 The blessings of liberty's charter,
 His bosom had bled for them all.

And he died for his love—I remember,
 On a mound by the Shannon's blue wave,
 One dark snowy eve in December,
 I knelt at the patriot's grave.
 The aged were all heavy-hearted—
 No cheek in the churchyard was dry;
 The sun of our hills had departed—
 God rest you, old Arthur M'Coy!

JOHN BOYLE.

THE RIDE TO ARBOE.

He came down the glen in the morning,
 As the sunbeams shone fair on the tide,
 With his green rebel banner above him,
 And a hundred brave men by his side.
 He stopped not for greeting or parley,
 But over the hills rode away,
 Nor halted his band till at noontide
 Before him Lough Neagh's waters lay.

Ho! Rory, give rein to your charger,
 Spur hard over mountain and ford,
 And pause not for river or ravine,
 And let each true man grasp his sword;
 For Lucas, the Saxon marauder,
 Your darkest and deadliest foe,
 Has gone with a squadron of spearmen
 To ravage and foray Arboe

Away o'er the hills of Badawney,
 Thro' the green woods of fair Moneymore.
 Where the summit of tall Dunnava
 Frowns down upon Tulla's green shore.
 One sweep round the hills of Ardara,
 Where the waters of Annalee flow,
 And with sabre and banner uplifted,
 They dash into burning Arboe.

Before them the dark smoke uprises,
 For Lucas has plundered the town,
 And afar in the distance is streaming
 The red crimsoned flag of the Crown;
 And the spears of Clan-London are flashing,
 They glisten and gleam in the sun,
 And a smile lights the face of their leader,
 Well pleased at the deed he has done.

"Steady! wheel right into column,
 Look well to the grasp of each hand;
 Charge! down on the Saxon marauders,
 And strike for the flag of your land!"
 Hurrah! with a roar like a torrent
 That rolls down from dark Knock-a-voe
 They sweep through the red burning village
 And burst on the ranks of the foe.

There's clashing of cuirass and sabre,
 And splintered is many a spear,
 And the voice of the Rapparee Captain
 Is ringing out fearless and clear:
 "Smite down the fierce robbers of Cromwell,
 And death and revenge for Arboe!
 Strike deep to their false-hearted bosoms,
 Till their black blood in rivulets flows.

"They spared not the helpless and feeble,—
 Strike home for the wrongs of the dead!
 They slaughtered the babe and the mother,—
 Revenge for the red blood they shed!
 They trampled the shrines of our fathers,—
 Upon them with sabre and skean!
 Dash down on the Saxon marauders,
 And charge home for God and the Green!"

Full oft have the woods of Tyrowen
 With cry of the gallowglass rang,
 When down on the red ranks of Cromwell
 With hatred and fury they sprang;
 But never, in breach or in battle,
 In onset, in foray or raid,—
 Oh, ne'er saw the hills of Tyrowen
 Such charge as the Rapparees made.

They pierced thro' the heart of the column,
 They trampled the foe in their blood,
 They swept thro' the ranks with their sabres,
 With the might of a merciless flood,
 Till, beaten, and shattered, and bleeding,
 To earth fall the ranks of the foe,
 And their leader, defeated and flying,
 Is chased through the streets of Arboe.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

From "*Rory the Rapparee*."

THE BLACKSMITH OF LIMERICK.

He grasped the ponderous hammer, he could
 not stand it more,
 To hear the bomb-shells bursting, and thun-
 dering battle's roar;
 He said, "The breach they're mounting, the
 Dutchman's murdering crew—
 I'll try my hammer on their heads, and see
 what *that* can do!

"Now, swarthy Ned and Moran, make up that
 iron well;
 'Tis Sarsfield's horse that wants the shoes, so
 mind not shot or shell!"—

"Ah sure," cried both, "the horse can wait,
for Sarsfield's on the wall,
And where you go we'll follow, with you to
stand or fall!"

The blacksmith raised his hammer, and rushed
into the street.

His 'prentice boys behind him, the ruthless
foe to meet;—

High on the breach of Limerick with daunt-
less hearts they stood,

Where bomb-shells burst, and shot fell thick,
and redly ran the blood.

"Now look you, brown-haired Moran, and
mark you, swarthy Ned,

This day we'll prove the thickness of many a
Dutchman's head!

Hurrah! upon their bloody path they're
mounting gallantly;

And now the first that tops the breach, leave
him to this and me."

The first that gained the rampart, he was a
captain brave,—

A captain of the grenadiers, with blood-
stained dirk and glaive; [vain!

He pointed and he parried, but it was all in
For fast through skull and helmet the ham-
mer found his brain!

The next that topped the rampart, he was a
colonel bold;

Bright, through the dust of battle, his helmet
flashed with gold—

"Gold is no match for iron," the doughty
blacksmith said,

And with that ponderous hammer he cracked
his foeman's head.

"Hurrah for gallant Limerick!" black Ned
and Moran cried,

As on the Dutchmen's leaden heads their
hammers well they plied;

A bomb-shell burst between them—one fell
without a groan,

One leaped into the lurid air, and down the
breach was thrown.

"Brave smith! brave smith!" cried Sarsfield,
"beware the treacherous mine!

Brave smith! brave smith! fall backward, or
surely death is thine!"

The smith sprang up the rampart and leaped
the blood-stained wall.

As high into the shuddering air went foe-
men, breach and all!

Up, like a red volcano, they thundered wild
and high,—

Spear, gun, and shattered standard, and foe-
men through the sky;

And dark and bloody was the shower that
round the blacksmith fell;—

He thought upon his 'prentice boys,—they
were avenged well.

On foemen and defenders a silence gathered
down;

'Twas broken by a triumph shout that shook
the ancient town,

As out its heroes sallied, and bravely charged
and slew,

And taught King William and his men what
Irish hearts could do.

Down rushed the swarthy blacksmith unto
the river's side;

He hammered on the foe's pontoon to sink it
in the tide;

The timber it was tough and strong, it took
no crack or strain;

"*Mavrone!* 'twon't break!" the blacksmith
roared, "I'll try their heads again!"

He rushed upon the flying ranks; his hammer
ne'er was slack,

For in thro' blood and bone it crashed, thro'
helmet and thro' jack; [pontoon,

He's ta'en a Holland captain beside the red
And "Wait you here," he boldly cries; "I'll
send you back full soon!

"Dost see this gory hammer? It cracked
some skulls to-day,

And yours 'twill crack if you don't stand and
list to what I say;—

Here! take it to your cursèd King, and tell
him softly too,

'Twould be acquainted with *his* skull if he
were here, not you!"

The blacksmith sought his smithy and blew
his bellows strong;

He shod the steed of Sarsfield, but o'er it
sang no song;

"*Ochone!* my boys are dead!" he cried; their
loss I'll long deplore,

But comfort's in my heart, their graves are red
with foreign gore."

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

O'DONNELL ABOO!

Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding,
Loudly the war cries arise on the gale,
Fleetly the steed by Lough Suilig is bounding,
To join the thick squadrons in Saimear's
green vale.

On, every mountaineer,
Strangers to flight and fear;
Rush to the standard of dauntless Red
Hugh!

Bonnought and Gallowglass
Throng from each mountain pass!
On for old Erin—O'Donnell aboo!

Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing,
With many a chieftain and warrior-clan;
A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are
prancing,

'Neath borderers brave from the banks of
the Bann;

Many a heart shall quail
Under its coat of mail;

Deeply the merciless tyrant shall rue,
When on his ear shall ring,

Borne on the breeze's wing,

Tyrconnell's dread war-cry—O'Donnell
aboo!

Wildly o'er Desmond the war wolf is howling,
Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain,
The fox in the streets of the city is prowling,
All—all who would scare them are banished
or slain!

Grasp, every stalwart hand,
Hackbut and battle-brand— [due;

Pay them all back the deep debt so long
Norris and Clifford well

Can of Tir-Conaill tell—

Onward to glory—O'Donnell aboo!

Sacred the cause that Clan-Conaill's defend-
ing—

The altars we kneel at and homes of our
sires;

Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending—

Midnight is red with the plunderer's fires!

On with O'Donnell, then,

Fight the old fight again,

Sons of Tir-Conaill all valiant and true!

Make the false Saxon feel

Erin's avenging steel!

Strike for your country! O'Donnell aboo!

M. J. McCANN.

RORY OF THE HILLS.

"That rake up near the rafters,
Why leave it there so long?

The handle, of the best of ash,
Is smooth, and straight, and strong;

And, mother, will you tell me,

Why did my father frown,
When to make the hay in summer time
I climbed to take it down?"

She looked into her husband's eyes,
While her own with light did fill;

"You'll shortly know the reason, boy!"
Said Rory of the Hill.

The midnight moon is lighting up
The slopes of Sliev-na-mon—

Whose foot affrights the startled hares
So long before the dawn?

He stopped just where the Anner's stream
Winds up the woods anear,

Then whistled low, and looked around
To see the coast was clear.

A sheeling door flew open—

In he stepped with right good will—

"God save all here, and bless your work,"
Said Rory of the Hill.

Right hearty was the welcome
That greeted him, I ween,

For years gone by he fully proved
How well he loved the Green;

And there was one among them
Who grasped him by the hand—

One who, through all that weary time,
Roamed on a foreign strand—

He brought them news from gallant friends
That made their heart-strings thrill;

"My sowl! I never doubted them!"
Said Rory of the Hill.

They sat around the humble board
Till dawning of the day,

And yet not song or shout I heard—
No revellers were they;

Some brows flushed red with gladness,
While some were grimly pale;

But pale or red, from out those eyes
Flashed souls that never quail!

"And sing us now about the vow,
They swore for to fulfill—"

"Ye'll read it yet in history,"
Said Rory of the Hill.

Next day the ashen handle,

He took down from where it hung,

The toothed rake, full scornfully,
 Into the fire he flung,
 And in its stead a shining blade
 Is gleaming once again,
 (Oh! for a hundred thousand of
 Such weapons and such men!)
 Right soldierly he wielded it,
 And go'ng through his drill—
 "Attention"—"charge"—"front point"—
 "advance!"
 Cried Rory of the Hill.

She looked at him with woman's pride,
 With pride and woman's fears;
 She flew to him, she clung to him,
 And dried away her tears;
 He feels her pulse beat truly,
 While her arms around him twine—
 "Now God be praised for your stout heart,
 Brave little wife of mine."
 He swung his first-born in the air,
 While joy his heart did fill—
 "You'll be a FREEMAN yet, my boy,"
 Said Rory of the Hill.

Oh! knowledge is a wondrous power,
 And stronger than the wind;
 And thrones shall fall and despots bow
 Before the might of mind;
 The poet and the orator
 The heart of man can sway,
 And would to the kind Heavens
 That Wolfe Tone were here to-day!
 Yet trust me, friends, dear Ireland's strength,
 Her truest strength, is still,
 The rough-and-ready roving boys,
 Like Rory of the Hill.

CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

THE RISING OF THE MOON.

"Oh! then tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall,
 Tell me why you hurry so?"
 "Hush, ma bouchal, hush and listen,"
 And his cheeks were all a-glow.
 "I bear ordhers from the captain,
 Get you ready quick and soon,
 For the pikes must be together
 At the risin' of the moon."

"Oh! then tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall,
 Where the gatherin' is to be?"
 'In the ould spot by the river,
 Right well known to you and me.

One word more—for signal token
 Whistle up the marchin' tune,
 With your pike upon your shoulder,
 By the risin' of the moon."

Out from many a mudwall cabin
 Eyes were watching thro' that night,
 Many a manly chest was throbbing
 For the blessed warning light.
 Murmurs passed along the valleys
 Like the banshee's lonely croon,
 And a thousand blades were flashing
 At the risin' of the moon.

There beside the singing river
 That dark mass of men was seen,
 Far above the shining weapons
 Hung their own beloved green.
 "Death to ev'ry foe and traitor!
 Forward! strike the marchin' tune,
 And hurrah, my boys, for freedom!
 'Tis the risin' of the moon."

Well they fought for poo: old Ireland,
 And full bitter was their fate
 (Oh! what glorious pride and sorrow
 Fill the name of Ninety-Eight).
 Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating
 Hearts in manhood's burning noon,
 Who would follow in their footsteps
 At the risin' of the moon!

JOHN KEEGAN CASEY.

THE O'KAVANAGH.*

The Saxons had met, and the banquet was
 spread,
 And the wine in fleet circles the jubilee led;
 And the banners that hung round the festal
 that night,
 Seemed brighter by far than when lifted in
 flight.

In came the O'Kavanagh, fair as the morn,
 When earth to new beauty and vigor is born;
 They shrank from his glance like the waves
 from the prow,
 For Nature's nobility sat on his brow.

Attended alone by his vassal and bard;
 No trumpet to herald, no clansmen to guard,

* King of Conster at the beginning of the fifth century

He came not attended by steed or by steel :
No danger he knew, for no fear did he feel.

In eye and on lip his high confidence smiled—
So proud, yet so knightly—so gallant, yet mild ;
He moved like a God through the light of that
hall,

And a smile, full of courtliness, proffered to
all.

"Come pledge us, Lord Chieftain! come
pledge us!" they cried ;
Unsuspectingly free to the pledge he replied ;
And this was the peace-branch O'Kavanagh
bore—

"The friendships to come, not the feuds that
are o'er."

But, minstrel! why cometh a change o'er thy
theme ?

Whysing of red battle—what dream dost thou
dream ?

Ha! "Treason" 's the cry, and "Revenge" is
the call!

As the swords of the Saxon surrounded the
hall.

A kingdom for Angelo's mind! to portray
Green Erin's undaunted Avenger, that day ;
The far-flashing sword, and the death-darting
eye,

Like some comet commissioned with wrath
from the sky.

Through the ranks of the Saxon he hewed his
red way —

Through lances, and sabres, and hostile array ;
And, mounting his charger, he left them to
tell

The tale of that feast and its bloody farewell!

And now on the Saxons his clansmen advance,
With a shout from each heart, and a soul in
each lance.

He rushed, like a storm, o'er the night-covered
heath,

And swept through their ranks, like the angel
of death.

Then hurrah! for thy glory, young Chieftain,
hurrah!

O! had we such lightning-souled heroes to-day,
Again would our Sunburst expand in the gale,
And Freedom exult o'er green Innisfail.

JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

DE COURCY'S PILGRIMAGE.

"I'm weary of your elegies, your keenings and
complaints,

We've heard no strain this blessed night but
histories of saints ;

Sing us some deed of daring—of the living or
the dead!"

So Earl Gerald, in Maynooth, to the Bard
Neelan said.

Answered the Bard Neelan—"O Earl, I will
obey;

And I will show you that you have no cause
for what you say;

A warrior may be valiant, and love holiness
also,

As did the Norman Courcy, in this country
long ago."

Few men could match De Courcy, on saddle
or on sward,

The ponderous mace he valued more than any
Spanish sword ;

On many a field of slaughter scores of men lay
smashed and stark,

And the victors as they saw them said—"Lo!
John De Courcy's mark!"

De Lacy was his deadly foe, through envy of
his fame ;

He laid foul ambush for his life, and stigma-
tized his name ;

But the gallant John De Courcy kept still his
mace at hand,

And rode, unfearing feint or force, across his
rival's land.

He'd made a vow, for some past sins, a pil-
grimage to pay,

At Patrick's tomb, and there to bide a fort-
night and a day ;

And now amid the cloisters the disarmed
giant walks,

And with the brown beads in his hand, from
cross to cross he stalks.

News came to Hugo Lacy of the penance of
the Knight,

And he rose and sent his murderers from
Durogh forth by night ;

A score of mighty Methian men, proof guarded
for the strife,

And he has sworn them, man by man, to take
De Courcy's life.

'Twas twilight in Downpatrick town, the
pilgrim in the porch
Sat, faint with fasting and with prayer, before
the darkened church:

When suddenly he heard a sound upon the
stony street—

A sound, familiar to his ears, of battle horses'
feet.

He stepped forth to a hillock where an oaken
cross it stood,

And looking forth, he leaned upon the monu-
mental wood.

"'Tis he! 'tis he!" the foremost cried—" 'tis
well you came to thrive,

For another sun, De Courcy, you shall never
see alive!"

Then roused the softened heart within the
pilgrim's sober weeds—

He thought upon his high renown, and all his
knightly deeds,

He felt the spirit swell within his undefended
breast,

And his courage rose the faster that his sins
had been confest.

"I am no dog to perish thus! no deer to
couch at bay!

Assassins! 'ware the life you seek, and stand
not in my way!"

He plucked the tall cross from the root, and
waving it around,

He dashed the master murderer stark lifeless
to the ground.

As row on row they pressed within the deadly
ring he made,

Twelve of the score in their own gore within
his reach he laid;

The rest in panic terror ran to horse and fled
away,

And left the knight, De Courcy, at the bloody
cross to pray.

"And now," quoth Neelan to the Earl, "I did
your will obey;

Have I not shown you had no cause for what
I heard you say?"

"Faith, Neelan," answered Gerald, "your holy
man, Sir John,

Did bear his cross right manfully, so much we
have to own."

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

THE LEAP FOR LIFE.

*An Episode in the Career of Marshal Mac-
mahon.*

In Algeria, with Bugeaud,
Harassed by a crafty foe, [one;

Were the French, in eighteen hundred thirty-
Swarthy Arabs prowled about
Camp and outpost and redoubt,
Crouching here, and crawling there,
Lurking, gliding everywhere,

Tiger-hearted, under stars and under sun;
Seeking by some stealthy chance
Vengeance on the troops of France—
Vengeance fierce and fell, to sate
Savage rage and savage hate
For the deeds of desolation harshly done.

On a rugged plateau,
Forty miles from headquarters of Marshal
Bugeaud,

Lay an outpost, besieged by the merciless foe.
Day by day close and closer the Arab lines drew
Round the hard-beset French.

To dash out and flash through,
Like a wind-driven flame, they would dare,
though a host

Hot from Hades stood there. But abandon
the post?

Nay, they dare not do that; they were sol-
diers of France.

And dishonor should stain neither sabre nor
lance;

They could bravely meet death, though like
Hydra it came,

Horror-headed and dire, but no shadow of
shame

For a trust left to perish when danger drew
nigh,

Should e'er dim the flag waving free to the sky.
But soon came a terror more dread to the soul

Then war's wild thunder-crash when its battle
clouds roll,

And the heavens are shrouded from light,
while a glare, [air!

As of hell, breaks in hot, lurid streams on the

It was Famine, grim-visaged and gaunt,
To the camp most appalling of foes—
Slow to strike, slow to kill, but full sure
As the swift headsman's deadliest blows.
O'er the ramparts it sullenly strode,
Gliding darkly by tent and by wall,
Spreading awe wheresoever it went,
And the gloom of dismay over all;

Blighting valor that ne'er in war's red front
 had quailed,
 Blanching cheeks that no tempest of strife
 e'er had paled.

Then a council was held, and the commandant
 said

Direst peril was near: they must summon
 swift aid

From the Marshal, or all would be lost ere the
 sun

Of to-morrow went down in the west, Was
 there one

Who, to save the command and the honor of
 France,

Would ride forth with despatches? He ceased,
 and a glance

At the bronzed faces near showed that spirits
 to dare

Any desperate deed under heaven were there.
 But the first to arise and respond was a
 youth

Whose brow bore nature's signet of courage
 and truth,

In whose eye valor shone calm and clear as a
 star

When the winds are at rest, and the clouds
 fade afar.

Who was he that stood forth with such reso-
 lute air?

Young Lieutenant MacMahon, bold, free,
débonnaire.

Never knight looked more gallant with shield
 and with spear,

Never war-nurtured chieftain less conscious
 of fear.

In his mien was the heroic flash of the Gaul,
 With the fire of the Celt giving grandeur to
 all;

And he said, head erect, face with ardor aglow,
 "I will ride with despatches to Marshal
 Bugeaud!"

It is night, and a stillness profound
 Folds the camp; Arabs stealthily creep
 Here and there in the moonlight beyond,
 With ears eagerly bent for a sound
 From the garrison, watchful and weak:
 O'er the tents welcome night breezes
 sweep.

Bringing balm unto brow and to cheek
 Of men scorched by a pitiless sun
 To a hue almost swarthy and deep
 As the hue of the foe they would shun.

Stretching dimly afar,

Between slopes that are rugged and bare,
 Half obscure under moonbeam and star,
 Half revealed in the soft, misty air,
 Runs a rude, broken way that will lead
 Gallant rider and sure-footed steed
 Westward forth to the camp of Bugeaud,
 Forty miles over high land and low;
 But the steed must be trusty and fleet,
 And the bridle-hand steady and keen
 That shall guide him by rock and ravine,
 Where each stride of the galloping feet
 Must span dangers that slumber unseen;
 And beyond, scarce a league to the west,
 Yawns a treacherous chasm, dark and deep,
 Where death lurks like a serpent asleep,
 And the rider must ride at his best,
 And his steed take the terrible leap
 Like a winged creature cleaving the air,
 Else a grim, ghastly corpse shall be there,
 With perchance a steed stark on its breast;
 And the moon shall look down with a stare
 Where they lie in perpetual rest.

Now the silence is broken by neigh and by
 champ

And the clatter of hoofs, and away from the
 camp

Rides MacMahon, as gallant, as light, and as
 free

As a bridegroom who goes to his marriage
 may be.

With prance and with gallop and gay caracole
 His swift steed bounds along, as if spurning
 control;

But the bridle-hand guides him unerring and
 true,

And each stroke of the hoofs is the answer-
 ing thew.

Through the moonlight they go, fading slowly
 from sight,

Till both rider and steed sink away in the
 night.

But they go not unheard, and they speed not
 unseen;

Dark eyes furtively watch, flashing fiercely
 and keen

From dim ambush around; then like spectres
 arise

White-robed figures that follow: the rider
 describes

Them on slope and in hollow, and knows they
 pursue.

But he fears not their craft or the deeds they
 may do.

For his brave steed is eager and strong, and the pace	Then with eyes fixed before, and brow bent to the wind,
Growing faster and faster each stride of the chase.	And one thought of the foe and his comrades behind,
Now the slopes right and left seem alive with the foe	And a low, earnest prayer that all heaven must heed,
Gliding ghost-like along, but still stealthy and low,	He slacks bridle, plies spur, and gives head to his steed.
As wild creatures that crouch in a jungle; they think	With a bound it responds, ears set back, nostrils wide,
To entrap him when back from the terrible brink	And the rush of a thunder-bred storm in its stride!
Of the chasm he returns, for his steed cannot leap	Now the brink! now the leap! they are over! Hurrah!
The dread gulf, and the rider will halt when its steep	Horse and rider are safe, and dash wildly away; Not a slip, not a flinch, swift and sure as the flight
Ragged walls ope before him, with death lying deep	Of an eagle in mid-air, they sweep through the night,
In the darkness below: they will seize him, and take	While the baffled foe glare in bewildered amaze
From his heart, by fell torture of fagot and stake,	At the fast-flying prey speeding far from their gaze;
Every secret it holds; then his life blood may flow,	And the soft stars grow dim in the dawn's early glow
But he never shall ride to the camp of Bugeaud.	When McMahon rides into the camp of Bugeaud.

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

MAC MAHON'S DEFIANCE.

*Scene: Council Chamber, Dublin Castle. Time:
1641.*

Still unflinching and free through the moon- light he goes,	By Heaven, that hateful name is false! no "traitor's" soul have I—
And each pulse with the hot flush of eagerness glows.	Not mine to blush for "craven crimes"—not mine "the dread to die;"
Now a glance at the path where his gallant steed flies,	And, though a captive here I stand within these Dublin towers,
Now a gleam at the weird, spectral forms that arise	I swear we fight for king and right—a holy cause is ours:
On the dim, rugged slopes, then still onward and on,	Even here I fling your tauntings back—I fling them in your face—
Till he nears the abyss, and its gaping jaws yawn	Dark picture, Parsons, of your heart—a tell- tale of your race.
On his sight; but the rider well knows it is there,	Lords—justices! misnamed—my tongue your perfidy shall brand,
And his speed is soon cautiously checked to prepare	Betrayers of your prince's cause, and robbers of the land!
For the desperate leap; he must now put to proof	I dare your worst!—your rope, your block no terrors have for me,
The true mettle beneath, for the slip of a hoof, Or a swerve on the brink, will dash both into doom,	For the hour that saw these hands enchained, that hour saw Ireland free!
Where the sad stars shall watch over a cavern- ous tomb.	
Girth and bridle and stirrup are felt, to be sure	
That no flaw shall bring peril—and all is secure;	

Ay, bear me hence!—what boots it now if I
should live or die?
Thank God! the long-sought hour is come—
our banners kiss the sky!
Albeit a worthless tool is broke—'tis hallowed
in the deed!
Thank God that Ireland's cause is safe—that
I for Ireland bleed!
Ay, bear me to the bloody block—nor need
ye waste your light,
For Ulster, all ablaze, my lords, shall be our
torch to-night;
Each Saxon tower that frowned upon our
country's plundered fanes
Shall light its felon lord, ere dawn, to dastard
flight or chains;
Shall guide the steps of gathering clans, whose
watchwords rend the sky—
O God! it is a happy death on such a night to
die!

Clan-Connal's outlawed sons rush down o'er
cliff and rugged rock—
Than Erna's flood at Assaroe, more fierce and
dread their shock;
As storm-clouds driven o'er Summer's sky,
Maguire's shattered clan
Shall sweep from Erna's hundred isles, and
clutch their own again:
A thunderbolt that cleaves the heavens, with
scathing levin bright,
Clan-Nial's gathering masses burst o'er tower
and town to-night;
O Hanlon builds his eyrie strong in Tanderagee's
old town;
O'Reilly raises Brefni's kernes; Magennis
musters Down;
And though not mine the glorious task my
rightful clan to lead,
Clan-Mahon shall not want a chief to teach it
how to bleed!

Ha! wherefore shakes that craven hand—Lord
Justice Parsons, say?
Why stare so stark, my Lord Borlase?—why
grow so pale, I pray?
Methought you deemed it holy work to fleece
"the Philistine;"
That in "God's name" you taxed belief in
many a goodly fine;
Then wherefore all these rueful looks?—"the
Lord's work ye have done!"
Advance the lights! Ha! vampire lords, your
evil race is run.

Ye traitors to a trusting prince! ye robbers of
his realm!
Small wonder that the ship's adrift, with
pirates at the helm!
Hark! heard'st that shout that rang without?
Ye ministers of ill,
Haste, sate ye with your latest crime while
yet you've time to kill!
I dare your worst, you Saxon knaves! then
wherefore do you pause?
My blood shall rouse the Southern clans,
though prostrate in our cause!
For as the resurrection flower, though with-
ered many a year,
Blossoms fresh and bright and fair again when
watered with a tear,
So, nurtured in the willing wave of a martyr's
ruddy tide,
Our sons shall say—The Nation lived when
Hugh MacMahon died!

JAMES N. MCKANE.

TYRRELL'S PASS.*

I.

The Baron bold of Trimbleston hath gone in
proud array,
To drive afar from fair Westmeath the Irish
kerns away,
And there is mounting brisk of steeds and
donning shirts of mail,
And spurring hard to Mullingar 'mong Riders
of the Pale.
For, flocking round his banner there, from
east to west there came,
Full many knights and gentlemen of English
blood and name,
All prompt to hate the Irish race, all spoilers
of the land,
And mustered soon a thousand spears that
Baron in his band.
For trooping in rode Nettervilles and D'Altons
not a few,
And thick as reeds pranced Nugent's spears,
a fierce and godless crew;
And Nagle's pennon flutters fair, and, pricking
o'er the plain,
Dashed Tuite of Sonna's mail-clad men, and
Dillon's from Glen-Shane.

* The battle of Tyrrell's Pass, in Westmeath, was fought
in 1597.

A goodly feast the Baron gave in Nagle's
 ancient hall,
 And to his board he summons there his chiefs
 and captains all;
 And round the red wine circles fast, with noisy
 boast and brag
 How they would hunt the Irish kerns like any
 Cratloe stag.

But 'mid their glee a horseman spurr'd all
 breathless to the gate,
 And from the warder there he craved to see
 Lord Barnwell straight:
 And when he stept the castle hall, then cried
 the Baron, "Ho!
 You are De Petit's body-squire, why stops your
 master so?"

"Sir Piers De Petit ne'er held back," that
 wounded man replied,
 "When friend or foeman called him on, or
 there was need to ride;
 But vainly now you lack him here, for, on the
 bloody sod,
 The noble knight lies stark and stiff—his soul
 is with his God.

"For yesterday, in passing through Fertullah's
 wooded glen,
 Fierce Tyrrell met my master's band, and slew
 the good knight then;
 And wounded sore with axe and *skian*, I barely
 'scaped with life,
 To bear to you the dismal news, and warn you
 of the strife.

"MacGeoghegan's flag is on the hills!
 O'Reilly's up at Fore!
 And all the chiefs have flown to arms, from
 Allen to Donore,
 And as I rode by Granard's moat, right plainly
 might I see
 O'Ferall's clans were sweeping down from dis-
 tant Annalee."

Then started up young Barnwell there, all hot
 with Spanish wine—
 "Revenge," he cries, "for Petit's death, and
 be that labor mine;
 For, by the blessed rood I swear, when I Wat
 Tyrrell see,
 I'll hunt to death the rebel bold, and hang
 him on a tree!"

Then rose a shout throughout the hall, that
 made the rafters ring,
 And stirr'd o'erhead the banners there, like
 aspen leaves in spring;
 And vows were made, and wine-cups quaff,
 with proud and bitter scorn,
 To hunt to death Fertullah's clans upon the
 coming morn.

These tidings unto Tyrrell came, upon that
 selfsame day,
 Where, camped amid the hazel boughs, he at
 Lough Ennel lay.
 "And they will hunt us so," he cried—"why,
 let them if they will;
 But first we'll teach them greenwood craft, to
 catch us, ere they kill."

And hot next morn the horsemen came,
 Young Barnwell at their head;
 But when they reached the calm lake banks,
 behold! their prey was fled!
 And loud they cursed, as wheeling round they
 left that tranquil shore,
 And sought the wood of Garraclune, and
 searched it o'er and o'er.

And down the slopes, and o'er the fields, and
 up the steeps they strain,
 And through Moylanna's trackless bog, where
 many steeds remain,
 Till wearied all at set of sun, they halt in
 sorry plight,
 And on the heath, beside his steed, each
 horseman passed the night.

Next morn, while yet the white mists lay, all
 brooding on the hill,
 Bold Tyrrell to his comrade spake, a friend in
 every ill—
 "O'Connor, take ye ten score men, and speed
 ye to the dell,
 Where winds the path to Kinnegad—you know
 that *together* well.

"And couch ye close amid the heath, and
 blades of waving fern,
 So glint of steel, or glimpse of man, no Saxon
 may discern,
 Until ye hear my bugle blown, and up,
 O'Connor, then,
 And bid the drums strike Tyrrell's march,
 and charge ye with your men."

"Now, by his soul who sleeps at Cong,"
O'Conor proud replied,
"It grieves me sore before those dogs, to have
my head to hide;
But lest, perchance, in scorn they might go
brag it thro' the Pale,
I'll do my best that few shall live to carry
round the tale."

III.

The mist roll'd off, and "Gallants, up!" young
Barnwell loudly cries,
"By Bective's shrine, from off the hill, the
rebel traitor flies;
Now mount ye all, fair gentlemen—lay bridle
loose on mane,
And spur your steeds with rowels sharp—we'll
catch him on the plain."

Then bounded to their saddles quick a thous-
and eager men,
And on they rushed in hot pursuit to Darra's
wooded glen.
But gallants bold, though fair ye ride, here
slacken speed ye may—
The chase is o'er!—the hunt is up!—the
quarry stands at bay!

For halted on a gentle slope, bold Tyrrell
placed his band,
And promptly stopt he to the front, his banner
in his hand,
And plunged it deep within the earth, all
plainly in their view,
And waved aloft his trusty sword, and loud
his bugle blew.

Saint Colman! 'twas a fearful sight, while
drum and trumpet played,
To see the bound from out the brake that
fierce O'Conor made,
As waving high his sword in air he smote the
flaunting crest
Of proud Sir Hugh De Geneville, and clove
him to the chest!

"On, comrades, on!" young Barnwell cries,
"and spur ye to the plain,
Where we may best our lances use!" That
counsel is in vain,
For down swept Tyrrell's gallant band, with
shout and wild halloo,
And a hundred steeds are masterless since
first his bugle blew!

From front to flank the Irish charge in battle
order all,
While pent like sheep in shepherd's fold the
Saxon riders fall;
Their lances long are little use, their numbers
block the way,
And mad with pain their plunging steeds add
terror to the fray!

And of the haughty host that rode that
morning through the dell,
But one has 'scaped with life and limb his
comrades' fate to tell;
The rest all in their harness died, amid the
thickets there,
Yet fighting to the latest gasp, like foxes in a
snare!

IV.

The Baron bold of Trimbleston has fled in
sore dismay,
Like beaten hound at dead of night from
Mullingar away,
While wild from Boyne to Brusna's banks
there spreads a voice of wail,
Mavrone! the sky that night was red with
burnings in the Pale!

And late next day to Dublin town the dismal
tidings came,
And Kevin's-Port and Watergate are lit with
beacons twain,
And scouts spur out, and on the walls there
stands a fearful crowd,
While high o'er all Saint Mary's bell tolls out
alarums loud!

But far away beyond the Pale, from Dunluce
to Dunboy,
From every Irish hall and rath there bursts a
shout of joy,
As eager Askas hurry past o'er mountain,
moor, and glen,
And tell in each the battle won by Tyrrell and
his men.

Bold Walter sleeps in Spanish earth; long
years have passed away—
Yet Tyrrell's-pass is called that spot, ay, to
this very day,
And still is told as marvel strange, how from
his swollen hand,
When ceased the fight the blacksmith filed
O'Conor's trusty brand!

ARTHUR G. GEOGHEGAN.

SOUTH MUNSTER CLANS MARCHING TO BATTLE.—A.D. 1690.

Hark, the distant hum!
The clans of stormy Desmond come
From their rugged glens and savage hills;—
How their warriors' laughter the bosom thrills!
Their hearts are dauntless, and careless and
light,—
Their plumes are brave, and their spears are
bright;

Each Crahadore's lip has the careless play
And the joyous smile of a festal day; [glow,
But that lip will clench, and that eye will
When he meets, when he meets his Saxon foe.

As the banded squadrons pass,
'Tis glorious to see their banners wave,
With sunbeams sparkling on spear and glaive,
On horseman's helm and on steel cuirass.
'Tis glorious to see by stream and glen,
Old Desmond's mountaineers again
Draw from its scabbard the rusting brand,
In the thrilling cause of fatherland!
Grimly crave, with a warrior joy,
Vengeance for Smerwick and bloody Dunboy.

From Muskerry mountains and Carbery hills,
MacCarthyies have rushed like their highland
rills;

MacSwinies, O'Learies, O'Riordans came,
When the signal flew on wings of flame;
O'Driscolls are there, from their crag-bound
shore;

And O'Mahonies, men of the woods and moor.
Many a Duhallow battle-axe bright—
For Clan-Awly, Clan-Keefe, and Clan-Callag-
han, all

Have answered the princely MacDonogh's
call,

When that chieftain summoned his bands of
might;

And many a clan with the Norman name—
Like leaves of their forests Fitzgeralds came,
Barrys, and Barrets, Sapeul, Condhune,
From Broad Imokilly, and Kilnatalloon—
From Orrery's valleys, and Avonmore's banks,
In hundreds have mustered their stately ranks.

On, on, our march must know no pause,
Till the wolf-dog's game is in his jaws;
On—with clear heart and footing sure,
For our path lies by mountain and shaking
moor.

The river is broad, but who'd wait for a ford,

And the cause of *Rígh Seamus* in need of his
Up, up, with the wild hurra! [sword!
We fight for the right, and *Rígh Seamus* go
*bragh!**

Though they file along, in their loose array,
Like a driving cloud on a summer's day,
So brilliant, so gallant, and gay.
Many a light-limbed mountaineer [tear,
Dashed from his dark eye the soul-sprung
As he parted from maid, or from matron dear.
Many a reckless Crahadore
Bent o'er the maid he might clasp no more.
On leafy Imokilly's shore,
Yon gallowglass has left his bride
By steep Slieve Logher's heathy side.
Rent was his manly heart with sorrow
As she smoothed his long black hair,
Pressed his bronzed cheek and forehead fair,
And blessed him for the bloody morrow.
But the griefs of the parting moment pass
From the breast of kern and gallowglass,
When the clairseach rings, and the baraboo,
When he hears the chieftain's war halloo,
When he sees the war-horse champ the rein,
And toss aloft his flowing mane,
Blithely he marches by town and tower,
Gone are the thoughts of the parting hour,
Blithely he raises the shrill hurra,
Rígh Seamus, Rígh Seamus, go bragh.

G. H. SUPPLE.

MUNSTER WAR-SONG—TIME, 1190.

Can the depths of the ocean afford you not
graves,

That you come thus to perish afar o'er the
waves!

To redden and swell the wild torrents that
flow,

Through the valley of vengeance, the dark
Aharlow?

The clangor of conflict o'erburdens the breeze,
From the stormy Slieve Bloom to the stately
Galtees;

Your caverns and torrents are purple with gore,
Slievenamon, Glencoloc, and sublime Galty-
more!

The Sun-burst that slumbered, embalmed in
our tears,

Tipperary! shall wave o'er thy tall moun-
taineers!

*King Lament for Eoghan.



And the dark hill shall bristle with sabre and
spear,
While one tyrant remains to forge manacles
here.

The riderless war-steed careers o'er the plain,
With a shaft in his flank and a blood-dripping
mane,

His gallant breast labors, and glares his wild
eyes ;

He plunges in torture—falls—shivers—and
dies.

Let the trumpets ring triumph! the tyrant is
slain,

He reels o'er his charger, deep pierced through
the brain ;

And his myriads are flying like leaves on the
gale,

But, who shall escape from our hills with the
tale ?

For the arrows of vengeance are show'ring
like rain,

And choke the strong rivers with islands of
slain,

Till thy waves, lordly Shannon, all crimsonly
flow,

Like the billows of hell with the blood of the
foe.

Ay! the foemen are flying, but vainly they
fly—

Revenge, with the fleetness of lightning, can
vie ;

And the septs of the mountains spring up
from each rock,

And rush down the ravines like wolves on the
flock.

And who shall pass over the stormy Slieve
Bloom,

To tell the pale Saxon of tyranny's doom,
When, like tigers from ambush, our fierce
mountaineers

Leap along from the crags with their death-
dealing spears?

They came with high boasting to bind us as
slaves,

But the glen and the torrent have yawned for
their graves—

From the gloomy Ardfinnan to wild Temple-
more—

From the Suir to the Shannon—is red with
their gore.

By the soul of Heremon! our warriors may
smile,

To remember the march of the foe through
our isle ;

Their banners and harness were costly and
gay,

And proudly they flash'd in the summer sun's
ray.

The hilts of their falchions were crusted with
gold,

And the gems of their helmets were bright
to behold,

By Saint Bride of Kildare! but they moved
in fair show—

To gorge the young eagles of dark Aharlow !
RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

FONTENOY.

Thrice, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English
column failed,

And, twice, the lines of Saint Antoine the
Dutch in vain assailed ;

For town and slope were filled with fort and
flanking battery,

And well they swept the English ranks, and
Dutch auxiliary.

Asvainly through De Berri's wood, the British
soldiers burst,

The French artillery drove them back, dimin-
ished and dispersed ;

The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with
anxious eye,

And ordered up his last reserve, his latest
chance to try.

On Fontenoy—on Fontenoy, how fast his
generals ride!

And mustering come his chosen troops, like
clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately
column tread,

Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord
Hay is at their head ;

Steady they step adown the slope—steady they
climb the hill ;

Steady they load—steady they fire, moving
right onward still,

Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a
furnace blast,

Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and
bullets showering fast ;

And on the open plain above they rose and
 kept their course,
 With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked
 at hostile force :
 Past Fontenoy—past Fontenoy, while thinner
 grow their ranks—
 They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through
 Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French
 tirailleurs rush round :
 As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons
 strew the ground ;
 Bomb-shell, and grape, and round shot tore ;
 still on they marched and fired—
 Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur
 retired,
 "Push on, my household cavalry!" King
 Louis madly cried ;
 To death they rush, but rude their shock—
 not unavenged they died.

On through the camp the column trod—King
 Louis turns his rein :
 "Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the
 Irish troops remain!"

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a
 Waterloo,
 Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehe-
 ment, and true.

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish ;
 there are your Saxon foes!"

The marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously
 he goes!

How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're
 wont to be so gay,
 The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their
 hearts to-day—
 The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith
 'twas writ could dry,
 Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines,
 their women's parting cry,
 Their priesthood hunted down like wolves,
 their country overthrown,
 Each looks, as if revenge for all were staked
 on him alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet else-
 where,
 Rushed on to fight a nobler band than those
 proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting,
 he commands,
 "Fix bay'nets"—"charge,"—like mountain
 storm, rush on those fiery bands!

Thin is the English column now, and faint
 their volleys grow,
 Yet, must'ring all the strength they have, they
 make a gallant show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill to face
 that battle wind—
 Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks,
 the men behind!

One volley crashes from their line, when,
 through the surging smoke,
 With empty guns clutched in their hands, the
 headlong Irish broke.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce
 huzza!
 "Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down
 the Sassenagh!"

Like lions leaping at a fold when mad with
 hunger's pang,
 Right up against the English line the Irish
 exiles sprang:

Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their
 guns are filled with gore ;
 Through shattered ranks, and severed files,
 and trampled flags they tore ;
 The English strove with desperate strength,
 paused, rallied, staggered, fled—
 The green hill side is matted close with
 dying and with dead ;
 Across the plain and far away passed on that
 hideous wrack,

While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon
 their track.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the
 sun,
 With bloody plumes the Irish stand,—the
 field is fought and won!

THOMAS DAVIS.

THE BRIGADE AT FONTENOY.

By our camp-fires rose a murmur
 At the dawning of the day,
 And the sound of many footsteps
 Spoke the advent of the fray ;
 And as we took our places,
 Few and stern were our words,
 While some were tightening horse-girths,
 And some were girding swords,

The trumpet blast has sounded
 Our footmen to array,
 The willing steed has bounded
 Impatient for the fray.

The green flag is unfolded,
While rose the cry of joy,
"Heaven speed dear Ireland's banner
This day at Fontenoy!"

We looked upon that banner,
And the memory arose
Of our homes and perished kindred,
Where the Lee or Shannon flows;
We looked upon that banner,
And we swore to God on high,
To smite to-day the Saxon's might—
To conquer or to die.

Loud swells the charging trumpet,
'Tis a voice from our own land—
God of battles—God of vengeance,
Guide to-day the patriot's brand;
There are stains to wash away,
There are memories to destroy,
In the best blood of the Briton
To-day at Fontenoy,

Plunge deep the fiery rowels
In a thousand reeking flanks—
Down, chivalry of Ireland,
Down on the British ranks—
Now shall their serried columns
Beneath our sabres reel— [horse,
Through their ranks, then, with the war-
Through their bosoms with the steel.

With one shout for good King Louis,
And the fair land of the vine,
Like the wrathful Alpine tempest,
We swept upon their line—
Then rang along the battle-field
Triumphant our hurrah,
And we smote them down, still cheering
Erin, slanthagal go bragh."*

As prized as is the blessing
From an aged father's lip—
As welcome as the haven
To the tempest-driven ship—
As dear as to the lover
The smile of gentle maid—
Is this day of long-sought vengeance
To the swords of the brigade.

See their shattered forces flying,
A broken, routed line—
See England, what brave laurels
For your brow to-day we twine.

O, thrice blessed the hour that witnessed
The Briton turn to flee
From the chivalry of Erin,
And France's "*fleur de lis*."

As we lay beside our camp fires,
When the sun had passed away,
And thought upon our brethren,
Who had perished in the fray—
We prayed to God to grant us,
And then we'd die with joy,
One day upon our own dear land
Like this at Fontenoy,

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

THE SWORD OF FONTENoy.

The aged Count de Macmahon
Was at the old chateau
The founder of his race had won
A century ago;
Knowing the summons had been sent
That all men must obey,
In calm and Christianly content
He on his death bed lay.

His brother's sons stood by him then
Three images of truth;
Two of them were already men,
The third was still a youth.
In tears they stood there by his side,
In tears, but mute as stone,
For from the day their father died
He loved them as his own.

Then spoke the Count, in accents low
And weak: "Away with grief;
Much you must learn before I go,
And now my time is brief.
Your father, it need not be told,
Was peer amongst his peers;
He died as die the bravest, old
In honor, not in years.

"A Frenchman, tho' his name and blood
Their origin proclaimed,—
The *Irish* name, that while he stood
In life no falsehood shamed.
A soldier, with the soldier's creed,—
Aid and relief to bring
His country first, whoever bleed,
And after her, his king.

* Ireland, the bright toast forever.

" No matter who Lutetia throned,
The puppet of an hour,
His heart's allegiance always owned
France as the regnant power.
Before the heights of La Rothior
He fell in the advance,
A soldier of the Empire, for
The Empire then was France.

" Long had he been from home away
When his brave death occurred,
Leaving two sons.—Ah! fatal day,
He never saw the third.
For when the sad news came, his wife,
An angel of true love,
Gave for his being life for life,
And sought her home above.

" Had he but known the truth, this will
Would never have been made:
Unfatherly, unjust, yet still
His wish must be obeyed.
The injury was undesigned:
Through ignorance 'twas done;—
Surely fraternal love will find
Some way the ill to shun."

The will was read. The eldest son
Their home was to receive;
And for his share the youngest one
The wealth that he might leave.
And that was all. The two sons stood
With eyes bent on the ground;
They'll speak!—the old Count hoped they
But there was not a sound. [would,

And then he turned, as if ashamed,
And with a kind of fear,
To Patrick,—so the youth was named,
Such tale who had to hear.
But there he saw so proud a head
It made his heart rejoice,
And to the landless youth he said,
In clear and ringing voice:—

" I have a heritage for thee,
That beggars house and hoard,
If thou art of our blood; bring me
Yon old, time-rusted sword.
That glorious weapon look upon
With veneration, boy,
Thy grandsire's grandsire bore it on
The field of Fontenoy,

" Where English, Dutch and Austrian
From dawn till set of sun
Contended against Frenchmen,
All unaided, all alone!
No, not alone! what was it, then,
The tide of battle stayed?
A handful of brave Irishmen,
The famous Green Brigade.

" Exiled for loving their old land,
Their faith and landless king,
Stern retribution nerved each hand
To deadly reckoning,
That battered piece of sturdy steel
In mean and sordid eyes,
And hearts that no emotion feel,
Would be a sorry prize,

" A thing of profitless renown
To such 'twould only be,
In some neglected corner thrown,—
I give it, boy, to thee!
Take it and keep its record bright,
That thy grandchildren may
In aftertime to theirs recite
The story of to-day!"

Silent the youth stood for a space,
Oppressed by feeling great;
Then, lifting up his glowing face,
With joy and hope elate,
He said, as on the blade he wept,
" Go, wealth, and home, and land!
This precious treasure I accept
From thy more precious hand.

" His name and sword are all I have,
Ambition to retain;
And Heaven so aid me as I strive
To guard them both from stain!"
The old Count smiled; in loving grasp
Their hands were joined a while,
Till death released the feeble clasp,
But spared the parting smile.

Sad only for that loss the youth
Turns from his father's land;
His fortune, faith and hope and truth,
And that time-rusted brand.
Honor's bright pathway he selects,
Like hero of romance;
And now that homeless boy directs
The destiny of France.

JOHN BROUGHAM.

THE BOYNE WATER.*

July the first, of a morning clear, one thousand
six hundred and ninety.

King William did his men prepare,—of thousands
he had thirty;

To fight King James and all his foes, encamped
on the Boyne Water;

He little feared, though two to one, their
multitudes to scatter.

King William called his officers, saying,
"Gentlemen, mind your station,
And let your valor here be shown before this
Irish nation.

My brazen walls let no man break, and your
subtle foes you'll scatter;

Be sure you show them good English play, as
you go over the water."

* * * * *

Both horse and foot they march'd on, intend-
ing them to batter,

But the brave Duke Schomberg he was shot
as he crossed over the water.

When that King William he observed the
brave Duke Schomberg falling,

He reined his horse, with a heavy heart, on the
Enniskilleners calling:

"What will you do for me, brave boys—see
yonder men retreating?

Our enemies encourag'd are, and English
drums are beating;"

He says, "My boys, feel no dismay at the
losing of one commander,

For God shall be our king this day, and I'll be
general under."

* * * * *

Within four yards of our fore-front, before a
shot was fired,

A sudden snuff they got that day, which little
they desired;

For horse and man fell to the ground, and
some hung in their saddle;

Others turn'd up their fork'd ends, which we
call *coup de ladle*.

Prince Eugene's regiment was the next, on
our right hand advanced,

Into a field of standing wheat, where Irish
horses pranced—

* These fragments of the original Boyne Water ballad are preserved in the "Ballad Poetry of Ireland" by Charles Gavan Duffy, who considers them more racy and spirited than any of more modern production.

But the brandy ran so in their heads, their
senses all did scatter,

They little thought to leave their bones that
day at the Boyne Water.

* * * * *

Now, praise God, all true Protestants, and
heaven's and earth's Creator,

For the deliverance that he sent our enemies
to scatter.

The Church's foes will pine away, like churlish-
hearted Nabal,

For our deliverer came this day like the great
Zorobabel.

So praise God, all true Protestants, and I will
say no further.

But had the Papists gain'd the day, there would
have been open murder.

Although King James and many more were
ne'er that way inclined,

It was not in their power to stop what the
rabble they designed.

ANONYMOUS.

OLIVER'S ADVICE.

AN ORANGE BALLAD.

The night is gathering gloomily, the day is
closing fast—

The tempest flaps his raven wings in loud and
angry blast;

The thunder clouds are driving athwart the
lurid sky—

But "put your trust in God, my boys, and
keep your powder dry." *

There *was* a day when loyalty was hail'd with
honor due,

Our banner the protection wav'd to all the
good and true—

And gallant hearts beneath its folds were
link'd in honor's tie,

We put our trust in God, my boys, and kept
our powder dry.

When Treason bar'd her bloody arm, and
madden'd round the land,

For King, and laws, and order fair, we drew the
ready brand;

* A phrase popularly ascribed to Cromwell. This ballad deserves a place in these pages only as an illustration of the intensely fanatical spirit actuating the Orange element in the past, and not wholly absent in the present.

Our gathering spell was William's name—our word was, "Do or die,"	In His protecting aid confide, and every foe defy—
And still we put our trust in God, and kept our powder dry.	Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.
But now, alas! a wondrous change has come the nation o'er,	Already see the star of hope emits its orient blaze,
And worth and gallant services remember'd are no more;	The cheering beacon of relief, it glimmers thro' the haze.
And, crush'd beneath oppression's weight, in chains of grief we lie—	It tells of better days to come, it tells of succor nigh,
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.	Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.
Forth starts the spawn of Treason, the 'scap'd of Ninety-eight,	See, see along the hills of Down its rising glories spread,
To bask in courtly favor, and seize the helm of state—	But brightest beams its radiance from Donard's lofty head.
E'en <i>they</i> whose hands are reeking yet with murder's crimson dye;	Clanbrassil's vales are kindling wide, and "Roden" is the cry—
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.	Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.
They come, whose deeds incarnadin'd the Slaney's silver wave—	Then cheer, ye hearts of loyalty, nor sink in dark despair,
They come, who to the foreign foe the hail of welcome gave;	Our banner shall again unfold its glories to the air.
He comes, the open rebel fierce—he comes, the Jesuit sly;	The storm that raves the wildest, the soonest passes by;
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.	Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.
They come, whose counsels wrapp'd the land in foul rebellious flame,	For "happy homes," for "altars free," we grasp the ready sword,
Their hearts unchastened by remorse, their cheeks unting'd by shame.	For freedom, truth, and for our God's un- mutilated word.
Be still, be still, indignant heart—be tearless, too, each eye,	<i>These, these</i> the war-cry of our march, our hope the Lord on high;
And put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.	Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.
The Pow'r that led his chosen, by pillar'd cloud and flame,	WILLIAM BLACKER.
Through parted sea and desert waste, that Pow'r is still the same.	
He fails not—He, the loyal hearts that firm on him rely—	KING AILILL'S DEATH.*
So put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.	I know who won the peace of God— The old King Ailill of the Bann, Who fought beyond the Irish sea All day against a Connaught clan,
The Pow'r that nerv'd the stalwart arms of Gideon's chosen few,	The King was routed. In the flight He muttered to his charioteer,
The Pow'r that led great William, Boyne's reddening torrent thro',—	"Look back; the slaughter, is it red? The slayers, are they drawing near?"

The man looked back. The west wind blew
Dead clansmen's hair against his face.
He heard the war shout of his foes,
The death cry of his ruined race.

The foes came darting from the height
Like pine trees down a swollen fall.
Like heaps of hay in flood, his clan
Swept on or sank—he saw it all,

And spake, "The slaughter is full red,
But we may still be saved by flight."
Then groaned the King. "No sin of theirs
Falls on my people here to-night.

"No sin of theirs, but sin of mine,
For I was worst of evil kings,
Unrighteous, wrathful, hurling down
To death or shame all weaker things.

"Draw rein, and turn the chariot round,
My face against the foemen bend.
When I am seen and slain, mayhap
The slaughter of my tribe will end."

They drew, and turned. Down came the foe.
The King fell cloven on the sod;
The slaughter then was stayed, and so
King Ailill won the peace of God.

WHITLEY STOKES.

Early Middle Irish - Book of Leinster.

SHAUN'S HEAD.

*Scene:—Before Dublin Castle, Night—a clansman
of Shaun O'Neill discovers his chief's head on a pole.*

God's wrath upon the Saxon; may they never
know the pride
Of dying on the battle-field, their broken
spear beside;
When victory gilds the gory shroud of every
fallen brave,
Or death no tales of conquered clans can
whisper to his grave.
May every light from cross of Christ that saves
the heart of man.
Be hid in clouds of blood before it reach the
Saxon clan;
For sure, oh, God, and You know all? whose
thought for all sufficed,
To expiate these Saxon sins, they'd want
another Christ.

Is it thus, oh, Shaun, the haughty! Shaun,
the valiant, that we meet?

Have my eyes been lit by Heaven but to guide
me to defeat?

Have I no chief, or you no clan, to give us
both defense?

Or must I, too, be statued here with thy cold
eloquence?

Thy ghastly head grins scorn upon old
Dublin's Castle tower,

Thy shaggy hair is wind-tossed, and thy brow
seems rough with power;

Thy wrathful lips, like sentinels, by foulest
treachery stung,

Look rage upon the world of wrong, but chain
thy fiery tongue.

That tongue whose Ulster accent woke the
ghost of Columbkil,

Whose warrior words fenced 'round with
spears the oaks of Derry Hill;

Whose reckless tones gave life and death to
vassals and to knaves,

And hunted hordes of Saxons into holy Irish
graves.

The Scotch marauders whitened when his
war-cry met their ears,

And the death-bird, like a vengeance, poised
above his stormy cheers;

Ay, Shaun, across the thundering sea, out-
chanting it, your tongue,

Flung wild un-Saxon war-whoopings the
Saxon Court among.

Just think, O Shaun! the same moon shines
on Liffey as on Foyle,

And lights the ruthless knaves on both, our
kinsmen to despoil;

And you the hope, voice, battle-ax, the shield
of us and ours,

A murdered, trunkless, blinding sight above
these Dublin towers.

Thy face is paler than the moon, my heart is
paler still—

My heart? I had no heart—'twas yours! to
keep or kill,

And you kept it safe for Ireland, chief—your
life, your soul, your pride—

But they sought it in thy bosom, Shaun—with
proud O'Neill it died.

You were turbulent and haughty, proud and
keen as Spanish steel;

But who had right of these, if not our Ulster's
chief—O'Neill?

Who reared aloft the "Bloody Hand" until it
 paled the sun,
 And shed such glory on Tyrone, as chief had
 never done?
 He was "turbulent" with traitors—he was
 "haughty" with the foe—
 He was "cruel," say ye Saxons! Ah! he dealt
 ye blow for blow!
 He was "rough" and "wild," and who's not
 wild to see his hearthstone razed?
 He was "merciless as fire"—ah, ye kindled
 him—he blazed!
 He was "proud!" yes, proud of birthright, and
 because he flung away
 Your Saxon stars of princedom, as the rock
 does mocking spray,
 He was wild, insane for vengeance—ay! and
 preached it till Tyrone
 Was ruddy, ready, wild, too, with "Red
 Hands" to clutch their own.

"The Scots are on the border, Shaun!"—ye
 saints, he makes no breath—
 I remember when that cry would wake him
 up almost from death:
 Art truly dead and cold? O, chief! art thou
 to Ulster lost?
 "Dost hear—dost hear? By Randolph led, the
 troops the Foyle have crossed!"
 He's truly dead! he must be dead! nor is his
 ghost about—
 And yet no tomb could hold his spirit tame to
 such a shout!
 The pale face droopeth northward—ah! his
 soul must loom up there,
 By old Armagh, or Antrim's glynns, Lough
 Foyle, or Bann the fair!
 I'll speed me Ulster-wards, your ghost must
 wander there, proud Shaun,
 In search of some O'Neill through whom to
 throb its hate again.

JOHN SAVAGE.

THE MAIDEN CITY.

Where Foyle his swelling waters rolls north-
 ward to the main,
 Here, Queen of Erin's daughters, fair Derry
 fixed her reign;
 A holy temple crowned her, and commerce
 graced her street,
 A rampart wall was round her, the river at
 her feet;

And here she sate alone, boys, and, looking
 from the hill,
 Vowed the Maiden on her throne, boys,
 should be a Maiden still.

From Antrim crossing over, in famous eighty-
 eight, Gate:
 A plumed and belted lover came to the Ferry
 She summoned to defend her our sires—a
 beardless race—

They shouted no surrender! and slammed it
 in his face.

Then, in a quiet tone, boys, they told him
 'twas their will

That the Maiden on her throne, boys, should
 be a Maiden still.

Next, crushing all before him, a kingly wooer
 came,
 (The royal banner o'er him blushed crimson
 deep for shame);

He showed the Pope's commission, nor
 dreamed to be refused;

She pitied his condition, but begged to stand
 excused.

In short, the fact is known, boys, she chased
 him from the hill,

For the Maiden on her throne, boys, would
 be a Maiden still.

On our brave sires descending, 'twas then the
 tempest broke,

Their peaceful dwellings rending, 'mid blood
 and flame and smoke;

That hallowed graveyard yonder swells with
 the slaughtered dead,—

Oh! brothers, pause and ponder it was for us
 they bled;

And while their gift we own, boys,—the fane
 that tops the hill,—

O, the Maiden on her throne, boys, shall be a
 Maiden still.

Nor wily tongue shall move us, nor tyrant arm
 affright,

We'll look to one above us, who ne'er forsook
 the right;

Who will, may crouch and tender the birth-
 right of the free, [me!

But, brothers, no surrender, no compromise for
 We want no barrier stone, boys, no gates to
 guard the hill,

Yet the Maiden on her throne, boys, shall be
 a Maiden still.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

THE NAMING OF CUCHULLIN.

[AUTHOR'S NOTE:—One of the stories introductory to the *Tain*, and, of them all, the most dramatic. The name *Cuchullain* signifies the Hound of Cullan. *Cu*, in this meaning, is a common element of Celtic proper names. Whether the armorer of Slieve Gullan was another Wayland Smith may amuse the ethnological inquirer. He will at least live in the renown of his chain-hound as long as Celtic literature endures.]

CONOR.

Setanta, if bird-nesting in the woods [not
And ball-feats on the play-ground please thee
More than discourse of warrior and of sage,
And sight of warrior weapons in the forge,
I offer an indulgence. For we go—
Myself, my step-sire Fergus, and my Bard—
To visit Cullan, the illustrious smith
Of Quelgné. Come thou also if thou wilt.

SETANTA.

Ask me not, good oh Conor, yet to leave
The play-green; for the ball feats just begun
Are those which most delight my playmate
youths,

And they entreat me to defend the goal;
But let me follow; for, the chariot tracks
Are easy to discern; and much I long
To hear discourse of warrior and of sage,
And see the nest that hatches deaths of men,
The tongs a-flash, and Cullan's welding blow.

CONOR.

Too late the hour; too difficult the way.
Set forward, drivers; give our steeds the goad.

CULLAN.

Great King of Emain, welcome. Welcome,
thou,

Fergus, illustrious step-sire of the King;
And, Seer and Poet, Cathbad, welcome too.
Behold the tables set, the feast prepared;
Sit. But, before I cast my chain-hound loose,
Give me assurance that ye all be in.

For, night descends; and perilous the wild;
And other watchman none of house or herds,
Here, in this solitude remote from men,
Own I, but one hound only. Once his chain
Is loosened, and he makes three bounds at
large

Before my door-posts, after fall of night,
There lives not man nor company of men
Less than a cohort, shall, within my close
Set foot of trespass, short of life or limb.

CONOR.

Yea; all are in. Let loose, and sit secure.
Good are thy viands, Smith, and strong thine
ale;—

Hark, the hound growling.

CULLAN.

Wild dogs are abroad.

FERGUS.

Not ruddier the fire that laps a sword
Steeled for a king, oh Cullan, than thy wine.
Hark, the hound baying.

CULLAN.

Wolves, belike, are near.

CATHBAD.

Not cheerfuller the ruddy forge's light
To wayfarer benighted, nor the glow
Of wine and viands to a hungry man,
Than look of welcome passed from host to
guest.

Hark, the hound yelling.

CULLAN.

Friends, arise and arm!
Some enemy intrudes! Tush! 'tis a boy.

SETANTA.

Setanta here, the son of Suäiltam.

CONOR.

Setanta, whom I deemed on Emain green
Engaged in ball-play, on our track, indeed!

SETANTA.

Not difficult the task to find, oh King,
But difficult indeed to follow home.
Cullan, 'tis evil welcome for a guest
This unwarned onset of a savage beast,
Which, but that 'gainst the stone-posts of thy
gate

I three times threw him, leaping at my throat,
And, at the third throw, on the stone-edge,
slew,

Had brought on thee the shame indelible
Of bidden guest, at his host's threshold, torn.

CONOR.

Yea, he was bidden: it was I myself
Said, as I passed him with the youths at play,
This morning. Come thou also if thou wilt.
But little thought I,—when he said the youths
Desired his presence still to hold the goal,
Yet asked to follow! for he said he longed
To hear discourse of warrior and of sage,
And see the nest that hatches deaths of men,
The tongs a-flash, and Cullan's welding blow;—
That such a playful, young, untutored boy
Would come on this adventure of a man.

CULLAN.

I knew not he was bidden; and I asked,
Ere I cast loose, if all the train were in.
But, since thy word has made the boy my
guest,—

Boy, for his sake who bade thee to my board,

I give thee welcome; for thine own sake, no.
 For thou hast slain my servant and my friend.
 The hound I loved, that fierce, intractable
 To all men else, was ever mild to me.
 He knew me; and he knew my uttered words,
 All my commandments, as a man might know:
 More than a man, he knew my looks and
 tones—

And turns of gesture, and discerned my mind,
 Unspoken, if in grief or if in joy.
 He was my pride, my strength, my company,
 For I am childless; and that hand of thine
 Has left an old man lonely in the world.

SETANTA.

Since, Cullan, by mischance I've slain thy
 hound,

So much thy grief compassion stirs in me,
 Hear me pronounce a sentence on myself.
 If of his seed there liveth but a whelp—
 In Uladh, I will rear him till he grow
 To such ability as had his sire
 For knowing, honoring and serving thee.
 Meantime, but give a javelin in my hand,
 And a good buckler, and there never went
 About thy bounds, from daylight-gone till
 dawn

Hound watchfuller, or of a keener fang
 Against intruder, than myself shall be.

CULLAN.

A sentence, a just sentence.

CONOR.

Not myself

Hath made award more righteous. Be it so.
 Wherefore, what hinders that we give him now
 His hero-name, no more Setanta called,
 But now Cuchullin, chain-hound of the Smith?

SETANTA.

Setanta, I, the son of Suíiltam,
 No other name assume I, or desire.

CATHBAD.

Take, son of Suíiltam, the offered name.

SETANTA.

Setanta, I. Setanta let it be.

CONOR.

Mark Cathbad.

FERGUS.

'Tis his seer-fit.

CATHBAD.

To my ears

There comes a clamor from the rising years.
 The tumult of a torrent passion-swollen,
 Rolled hitherward; and, 'mid its mingling
 noises,

I hear perpetual voices
 Proclaim to land and fame

The name CUCHULLIN!

Hound of the smith, thy boyish vow
 Devotes thy manhood even now
 To vigilance, fidelity and toil:

'Tis not alone the wolf-fang-bare to snatch,
 Not the marauder from the lifted latch

Alone, thy coming footfall makes recoil.

The nobler service thine to chase afar
 Seditious tumult and intestine war,
 Envy, and unfraternal hate,

From all the households of the state:
 To hunt, untiring, down

The vices of the lewd-luxurious town,
 And all the brood

Of Wrong and Rapine, ruthlessly pursued,
 Forth from the kingdom's bounds exter-
 minate.

Thine the out-watch, when, down the darken-
 ing skies,

The coming thunder of invasion rolls;

When doubts and faint replies

Dissolve in dread the shaken People's souls;

And Panic waits, behind her bolted gate,
 The unseen stroke of Fate.

Unbolt! Come forth! I hear

His footsteps drawing near,

Who smites the proud ones, who the poor de-
 livers:

I hear his wheels hurl through the dashing
 rivers;

They fill the narrowing glen;

They shake the quaking causeways of the fen;

They roll upon the moor;

I hear them at the door:—

Lauds to the helpful gods, the Hero-givers,
 Here stands he, man of men!

Great are the words he speaks; [nations.

They move through hearts of kindreds and of

At each clear sentence, the unseemly pallor

Of fear's precipitate imaginations

Avoids the bearded cheeks,

And to their wonted stations

On every face

Return the generous, manly-mantling color

And reassuring grace

Of fixed obedience, discipline, and patience,

Heroic courage and protecting valor.

The old true-blooded race shall not be left
 Of captaincy bereft;

No, not altho' the ire of angry heaven
Grow hot against it, even.
For Gods in heaven there are
Who punish not alone the omitted prayer,
Who punish not alone the slighted sacrifice.
Humanity itself, at deadly price,
Has gained admission to the juster skies,
And vindicates on man man's inhumanities.
See how the strong ones languish
And groan in woman-anguish,
Who in the ardor of their sports inhuman
Heard not the piteous pleadings of the woman.

CONOR.

Ah me, the fatal foot-race ! Macha's pangs
Do yet torment us.

FERGUS.

Evil was the deed.

Happy was I who did not witness it,
And happy you, I absent.

CATHBAD.

On their benches,

Even in the height and glory of the revel,
Struck prone, they writhe :
Who now will man the trenches ?
Who, on the country's borders,
Confront the outland sworders, [scythe
King, priest, and lord, a swathe before the
Of plague, laid level ?
He,—he,—no looker-on
At heaven-aborred impieties is he,
The pure, the stainless son
Of Dectiré,

The wise, the war-like, the triumphant one
Who holds your forest passes and your fords
Against the alien hordes,
Till from beneath heaven's slow-uplifted
scourge

The chastened kings emerge,
And, grappling once again to manly swords,
Roll the invader hosts
Forever from your coasts.

Great is the land and splendid :
The borders of the country are extended :
The extern tribes look up with wondering awe
And own the central law.
Fair show the fields and fair the friendly faces
Of men in all their places.
With song and chosen story,
With game and dance, with revelry and races,
Life glides on joyous wing—
The tales they tell of love, and war, and glory,
Tales that the soft bright daughters of the land
Delight to understand,

The songs they sing
To harps of double string,
To gitterns and new reeds,
Are of the glorious deeds
Of young Cuchullin in the Quelgnian foray.

Take, son of Suäiltam, the offered name.
For at that name the mightiest of the men
Of Erin and of Alba shall turn pale.
And of that name, the mouths of all the men
Of Erin and of Alba shall be full.

SETANTA.

Yea, then ; if that be so—CUCHULLIN here !

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

CUTHULLIN'S HEROES.

Cuthullin sat by Tura's wall, by the tree of
the rustling sound.

His spear leaned against the rock.
His shield lay on the grass by his side.
Amid his thoughts of mighty Cairbar, a hero
slain by the chief in war,
The scout of ocean comes, Moran the son of
Fithil.

"Arise," said the youth, "Cuthullin, arise!
I see the ships of the north!
Many, chief of men, are the foe ;
Many the heroes of the sea-borne Swaran !"

"Moran !" replied the blue-eyed chief, "thou
ever tremblest, son of Fithil !
Thy fears have increased the foe !
It is Fingal, king of deserts, with aid to green
Erin of streams !"

"I beheld their chief," says Moran, "tall as a
glittering rock.
His spear is a blasted pine.
His shield the rising moon.
He sat on the shore, like a cloud of mist on
the silent hill.
'Many, chief of heroes,' I said, 'many are our
hands of war.
Well art thou named the mighty man ; but
many mighty men are seen from Tura's
windy walls.'

"He spoke, like a wave on a rock :—'Who
in this land appears like me ?
Heroes stand not in my presence ; they fall to
earth from my hand.
Who can meet Swaran in fight ?

Who but Fingal, King of Selma of storms?
Once we wrestled on Malmor: our feet over-
turned the woods.

Rocks fell from their place; rivulets, changing
their course, fled murmuring from our
side.

Three days we renewed the strife.
Heroes stood at a distance and trembled.
On the fourth, Fingal says, the King of the
ocean fell, but Swaran says he stood.
Let dark Cuthullin yield to him that is strong
as the storms of his land!"

"No!" replied the blue-eyed chief, "I yield
not to mortal man!
Dark Cuthullin shall be great or dead.
Go, son of Fithil, take my spear.
Strike the sounding shield of Semo.
It hangs on Tura's rustling gate.
The sound of peace is not in its voice.
My heroes shall hear and obey!"

He went; he struck the bossy shield.
The hills, the rocks reply.
The sound spreads along the wood; deer start
by the lake of roes.
Curach leaps from the sounding rock, and
Connal of the bloody spear.
Crugal's breast of snow beats high,
The son of Favi leaves the dark-brown hind.
"It is the shield of war," said Ronnart; "the
spear of Cuthullin," said Lugal.
Son of the sea, put on thy arms!
Calmar, lift thy sounding steel!
Puno, dreadful hero, arise
Cairbar, from thy red tree of Cromla!
Bend thy knee, O Eth; descend from the
streams of Lena!
Caolt, stretch thy side as thou movest along
the whistling heath of Mora;
Th side that is white as the foam of the
troubled sea, when the dark winds pour
it on the rocky Cuthon!

Now I behold the chiefs, in the pride of
their former deeds.
Their souls are kindled at the battles of old, at
the actions of other times.
Their eyes are flames of fire.
They roll in sear of the foes of the land.
Their mighty hands are on their swords.
Lightning pours from their sides of steel.
They come like streams from the mountains;
each rushes roaring from the hill.

ght are the chiefs of battle in the armor of
their fathers.

Gloomy and dark, their heroes follow, like the
gathering of the rainy clouds behind
the red meteors of heaven.

The sounds of crashing arms ascend.

The gray dogs howl between.

Unequal bursts the song of battle.

Rocking Cromla echoes round.

On Lena's dusky heath they stand, like mist
that shades the hills of autumn, when
broken and dark it settles high and lifts
its head to heaven.

"Hail!" said Cuthullin, "sops of the narrow
vales! hail, hunters of the deer!

Another sport is drawing near; it is like the
rolling of that wave on the coast.

Or shall we fight, ye sons of war, or yield
green Erin to Lochlin?

Connal, speak, thou first of men, thou breaker
of the shields!

Thou hast often fought with Lochlin; wilt
thou lift thy father's spear?"

"Cuthullin," calm the chief replied, "the
spear of Connal is keen.

It delights to shine in battle, to mix with the
blood of thousands.

But though my hand is bent on fight, my heart
is for the peace of Erin.

Behold, thou first in Cormac's war, the sable
fleet of Swaran.

His masts are many on our coasts, like reeds
on the lake of Lego.

His ships are forests clothed with mists, when
the trees yield by turns to the squally
wind.

Many are his chiefs in battle.

Connal is for peace.

Fingal would shun his arm, the first of mortal
men;

Fingal who scatters the mighty, as stormy
winds the echoing Cona, and night set-
tles with all her clouds on the hill!"

"Fly, thou man of peace!" said Colmar;
"fly," said the son of Matha.

"Go, Connal, to thy silent hills, where the
spear never brightens in war!

Pursue the dark-brown deer of Cromla; stop
with thine arrows the bounding roes of
Lena.

But, blue-eyed son of Semo, Cuthullin, ruler
of the field, scatter thou the sons of
Lochlin! roar through the ranks of
their pride!

Let no vessel of the kingdom of snow bound
on the dark-rolling waves of Inistore.

Rise, ye dark winds of Erin, rise!

Roar, whirlwinds of Lara of hinds!

Amid the tempest let me die, torn, in a cloud,
by angry ghosts of men.

Amid the tempest let Calmar die, if ever chase
was sport to him, so much as the battle
of shields!"

"Calmar," Connal slow replied, "I never
fled, young son of Matha!

I was swift with my friends in fight; but small
is the fame of Connal!

The battle was won in my presence; the
valiant overcame.

But, son of Semo, hear my voice; regard the
ancient throne of Cormac.

Give wealth and half the land for peace, till
Fingal shall arrive on our coast.

Or, if war be thy choice, I lift the sword and
spear.

My joy shall be in the midst of thousands; my
soul shall alighten through the gloom
of the fight."

"To me," Cuthullin replies, "pleasant is
the noise of arms!

Pleasant as the thunder of heaven before the
shower of spring!

But gather all the shining tribes, that I may
view the sons of war!

Let them pass along the heath, bright as the
sunshine before a storm, when the west
wind collects the clouds, and Morven
echoes over all her oaks!

But where are my friends in battle? the sup-
porters of my arms in danger?

Where art thou, white-bosomed Cathba?

Where is that cloud in war, Duchomar?

Hast thou left me, O Fergus, in the day of
the storm?

Fergus, first in our joy at the feast!

Son of Rossa, arm of death! comest thou
like a roe from Malmor? like a hart
from thy echoing hills?

Hail, thou son of Rossa! what shades the soul
of war?

* * * * *

As roll a thousand waves to the rocks, so
Swaran's host came on.

As meets a rock a thousand waves, so Erin
met Swaran of spears.

Death raises all his voices around, and mixes
with the sounds of shields.

Each hero is a pillar of darkness; the sword
a beam of fire in his hand.

The field echoes from wing to wing, as a hun-
dred hammers that rise by turns on the
red son of the furnace.

Who are these on Lena's heath, these so
gloomy and dark?

Who are these like two clouds, and their
swords like lightning above them?

The little hills are troubled around; the rocks
tremble with all their moss.

Who is it but Ocean's sons and the car-borne
chief of Erin?

Many are the anxious eyes of their friends, as
they see them dim on the heath,

But night conceals the chiefs in clouds and
ends the dreadful fight.

OSSIAN.

From "Fingal."

SHEMUS O'BRIEN.

I.

Jist after the war, in the year 'Ninety-eight,
As soon as the Boys wor all scattered an' bate,

'Twas the custom, whenever a peasant was got,
To hang him by trial—barrin' such as was shot,

There was trial by jury goin' on by daylight,
An' the martial-law hangin' the lavings by

night.

It's them was the hard times for honest gos-
soons—

If they missed in the judges they'd meet the
dragoons;

An' whether the sojers or judges gave sentence,
The divil a much time they allowed for repent-
ance.

An' many a fine Boy was then on his keepin',
With small share of restin', or sittin', or sleep-
in';

An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned for
to sell it,

A prey for the bloodhound—a mark for the
bullet—

Unsheltered by night and unrested by day,
With the heath for their barrack, revenge for
their pay;

An' the bravest an' honestest Boy of thim all
Was Shemus O'Brien, from the town of Glin-
gall.

His limbs wor well set, an' his body was light,
An' the keen-fangèd hound had not teeth
half as white;

But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
An' his cheek never warmed with the blush of
the red;

But for all that, he wasn't an ugly young boy,
For the devil himself couldn't blaze with his
eye—

So droll an' so wicked, so dark an' so bright,
Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the
night.

An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
An' the elegantest hurler that ever was seen;
An' for lightness of foot sure there was not his
peer,

For, begorra, he'd almost outrun the red deer;
An' his dancin' was such that the men used to
stare,

An' the women turn crazy, he did it so quare;
An' faith the whole world gave in to him there!
An' its he was the Boy that was hard to be
caught,

An' it's often he ran, an' it's often he fought,
An' it's many's the one can remember right
well

The quare things he did; an' it's oft I heard
tell

How he frightened the magistrates in Cahir-
bally,

An' escaped through the sojers in Aherloe
valley,

An' leathered the yeomen, himself agin four,
An' stretched out the strongest on old Galti-
more.

But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild
deer must rest,

An' treachery prey on the blood of the best;
After many a brave action of power and pride,
An' many a hard night on the mountain's
bleak side,

An' a thousand great dangers an' toils over-
past,

In the darkness of night he was taken at last.
Now, Shemus, look back on the beautiful
moon,

For the door of the prison must close on you
soon;

An' take your last look at her dim lovely light,
That falls on the mountain and valley this
night;

One look at the village, one look at the flood,
An' one at the sheltering, far distant wood.

Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
An' farewell to the friends that will think of
you still;

Farewell to the patheren, the hurlin' an' wake,
An' farewell to the girl that would die for your
sake.

An' twelve sojers brought him to Mary-
borough jail,

An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail;
The fleet limbs wor chained, an' the strong
hands wor bound,

An' he laid down his length on the cowl'd
prison ground;

An' the dreams of his childhood came over
him there

As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air;
An' happy reminbrances crowdin' on ever,
As fast as the foam-flakes dhrift down on the
river,

Bringin' fresh to his heart merry days long
gone by,

Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his
eye.

But the tears didn't fall, for the pride of his
heart

Would not suffer one drop down his pale
cheek to start;

An' he sprung to his feet in his dark prison
cave,

An' he swore with a fierceness that misery
gave,

By the hopes of the good an' the cause of the
brave,

That when he was mouldering in the cowl'd
grave,

His inimies never should have it to boast
His scorn of their vengeance one moment
was lost.

His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should
be dhry,

For undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd
die.

11.

Well, as soon as a few weeks wor over an'
gone,

The terrible day of the trial came on;
There was such a great crowd, there was
scarce room to stand,

An' sojers on guard, an' dragoons sword in
hand;

An' the court-house so full that the people
were bothered,

An' attorneys and criers on the point of bein'
smothered;

An' counsellors almost gave over for dead,
 An' the jury sittin' up in the box over-head ;
 An' the judge settled out so determined an'
 big,

With the gown on his back, an' an elegant
 wig ;

An' silence was called, an' the minit 'twas
 said,

The court was as still as the heart of the dead.
 An' they heard but the opening of one prison
 lock,

An' Shemus O'Brien kem into the dock.—
 For one moment he turned his eyes round on
 the throng,

An' then looked on the bars, so firm and so
 strong ;

An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a
 friend,

A chance to escape nor a word to defend ;
 An' he folded his arms as he stood there
 alone,

As calm and as cold as a statue of stone.
 An' they read a big writin', a yard long at
 laste,

An' Shemus didn't see it, nor mind it a taste.
 An' the judge took a big pinch of snuff, an' he
 says :

"Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, if you
 please?"

An' all held their breath in the silence of
 dread,

An' Shemus O'Brien made answer an' said :

"My lord, if you ask me if in my life-time
 I thought any treason, or did any crime,
 That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone
 here,

The hot blush of shame or the coldness of
 fear,

Though I stood by the grave to receive my
 death-blow,

Before God an' the world I would answer you
 No !

But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
 If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
 An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to
 the close,

An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest
 foes,

I answer you, Yes, an' I tell you again,
 Tho' I stand here to perish, it's my glory that
 then

In her cause I wa's willin' my veins should
 run dry,

An' now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, an' the jury smiled
 bright,

An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made
 light.

By my sowl, it's himself was the crabbed ould
 chap !

In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.
 Then Shemus' mother, in the crowd standin'
 by,

Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry :

"O, judge, darlin', don't—O, don't say the
 word !

The crathur is young, O have mercy my lord !
 He was foolish, he didn't know what he was
 doin' ;

You don't know him, my lord—O, don't give
 him to ruin !

He's the kindest crathur, the tendherest-
 hearted,

Don't part us forever, we that's so long parted.
 Judge, *mayour heen*, forgive him, forgive him,
 my lord,

An' God will forgive you—O don't say the
 word !"

That was the first minute O'Brien was shaken,
 When he saw he was not quite forgot or
 forsaken ;

An' down his pale cheeks, at the words of his
 mother,

The big tears wor runnin' one afther the other ;
 An' two or three times he endeavored to spake,
 But the strong manly voice used to falther
 and break ;

But at last by the strength of his high moun-
 tin' pride,

He conquered an' mastered his grief's swellin'
 tide ;

"An'," said he, "mother, darlin', don't break
 your poor heart,

For, sooner or later, the dearest must part ;
 An' God knows it's betther than wandherin'
 in fear

On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the
 wild deer,

To lie in the grave, where the head, heart and
 breast,

From thought, labor, and sorrow, forever
 shall rest.

Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,
 Don't make me seem broken in this, my last
 hour ;

For I wish, when my head's lying under the

No throe man can say that I died like a
craven!"

Then towards the judge Shemus bent down
his head.

An' that minute the solemn death-sentence
was said.

III.

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on
high.

An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky—
But why are the men standin' idle so late?

An' why do the crowd gather fast in the street?
What come they to talk of?—what come they
to see?

An' why does the long rope hang from the
cross-tree?

O Shemus O'Brien, pray fervent an' fast!

May the saints take your soul, for this day is
your last.

Pray fast an' pray strong, for the moment is
nigh.

When strong, proud an' great as you are you
must die!—

At last they threw open the big prison gate.
An' out came the sheriffs an' sojers in state:

An' a cart in the middle, an' Shemus was in it,
Not paler, but prouder than ever that minit;

An' as soon as the people saw Shemus O'Brien,
Wid prayin' and blessin', an' all the girls cryin',

A wild wailin' sound kem on all by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin'
through trees!

On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
An' the car an' the sojers go steadily on.

An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
A wild sorrowful sound that would open your
heart.

Now under the gallows the car takes its stand,
An' the hangman gets up with a rope in his
hand.

An' the priest having blest him gets down on
the ground;

An' Shemus O'Brien throws one look around.
Then the hangman drew near, and the people
grew still,

Young faces turn sickly, an' warm hearts turn
chill;

An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made
bare,

For the gripe of the life-stranglin' cords to
prepare;

And the good priest has left him, havin' said
his last prayer.

But the good priest did more—for his hands
he unbound,

An' with one darin, spring Jim has leaped on
the ground!

Bang! bang! go the carbines, an' clash go
the sabres;

He's down! he's alive! now attend to him,
neighbors!

By one shout from the people the heavens are
shaken—

One shout that the dead of the world might
awaken.

Your swords they may glitter, your carbines
go bang,

But if you want hangin' 'tis yourselves you
must hang!

To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe glin,
An' the devil's in the dice if you catch him
agin.

The sojers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,
An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat:

An' the sheriffs wor both of them punished
severely.

An' fined like the devil, because Jim done
them fairly.

A week after that, without firin' a cannon,
A sharp Yankee schooner sailed out of the
Shannon;

The captain left word he was goin' to Cork—
But the devil a bit—he was bound for New
York.

JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU.

THE SACK OF MAGDEBURGH.*

When the breach was open laid, bold we
mounted to the attack;

Five times the assault was made, five times
were we beaten back.

Many a gallant comrade fell in the desperate
mêlée there;

Sped their spirits ill or well, know I not nor
do I care.

But the fifth time up we strode, o'er the dying
and the dead;

Hot the western sunbeam glowed, sinking in
a blaze of red;

Redder in the gory way our deep-plashing
footsteps sank,

As the cry of "Slay, slay, slay!" echoed fierce
from rank to rank.

* In 1631, during the Thirty Years' War.

And we slew, and slew, and slew—slew them
with unpitying sword,
Negligently could we do the commanding of
the Lord?

Fled the coward, fought the brave—wailed
the mother, wept the child,
But not one escaped the glaive, man who
frowned or babe who smiled.

There were thrice ten thousand men when
the morning sun arose;
Lived not thrice three hundred when sunk
that sun at evening close.
Then we spread the wasting flame, fanned to
fury by the wind;
Of the city but the name—nothing more is
left behind!

Hall and palace, dome and tower, lowly shed
and soaring spire,
Fell in that victorious hour, which consigned
the town to fire.
All that rose at craftsman's call to its pristine
dust had gone,
For, inside the shattered wall, left we never
stone on stone;—

For it burnt not till it gave all it had to yield
of spoil;
Should not brave soldados have some reward-
ing for their toil?
What the villain sons of trade had amassed
by years of care,
Prostrate at our bidding laid, by one moment
won, was there.

Then, within the burning town, 'mid the
steaming heaps of dead,
Cheered by sounds of hostile moan, we the
joyous banquet spread;
Laughing loud and quaffing long, with our
glorious labors o'er,
To the sky our jocund song told the city was
no more!

WILLIAM MAGINN.

THE MINE OF TORTONA.

Cannon from the ramparts flashing
Round besieged Tortona rang,
And the stormers forward dashing,
Up the crackling ladders sprang.
"Hark, Carew!" the Marshal crieth,
"Yonder hell-pit must be ours
Ere the flag of Naples fieth
O'er Tortona's vanquished towers.

"Ever first in toil and danger,
Breach and charge and storm, is seen
Thy gay ensign, gallant stranger,
Erin's plume of floral green.
I know thee brave—yon desperate station
Rests upon a hostile mine;
Noblest of a noble nation!
Honor's post or death is thine."

At his chieftain's praises blushing,
Proudly smiled the young Carew,
And with eager ardor rushing,
Up the masked volcano flew,
Death's around, above, and under,
Batteries from the trenches ring,
Cannons from the ramparts thunder,
Shot and shell around him sing.

"Comrades! still our scanty ration
Yields another cup of wine;
Let us pour a last libation,
Merry home! to thee and thine.
Erin! land of song and beauty,
Welcome every fate shall be,
If the most appalling duty
Add one wreath of fame to thee.

"Here we drink to those who, falling
Clasped in battle's red embrace,
Nobly sleep 'mid trumpets calling
'Victory' o'er their resting place."
So peal out the clarions loudly,
Cease the bursting shell and gun,
And the hero, smiling proudly,
Sheathes his sword—Tortona's won!

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

THE GASCON O'DRISCOL.

In old O'Driscol's pedigree,
'Mong lords of ports and galleys,
"The Gascon" whence? and who was he
First bore the surname? tell us.
Not difficult the task
To answer what you ask.

The merchants from the Biscay sea
To ports of Munster sailing,
With wines of Spain and Gascony
Supplied carouse unfailing
To guests of open door,
Of old, at Baltimore.

Till when against one festal day
 O'Driscoll stocked his cellars,
 He found not but of gold to pay
 In part the greedy dealers;
 And, for the surplusage;
 Gave this good son in pledge.

They bore the boy to fair Bayonne,
 Where vines on hills were growing;
 And, when the days of grace were gone,
 And still the debt was owing,
 The careful merchant's heart
 Grew hard with angry smart.

"The wine I sold the Irish knave
 Is spent in waste and surfeit;
 The pledge for payment that he gave
 Remains, a sorry forfeit :—
 Bring forth the hostage boy
 And set him on employ."

"Now, youth, lay by the lettered page,
 Leave Spanish pipe and tabor
 To happier co-mates of thy age,
 And put thy hands to labor.
 Ten ridged rows of the vine
 To dress and till be thine."

From solar-chamber came the lad;
 In sooth a comely creature
 As e'er made eye of mother glad
 In well-shaped limb and feature.
 As 'mid the vines he stepp'd,
 His cheek burned, and he wept.

"The grief that wrings this pungent tear
 Springs not from pride or anger;
 Let be the hoe my hunting-spear,
 The pruning knife my hanger;
 The work ye will I'll do,
 But deem my kinsmen true.

"Be sure in some unknown resort
 Their messengers have tarried;
 Some head-wind held their ship in port,
 Some tribute-ship miscarried;
 Else never would they leave
 Their pledge without reprieve.

"I've seen when, round the banquet board,
 From stintless-circling beaker—
 To all the Name our butlers pour'd
 The ruby royal liquor,
 And every face was bright
 With mirth and life's delight.

"And, as the warming wine exhaled
 The shows of outward fashion,
 Their very hearts I've seen unveil'd
 In gay and frank elation;
 And not a breast but grew
 More trusty, more seen through.

"These vineyards grew the grape that gave
 My soul that fond assurance;
 And if for them I play the slave,
 I grudge not the endurance,
 Nor stronger mandate want
 To tend the truthful plant."

The seniors of the sunny land
 Beheld him daily toiling—
 (Old times they were of instincts bland
 The pagan heart assailing—)
 And this their frequent speech
 And counsel, each with each :—

"A patient boy, with gentle grace
 He bears his yoke of trouble;
 Serenely grave the ample face,
 The gesture large and noble,
 Erect, or stooping low,
 Along the staky row.

"Where'er he moves, the serving train
 Accord him their obeisance;
 The very vintagers refrain
 Their rude jests in his presence;
 And—what is strange, indeed—
 His vines their vines exceed.

"The tendrils twine, the leaves expand,
 The purpling bunches cluster
 To pulpier growth beneath his hand,
 As tho' 'twere form'd to foster,
 By act of mere caress,
 Life, wealth and joyousness.

"It seems as if a darkling sense
 In root and stem were native:
 As if an answering influence
 And virtue vegetative
 (Anointed Kings own such)
 Went outward from his touch.

"Behold, his nation's sages say
 A righteous King's intendance
 Is seen in fishy-teeming bay
 And corn-field's stooked abundance,
 In udder-weighted cows
 And nut-bent hazel boughs.

" These Scots apart in ocean set
 Since first from Shinar turning,
 Preserve the simple wisdom yet
 Of mankind's early morning
 While God with Adam's race
 Still communed, face to face.

" Not in the written word alone
 He woos and warns the creature ;
 His will is still in wonders shown
 Through manifesting Nature ;
 And Nature here makes plain
 This youth was born to reign.

" Ill were it for a merchant's gains,
 To leave, at toil appointed
 For horny-handed village swains,
 God's designate anointed :
 But good for him and us
 The act magnanimous.

" Blest are the friends of lawful kings
 To righteous rule consenting :
 Secure the blessings that he brings
 By clemency preventing ;
 And granting full release,
 Return him home in peace.

" And, ere your topsails take the wind,
 Stow ye within his vessel
 A pipe the richest search may find
 In cellars of the Castle ;
 Of perfume finer yet
 Than rose and violet.

" Then, when, at home, his kin shall pour
 The welcoming libation,
 Such rapture-pitch their souls shall soar
 Of sweet exhilaration,
 As Bacchus on his pard
 With moist eye might regard.

They stowed the ship ; he stepp'd on board
 In seemly wise attended ;
 But this was still his parting word
 When farewells all were ended :
 " Be sure my father yet
 Will satisfy the debt."

And, ever as from the harbor mouth
 They northward went careering,
 They passed to windward, steering south,
 O'Driscoll's galley bearing,
 From Baltimore the gold
 Of ransom safe in hold.

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

THE REVELRY OF THE DYING.*

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
 And the walls around are bare ;
 As they shout to our peals of laughter
 It seems that the dead are there.
 But stand to your glasses, steady !
 We drink to our comrades' eyes,—
 Quaff a glass to the dead already ;
 And hurrah ! for the next that dies.

Not here are the goblets flowing ;
 Not here is the vintage sweet ;
 'Tis cold, as our hearts are growing,
 And dark as the doom we meet.
 But stand to your glasses, steady !
 And soon shall our pulses rise,—
 A cup to the dead already ;
 Hurrah ! for the next that dies.

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles ;
 Not a tear for the friends that sink ;
 We'll fall 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
 As mute as the wine we drink.
 So stand to your glasses, steady !
 'Tis this that the respite buys ;
 One cup to the dead already ;
 Hurrah ! for the next that dies.

Time was when we frowned at others ;
 We thought we were wiser then.
 Ha—ha ! let them think of their mothers
 Who hope to see them again.
 So stand to your glasses, steady !
 The thoughtless are here the wise ;
 A cup to the dead already ;
 Hurrah ! for the next that dies.

There's many a hand that's shaking ;
 There's many a cheek that's sunk ;
 But soon, tho' our hearts are breaking,
 They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
 So stand to your glasses steady !
 'Tis here the revival lies ;
 A cup to the dead already ;
 Hurrah ! for the next that dies.

There's a mist on the glass congealing ;
 'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath—
 And thus does the warmth of feeling
 Turn to ice in the grasp of death.

* Nothing conclusive is known about the authorship of this remarkable poem. It is, however, generally attributed to an Irish officer in the English service in India. The poem is understood to have been written while a pestilence was raging where the author's regiment was stationed.

Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
 For a moment the vapor flies;
 A cup to the dead already;
 Hurrah! for the next that dies.

Who dreads to the dust returning?
 Who shrinks from the sable shore,
 Where the high and haughty yearning
 Of the soul shall sing no more?
 Ho! stand to your glasses steady!
 The world is a world of lies;
 A cup to the dead already;
 Hurrah! for the next that dies.

Cut off from the land that bore us,
 Betrayed by the land we find,
 Where the brightest have gone before us,
 And the dullest remain behind.
 Stand!—stand to your glasses, steady!
 'Tis all we have left to prize;
 A cup to the dead already;
 And hurrah! for the next that dies.

ANONYMOUS.

HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian
 throne was done,
 And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning
 victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader
 to defy,
 Captive, overborne by numbers, they were
 bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo, I
 perish in my thirst;
 Give me but one drink of water, and let then
 arrive the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet: but a while
 the draught forbore,
 Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foemen
 to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest,—
 for, around him, angry foes
 With a hedge of naked weapons did the lonely
 man enclose.

"But what fearest thou?" cried the Caliph,
 "is it, friend, a secret blow?
 Fear it not! our gallant Moslems no such
 treacherous dealing know.

"Thou mayest quench thy thirst securely, for
 thou shall not die before
 Thou hast drunk that cup of water—this
 reprieve is thine—no more!"

Quick the satrap dashed the goblet down to
 earth with ready hand,
 And the liquid sank forever, lost amid the
 burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the
 water of that cup
 I have drained; then bid thy servants that
 spilled water gather up!"

For a moment stood the Caliph as by doubtful
 passions stirred—
 Then exclaimed: "Forever sacred must
 remain a monarch's word.

"Bring another cup, and straightway to the
 noble Persian give:
 "Drink, I said before, and perish,—now I bid
 thee drink and live!"

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

LEONIDAS.

Shout for the mighty men
 Who died along this shore,
 Who died within this mountain's glen!
 For never nobler chieftain's head
 Was laid on hero's crimson bed,
 Nor ever prouder gore
 Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day
 Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ!

Shout for the mighty men
 Who on the Persian tents,
 Like lions from their midnight den
 Bounding on the slumbering deer,
 Rushed—a storm of sword and spear;
 Like the roused elements
 Let loose from an immortal hand,
 To chasten or to crush a land!

But there are none to hear,—
 Greece is a hopeless slave.
 Leonidas, no hand is near
 To lift thy fiery falchion now;
 No warrior makes the warrior's vow
 Upon thy sea-washed grave.
 The voice that should be raised by men
 Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given!—the surge,
The tree, the rock, the sand
On freedom's kneeling spirit urge
In sounds that speak but to the free,
The memory of thine and thee!

The vision of thy band
Still gleams within the glorious dell
Where their gore hallowed as it fell.

And is thy grandeur done?

Mother of men like these!
Has not thy outcry gone
Where justice has an ear to hear?—
Be holy! God shall guide thy spear,

Till in thy crimsoned seas
Are plunged the chain and scimitar.
Greece shall be a new-born star!

GEORGE CROLY.

THE CID'S PENNON.

Bivar and his three hundred knights, Hidalgos brave of Spain,

Look down from Alcozero's heights upon the battle-plain;

The turban'd Moslems press and throng around on every side,

Like a river of steel that rolls along in the might of its wintry tide.

The steeds they neigh, the banners play! flasheth the polished steel!

The scimeter is bared for war! the gongs and trumpets peal!

The Moslem gazeth on the tower with a wild and fearful glare;—

The Christians dare not face that power, nor brave the thousands there.

'Twas then, Minaya thus addressed th' Hidalgos, leal and brave,—

"Fear not! The banners have been blest that o'er your helmets wave;

From Léon, many a weary mile, the Cid your host hath led;

On yonder plain let slaughter pile her heaps of Moslem dead!

"The caged lion turns and tears the foes that wound him sore—

Fear ye to face the Moslem spears with the brave El Campeador?

Burst from your prison, Léonese! Rend every bolt and bar!

Let your proud pennon flout the breeze! Our leader's De Bivar!"

Then doffed the Cid his casque, and said,
"Minaya, brave thy word!

Ere falleth even's russet shade we'll scatter yonder horde!

Castile should never blush to have warriors brave as thou;—

Sons who'd as gladly hail the grave as laurels on their brow!

"Forth! show the Moslem on yon plains, whose crescent brightly gleams,

The blood that thro' Castilian veins doth flow in burning streams,—

Show them in battle's bright career, 'tis honor leads ye on;

That honor, still, shall deck your bier, your fathers wooed and won!

"Show them your fathers feared not death, and their sons are now as brave;

Show them that triumph's holy breath yet flutters o'er their grave!

'Tis not the part of Spanish knight, till conquest come, to die;—

Till with crimson wing she fan the fight, like eagle from on high!"

He said, and to the doughty Knight, Bermudez, true and bold,

He gave in charge his pennon bright; the lion marked its fold.

"Hidalgo! clasp it to thine heart, whether thou fight or flee;—

Be it sooner rent by Moslem dart than ever torn from thee!"

"Brave Cid!" the mailèd warrior said, "thy streamer now is mine!

In triumph o'er each Moor shall tread the lion's dauntless sign,—

This lion, Cid! by heaven, I swear! as Pedro wears a sword,

Shall make, this day, his bloody lair amid yon turban'd horde!"

He seized the flag; and, like the light of morn o'er hill and vale,

Headlong spurred on the Spanish knight,—the shafts they sped like hail.—

"Come on, Hidalgos, everyone! your lion tramps the breeze!

We'll have, by heav'n! ere set of sun, ten Moors for a Léonese!"

EDWARD MATURIN.

WAITING FOR WASHINGTON.

On Broadway, Evacuation Day, 1783.

To the rattle of drums
He comes, he comes!
With our heroes stepping in marching time.
How the bay'nets flash
And the cymbals crash,
While St. Paul's is ringing a thunderous chime.

My whole soul hums
To the rolling drums
And my pulse goes fast as the fifers blow,
Now would that its beat
Could quicken their feet.
Neighbors, the column seems tired and slow.

Not a redcoat's seen
On the Bowling Green,
And the flag's torn down that we all abhor;
And Washington comes
To the rattle of drums;
It is worth the waiting through all the war.

Now, surely, they lag.
Lord! Our battle-flag!
See it streaming out as they move again!
Let our shouts and cheers
Reach the redcoats' ears; [men.
They'll know we're welcoming Washington's

Now quick is the pace.
We shall see his face,
And know in its joy that, indeed, we're free.
To light it up so
As we'd have it glow
There's not enough sunshine on land or sea.

God bless him! He comes.
Now rattle, brave drums;
See him there as man never was seen before!
He rides calm amid all,
Though the heavens fall,
We know that no tyrant shall rule us more!

* * * * *
1883.

And the drummers shall drum
And the fifers blow
And the crowd shall hum
And the bonfires glow
And joy from the heart in a torrent come
As it came a hundred years ago.

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

SERGEANT MOLLY.*

The snows were melted from Valley Forge;
The blood was drunk by the sodden clay,
And, counting the score against King George,
They sharpened their swords for Monmouth day.

But the devil may take the caitiff Lee!
In the front of battle his courage quailed,
And the lions leaping to victory [failed.
Fell back when their leader's hare-heart

Till the Chieftain came with his face aflame,
And an angry hand on a ready hilt.
Halting the mob with a taunt of shame,
And a hot, fierce curse on the traitor's guilt.

So we see him now in his god-like wrath
Firing the souls of meaner clay,
Standing athwart the victor's path,
And turning the tide of Monmouth day.

And once again when the battle's won,
And the beaten foe in ignoble flight,
He calls for the soldier who served the gun
In Wayne's brigade on the bloody right.

How the soldiers cheer, in their comrade pride!
As a woman steps from the cannoneers,
And her mantling blushes fail to hide
The smoke of battle and stain of tears.

She is only a soldier's Irish wife;
But yesterday, when the fight went hard,
The hot heart's blood of her soldier's life
Made a pool by his gun on Monmouth sward.

And the captain turned away his head,—
"Take out of the battle the idle gun;
There's no one to serve it now," he said;
But a white-faced woman cried, "Yes,
there's one."

And all day long, through the fire and smoke,
And the din of battle and bullet's hum,
The battery's thund'rous voice outspoke,
And Pitcher's cannon was never dumb.

Powder-stained is the brown hand yet,
As the Chieftain holds it and speaks his
thanks.

And "Sergeant Molly," by his brevet,
Goes proudly back to the cheering ranks.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

* The famous "Moll Pitcher," who served her husband's gun at the battle of Monmouth, after he had fallen, and was complimented by Washington with a commission as sergeant.

CHARONDAS.

He lifted his forehead, and stood at his height,

And gathered the cloak round his noble age,
This man, the law-giver, Charondas the Greek;
And loud the Eubœans called to him: "Speak,
We listen and learn, O Sage!"

"In peace shall ye come where the people be,"

Spake the lofty figure, with flashing eyes:
"But whoso comes armed to the public hall
Shall suffer his death before us all."

And the hearers believed him wise.

The years sped quick and the years dragged
slow;

In council oft was the throng arrayed,
But never the statued chamber saw
The gleam of a weapon; for, loving the law,
The Greeks from their hearts obeyed.

War's challenge knocked at the city gates;
Students flocked to the front, grown bold;
The strong men, girded, faced up to the north;
The women wept to the gods; and forth
Went the brave of the days of old.

Peace winged her flight to the city gates;
Young men and strong, they followed fast,
Back to the breast of their fair, free land:
Charondas, afar on the foreign strand,
Remained at his post the last,

Their leader he, in war as in word,
The fire of youth for his life-long lease,
The strength of Mars in the arm that stood
Seven hot decades upheld for good
In the turbulent courts of Greece

The fight is finished, the council meets.
Who is the tardy comer without,
In cuirass and shield, and with clanking sword,
Who strides up the aisles without a word,
Rousing that awe-struck shout?

The tardy comer home from the field—
Great gods! the first to forget and belie
The law he honored, the law he formed:
"Charondas—stand! you enter armed,"
With a shudder the hundreds cry.

The men who loved him on every side,
The men he led to the victor's gain,
He paused a moment, the fearless Greek,
A sudden glow on his ashen cheek,
A sudden thought in his brain.

"I seal the law with my soul and might
I do not break it," Charondas said.

He raised his blade, and plunged to the hilt.
Ah! vain their rush, for in glory and guilt,
He lay on the marble, dead.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

MOYLAN AT MONMOUTH.

Our banners blaze on Monmouth plain,
Our steeds all harnessed be;
And as they feel the curbing rein,
They struggle to be free.
Steady! not yet the hour for fight;
Wait till the foemen come in sight,
With girth and saddle girded tight,
Then burst upon them, left and right,
Like billows of the sea!

Hark! to the rolling of his drums,
His vanguards coming near;
O'er yonder height stern Clinton comes,
With many a musketeer;
And Moncton's ringing bugle-swell
To Moylan's willing troopers tells
That hard and fast thro' dale and dell
His mustering troops appear.

See! with a rush they gain the glen;
How fast their horsemen fly!
Now! forward on their columns, men,
And spur and sabre ply!
Hurrah! dash on! Their lines of red
Shall writhe beneath our troopers' tread,
And on the field, in heaps of dead,
Their trampled ranks shall lie!

The woods resound the answering shout
That rises from our ranks;
We burst, as burst the waters out
From Mississippi's banks.
Upon their lines with ringing blade
Our fierce and furious charge is made,
Till backward, bleeding and dismayed,
Rolls Clinton's grenadier brigade,
Hard pressed from front to flank.

Down from the rough and rugged height
Fierce Moncton's column comes;
Forward! with Moylan on the right,
And charge upon his guns!
Hurrah! 'tis done; with blade and ball
Upon his foremost ranks we fall,
Till, torn and shattered, one and all
Are trampled in the fight.

So perish all whose servile swords
Uphold a despot's sway;
So perish all who kings and lords
With slavish souls obey.
The glorious flag of Washington,
May its bright folds still greet the sun
When kings and tyrants every one
From earth have passed away!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE FIGHT AT LEXINGTON.

Tugged the patient, panting horses, as the
coulters keen and thorough,
By the careful farmer guided, cut the deep
and even furrow;
Soon the mellow mould in ridges, straightly
pointing as an arrow,
Lay to wait the bitter vexing of the fierce,
remorseless harrow—
Lay impatient for the seeding, for the growing
and the reaping,
All the richer and the readier for the quiet
winter-sleeping.

At his loom the pallid weaver, with his feet
upon the treadles,
Watched the threads alternate rising, with the
lifting of the heddles—
Not admiring that, so swiftly, at his eager
fingers' urging,
Flew the bobbin-loaded shuttle, 'twixt the
filaments diverging;
Only labor dull and cheerless in the work
before him seeing,
As the warp and woof uniting brought the
figures into being.

Roared the fire before the bellows; glowed
the forge's dazzling crater;
Rang the hammers on the anvil, both the
lesser and the greater;
Fell the sparks around the smithy, keeping
rhythm to the clamor,
To the ponderous blows and clanging of each
unrelenting hammer.
While the diamonds of labor, from the curse of
Adam borrowed,
Glittered in a crown of honor on each iron-
beater's forehead.

Through the air there came a whisper, deepening
quickly into thunder,

~~Flew the deed was done that morning that~~
would rend the realm asunder;
How at Lexington the Briton mingled cause-
less crime with folly,
And a king endangered empire by an ill-con-
sidered volley.
Then each heart beat quick for vengeance, as
the anger-stirring story
Told of brethren and of neighbors lying corpses
stiff and gory.

Stops the plough and sleeps the shuttle, stills
the blacksmith's noisy hammer,
Come the farmer, smith, and weaver, with a
wrath too deep for clamor;
But their fiercely purposed doing every glance
they give avouches,
As they handle rusty firelocks, powder-horns,
and bullet-pouches;
As they hurry from the workshops, from the
fields, and from the forges,
Venting curses deep and bitter on the latest
of the Georges.

Matrons gather at the portals—some with
children round them grouping,
Some are filled with exultation, some are sad
of soul and drooping—
Gazing at our hasty levies as they march
unskilled but steady,
Or prepare their long-kept firelocks, for the
combat making ready—
Mingling smiles with tears, and praying for
our men and those who lead them,
That the gracious Lord of battles to a triumph
sure may speed them.

I was but a beardless stripling on that chilly
April morning,
When the church-bells backward ringing, to
the minute-men gave warning;
But I seized my father's weapons—he was
dead who one time bore them—
And I swore to use them stoutly, or to never-
more restore them;
Bade farewell to sister, mother, and to one
than either dearer,
Then departed as the firing told of red-coats
drawing nearer.

On the Britons came from Concord—'twas a
name of mocking omen;
Concord nevermore existed 'twixt our people
and the foemen—

On they came in haste from Concord, where
 a few had stood to fight them,
 Where they failed to conquer Buttrick, who
 had stormed the bridge despite them;
 On they came, the tools of tyrants, 'mid a
 people who abhorred them;
 They had done their master's bidding, and we
 purposed to reward them.

We, at Merriam's Corner posted, heard the
 firing and the drumming,
 In the distance creeping onward, which pre-
 pared us for their coming;
 Soon we saw the lines of scarlet, their ad-
 vance to music timing,
 When our captain quickly bade us pick our
 flints and freshen priming.
 Then our little band of freemen, couched in
 silent ambush lying,
 Watched the forces, full eight hundred, as
 they came with colors flying.

'Twas a goodly sight to see them; but we
 heeded not its splendor,
 For we felt their martial bearing hate within
 our hearts engender,
 Kindling fires within our spirits, though our
 eyes a moment watered,
 As we thought on Moore and Hadley, and
 their brave companions slaughtered;
 And we swore to deadly vengeance for the
 fallen to devote them,
 And our rage grew hotter, hotter, as our well-
 aimed bullets smote them.

Then in overpowering numbers, charging
 bayonet, came their flankers;
 We were driven as the ships are, by a tempest,
 from their anchors.
 But we loaded while retreating, and regaining
 other shelter,
 Saw their proudest on the highway in their
 life-blood fall and welter,
 Saw them fall or dead or wounded, at our fire
 so quick and deadly,
 While the dusty road was moistened with the
 torrent running redly.

From behind the mounds and fences poured
 the bullets thickly, fastly;
 From ravines and clumps of coppice leaped
 destruction grim and ghastly;
 All around our leaguers hurried, coming
 hither, going thither,

Yet when charged on by their forces, disap-
 pearing, none knew whither;
 Buzzed around the hornets ever, newer swarms
 each moment springing,
 Breaking, rising, and returning, yet continu-
 ally stinging.

When to Hardy's Hill their weary, waxing-
 fainter footsteps brought them,
 There again the stout Provincials brought
 the wolves to bay and fought them;
 And though often backward beaten, still
 returned the foe to follow,
 Making forts of every hill-top and redoubts
 of every hollow.
 Hunters came from every farm house, joining
 eagerly to chase them—
 They had boasted far too often that we would
 not dare to face them.

How they staggered, how they trembled, how
 they panted at pursuing,
 How they hurried broken columns that had
 marched to their undoing;
 How their stout commander, wounded, urged
 along his frightened forces,
 That had marked their fearful progress by
 their comrades' bloody corpses;
 How they rallied, how they faltered, how in
 vain returned our firing,
 While we hung upon their footsteps with a
 zealotness untiring.

With nine hundred came Lord Percy, sent by
 startled Gage to meet them,
 And he scoffed at those who suffered such a
 horde of boors to beat them;
 But his scorn was changed to anger, when on
 front and flank were falling,
 From the fences, walls, and roadside, drifts of
 leaden hail appalling;
 And his picked and chosen soldiers, who had
 never shrunk in battle,
 Hurried quicker in their panic when they
 heard the firelocks rattle.

Tell it not in Gath, Lord Percy, never Ascalon
 let hear it,
 That you fled from those you taunted as de-
 void of force and spirit;
 That the blacksmith, weaver, farmer, leaving
 forging, weaving, tillage,
 Fully paid with coin of bullets base marauders
 for their pillage;

They, you said, would fly in terror, Britons
and their bayonets shunning;

But the loudest of the boasters proved the
foremost in the running.

Then round Prospect Hill they hurried, where
we followed and assailed them;

They had stout and tireless muscles, or their
limbs had surely failed them.

Stood abashed the bitter Tories, as the women
loudly wondered

That a crowd of scurvy rebels chased to hold
eleven hundred—

Chased to hold eleven hundred, grenadiers
both light and heavy,

Leading Percy, of the Border, on a chase sur-
passing Chevy.

Into Boston marched their forces, musket-
barrels brightly gleaming,

Colors flying, sabres flashing, drums were
beating, fifes were screaming.

Not a word about their journey; from the
General to the drummer,

Did you ask about their doings, than a statue
each was dumber;

But the wounded in their litters, lying pallid,
weak, and gory,

With a language clear and certain, told the
sanguinary story.

'Twas a dark and bloody lesson; it was bloody
work to teach it;

But when sits on high Oppression, soaring
fire alone can reach it.

Though but raw and rude Provincials, we
were freemen, and contending

For the rights our fathers gave us, and a
country worth defending;

And when foul invaders threaten wrong to
hearthstone and to altar,

Shame were on the freeman's manhood should
he either fail or falter.

On the day the fight that followed, neighbor
met and talked with neighbor:

First the few who fell they buried, then
returned to daily labor,

Glowed the fire within the forges, ran the
ploughshare down the furrow,

Clicked the bobbin-loaded shuttle,—both our
fight and toil were thorough;

If we labored in the battle, or the shop, or
forge, or fallow,

Still there came an 'honest' purpose, casting
round our deeds a halo.

Tho' they strove again, those minions of Ger-
maine and North and Gower,

They could never make the weakest of our
band before them cower;

Neither England's bribes nor soldiers, force of
arms nor titles splendid,

Could deprive of what our fathers left as rights
to be defended.

And the flame from Concord spreading,
kindled kindred conflagrations,

Till the Colonies United took their place
among the nations.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

JACK, THE REGULAR.

In the Bergen winter night, when the hickory
fire is roaring,

Flickering streams of ruddy light on the folk
before it pouring;

When the apples pass around, and the cider
passes after,

And the well-worn jest is crowned by the
hearers' hearty laughter;

When the cat is purring there, and the dog
beside her dozing,

And within his easy-chair sits the grandsire,
old, reposing—

Then they tell the story true to the children
hushed and eager,

How the two Van Valens slew, on a time, the
Tory leaguer.

Jack, the Regular.

Near a hundred years ago, when the maddest
of the Georges

Sent his troops to scatter woe on our hills and
in our gorges,

Less we hated, less we feared, those he sent
here to invade us—

Than the neighbors with us reared who
opposed us or betrayed us;

And amid those loyal knaves who rejoiced in
our disasters,

As became the willing slaves of the worst of
royal masters,

Stood John Berry, and he said that a regular
commission

Set him at his comrades' head; so we called
him, in derision,

"Jack, the Regular."

When he heard it—"Let them fling! Let the
traitors make them merry
With the fact my gracious king deigns to
make me Captain Berry.
I will scourge them for the sneer, for the
venom that they carry;
I will shake their hearts with fear, as the land
around I harry;
They shall find the midnight raid waking
them from fitful slumbers;
They shall find the ball and blade daily thin-
ning out their numbers;
Barn in ashes, castle slain, hearth on which
there glows no ember,
Neatless plough and horseless wain—thus the
rebels shall remember
Jack, the Regular."

Well he kept his promise then, with a fierce,
relentless daring,
Fire to roof-trees, death to men, through the
Bergen valleys bearing.
In the midnight deep and dark came his ven-
geance darker, deeper—
At the watch-dog's sudden bark woke in
terror every sleeper;
Till at length the farmers brown, wasting time
no more on tillage,
Swore these ruffians of the crown, fiends of
murder, fire, and pillage,
Should be chased by every path to the dens
where they had banded,
And no prayers should soften wrath when
they caught the bloody-handed
Jack, the Regular.

One by one they slew his men: still the chief
their chase evaded;
He had vanished from their ken, by the fiend
or fortune aided—
Either fled to Paulus Hoek, where the Briton
yet commanded,
Or his stamping-ground forsook, waiting till
the hunt disbanded.
So they stopped pursuit at length, and re-
turned to toil securely—
It was useless wasting strength on a purpose
baffled surely;
But the two Van Valens swore in a patriotic
rapture
They would never give it o'er till they'd
either kill or capture
Jack, the Regular.

Long they hunted through the wood, long
they slept upon the hill-side;
In the forest sought their food, drank when
thirsty at the rill-side;
No exposure counted hard—theirs was hunt-
ing border-fashion;
They grew bearded like the pard, and their
chase became a passion.
Even friends esteemed them mad, said their
minds were out of balance,
Mourned the cruel fate and sad fallen on the
poor Van Valens.
But they answered to it all, "Only wait our
loud view-holloa
When the prey shall to us fall; for to death
we mean to follow
Jack, the Regular."

Hunted they from Tenaullie to the shore
where Hudson presses
On the base of trap-rocks high; through
Moonachie's damp recesses;
Down as far as Bergen Hill; by the Ramapo
and Drochy,
Overprock and Pellum Kill—meadows flat
and hill-tops rocky—
Till at last the brothers stood where the road
from New Barbadoes
At the English Neighborhood slants towards
the Palisadoes:
Still to find the prey they sought leave no
sign for hunter eager;
Followed steady, not yet caught was the
skulking fox-like leaguer,
Jack, the Regular.

Who are they who yonder creep by those
bleak rocks in the distance.
Like the figures born in sleep, called by slum-
ber to existence?
Tories, doubtless, from below, from the Hoek
sent out for spying,
"No! the foremost is our foe—he so long
before us flying.
Now he spies us! See him start! wave his
kerchief like a banner.
Lay his left hand on his heart in a proud
insulting manner.
Well he knows that distant spot, past our ball
—his low scorn flinging—
If you cannot feel the shot, you shall hear the
firelocks ringing,
Jack, the Regular!

Ah! he falls! An ambuscade! 'Twas impossible to strike him.
 Are there Tories in the glade? Such a trick is very like him.
 See? his comrade by him kneels, turning him in terror over.
 Then takes nimbly to his heels. Have they really slain the rover?
 It is worth some risk to know; so, with firelocks poised and ready,
 Up the sloping hill they go, with a quick look-out and steady.
 Dead! The random shot had struck, to the heart, and pierced the Tory—
 Vengeance seconded by luck! Lies there cold and stiff and gory
 Jack, the Regular.

"Jack, the Regular, is dead. Honor to the man who slew him!"
 So the Bergen farmers said as they crowded round to view him.
 For the wretch that lay there slain had with wickedness unbending
 To their roofs brought fiery rain, to their kinsfolk woful ending.
 Not a mother but had prest in a sudden pang of fearing
 Sobbing darlings to her breast when his name had smote her hearing;
 Not a wife that did not feel terror when the words were uttered;
 Not a man but chilled to steel when the hated sounds were muttered,—
 "Jack, the Regular."

Bloody in his work was he, in his purpose iron-hearted;
 Gentle pity could not be when the pitiless had parted;
 So the corse in wagon thrown, with no decent cover o'er it—
 Jeers its funeral rites alone—into Hackensack they bore it.
 'Mid the clanging of the bells in the old Dutch church's steeple,
 And the hooting and the yells of the gladdened, maddened people.
 Some they rode and some they ran by the wagon where it rumbled,
 Scoffing at the lifeless man, all elate that Death had humbled
 Jack, the Regular.

Thus within the winter night, when the hickory fire is roaring,
 Flickering streams of ruddy light on the folk before it pouring;
 When the apples pass around, and the cider follows after,
 And the well-worn jest is crowned by the hearers' hearty laughter;
 When the cat is purring there, and the dog beside her dozing,
 And within his easy-chair sits the grandsire old, reposing—
 Then they tell the story true to the children hushed and eager,
 How the bold Van Valen slew, on a time, the Tory leaguer.

Jack, the Regular.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

AT FREDERICKSBURG.—DEC. 13, 1862.

God send us peace, and keep red strife away;
 But should it come, God send us men and steel!
 The land is dead that dare not face the day
 When foreign danger threatens the common weal.

Defenders strong are they that homes defend;
 From ready arms the spoiler keeps afar.
 Well blest the country that has sons to lend
 From trades of peace to learn the trade of war.

Thrice blest the nation that has every son
 A soldier, ready for the warning sound;
 Who marches homeward when the fight is done,
 To swing the hammer and to till the ground.

Call back that morning, with its lurid light,
 When through our land the awful war-bell tolled;
 When lips were mute, and women's faces white
 As the pale cloud that out from Sumter rolled.

Call back that morn: an instant all were dumb,
 As if the shot had struck the Nation's life;
 Then cleared the smoke, and rolled the calling drum,
 And men streamed in to meet the coming [strife.

They closed the ledger and they stilled the loom,

The plough left rusting in the prairie farm;
They saw but "Union" in the gathering gloom;

The tearless women helped the men to arm;

Brigades from town—each village sent its band:

German and Irish—every race and faith;
There was no question then of native land,
But, love the Flag and follow it to death.

No need to tell their tale: through every age
The splendid story shall be sung and said;
But let me draw one picture from the page,—
For words of song embalm the hero dead.

The smooth hill is bare, and the cannons are planted,

Like Gorgon fates shading its terrible brow;
The word has been passed that the stormers are wanted,

And Burnside's battalions are mustering now.

The armies stand by to behold the dread meeting;

The work must be done by a desperate few;
The black-mouthed guns on the height give them greeting,—

From gun-mouth to plain every grass blade in view.

Strong earthworks are there, and the rifles behind them

Are Georgian militia,—an Irish brigade—
Their caps have green badges, as if to remind them

Of all the brave record their country has made.

The stormers go forward—the Federals cheer them;

They breast the smooth hillside—the black mouths are dumb;

The riflemen lie in the works till they near them,

And cover the stormers as upward they come.

Was ever a death-march so grand and so solemn?

At last, the dark summit with flame is enlined;

The great guns belch doom on the sacrificed column

That reels from the height, leaving hundreds behind.

The armies are hushed—there is no cause for cheering:

The fall of brave men to brave men is a pain.

Again come the stormers! and as they are nearing

The flame-sheeted rifle-lines, reel back again.

And so till full noon come the Federal masses—

Flung back from the height, as the cliff flings a wave;

Brigade on brigade to the death-struggle passes,

No wavering rank till it steps on the grave.
Then comes a brief lull, and the smoke-pall is lifted,

The green of the hillside no longer is seen;
The dead soldiers lie as the seaweed is drifted,

The earthworks still held by the badges of green.

Have they quailed? is the word. No: again they are forming—

Again comes a column to death and defeat?

What is it in these who shall now do the storming

That makes every Georgian spring to his feet?

"O God! what a pity!" they cry in their cover,

As rifles are readied and bayonets made tight;

"'Tis Meagher and his fellows! their caps have green clover:

'Tis Greek to Greek now for the rest of the fight!"

Twelve hundred the column, their rent flag before them,

With Meagher at their head, they have dashed at the hill!

Their foemen are proud of the country that bore them;

But Irish in love, they are enemies still.

Out rings the fierce word, "Let them have it!" the rifles

Are emptied point-blank in the hearts of the foe:

It is green against green, but a principle stifles

The Irishman's love in the Georgian's blow.

The column has reeled, but it is not defeated;
In front of the guns they re-form and attack:

Six times they have done it, and six times
retreated :

Twelve hundred they came, and two hun-
dred go back.

Two hundred go back with the chivalrous
story :

The wild day is closed in the night's solemn
shroud :

A thousand lie dead, but their death was a
glory

That calls not for tears—the Green Badges
are proud !

Bright honor be theirs who for honor were
fearless,

Who charged for their flag to the grim can-
non's mouth ;

And honor to them who were true, though
not tearless—

Who bravely that day kept the cause of the
South.

The quarrel is done : God avert such another :
The lesson it brought we should evermore
heed :

Who loveth the flag is a man and a brother,
No matter what birth or what race or what
creed.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

GOING AND COMING.

Forward !

"On to the front!" the order ran.

"On to the front the foe to meet;"

They shouldered their muskets, boy and man,

And marched away thro' the city street.

Banners flying and drum-beat proud

Marshaled them on thro' the noisy way,

But many a heart in the waiting crowd

Was faint and sick with its fear that day.

Forward !

"On to the front!"—'twas a fearful call

With Death before to beckon them on ;

Who would be first on the field to fall ?

Who would be left when the rest were gone ?

Was this the last time, full and free,

To hear the pulse of the city roll,

Before they gasped in their agony

With the last deep throb of the parting soul ?

Forward !

On to the front! From peace and life,

From wife and child with their clinging
hands,

To the shock and crash of the fearful strife,

To the unknown grave in the Southern
lands.

Yet firm as the beat of their martial feet.

And strong with a freeman's strength of
soul,

They marched away thro' the crowded street,

With quiver of trumpet and drum's loud
roll.

Forward !

Home !

With silken folds of the banner torn

In gaps, with the sunlight streaming through,

The bayonets gleam from the muskets worn,

And stain and dust on the army blue ;

Back from the battle-fields far away

Their medals of bronze on cheek and brow,

They came thro' the city streets to-day,—

Our Legion of Honor we call them now.

Home !

When the word went down to that hell of war,

And the fetid walls where the prisoners slept,

God ! what a shout rang near and far,

And up to the listening heavens swept !

Eyes that were dry mid the groans of death,

Hearts unawed by the bullet and sword,

Grew dim and soft with the whispered breath,

And melted in tears at the well-known
word.

Home !

Many had reached it long ago,

Not the place that our hearts had planned,—

The fireside rest that their feet should know,

Who came to us back from the direful
land,—

But a sweeter rest—which never shall cease—

Than the deepest depth of our love could
give.

Where God himself is the light of Peace,

And the ransomed soldiers of freedom live.

Home !

Whether on earth or whether in heaven,

Where lips may touch or prayers arise,

Honor and praise to their names be given

Under the sun or above the skies,

Till the jubilant air shall rise and swell [light,

With strong, full shouts of the heart's de-

Welcome with clangor of cannon and bell

The bronze-brown heroes of field and fight.

Home !

MARY E. BLAKE.

THE CHARGE BY THE FORD.

Eighty and nine with their captain,
Rode on the enemy's track,
Rode in the gray of the morning—
Nine of the ninety came back.

Slow rose the mist from the river,
Lighter each moment the way;
Careless and tearless and fearless,
Galloped they on to the fray,

Singing in tune, how the scabbard
Loud on the stirrup-irons rang,
Clinked as the men rose in saddle,
Fell as they sank with a clang.

What is it moves by the river,
Faded and weary and weak?
Gray-backs—a cross on their banner—
Yonder the foe whom they seek.

Silence! They see not, they hear not,
Tarrying there by the marge;
Forward! Draw sabre! Trot! Gallop!
Charge like a hurricane! Charge!

Ah! 'twas a man-trap infernal;
Fire like the deep pit of hell!
Volley on volley to meet them,
Mixed with the gray rebels' yell.

Ninety had ridden to battle,
Tracing the enemy's track;
Ninety had ridden to battle,
Nine of the ninety came back.

Honor the nine of the ninety,
Honor the heroes who came
Scatheless from nine hundred muskets,
Safe from the lead-bearing flame.

Eighty and one of the troopers
Lie on the field of the slain—
Lie on the red field of honor:
Honor the nine who remain.

Cold are the dead there, and gory,
There where their life-blood was spilt;
Back come the living, each sabre
Red from the point to the hilt.

Give them three cheers and a tiger!
Let the flags wave as they come!
Give them the blare of the trumpet!
Give them the roll of the drum!

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

REVEILLE.

The morning is cheery, my boys, arouse!
The dew shines bright on the chestnut boughs,
And the sleeping mist on the river lies,
Though the east is flushing with crimson dyes.
Awake! Awake! Awake!
O'er field, and wood, and brake,
With glories newly born
Comes on the blushing morn—
Awake! Awake!

You have dreamed of your homes and friends
all night,
You have basked in your sweetheart's smiles
so bright;
Come, part with them all for a while again,—
Be lovers in dreams: when awake, be men!
Turn out! Turn out! Turn out!
You have dreamed full long, I know.
Turn out! Turn out! Turn out!
The east is all aglow.—
Turn out! Turn out!

From every valley and hill there come
The clamoring voices of life and drum;
And out in the fresh, cool morning air
The soldiers are swarming everywhere.
Fall in! Fall in! Fall in!
Every man in his place,
Fall in! Fall in! Fall in!
Each with a cheerful face.—
Fall in! Fall in!
MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

THE COLOR-BEARER.

"Be true, my son," an old man said,
"Though all the world be craven;
Tho' death would make thy heart its bed,
To fear be not enslaven.
Where danger calls, be foremost in;
In failure last to cover;
With blood like thine alone we'll win,
By sparing of it—never!

"Father, fear not!" the soldier cried,
"Though seas our two hearts sever;
No tears but of a father's pride
Shalt thou for me shed ever:
But pray that God may give me strength
To greet my death-call loudly,
And stark upon the ground, full length,
Front upward, I'll lie proudly."

The battle woke with eye of flame,
 And shook its smoke-locks hoary,
 And spake for all a deathless name
 That sought its embrace gory.
 Ah! many a man marched well that morn,
 Whose feet were stiff that even;
 And many a home was left forlorn,
 And many a fond heart riven.

The soldier fell upon that day,
 His country's banner bearing;
 Where duty called, where danger lay,
 There was his spirit daring;
 And as he fell the flag he kept,—
 Kept as if still he bore it;
 And clutched so tight, the foemen wept,
 As from his grasp they tore it.

JOHN PATRICK BROWN.

RIDING TO BATTLE.

Before the cock began to crow
 We took our morning meal,
 And by the torch's trembling glow
 We girt ourselves in steel;
 While wintry thoughts around us fell
 Like blossom showers in June,
 For weal or woe we bade farewell
 At setting of the moon.
 As from the castle-court we rode
 And down the village street,
 The dawning day his coming showed,
 The larks rose up to greet;
 A swell of sorrow's sprayless wave
 A sad, foreboding pang,
 Marked every stride our chargers gave,
 And every weapon's clang.
 But morn grows bright: the scented wind
 Folds back across the hills
 The curtains of the mist untwined
 From meadows veined with rills.
 Past maid and churl in sad amaze
 We hold our stern advance,
 Till sheaves of light with greeting rays
 Illumine every lance.
 How all our spirits feel the charm!
 Hopes quicken one by one;
 Dead joys in every heart rise warm
 Touched by the wizard sun;
 Our leader turns with smiling face
 And veils his flowing crest
 To kiss the sign of lady's grace
 That's bound about his breast.

No kerchief in my helmet shines,
 No silken sleeve or glove;
 I watch our long advancing lines,
 Our banner folds above—
 Whate'er may come, I cannot care,
 I wait without a sigh;
 My past it roundeth full and fair,
 If I this day should die!

JOSEPH O'CONNOR.

THE MANY NAMELESS.

Let others sing in glowing verse the men who
 gathered laurel,
 Upon the fields where North and South oft
 met in deadly quarrel—

The deeds which will a glory shed upon the
 page historic,
 Or gleam from dainty blue and gold, or hide
 in tomes plethoric—

The names that in the coming years will
 second be to no man's,
 But on Fame's scroll shine for the peers of
 any Greek's or Roman's;

That like a clarion blast will rouse some future
 Tell or Brutus,
 And, when we lose our faith in man, stand
 forward to confute us.

But we will sing the nameless host unknown
 in song or story,
 Half hidden in the dazzling light of aggregated
 glory—

The men whose deeds have made their chiefs
 renowned to all futurity,
 While they loom dimly through the haze of
 luminous obscurity,—

The common herd—the rank and file, the
 anonymous immortals
 Who ope, but never enter through, Fame's
 glorious golden portals;

Who mined and trenched and marched and
 toiled with ardor unabated,
 And swept across the battlefields like whirl-
 winds incarnated;

Whose grand impersonal renown adds to their
 country's glory,
 But gives them not one line in song, and not
 one page in story.

Others may sing the glorious chiefs, whose
names will live forever,
The types of lofty faith, brave deeds, and
noble high endeavor—

Who showed to a degenerate age what true
men lay a stress on,
Revived man's waning faith and gave the
world a needed lesson—

Made our utilitarian age outshine the age
heroic,
And softened with a Christian grace the
virtues of the stoic—

A good and gracious task is theirs, a noble
and a blameless,
But while they praise the glorious few, we'll
laud the many nameless!

MARY MULLALLY.

A BORDER KNIGHT.

Farewell to roofs that cluster brown below
The lichen-dappled cliff! Blow on me, blow,
Strong gales that dash the cedar and the pine;
No more be thought of cradled softness mine!
For I have wandered where the beardless dwell.
Found truth and falsehood, loved perhaps too
well;

And now, enamored of thy golden morn,
Land of lost youth, unreckoning mortal scorn,
I come to thee; henceforth my strength is
thine,

And, by the smile that meets me, thou art
mine.

Fear? when I saw the forest's quivering green
Cut by the keen blue lightning, or have been
Inch-near the coiling snake, or felt the whirl
Of bullets pass me, it was with a stir
In every vein, a glory of the soul
Worth all the joys that languid lives control.
Flame-burdened clouds that freak the western
skies

With spires of shifting splendor; stars that
rise

On mountains glassed in crystal, leaf and
tree,

Be now my kindred; of like fates are we!
My love's cheek flushes when the dawn-rose
beams

On virgin snow, her laughter is in streams.
I hear her footfall when the russet cones

Drop from the spruce bough, pattering over
stones.

Not loving men, nor hating; from my door
May want go filled, to think of me no more.

Ha! storms are rising on the great land seas;
I go to face them, but my heart is peace.

MARION MUIR.

THE KNIGHT'S PLEDGE.

The tedious night at length hath pass'd;
To horse! to horse! we'll ride as fast
As ever bird did fly.

Ha! but the morning air is chill;
Frau Wirthin, one last goblet fill,
We'll drain it ere we die!

Thou youthful grass, why look'st so green?
Soon dyed in blood of mine, I ween,
With damask rose thou'lt vie.
The goblet here! with sword in hand
I pledge thee first, my Fatherland,
Oh! blessed for thee to die!

Again our mailed hands raise the cup:
Freedom, to thee we drink it up.
Low may that coward lie
Who fails to pledge, with heart and hand,
The freedom of our glorious Land—
Her Freedom, ere we die!

Our wives—but, ah! the glass is clear,
The cannon thunders—grasp the spear,
We'll pledge them in a sigh.
Now, on the Foe like thunder crash!
We'll scathe them as a lightning flash,
And conquer, though we die!

LADY WILDE.

THE THREE KNIGHTS.

Sir Tristram was a gallant knight,
So handsome, brave and strong—
His prowess in the battle-field
Was told in many a song;

And whensoever he rode abroad,
In armor glistening bright,
A dagger hung by his left side,
A goblet by his right;
And if questioned why he carried them,
Sir Tristram answered so—

"The cup's for the friend who aids me,
The dagger for the foe!"

Sir Hildebrandt was quite as strong,
 As handsome, and as bold,
 With many a score of vassals,
 And many a purse of gold.
 Sir Hildebrandt a splendid hall
 In his castle old did keep,
 But 'neath this hall a dungeon lay,
 Dark, loathsome, damp and deep :
 And he said, if asked by any
 To what did all this tend—
 "The one is for my enemy,
 The other for my friend!"

Sir Gilbert he was quite as brave,
 As strong and handsome too,
 Unbeaten in the tournament,
 And equalled but by few.
 Nor steel, nor dungeon was there near
 When he sat in his hall,
 For the good right hand of friendship
 He held out to one and all ;
 And he said, if asked his reason—
 "I make it e'er my end
 To change each enemy of mine
 Into an ardent friend!"

ARTHUR M. FORRESTER.

CAVALIER'S SWORD SONG.

Come, kiss my gallant sword
 And sprinkle it with wine ;
 This night it won its lord
 A joy and hope divine !

Oft in these gloomy days
 That cloud our stormy isle,
 It earned a leader's praise,
 To-night, a woman's smile.

Behind its point, secure,
 Oft life and honor lay—
 To-night it guarded pure
 A richer prize than they.

Once did the steadfast blade
 A monarch's bulwark prove—
 To-night the steel was swayed
 In loyalty to love.

With myrtle and the rose
 Entwine it for the stroke ;
 In them it brighter glows
 Than decked with bay or oak !

JOSEPH O'CONNOR.

THE WRECK OFF MIZEN-HEAD.

"O, who could lie a-snoring,
 Or who carousing be,
 While such a storm is roaring
 And raving o'er the sea ?
 A ship to death is drifting,
 Faint hands in prayer uplifting,
 With hearts in anguish failing,
 The wives and mothers, wailing,
 Look out from cliff and lea ;
 And beacon-fires are glowing,
 And, fierce and fiercer growing,
 The sleety blasts are blowing
 O'er rock and roof and tree,
 Come out from giddy dances,
 And songs and vain romances,
 And idle dreams and trances,
 And man the boat with me."

So Guy the ever daring,
 One fierce September night,
 While beacon-fires were flaring
 Along the Mizen's height,—
 As I, from pastimes shrinking,
 Of Rose's scorn was thinking,—
 Cried, all at once upspringing
 'Mid dance and mirth and singing
 And games and laughter light ;
 And Hugh the eager-hearted,
 Out to the portal darted,
 And Wolfe and Wilfred started
 And Donald, Ralph, and I ;
 And, prayers and sweet imploring
 From maiden lips ignoring,
 With spirits wildly soaring
 We faced the seas and sky.

As down the beach descending
 We drave the quivering boat,
 A gleam of moonlight rending
 The darkness, showed afloat
 The laboring vessel, shattered,
 With tackle rent and tattered,
 Amid the tempest heaving,
 Her course to ruin cleaving ;
 Then fast the turf we smote,
 And, boldly toward her steering,
 Still by our courage cheering,
 The deadly breakers clearing,
 We strained across the tide ;
 And on, 'mid lightnings gleaming—
 The winds about us screaming,
 The rain in rivers streaming,
 We struggled to her side.

The vessel still to seaward
 Came drifting down the bay,
 And, steering in to leeward
 In surf and rain and spray,
 Athwart her sides we floated
 And there on deck we noted,
 With faces outward gazing,
 Their piteous hands upraising,
 As all forlorn they lay,
 A helpless band together
 Like birds in wintry weather
 With feather pressed to feather
 Close huddled from the blast;
 A moment weirdly flashing,
 We saw them, 'mid the lashing
 Of billows wildly dashing
 O'er bulwark, deck and mast.

Four times we all but touched her,
 Four times adrift were flung,
 The fifth I sprang and clutched her,
 And leech-like there I clung;
 And thus to Guy's encircling,
 With one arm tightly grasping,
 Those famished forms I lowered,
 Till, well-nigh overpowered,
 I trembled where I hung.
 Then Guy and Wilfred, straining,
 New strength from victory gaining
 Drew down the last remaining,
 Till all were safely stowed;
 And shoreward with our treasure,
 All pain transformed to pleasure,
 With oars in mirthful measure
 At break of dawn we rowed.

Ay, well do I remember,
 The morning stormy bright
 That dawn of wild September,
 As through the breakers white
 We rowed the brave boat laden
 With man and babe and maiden,
 While o'er the sandy spaces,
 The dawn-beams on their faces,
 Looked out with straining sight
 The crowd that there had waited,
 Each heart with anguish freighted,
 As slow the storm abated
 Along the Brittas strand;
 And how they cheered us, rending
 The wind, as slow ascending,
 Beneath our burdens bending,
 We waded to the land.

And when the last was landed,
 And homeward faint and cold
 We turned, how, eager-handed,
 (Guy leading as of old),
 High on their shoulders proudly
 They set me, cheering loudly,
 And bore me on declaring
 The triumph of my daring;—
 And how my love I told
 That eve amid the gloaming
 To Rose as we were roaming
 Where Aughrim stream was foaming,
 And how she smiled and sighed,
 And, 'mid the sunset's splendor,
 Laying her white hand slender,
 In mine in love's surrender,
 My prayer no more denied.

GEORGE F. ARMSTRONG

THE GLEN OF THE HORSE.

"Yonder's the cleft in the Mountain, their
 'Glen of the Horse,'
 Lonely, with bulwarks of granite to left and
 to right,
 Lifted above its great boulders, its bracken
 and gorse
 Hiding the rillet that gurgles in giddy delight,
 Hurrying down to the valley of gray Glenma-
 lure.
 What is the legend that haunts it, of wizard
 or sprite,
 Mortal or devil or angel or dragon impure?"

"This. I have reason to know it,—none
 living so well.
 I am a part of the story that blackens the glen.
 Ever the name of it rings in mine ear like a
 knell; [men.
 Ever its memory darkens my path among

"It was an evening in summer in red 'Ninety-
 eight,'
 When, as we climbed from the Valley, my
 troopers and I,
 Up by the mule-path, and drew in the breezes,
 elate,
 Reaching the Pass of Imahl and the moor-
 lands on high,
 Suddenly rose from a gully the torrents had
 torn
 Wide in the heather, a horseman in Rebel's
 array,

Leapt with his steed from the cover he lay in
forlorn.

Sprang like a hare when it starts at a loud
'harkaway!'

Turned for a moment to scan us, then, striking
his spurs,

Deep in the sides of his chestnut, away to the
height,

Out toward the brown Lugnaquilla, through
bracken and furze,

Rode for his life o'er the moors in the face of
the night.

"'Follow!' I shouted. 'That horseman, by
Heaven, is a prize!

Thoroughbred chestnut he rides, and he rides
like a king.

Follow him, men,—follow *me*; for as fast as
he flies,

Surely my bay is a bird of as rapid a wing.

"Up and then out o'er the mountain I leaped
as he led.

Looked not behind or to left or to right as I
flew,

Watching the flanks of his steed, and the
plumes o'er his head

Glancing away toward the moon as she rose
in the blue.

Now on the sward and the heather, and now
at a dash

Clearing a torrent, or plunging hock-deep in
the peat,

Now in the wet mountain mosses with splash
upon splash,

Now on the gorse and the gravel with gallop-
ing feet,

Struggling, we rode such a ride as a madman
might dare.

Mad? I was mad that I followed, not he that
he fled;

Flying from death was my quarry, made
strong with despair;

Wild with the joy of the chase was my soul
as I sped.

"'Where will he lead me,' I thought, 'to what
pit or what pool?—

Let him lead on to hell-gates, I will follow
him still—

Now that I'm well on his track, shall I turn
like a fool?

Never a man of my name had a tameable will.'

Proud of its old Norman blood was the heart
that I bore,

Proud of my race that had battled six cen-
turies through.

Beating the kern from the land we had con-
quered of yore.—

What! shall the Celtic knave baffle me? Slay,
as we slew,

Slay me he may if he can, but not force me
to yield.

On, little mare, to the down; never livelier
chase;

On, gallant bay; ever first thou hast been in
the field,

First over water and wall and the first in the
race;

On till we run him to earth or he runs us to
death!'

"So to my hunter I murmured. She heard
me and sprang

Up from the hollow we strove in, and over
the heath

Bounded with pride ever swifter, and audible
clang,

Striking the masses of granite that broke from
the clod;

Forward still fleeter, and close at the heels of
our prey;

Nearer and nearer with thunder of hoofs on
the sod,

Scattering the russet-brown peat-dust about
us like spray.

"Foam from my bay with the foam of his
chestnut flew by.—

'Yield, in the King's name!' my lips all but
muttered, so nigh

Snorted the nose of my horse to the knave's
saddle-bow—

When all at once from the holster his pistol
he snatched,

Turned, and let fly at my forehead, but, aim-
ing too low,

Close by my neck whizzed his bullet—and
left me unscratched.

"Loud then I laughed at the rebel, as anger
and pain

Flashed in the gleam of his teeth, as he gal-
loped away.

Spurring more fiercely the sides of his chest-
nut. Again

Out of my reach he had swept, and I urged
on my bay.

"Then in a moment he doubled. With face
to the vale,

Downward he swerved with a start as if
driven with a goad,

Headlong he galloped, I after him, hard on
the trail—

Ay, but I knew what he saw not, that, right
in his road,

Dim in the twilight, yon precipice, sudden
and sheer,

Broke o'er the glen, with Death staring up
from the gap!

'Let him go forward' (I laughed) 'in his
frantic career;

Out on the verge of the crags he is caught in
a trap;

There he must rein in his steed, he must
turn on his track;

There he must lie in my grip, or for liberty
fight,'

Then for the first time I thought of my men
and looked back;

Saw them behind in the moor coming on
with the night.

"'If he resists now,' I said, 'we shall fight all
alone;

Dexterous, doubtless he'll prove, and of sinew
and bone

Tough, quick of eye and of wrist, by no danger
dismayed;

Short will the duel be, surely, with pistol or
blade—

Nay, but he's nearing the verge. . . . Will he
fail to discern

The abyss? Will he rein not his steed till it
yawns at his feet?'

Nearer and nearer. 'The nearer the sharper
the turn;

Now in a trice he recoils at the chasm, and
we meet.'

"Close in his wake I was bounding. 'Great
God, is he blind?'

Right in his way the great precipice plunged
like a wall.

Out there in front there was naught but the
gulf and the wind!

Giddy and horrible seemed it,—a sight to
appal!

'What, has he lost his command of the brute
that he strides?

Nay, do I see but a spectre that flies in the
gloom,

See the wild phookah of Erin that haunts the
hill-sides,

Galloping wildly forever, a phantom of doom?'

"Up from my heart came a cry with a catching
of breath—

'Stay!—though I love not thy cause, I would
save if I might

Foe more detested than thou from so ghastly
a death.'—

Vainly I cried; Man and horse like a flash
from my sight,

Out o'er the edge of the crag with a wild leap
in air

Sprang,—and a sickness came o'er me, as,
tightening the rein,

Blankly I stared at the valley, and murmured
a prayer

For the wretch I had hunted to death, and
had hunted in vain.

"Mournfully, silently, down from the summit
I crept,

Round by the slopes of the mountain, as over
me sailed,

Dull in the mist, the faint moon, and the valley-
wind swept

Coldly my forehead, and round me the wild
plover wailed.

"Huddled beside his dead charger, bruised,
broken and dead,

There 'mid the green beds of bracken, his
face to the sky,

Pale with death's pallor, more pale for the
moon overhead,

There I beheld in his blood the poor fugitive
lie.

"Laying a pitying hand on the heart that was
still,

Gently a picture I drew from the bosom laid
bare,

Lifted it up in the moon from the dusk of
the hill,

Gazed for a moment, and started.—'So young
and so fair!

Florence,—thy face on his bosom. Alas! was
the youth,

Florence, *thy* lover, *thine*. Cousin,—*thine*,
slain, and through me?'

Then all at once on my spirit out broke the
whole truth.

" Bending above the dead man once again, I
 beheld
 Dimly the face of the friend I had known long
 ago,—
 Randal, the bold young enthusiast, madly im-
 pelled,
 Breaking away from his kindred, to strike a
 wild blow
 Thus for the race that his fathers had swayed
 with the sword—
 Randal, the elegant talker, the graceful, the
 brave,
 Randal, the chivalrous ever in act and in
 word,
 Randal, poor Florence's chosen, brought thus
 to his grave!
 " Down on my knees in the heather I knelt at
 his side,
 Felt all the rapture of living fade out in eclipse,
 Claspt the dead hand that in life had been
 proudly denied,
 Bent o'er his face in loud sobbing, and kissed
 the cold lips.
 Then, as men hunt for excuses to justify
 wrong
 Even when conscience is sorest, and deepest
 their guilt,
 Idly I sang to my conscience the hypocrite's
 song,—
 ' Surely in doing my duty this blood I have
 spilt.'
 " 'Duty, ay, Duty! what crimes have been
 wrought in thy name!
 Was it my passion for Duty alone that in-
 spired?
 How much of prejudice, hatred, a hunger for
 fame,
 How much the thirst for mere blood by the
 brute's heart desired?
 Randal, my friend of old days, if thy spirit
 could bend
 Out of the cold azure heaven and see me this
 hour,
 Could'st thou have love to forgive the deep
 wrong of thy friend,
 Done not in virtue, but ignorance?—O Sovran
 Power,
 God of the worlds, who hast made us, and
 knowest full well
 Us, and the forces that fret us 'hyself hast
 ordained,
 Here in thy lonely waste places of mountain
 and dell,
 Stretch I my hands to the worlds by Thy
 wisdom sustained,
 Here, face to face with the awe of Thy being
 revealed,
 Here, with the gulf of deep horror around me
 rent wide,
 Kneeling, I cry to thee, God, who with pur-
 pose concealed
 Mad'st me, and light in my need to Thy foot-
 steps denied.
 " 'Thou who hast girdled our lives with the
 river of Death,
 Save us, O God, from this horror of horrors,
 that men
 Die by the hands of their brothers! O, deep
 in its sheath
 Bury the sword that divideth us; back to
 their den
 Drive thou the furies that rend us; expunge
 and efface,
 Father, the frenzies that shatter our Isle in
 their sway,—
 Vengeance, the passions of party, the rancors
 of race,
 Angers that madden and darken, and hates
 that betray!
 " Long o'er the dead in mine agony cried I to
 God,
 There by the body still kneeling they found
 me that night;
 There with our sword-blades we hewed out
 his grave in the sod.—
 " Never that evening of blood shall be swept
 from my sight;
 Never that chase of the brave human heart in
 the gloom;
 Never the vision in front of the beautiful
 form,
 Swaying in strong airy motions away to its
 doom;
 Never the face in the bracken, the bosom still
 warm
 Bearing that picture,—ah God!—o'er the
 heart that was still:
 Never the gloom of the Vale in the silent
 night-air,
 As again, with face bent o'er the saddle, I
 climbed the dark hill,
 Sick with the anguish of Cain in my lonely
 despair!"

GEORGE F. ARMSTRONG.

PART IX.

POEMS OF LABOR.

There is no remedy for time misspent,
No healing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor is a punishment
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
O hours of indolence and discontent,
Not now to be redeemed ! ye sting not less
Because I know this span of life was lent
For lofty duties, not for selfishness ;—
Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams,
But to improve ourselves, and serve mankind,
Life and its choicest faculties were given,
Man should be ever better than he seems,
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind,
To walk adorning earth, with hope of heaven.

AUBREY DE VERE.

POEMS OF LABOR.

SONG OF A FELLOW-WORKER.

I found a fellow-worker when I thought I
toiled alone:

My toil was fashioning thought and sound, and
his was hewing stone;

I worked in the palace of my brain, he in the
common street,

And it seemed his toil was great and hard,
while mine was great and sweet.

I said, O fellow-worker, yea, for I am a worker
too.

The heart nigh fails me many a day, but how
is it with you?

For while I toil great tears of joy will some-
times fill my eyes,

And when I form my perfect work it lives and
never dies.

I carve the marble of pure thought until the
thought takes form,

Until it gleams before my soul and makes the
world grow warm;

Until there comes the glorious voice and words
that seem divine,

And the music reaches all men's hearts and
draws them into mine.

And yet for days it seems my heart shall
blossom never more,

And the burden of my loneliness lies on me
very sore:

Therefore, O hewer of the stones that pave
base human ways,

How canst thou bear the years till death, made
of such thankless days?

Then he replied: Ere sunrise, when the pale
lips of the day

Sent forth an earnest thrill of breath at warmth
of the first ray,

A great thought rose within me, how, while
men asleep had lain,

The thousand labors of the world had grown
up once again.

The sun grew on the world, and on my soul
the thought grew too,

A great appalling sun, to light my soul the
long day through.

I felt the world's whole burden for a moment,
then began

With man's gigantic strength to do the labor
of one man.

I went forth hastily, and lo! I met a hundred
men,

The worker with the chisel and the worker
with the pen—

The restless toilers after good, who sow and
never reap,

And one who maketh music for their souls
that may not sleep.

Each passed me with a dauntless look, and
my undaunted eyes

Were almost softened as they passed with tears
that strove to rise

At sight of all those labors, and because that
every one,

Ay, the greatest, would be greater if my little
were undone.

They passed me, having faith in me, and in
our several ways
Together we began to-day as we had other
days:

I felt their mighty hands at work, and as the
day wore through,
Perhaps they felt that even I was helping
somewhat too.

Perhaps they felt, as with those hands they
lifted mightily
The burden once more laid upon the world
so heavily,
That while they nobly held it as each man
can do and bear,
It did not wholly fall my side as though no
man were there.

And so we toil together many a day from
morn till night,
I in the lower depths of life, they on the lovely
height;
For though the common stones are mine,
and they have lofty cares,
Their work begins where this leaves off, and
mine is part of theirs.

And 'tis not wholly mine or theirs I think of
through the day,
But the great eternal thing we make together,
I and they;
For in the sunset I behold a city that Man
owns,
Made fair with all their nobler toil, built of
my common stones.

Then noonward, as the task grows light, with
all the labor done,
The single thought of all the day becomes a
joyous one;
For rising in my heart at last, where it hath
lain so long,
It thrills up seeking for a voice, and grows
almost a song.

But when the evening comes, indeed, the
words have taken wing,
The thought sings in me still, but I am all
too tired to sing:
Therefore, O you, my friend, who serve the
world with minstrelsy,
Among our fellow-workers' songs, make that
one song for me.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

WORK-SONG.

Who murmurs that his heart is sick
With toil from day to day,
That brows are wrinkled ere their time,
And locks of youth are gray?
'Twas not in such a craven mood
Our fathers won the lands,
But by the might of toiling brain,
The stroke of resolute hands;
For hard work is strength, boy;
And, whether in house or field,
Ho! for the men that mind and arm
In righteous labor wield!

If trouble clings about thy path,
Ere yet thy days are old;
If dear friends sink in death, and leave
Thy world all void and cold;
Wilt thou lie down in aimless woe
And waste thy life away?
Nay, grieving's but a sluggish game
That coward spirits play;
But hard work is strength, boy,
And when the stout heart bleeds,
There's ne'er a balm that heals it
Like the doing of great deeds.

Ah!—lovest thou a bonnie lass?
Then, scorn to dream and sigh,
For true love's fruits are noble acts,
And fruitless love must die;
And if thy fervency be spurned,
Go, set to work again,—
Twill help to quench the burning woe,
To ease the bitter pain;
For hard work is strength, boy,
Whatever the fiend may say,
And after storm and cloud and rain
Comes up the cheerier day.

And is a true, true wife thine own?—
Let never a murmur rise
To draw one doubt across her brow,
Or a tear into her eyes;
And if thy children round her knees
Look up and cry for bread,
O kiss their fears away, and turn
And work with hand and head;
For hard work is strength, boy,
And with the setting sun,
Come dearer peace and sweeter rest
The more of it that's done.

And if thou have nor child, nor wife,
 Nor bosom friend, what then?
 Toil on with might thro' day, thro' night,
 To help thy fellow men;
 And though thou earn but little thanks,
 Forbear to fret and pine;
 There's One that drank of deadlier woes,
 And holds thee dear for thine;
 And hard work is strength, boy,
 And love is the end of life,—
 Music that fires the blood of the brave
 In the midst of battle and strife.

And when thy power is dead and gone,
 Lay down thy head to rest,
 And the great God will stretch His hands,
 And draw thee to His breast:
 Nay, talk no more of sickening heart,
 Gray hairs or wrinkled brow.
 Up, up, and gird thy loins for toil:
 There's good to do enow;
 And hard work is strength, boy,
 And life's a rapture still
 That loses not its joyousness
 To the men of unwavering will.

GEORGE F. ARMSTRONG.

FOR THE PEOPLE.

We are the hewers and delvers who toil for
 another's gain,
 The common clods and the rabble, stunted of
 brow and brain.
 What do we want, the gleaners, of the harvest
 we have reaped?
 What do we want, the neuters, of the honey
 we have heaped?

We want the drones to be driven away from
 our golden hoard;
 We want to share in the harvest; we want to
 sit at the board;
 We want what sword or suffrage has never
 yet won for man,—
 The fruits of his toil, God-promised, when the
 curse of toil began.

Ye have tried the sword and sceptre, the cross
 and the sacred word,
 In all the years, and the kingdom is not yet
 here of the Lord.
 Is it useless, all our waiting? Are they fruit-
 less, all our prayers?
 Has the wheat, while men were sleeping, been
 oversowed with tares?

What gain is it to the people that a God laid
 down his life.
 If, twenty centuries after, his world be a world
 of strife?
 If the serried ranks be facing each other with
 ruthless eyes
 And steel in their hands, what profits a
 Saviour's sacrifice?

Ye have tried and failed to rule us; in vain to
 direct have tried;
 Not wholly the fault of the ruler; not utterly
 blind the guide;
 Mayhap there needs not a ruler; mayhap we
 can find the way.
 At least ye have ruled to ruin; at least ye
 have led astray.

What matter if king or consul or president
 holds the rein,
 If crime and poverty ever be links in the
 bondsman's chain?
 What careth the burden-bearer that Liberty
 packed his load,
 If Hunger presseth behind him with a sharp
 and ready goad?

There's a serf whose chains are of paper;
 there's a king with a parchment crown;
 There are robber knights and brigands in
 factory, field and town.
 But the vassal pays his tribute to a lord of wage
 and rent;
 And the baron's toll is Shylock's, with a flesh-
 and-blood per cent.

The seamstress bends to her labor all night in
 a narrow room;
 The child, defrauded of childhood, tip-toes all
 day at the loom;
 The soul must starve; for the body can barely
 on husks be fed;
 And the loaded dice of a gambler settle the
 price of bread.

Ye have shorn and bound the Samson and
 robbed him of learning's light;
 But his sluggish brain is moving; his sinews
 have all their might.
 Look well to your gates of Gaza, your privilege,
 pride and caste!
 The Giant is blind, and thinking, and his locks
 are growing fast.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

THE BETTER DAY.

Worn and weary workers—ho!
 Toil is pain, if so you say;
 But to those who singing go
 To their labors day by day,
 Toil is duty, growth and gain—
 Never wasted, never vain.
 Worker by the hot highway,
 In the blinding blaze of day;—
 Delver in the deep, dark mine,
 Where no rays of sunlight shine;—
 Patient pent-up man-machine,
 At the loom and shuttle seen,
 Weaving in with nicest art
 Throbbings of your own poor heart,
 Till the subtle textures seem
 With your very life to gleam;—
 Stitcher by the cradle's side,
 Where thy fondest hopes abide,
 Working with a heart of might
 All the day and half the night,
 Sometimes till the east grows red
 With the dawning, for thy bread,
 Though thou art of feeble limb,
 And thine eyes are pained and dim
 Sending off with every piece
 Which thy weary hands release
 Portions of thy life wrought in
 With the garment white and thin,
 Hard the task, but work away:
 Yet shall dawn the Better Day.

Faith is might, my brothers. Ho!

Weary workers everywhere,
 For the New Age, rounding to
 Like a planet, now prepare:
 Not by revel, not by rust,
 Not by scorning yet your crust.—
 Not by idle dreams of wealth
 Won by luck, or got by stealth,
 Not by flattering hopes of ease:
 Better, braver things than these,
 As its first beams on you fall,
 Asks the New Age of you all.
 Workers, you are brothers born—
 Treat the title not with scorn—
 Workers! born or where or when,
 Better—ye are fellow-men!
 Workers! (so 'tis felt at length)—
 You have got the gift of strength;
 Yours the gift of numbers, too—
 Then what? To yourselves be true?
 Work with will, and work away,
 Doubting not the Better Day!

Each to each a brother be,
 Steadfast in your sympathy;
 All to all be fellow-men—
 You will lack but little then.
 "We were made for Labor?" True;
 So was Labor made for you.
 You are Labor's—Labor yours;
 This your common weal secures.
 Labor has been Money's long,
 And in this has been the wrong;
 Let it hence be yours, and you
 Labor's. Then, with duty due,
 And with muscles well combined
 With your energies of mind,
 Workers, ye shall *masters* be
 In the halls of Industry!
 Heart and hope! The night with-
 drawn,
 How the coming morn shall dawn!
 Work, my brothers—work away
 Doubting not the Better Day!

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE.

The men who moil in forge and shop, and the
 men who till the soil,
 Have sworn to enforce that highest law—that
 they shall eat who toil!
 The rule of the feudal despot's dead
 In the world's new onward swing;
 The rule of the People must come instead,
 With the Sovereign People King!
 Pampered idlers! list to the words of the new
 evangel's laws—
 That man has no right to live who can't for
 living show ample cause!
 Away with the past,
 With its kings and caste—
 The People must be supreme;
 Muscle and brain
 Henceforth must reign—
 Hurra for the new régime!

Look, ye lords, with affrighted eyes, at the
 toilers' stern array;
 And hark to the hurricane voice of Change,
 proclaiming the world's new day!
 As rotten boughs you go down in the gale
 With the fungus of feudal years;
 For the future will have but the tree that's
 hale
 Where the sturdy bud appears!

'Tis nature's law that the worthless drift be
swept away by the tide;
King, prince and lord are a worthless load,
and must by that law abide!
No parliament act
Can alter a fact,
Or the march of mankind stay;
It shrivels to dust
At the People's *must*—
Hurra for the People's Day!

What fools to think that a parchment scroll
can give and take at will
What men through ages have fought to win,
or the throbblings of Liberty still!
Has a drop of ink on a flimsy scroll
More power than a people's blood?
Can a knot of ribbon resist the roll
Of Freedom's surging flood?
Ah, this is the world's renewal age, and the
earth is young again,
For it feels the shock of Liberty that thrills
through the frames of men!
Be the despot lord
But a thing abhorr'd,
And shivered his blood-built tower:
Merit's the guage
In the coming age—
Hurra for the People's power!

The earth was made, with the fruits thereof,
for man in his free career!
Though tyrants have mocked at that primal
law, its day of fulfillment's here!
Their thrones were built upon human
hearts!
Their feet crushed the necks of men;
But their day is past and their power de-
parts
To never curse earth again!
In the light of knowledge men read their
rights, and knowledge gives nerve
to act—
To act with a free and intrepid soul, to turn
a hope to fact!
Crowned despots quake!
The world's awake
In this brighter and broader day;
The worker must rule
In the world's new school—
Hurra for the People's sway!

PATRICK SAKSFIELD CASSIDY.

THE POTATO-DIGGER'S SONG.

Come, Connal, *acushla*, turn the clay,
And show the lumpers the light, gossoon!
For we must toil this autumn day,
With heaven's help, till the rise of the moon.
Our corn is stacked, the hay secure,
Thank God! and nothing, my boy, remains.
But to pile the potatoes safe on the flure,
Before the coming November rains.
The peasant's mine is his harvest still;
So now, my lads, let's work with a will;—
Work hand and foot,
Work spade and hand
Through the crumbly mould.
The blessed fruit
That grows at the root
Is the real gold of Ireland.

Och, I wish that Maurice and Mary dear
Were singing beside us this soft day!
Of course they're far better off than here,
But whether they're happier who can say?
I've heard when it's morn with us, 'tis night
With them on the far Australian shore;—
Well, Heaven be about them with visions
bright,
And send them childer and gold galore.
With us there's many a mouth to fill,
And so, my boy, let's work with a will;—
Work hand and foot,
Work spade and hand
Thro' the brown, dry mould.
The blessed fruit
That grows at the root
Is the real gold of Ireland.

Ah, Paddy O'Reardon, you thundering Turk,
Is it coortin' you are in the blessed noon?
Come over here, Katty, and mind your work,
Or I'll see if your mother can't change your
tune.
Well, youth will be youth, as you know, Mick,
Sixteen and twenty for each were meant;—
But, Pat, in the name of the fairies, avic,
Defer your proposal till after Lent;
And as love on this island lives mostly still
On potatoes—dig, boy, dig with a will;—
Work hand and foot,
Work spade and hand,
Through the harvest mould
The blessed fruit
That grows at the root
Is the real gold of Ireland

Down the bridle-road the neighbors ride,
Through the light ash-shade by the wheaten
sheaves;

And the childer sing on the mountain side,
In the sweet blue smoke of the burning
leaves,

As the great sun sets, in glory furled, [face—
Faith, it's grand to think as I watch his
If he never sets on the English World,
He never, lad, sets on the Irish Race.

In the West, in the South, New Irelands still
Grow up in his light—come, work with a will;—
Work hand and foot,

Work spade and hand,
Through the native mould;
The blessed fruit
That grows at the root
Is the real gold of Ireland!

But look! the round moon, yellow as corn,
Comes up from the sea, in the deep blue
It scarcely seems a day since morn; [calm;
Well—the heel of the evening to you, mam!

God bless the moon! for many a night,
As I restless lay on a troubled bed—
When rent was due—her quieting light
Has flattered with dreams my poor old head.

But see—the baskets remain to fill!
Come, girls, be alive—boys, dig with a will;—
Work hand and foot,

Work spade and hand,
Through the moonlit mould;
The blessed fruit
That grows at the root,
Is the real gold of Ireland!

THOMAS C. IRWIN.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

Earth, of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds him still with corn and wine;
He who best would aid a brother,
Shares with him these gifts divine.
Many a power within her bosom
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath;
Hence are seed and leaf and blossom,
Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty,
Is the royal task of man;
Man's a king, his throne is duty,
Since his work on earth began.
Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage,
These, like man, are fruits of earth;

Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill and wine-vat's treasures,
Earthly goods for earthly lives,
These are nature's ancient pleasures,
These her child from her derives.
What the dream but vain rebelling,
If from earth we sought to flee?
'Tis our stored and ample dwelling,
'Tis from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade,
Work with these as bids thy reason,
For they work thy toil to aid.
Sow thy seed and reap in gladness!
Man himself is all a seed;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

JOHN STERLING.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

Come, see the Dolphin's anchor forged—'tis
at a white heat now:

The bellows ceased, the flames decreased—
tho' on the forge's brow

The little flames still fitfully play through the
sable mound,

And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths
ranking round,

All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands
only bare—

Some rest upon their sledges here, some work
the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the
black mound heaves below,

And red and deep a hundred veins burst out
at every throe:

It rises, roars, rends all outright—O, Vulcan,
what a glow!

'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the
high sun shines not so!

The high sun sees not on the earth such fiery
fearful show;

The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the
ruddy lurid row

Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men
before the foe,

As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the
sailing monster, slow [grow.

Sinks on the anvil:—all about the faces fiery



very faithfully yours
Saml. Ferguson

"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out;" When, weighing slow, at eve they go,—far,
 bang, bang the sledges go: far from love and home;
 Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er
 high and low— the ocean's foam.
 A hailing fount of fire is struck at every
 squashing blow,
 The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rat-
 tling cinders strow
 The ground around: at every bound the
 sweltering fountains flow,
 And thick and loud the swinking crowd at
 every stroke pant, "ho!"
 Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and
 lay on load!
 Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick
 and broad;
 For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow,
 I bode,
 And I see the good ship riding, all in a peril-
 ous road—
 The low reef roaring on her lee—the roll of
 ocean pour'd,
 From stem to stern, sea after sea; the main-
 mast by the board;
 The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats
 stove at the chains!
 But courage still, brave mariners—the bower
 yet remains,
 And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when
 ye pitch sky high;
 Then moves his head, as tho' he said, "Fear
 nothing—here am I!"
 Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and
 hand keep time;
 Your blows make music sweeter far than any
 steeple's chime.
 But while you sling your sledges, sing—and
 let the burden be,
 The anchor is the anvil king, and royal crafts-
 men we!
 Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull
 their rustling red;
 Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work
 will soon be sped.
 Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery
 rich array,
 For a hammock at the roaring bows, on an
 oozy couch of clay;
 Our anchor soon must change the lay of
 merry craftsmen here,
 For the yo-heave-o', and the heave-away, and
 the singing seaman's cheer;
 In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down
 at last;
 A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from
 cat was cast.
 O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou
 hadst life like me,
 What pleasure would thy toils reward beneath
 the deep green sea!
 O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such
 sights as thou?
 The hoary monster's palaces! Methinks what
 joy 'twere now
 To go plumb plunging down amid the
 assembly of the whales,
 And feel the churned sea round me boil
 beneath their scourging tails!
 Then deep in tangled woods to fight the fierce
 sea unicorn,
 And send him foiled and bellowing back, for
 all his ivory horn!
 To leave the subtle sword-fish of bony blade
 forlorn;
 And for the ghastly grinning shark, to leave
 his jaws to scorn;
 To leap down on the kraken's back, where
 'mid Norwegian isles
 He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shal-
 lowed miles;
 'Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off
 he rolls;
 Meanwhile to swing a-buffeting the far aston-
 ished shoals
 Of his black browsing ocean-calves; or, haply,
 in a cove,
 Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some
 Undine's love.
 To find the long-haired mermaids; or, hard
 by icy lands,
 To wrestle with the sea-serpent upon ceru-
 lean sands.
 O broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose
 sport can equal thine?
 The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons that
 tugs thy cable line;
 And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory
 day by day,
 Through sable sea and breaker white, the
 giant game to play—

But, shamer of our little sports, forgive the
name I gave—
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to
save.

O lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou
but understand

Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who
that dripping band,

Slowswaying on the heaving wave, that round
about thee bend,

With sound like breakers in a dream blessing
their ancient friend —

O, couldst thou know what heroes glide with
larger steps round thee,

Thine iron side would swell with pride ;
thou'dst leap within the sea !

Give honor to their memories who left the
pleasant strand,

To shed their blood so freely for the love of
Fatherland—

Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy
churchyard grave,

So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing
wave ;

O, though our anchor may not be all I have
fondly sung,

Honor him for their memory whose bones he
goes among !

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

THE IRISH REAPERS' SONG.

A glorious morning, hot and still :

There's not a cloud, and scarce a sound,

Except where yonder from the mound

Drums the wheel of the white-washed mill.

How strong the great sun showers his rays

Upon this corn they've turned to gold !

If it could hear us sing its praise

As once the people did of old,

Its ears would better like the tune—

Chiefly if young Rose yonder sung—

Than any breeze of morn or noon

That ever moved its stems among ;

For there's no music like the voice

Of a colleen that's glad, my boys ;

And we have reason just to drop

Upon our knees for this fine crop.

Bend in the heat,

Close to the feet

Cut down the wheat

We sowed in spring,

And lay it bound
Light on the ground,
While lads around
And colleens sing !

Hurrah ! my friends, you've done your best ;

Half the field cut with half the day !

Let us be gay ; all work is play

When it brings profit. Now for a rest,

And drink beside the streamlet blue.

How pleasantly the thrushes sing ;

And see, from town the sparrows, too,

Have come to join our harvesting :—

How close the whistling swallows fly—

Not one of them that has not come

Up from the far hot southern sky,

Perhaps from Greece or holy Rome :

If from America they flew,

I'd like them more, 'twixt me and you ;

For they'd have seen our friends, ochone !

Well, the sun sees them, and the moon :

But, up ! and beat,

My boys, complete,

This field of wheat

We sowed in spring ;

And lay it bound

Light on the ground

While lads around

And colleens sing !

Yon sun which sinks the hills behind

A finer harvest never saw :

The wheat will feed us and the straw

Will shield us from the winter's wind.

And now, the last thrush leaves the tree,

Our cottage turf smoke rises blue

Up to the sickle moon, as we

Plod homeward in the heavy dew.

No other Race can work so much

On little, as we can, they say ;

And, would we had to reap as rich

A field all night, as this to-day.

But now for a dance, and then to rest

After a taste of true poteen,

To drink a health to friends in the West,

And to old Ireland's Isle of green !

For all the heat,

Our work was sweet ;

Now with our feet

The floor shall ring ;

And friend with friend

Their songs shall blend,

To happy end

Our harvesting !

THOMAS C. IRWIN.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

Though he was born to till the soil
 Or ply the busy trade,
 To pamper tyrants by his toil
 The poor man ne'er was made;
 That wondrous flame, the soul, 's the same
 In poor or noble clay,
 And the self-same laws will try its cause
 On the final Judgment Day,
 Then here's the son of poverty,
 Who bravely fills his can,
 And drink with me to liberty,
 And the God-made rights of man.

The reckless despot on his throne,
 Who gave him right to sway?
 To make the suffering millions groan
 In bondage day by day?
 Is he a god that with his rod
 Can fill unnumbered graves?
 No! Blood and bone, he still must own,
 He's mortal like his slaves!
 Then here's the son of poverty,
 Who fearless fills his can,
 To pledge with me bright liberty,
 And the God-made rights of man.

When dived great Adam's progeny
 And our primal mothers span,
 There was no difference of degree
 E'er seen 'twixt man and man;
 But the human might, ambition's flight,
 Have set up tyrants' rule.
 A lesson stern the nations learn
 In hard misfortune's school.
 So here's the son of poverty,
 Who stoutly fills his can,
 And works with me for liberty,
 And the God-made rights of man.

There never was a law divine
 To make the poor bow down
 To mortal man, whate'er his line,
 However bright his crown;
 The poor man's blood is warm and good,
 And red as his who reigns,
 And why should he bend neck or knee—
 Bow silent down in chains?
 So here's the son of poverty
 Who fills a brimming can,
 And prays with me for liberty,
 And the God-made rights of man.

On many a plain with fire and steel,
 The poor man's cause was tried,
 And many a deed of noble zeal
 That great cause sanctified;
 For that good cause, for righteous laws,
 Arise, prepare, and be
 Brave patriots all, to stand or fall,
 Soldiers of Liberty.
 And here's the son of poverty,
 Who clinks with mine his can—
 Who'll strike with me for liberty,
 And the God-made rights of man.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

THE TENANT-AT-WILL.

To-night my fire is faint and low,
 Outside it rains, and the chill winds blow;
 The rain falls loud on the sodden ground,
 And the stream runs by with a mournful
 sound.

A dark shape stands on my cabin floor,
 Its finger points to the lowly door,
 Summer and winter, in gloom or light,
 It frowns before me, by day and night.

I go to toil on my little farm—
 It follows on, with its outstretched arm!
 In vain I labor, I curse, or pray—
 It stands and bids me, "Away! Away!"

'Tis the landlord's NOTICE—that thing of fear,
 Renewed, sustained, thro' the live-long year,
 Chilling my life blood hour by hour
 With the blighting threat of a deadly power!

When morning brightens the eastern skies
 From a troubled sleep unrefresh'd I rise,
 And I know not whether when evening falls
 I may dare to enter these humble walls.

And when at night I lie down to rest
 With a boding fear is my heart oppress'd;
 For the next knock struck on my cabin door
 May be struck to tell 'tis my home no more.

I dig and plough, but I never know
 If my hands shall gather the crop I sow,
 And the crop I gather, though good it be,
 Brings never plenty or peace to me.

I pour my sweat on the soil like rain,
 I coin my blood—for another's gain:
 The more I add to the land's rich bloom,
 The nearer bring I my threaten'd doom.

My little son, now to boyhood grown,
Has a little garden he calls his own;
He has planted saplings and wild flow'rs there,
And he says 'tis safe in his father's care.

My darling knows not how many a start
His prattlings send to his father's heart,
Nor knows the pang that he wakes the while
His mother lists with a sadden'd smile.

My poor pale wife! even now I hear
The landlord's name in her murmur'd pray'r,
And I hear her say in her high appeal,
"May the Saviour soften his heart of steel!"

Pray, Mary darling! pray on, ashore!
My heart is crushed, I can pray no more
A fire lights up in my tortured brain,
And the world around takes a ruddy stain.

Pray, Mary darling! pray on, machree!
For your own dear self and my children three.
My soul is wrapped in a crimson glare,
I must walk abroad—LET WHO WILL BEWARE!

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN.

THE TINTAMARRE.*

"*Not' Maitre*, this is the Tintamarre
Of the village of Carmeray."
So spoke a sunburnt *campagnard*
By the Beauron's winding way.
From hand to hand, from voice to voice,
Five hundred years, men say,
It has summoned the weary to rejoice
At the death of the worker's day:

Ha-ro-o!

Gilles, Jacquot.

Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut!

Ha-ro-o!

Marthe, Margot.

Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut,

Au tout bon Comte de Blois!

At the first sweet sound of the Vesper bell
The harvester drops the hay:

And leaving the last tree where it fell,
The wood-cutter turns away.
Then he thinks how his fathers' fathers toiled
From dawn to dusk of day;
And he crosses his tools in the Tintamarre.
And he bares his brow to pray:

Ha-ro-o!

Marc, Michau.

Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut!

Ha-ro-o!

Jean, Jeannot!

Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut,

Au tout bon Comte de Blois!

The hurrying ploughman stops half way
In the furrow turned for grain;
Alone, he doubles the roundelay,
And with whetstone strikes his wain;
The ditcher, clearing his dusty throat,
Sends on the same refrain.
Till the wandering goat-herd, note for note,
Gives the *Haro* back again:

Ha-ro-o!

Luc, Arnaud.

Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut!

Ha-ro-o!

Jules, Guillot.

Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut,

Au tout bon Comte de Blois!

Still the miller reckons his empty sacks,
As he stays in the mill alone;
Still the miserly farmers bend their backs,
For the harvest is all their own.
And—ha! ha! ha! "It would grieve a Turk,"
The wiseacres sighing say,
"That the precious daylight God gave for
work,

Men and women should dance away.

Ha-ro-o!

Jacques, Renaud.

Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut!

Ha-ro-o!

Jeanne, Babeau,

Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut,

Au tout bon Comte de Blois!

* According to a tradition, Count Thibaut of Blois, taking pity on the lot of those who toiled in the fields, fixed the hour for beginning and ending the day's work. Every evening when the bell of the tower had rung, one could hear the workmen nearest to the tower warning their fellow-toilers either by shouts or by the sound of their picks and spades, which they struck against one another. This was the Tintamarre, and during the confused hum could be heard the grateful shouts, "God pardon the good Count of Blois!"—*Monteil*.

Now the fiddler's time of toil begins,
Yet he too gives thanks to Heaven;
For, old and blind, he hardly wins
The scanty bread of seven.
And clattering after his dancing feet
Come the village children all,

As they mimic the sounds of the Tintamarre,
And echo the elders' call:

Ha-ro-o!

Gilles, Jacquot.

Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut!

Ha-ro-o!

Marthe, Margot.

Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut,

Au tout bon Comte de Blois!

L'ENVOI.

Still, the grandsires say, does the good Comte's
Haunt forest and *champ* and *clos*, [soul]
Still he claims his lordship on every bole,
And from every furrow thus takes his toll:

"Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut!

Dieu pardoint au Comte de Blois!"

JULIA M. O'RYAN.

IN THE NIGHT TIME.

An Artisan's Garret.

Tink, chink; 'tis the rain on the roof,

The dull, monotonous rain; [cry

And there comes from the corner a querulous

The cry of a creature in pain.

Oh! child of my heart, hush that terrible wail,

It creeps through my marrow and brain;

The barns overflow with the wealth of the year,

Yet the robbers deny thee a grain. [soul]

Lord, matched with this torture of body and

I count swiftest death but a trifle;

'Twere better than starve to fall under the hail,

Or be clubbed by the butt of the rifle.

Tink, chink; 'tis the rain on the roof,

And my wife murmurs quick in her dreams;

Is she walking once more where we met and
we wed

In that dear land of meadows and streams?

Ah, perish the fancy, the selfish deceit—

How she haggles and hucksters for more!

She is pawning her cloak for a morsel of bread,

For the little ones stretched on the floor.

Preach patience to Death! O, All-seeing God,

From my lips take this bitterest chalice,

Better fester and rot in the hold of the hulks—

Better swing like a thief from the gallows!

Tink, chink; 'tis the rain on the roof,

And the wind in the shivering street;

Ah, well for the wind and the rain they care not

For the morrow and something to eat.

No ghastly beseechings of hunger-blanch'd
lips,

Sound mournfully wild in their ears,
Whilst mine is the grief frozen solid and cold,
And alien to merciful tears.

"Lie still, trade is dull; all the markets are
crammed;

Little good in this meaningless clamor,
The furnace is empty, the rust eats its way
Through chisel and anvil and hammer."

Tink, chink; 'tis the rain on the roof;

Another day breaks in the skies; [head
Its light will look down through the rent over-
On haggard and ravenous eyes.

A spark in the fireplace—a crackle—a gleam,

And my wife crouches down in despair

To warm her thin hands at a morsel of fire—

The back of our very last chair.

Rocking and groaning—O woman, may God

Send rest to the pangs of this sorrow;

There's nothing to sell, there's nothing to
pawn,

And the poor are too poor to borrow!

CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

SLEDGE AND PEN.

The breezy dawn has scarcely called the sky-
lark from its nest.

The thrush caged in the village street is ruf-
fling from his rest,

When Ironsides, my neighbor, opens wide his
smithy door, [roar;

And, eager for his labor, sets his furnace in a
For he's a child of nature, and he burns no
midnight oil

The sun, he knows, was hung in heaven to
light men to their toil.

Clang, cling, falls his sledge,

Creak his bellows go;

Clang, cling, falls his sledge,

Bright his irons glow.

Ho! Ho! there's health in heavy toil; there's
bread in every blow.

In early morn, throughout the day, until the
sun's decline,

I hear the anvil ring its tune, I see his furnace
shine;

No sullen toiler is he; when his mid-day meal
is o'er,

His wife brings forth his little boy and sits
outside the door.

And tunes a lilting lullaby to the anvil's
pleasant din,

And the song that soothes her baby nerves the
steady arm within.

Clang, cling, falls the sledge,

Sweet her voice and low;

Clang, cling, falls the sledge,

Creak the bellows go.

Till baby drops a slumbering to the sound of
voice and blow.

Thrice happy are you, neighbor mine, with
all your toilsome ways,

Your nights of well-won slumber and your
bright bread-winning days;

Your busy arm, your easy mind, your happy
lack of lore,

Are nobler boast than heritage of land or
golden store;

Ah, could you know that I who watch you
work with heavy eye,

Who list the music of your voice and see
your red sparks fly,

Oft wonder if amidst your toil it enters in
your ken

That all your iron sledge's load is lighter than
a pen.

Clang, cling, swing your sledge,

In your furnace glow;

Clang, cling, swing your sledge,

Busy to and fro.

How happy would my days be were my lot to
labor so.

The sweat upon your manly brow is covenant
with God,

You ache your heart for no man's bread, your
brain at no man's nod,

And only Mother Nature holds the sovereign
control

O'er the fine feelings of your heart and
passions of your soul.

You cannot know what tis to be the property
of all,

To own no self, to know no rest, obey each
heedless call;

To smile in grief, to weep in joy, a thought-
machine 'mong men,

To have for staff on life's rough road naught
but the fagging pen.

Clang, cling, swings your sledge,

Creak your bellows go;

Clang, cling, rings your sledge,

Bright the iron's glow.

Well, every life must have its lot, there's weal
for every woe.

THOMAS S. CLEARY.

THE COBBLER.

In cellar close and drear and dark,

Beneath the door-sill low

I see the cobbler's busy hands,

I see his steady blow.

His form is bent upon his last,

His lamp hangs on the wall,

And in and out he whips his ends,

And plies his busy awl.

Tip-tap, from sun to sun;

Tip-tap, the night's begun,

And he has work that must be done,—

Tip-tap.

His apron's spread across his breast.

Of leathern texture strong;

His arms are bare, his sleeves rolled up;

His feet brace tight the thong

That binds the last between his knees;

His pull is swift and long;

And now the peg he hammers in,

And hums a little song.

Tip-tap, from sun to sun, etc.

For evening chat, a crony plods

Adown the creaking stair;

He naively cracks a rustic joke,

And forward draws his chair;

At wit the cobbler tries his skill,

The friendly jest to floor;

In sounding words he makes retort,

And both in chorus roar.

Tip-tap, from sun to sun, etc.

The current news is next discussed,—

What men have said or done;

And how they erred in this or that,

And where they honor won;—

(The best and fairest he will be

Of whom it can be said :

He worked to give a fellow man

A way to earn his bread.)

Tip-tap, from sun to sun, etc.

With elbows placed upon his knees,

And finger raised to show

The nice deductions of his mind,

The cobbler's reasons flow;

And then he pegs and pegs away;

He knows the minutes speed;

His work's behind the promised time

And he has mouths to feed.

Tip-tap, from sun to sun, etc.

Now sound befoes the lines of sense,
 And, full of wisdom's pride,
 On reason's back he rolls a weight
 That reason will not ride;
 But down in all the dust she lies—
 Dust of an empty head,—
 And kicks her heels against his tongue,
 Till his kind face is red.
 Tip-tap, from sun to sun, etc.

Then, fumbling through his kit, he finds
 That solace to his care,—
 That balm between two cronies dear,—
 The pipe, which both may share.
 The smoke now curls above his head,
 From smacks both loud and full,
 Till with his thumb the shank he wipes,
 Saying, "Jim, now take a pull!"
 Tip-tap, from sun to sun, etc.

He nods with pleasure to the wall
 Where mended boots are hung,
 He points to those that great men own,
 Whose fame has long been sung;
 To vamp the boot that honor wears
 Is fame enough for him;
 Content is he to labor on
 Until his eyes grow dim.
 Tip-tap, from sun to sun, etc.

Despise him not, ye rich and vain,
 He has a father's care;—
 His boys and girls to clothe and feed;
 A wife his bread to share.
 Beneath his rough and homely garb,
 A manly heart and true
 Beats warm with all a father's love,
 And all that love may do.
 Tip-tap, from sun to sun, etc.

The pride of wealth is not for him,
 Still less the pride of fame;
 They are the thieves that rob the heart
 To gain an empty name.
 With sky above and earth beneath,
 His Eden floats between;
 And life is bliss when power and state
 Are not with envy seen.
 Tip-tap, from sun to sun, etc.

Some day, ere yet the sun is up,
 Or ere the sun goes down,
 The crape will hang upon his door,
 Unnoticed by the town;

Like shadows will his patrons pass,
 And turn their gaze away;
 For friendship dies between in sighs
 When friends return to clay.
 Tip-tap, from sun to sun;
 Tip-tap, the night's begun,
 And there is work that must be done,—
 Tip-tap.

HUGH F. McDERMOTT.

GOD HELP THE POOR!

The summer days are past and gone,
 And dreary winter cometh on,
 Stealthy and sure.
 God help the poor, infirm and old—
 So ill prepared to meet the cold!
 God help the poor!

The sky is dull and overcast,
 And hoarsely moans the sullen blast
 O'er hill and moor;
 The drifting sleet, and drizzling rain,
 Beat drearily on the window pane—
 God help the poor!

God help the weary, shrinking feet,
 That trudge along the miry street,
 From door to door;
 The hesitating forms that stand,
 And knock with nervous, timid hand—
 God help the poor!

God help the poor, compelled to hear
 The rude repulse, the heartless sneer;
 They must endure
 The taunting speech, and scornful eye,
 That seem to mock their misery;
 God help the poor!

God help each wretched, shivering form,
 That nightly from the pelting storm,
 In nook obscure,
 Is fain to lay the aching head,
 The cold damp earth their only bed;
 God help the poor!

God pity them; for here below
 Hard is their portion—want and woe;
 And sorrows more
 Than tongue could tell, or pen could write,
 Torment them still, by day and night,
 And dog their steps with cruel spite;
 God help the poor!

ELLEN FORRESTER.

THE TOILERS.

What wonder is it if rebellious ire
 Oft-time rolls up in breasts of toiling men,
 Whose life is labor-burdened ever, when,
 With eyes a moment raised from tasks of hire,
 They see proud privilege, in pomp's attire,
 Flaunt arrogantly o'er the world, and then
 Recline in easeful indolence again,
 While still they delve in mine and plod in mire?
 O haughty ones, whose lips have but a sneer
 For God's poor children, bound in chains of
 need,

Not theirs the blighting blame if, suffering long
 In silence, they at length alarm the sphere
 With ominous murmur and with direful deed,
 For even earth's crawling things revolt at
 wrong.

DANIEL DESMOND.

THE VOICE OF LABOR.

A Chant of the Repeal Meetings, 1843.

Ye who despoil the sons of toil, saw ye this
 sight to-day.

When stalwart trade in long brigade, beyond
 a king's array.

Marched in the blessed light of heaven, be-
 neath the open sky.

Strong in the might of sacred RIGHT, that
 none dare ask them why.

These are the slaves, the needy knaves, ye
 spit upon with scorn—

The spawn of earth, of nameless birth, and
 basely bred as born;

Yet know, ye soft and silken lords, were we
 the thing ye say,

Your broad domains, your coffered gains,
 your lives were ours to-day!

Measure that rank, from flank to flank: 'tis
 fifty thousand strong;

And mark you here, in front and rear, bri-
 gades as deep and long;

And know that never blade of foe, or Arran's
 deadly breeze,

Tried by assay of storm or fray, more daunt-
 less hearts than these;

The sinewy smith, little he recked of his own
 child—the sword;

The men of gear, think you they fear *their*
 handiwork—a Lord?

And undismayed, yon sons of trade might see
 the battle's front,

Who bravely bore, nor bowed before, the
 deadlier face of want.

What lack we here of show or form that lures
 your slaves to death?

Not serried bands, nor sinewy hands, nor
 music's martial breath;

And if we broke the bitter yoke our suppliant
 race endure.

No robbers we—but chivalry—the army of
 the poor.

Shame on ye now, ye lordly crew, that do
 fly our first defiance—

We are no base and braggart mob, but merci-
 ful and strong.

Your henchmen vain, your vassal train, would
 fly our first defiance;

In us—in our strong, tranquil breasts—abides
 your sole reliance.

Ay! keep them all, castle and hall—coffers
 and costly jewels—

Keep your vile gain, and in its train the pas-
 sions that it fuels.

We envy not your lordly lot—its bloom or its
 decayance:

But ye *have* that we claim as ours—our right
 in long abeyance:

Leisure to live, leisure to love, leisure to taste
 our freedom—

O! suff'ring poor, O! patient poor, how bit-
 terly you need them!

"Ever to moil, ever to toil," that is your
 social charter,

And city slave or peasant serf, the TOILER is
 its martyr.

Where Frank and Tuscan shed their sweat
 the goodly crop is theirs—

If Norway's toil make rich the soil, she eats
 the fruit she rears—

O'er Maine's green sward there rules no lord,
 saving the Lord on high;

But we are slaves in our own land—proud
 masters, tell us why?

The German burgher and his men, brother
 with brothers live.

While toil must wait without *your* gate what
 gracious crusts you give.

Long in your sight, for our own right, we've
 bent, and still we bend;—

Why did we bow? why do we now?—proud
 masters, this must end.

Perish the past—a generous land is this fair
 land of ours,

And enmity may no man see between its
 Towns and Towers.

Come, join our bands—here take our hands—
 now shame on him that lingers,
 Merchant or Peer, you have no fear from
 labor's blistered fingers.
 Come, join at last—perish the past—its trait-
 ors, its seceders—
 Proud names and old, frank hearts and bold,
 come join and be our Leaders;
 But know, ye lords, that be your swords with
 us or with our wronger,
 Heaven be our guide, for we shall bide this
 lot of shame no longer!

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

SONS OF LABOR.

Lift thy head, thou child of labor; toiling
 craftsman, be of cheer,
 Time is weaving star-bright garlands for thy
 day of crowning near.

For thy labor stout and man-like, glorious
 meed shall yet be thine,
 When the world shall hail you noble, of an
 earth-subduing line.

What were seed without the sower to his
 mission ever true?
 What were harvests, if the reaper left them
 standing as they grew?

Wheresoe'er the toiler worketh, if he work
 with faith and love,
 God himself smiles down approval from the
 halls of bliss above;

Stands beside the village Vulcan, aids him in
 his every blow;
 Kling and klang, with ring incessant, while
 the iron is a-glow;

Throws the shuttle of the weaver, guides the
 sailor o'er the wave,
 Whispers "Onward!" to the strong man,
 whispers "Courage!" to the slave.

Toil is treasure, toil is freedom, while it tasks
 the strength away,
 Soul-ennobling, still it worketh for the
 brighter, better day.

For the tender wives that love you, toil, my
 brothers, still toil on,
 For the loving babes that bless you, still the
 worker's vesture don.

Wo to those in lordly places sunk in lethargy
 supine,
 With their feastings and their revels, with
 their music and their wine.

In the balance weighed and wanting, deemed
 as worthless as the dust,
 As their life was never living, but betrayal of
 God's trust.

Comes the day of rich reprisal, comes the
 day of vengeance due,
 As they laid on load with scourges, we will
 play with scourges too.

WILLIAM P. MULCHINOCK.

THE WORKERS.

Ours is the earnest strife,
 Who write and think,
 And press the grapes of life
 That you may drink.
 We lay our dearest treasure
 Before your feet,
 Nor pause the gift to measure,
 So it be sweet.

When we the work have wrought,
 And gained the goal
 And wrung the glowing thought
 From burning soul,
 To you the key is given
 That we have won;
 No need how hearts be riven,
 So it be done.

Our cheeks are pale and wan,—
 Yours flushed with health;
 And still we struggle on,
 But not for wealth.
 That you may read and learn,
 And gain in mind,—
 For this we toil, nor turn
 To look behind.

And if we dream at all,
 Or dare to trust,
 The boon is very small:
 That our poor dust
 (When weary brain is calm,
 And peace is met.)
 The friends we gave the palm
 Shall not forget.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

THE TRUMPET SMITH.

Day after day, blow hot, blow cold,
 At his bench close by the window sill,
 Steadily works the Trumpet Smith,
 Steadily still;

Fitting the valves of a silver horn
 That coils like a snake round his naked arm,
 And the valves to the touch of his ready hand
 Work like a charm.—

Blow, Trumpet Smith: ring out one blast,
 One trumpet blast I pause to hear!
 But never a note from the bugle-horn
 Falls on my ear.—

Never a sound of radiant music
 That might bring a tear or a smile;
 The clink of the hammer I hear; I hear
 The shriek of the file.

Unto his lips he lifts his pipe,
 And blows through his lips an azure cloud,
 But never blows he on the bugle-horn,
 Or soft or loud.—

Unto his lips he lifts anon
 The rude-fashioned jug of tawny beer,
 But never the dumb vexatious horn
 I long to hear.

And when, some night, in the Music-hall,
 The great Herr This, or Signor That,
 From the silver horn a solo breathes,
 Now sharp, now flat,

Gloved hands in ecstasy will beat,
 Lorgnettes on the lucky wight will bear,
 But never a word of the Trumpet Smith,
 Nor thought, nor care.

Bright eyes to the player's clang will flash:
 Soft eyes to his whispered notes grow dim,
 But never, "Who forged yon wizard horn?
 Tell me of him!"

"*Sic vos non vobis.*"

Sang the Roman bard of old;
 Forge on in the heat, O Trumpet Smith!
 Forge on in the cold!

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

IN THE CITY.

Beside the smithy window
 A thrush sings all day long,
 All in the murky city,
 A carolling greenwood song!
 And ever, as I come nigh it,
 My spirit is filled with glee,
 And ever, as I go by it,
 My heart groans sad in me.
 While ringingly the hammer,
 Ringingly within,
 Maketh a merry clamor
 And a busy din.

Therein, the Ever-worker
 Is seen from early day,
 With the glow of forge and iron
 Upon his locks of gray.
 Therein, the ancient workman
 Works ever and aye, so lone;
 And none have heard his laughter—
 To no man he makes moan.
 While ringingly the hammer,
 Ringingly within,
 Maketh a merry clamor
 And a busy din.

Two friends he hath—two only—
 Good hammer and sweet bird;
 O sorrowful eyes! you tell not
 Who may have been the third.
 Or whether the thrush is singing
 Of summers that bore no gloom
 Or whether it promiseth, sweetly,
 A green bough o'er a tomb,
 When stilled shall lie the hammer,
 Silent all within,
 Hushed the weary clamor
 And the noisy din.

GEORGE SIGERSON.

PART X.

POEMS OF COMEDY.

Reason, Folly, and Beauty, they say,
Went on a party of pleasure one day :
 Folly played around the maid,
The bell of his cap rang merrily out ;
 While Reason took to his sermon book—
Oh ! which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
Turned for a moment to Reason's dull page,
 Till Folly said, " Look here, sweet maid."
The sight of his cap brought her back to herself ;
 While Reason read his leaves of lead,
With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf.

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap—
Had he that on, he her heart might entrap.—
 " There it is," quoth Folly, " old quiz !"
But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore
That Beauty now liked him still less than before ;
 While Folly took old Reason's book,
And twisted the leaves to a cap of such *ton*,
 That Beauty vowed (though not aloud)
She liked him still better in that than his own.

THOMAS MOORE.



POEMS OF COMEDY.

FAN FITZGERL.

Wirra, wirra! Ologone!
 Can't ye lave a lad alone,
 Till he's proved there's no tradition left of any
 other girl—
 Not even Trojan Helen,
 In beauty all excellin'—
 Who's been up to half the divilment of Fan
 Fitzgerald?

Wid her brows of silky black,
 Arched above for the attack,
 Her eyes that dart such azure death on poor
 admirin' man;
 Masther Cupid, point your arrows,
 From this out, agin' the sparrows,
 For you're bested at Love's archery by young
 Miss Fan.

See what showers of goolden thread
 Lift and fall upon her head,
 The likes of such a trammel net at say was
 never spread;
 For whin accurately reckoned,
 Twas computed that each second
 Of her curls has cot a Kerryman, and kilt him
 dead.

Now mintion, if you will,
 Brandon Mount and Hungry Hill,
 Or Magillicuddy's Reeks, renowned for crip-
 plin' all they can;
 Still the country side confisses
 None of all its precipices
 Cause a quarter of the carnage of the nose of
 Fan.

But your shatthered hearts suppose
 Safely steered apast her nose,
 She's a current and a reef beyant to wreck
 them rovin' ships.
 My maning it is simple,
 For that current is her dimple,
 And the cruel reef 'twill coax ye's to her coral
 lips.

I might inform ye further
 Of her bosom's snowy murther,
 And an ankle ambuscadin' through her
 gown's delightful whirl.
 But what need, when all the village
 Has forsook its paceful tillage,
 And flown to war and pillage, all for Fan
 Fitzgerald.

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.*

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
 With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Cole-
 raine,
 When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher
 down tumbled,
 And all the sweet butter-milk watered the
 plain.
 "Oh! what shall I do now? 'twas looking at
 you, now; [again;
 Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet
 'Twas the pride of my dairy! O, Barney
 M'Cleary, [raine!"
 You're sent as a plague to the girls of Cole-

* Ascribed to EDWARD LYSAGHT.

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide
her,
That such a misfortune should give her such
pain;
A kiss then I gave her, and ere I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it
again.
'Twas hay-making season—I can't tell the
reason— [plain;
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

Show me a sight—
Bates for delight [at it.
An ould Irish wheel, wid a young Irish girl
Oh, no! nothin' you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

Look at her there—
Night in her hair, [out on us!
The blue ray of day from her eye laughing
Faix, an' a foot,
Perfect of cut,
Peepin' to put an end to all doubt in us

That there's a sight
Bates for delight [at it.
An ould Irish wheel, wid a young Irish girl
Oh, no! nothin' you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

How the lamb's wool
Turns coorse an' dull [of her:
By them soft, beautiful, weeshy, white hands
Down goes her heel,
Roun' goes the reel,
Purrin' wid pleasure to take the commands of
her.

Then show me a sight
Bates for delight [it.
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at
Oh, no! nothin' you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

Talk of three Fates,
Sated on sates, [for me;
Spinnin' and shearin' away till they've done
You may want three
For your massacre,
But one fate for me, boys, and only the one
for me:

An' isn't that fate
Pictured complete— [at it?
An ould Irish wheel, wid a young Irish girl
Oh, no! nothin' you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

MARY DRAPER.

Don't talk to me of London dames,
Nor rave about your foreign flames,
That never lived, except in dhramas,
Nor shone, except on paper.
I'll sing you 'bout a girl I knew,
Who lived in Ballywhackmacrew,
And, let me tell you, mighty few
Could aigual Mary Draper.

Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue,
Her hair was brown, of deepest hue,
Her foot was small and neat to view,
Her waist was slight and taper;
Her voice was music to your ear,
A lovely brogue, so rich and clear,—
Oh, the like I ne'er again shall hear
As from sweet Mary Draper.

She'd ride a wall, she'd drive a team,
Or with a fly she'd whip a stream,
Or maybe sing you "Rosseau's Dream,"
For nothing could escape her;
I've seen her, too—upon my word,—
At sixty yards bring down her bird,—
Oh, she charmed all the Forty-third,
Did lovely Mary Draper!

And at the spring assizes ball,
The junior bar would, one and all,
For all her favorite dances call,
And Harry Deane would caper;
Lord Clare would then forget his lore;
King's counsel, voting law a bore,
Were proud to figure on the floor
For love of Mary Draper.

The parson, priest, sub-sheriff too,
Were all her slaves, and so would you
If you had only but one view
Of such a face or shape, or
Her pretty ankles—but, *ochone!*
It's only west of old Athlone
Such girls were found, and now they're gone—
So here's to Mary Draper.

CHARLES J. LEVER.

THE OULD PLAID SHAWL.

Not far from old Kinvara, in the merry month
of May,

When birds were singing cheerily, there came
across my way,

As if from out the sky above an angel
chanced to fall,

A little Irish *cailin* in an ould plaid shawl.

She tripped along right joyously, a basket on
her arm;

And, oh! her face, and, oh! her grace, the
soul of saint would charm;

Her brown hair rippled o'er her brow, but
greatest charm of all

Was her modest blue eyes beaming 'neath
her ould plaid shawl.

I courteously saluted her—"God save you,
miss," says I;

"God save you, kindly, sir," said she, and
shyly passed me by;

Off went my heart along with her a captive
in her thrall,

Imprisoned in the corner of her ould plaid
shawl.

Enchanted with her beauty rare, I gazed in
pure delight,

Till round an angle of the road she vanished
from my sight; [recall,

But ever since I sighing say, as I that scene
"The grace of God about you and your ould
plaid shawl."

I've heard of highway robbers that with
pistols and with knives

Make trembling travelers yield them up their
money or their lives,

But think of me that handed out my heart
and head and all

To a simple little *cailin* in an ould plaid shawl!

Oh! graceful the mantillas that the signorinas
wear,

And tasteful are the bonnets of Parisian
ladies fair,

But never cloak, or hood, or robe, in palace,
bow'r, or hall,

Clad half such witching beauty as that ould
plaid shawl.

Oh! some men sigh for riches, and some men
live for fame,

And some on history's pages hope to win a
glorious name:

My aims are not ambitious, and my wishes
are but small—

You might wrap them all together in an ould
plaid shawl.

I'll seek her all through Galway, and I'll seek
her all through Clare,

I'll search for tales or tidings of my traveller
everywhere,

For peace of mind I'll never find until my
own I call

That little Irish *cailin* in her ould plaid shawl.

FRANCIS A. FAHY.

DERMOT AND NORA.

"The night is fresh and calm, love,

The birds are in their bowers;

And the holy light

Of the moon falls bright

On the beautiful sleepin' flowers.

Sweet Nora, are you wakin'?

Ah! don't you hear me spakin'?

My heart is well nigh breakin'

For the love of you, Nora dear.

Ah! why don't you spake, *mavrone*?

Sure I think you're made of stone,

Just liké Venus of old—

All so white and so cold,

But no morsel of flesh or bone.

"You know the vow you made, love—

You know we fixed the day:

And here I'm now

To claim that vow,

And carry my bride away.

So, Nora, don't be stayin'

For weepin' or for prayin'—

There's danger in delayin',—

Sure maybe I'd change my mind;

For you know I'm a bit of a rake,

And a trifle might tempt me to break,

Faix, but for your blue eye

I've a notion to try

What sort of ould maid you'd make."

"Ah! Dermot, win me not, love,

To be your bride to-night:

How could I bear

A mother's tear,

A father's scorn and slight?

So, Dermot, cease your suin'—

Don't work your Nora's ruin;

'Twould be my sore undoin'

If you're found at my window, dear."
 "Ah! for shame with your foolish alarms!
 Just drop into your Dermot's arms:—
 Don't mind lookin' at all
 For your cloak or your shawl—
 They were made but to smother your
 charms."

And now a dark cloud rising
 Across the moon is cast,—
 The lattice opes,
 And anxious hopes
 Make Dermot's heart beat fast:
 And soon a form entrancing,—
 With arms and fair neck glancing,—
 Half shrinking, half advancing,
 Steps light on the lattice sill:
 When—a terrible arm in the air
 Clutched the head of the lover all bare,
 And a voice, with a scoff,
 Cried, as Dermot made off,—
 "Won't you lave us a lock of your hair?"

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

KITTY MACLURE.

Of the beauties of old,
 Heathen poets have told;
 But I, on the faith of a Christian, more pure,
 Abjure all the lays
 Of their classical days [lure.
 For my own Irish beauty—sweet Kitty Mac-
 Cleopatra, the gypsy—
 Ariadne, the tipsy—
 Tho' bumpered by Bacchus in nectar so pure,
 Were less worthy a toast
 Than the beauty I boast;
 So, in bright Mountain Dew, here's to Kitty
 Maclure!

Fair Helen of Greece
 And the Roman Lucrece,
 Compared with my swan were but geese, I
 am sure.
 What poet could speak
 Of a beauty antique,
 Compared with my young one—sweet Kitty
 Maclure?
 O, my sweet Kitty,
 So pretty, so witty,
 To melt you to pity what flames I endure!
 While I sigh forth your name,
 It increases my flame,
 Till I'm turned into cinders for Kitty Maclure!

This world below here
 Is but darksome and drear;
 So I set about finding for darkness a cure,
 And I got the sweet knowledge
 From Cupid's own college— [lure.
 'Twas light from the eyes of sweet Kitty Mac-
 If all the dark pages
 Of all the dark ages
 Were bound in one volume, you might be
 secure
 To illumine them quite,
 With the mirth-giving light
 That beams from the eyes of sweet Kitty
 Maclure!

As Cupid, one day,
 Hide-and-seek went to play,
 He knew where to hide himself, sly and secure;
 So, away the rogue dashes
 To hide 'mid the lashes
 That fringe the bright eyes of sweet Kitty
 Maclure.

She thought 'twas a fly
 Had got into her eye,
 So she winked—for the tickling she could not
 endure;
 But love would not fly
 At her winking so sly,
 And still lurks in the eye of sweet Kitty Mac-
 lure.

SAMUEL LOVER.

MOLLY CAREW.

Och hone! and what will I do?
 Sure my love is all crost
 Like a bud in the frost,
 And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
 For 'tis dhramas, and not sleep, that comes
 into my head;
 And 'tis all about you,
 My sweet Molly Carew—
 And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame!
 You're complater than nature
 In every feature;
 The snow can't compare
 With your forehead so fair, [eye
 And I rather would see just one blink of your
 Than the prettiest star that shines out of the
 And by this and by that, [sky.
 For the matter o' that,
 You're more distant by far than that same.
 Och hone! weirastru!
 I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I spake
 Of your forehead and eyes,
 When your nose it defies [rhyme,
 Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in
 Tho' there's one Burke, he says, that would
 call it snublime;
 And then for your cheek,
 Troth 'twould take him a week,
 Its beauties to tell, as he'd rather;
 Then your lips! O, machree,
 In their beautiful glow,
 They a pattern might be
 For the cherries to grow. [know,
 'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we
 For apples were scarce, I suppose, long ago,
 But at this time o' day,
 'Pon my conscience I'll say,
 Such cherries might tempt a man's father!
 Och hone, weirasthru!
 I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! by the man in the moon,
 You taze me all ways
 That a woman can plaze,
 For you dance twice as high with that thief
 Pat Magee,
 As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me.
 Tho' the piper I bate,
 For fear the owld chate
 Wouldn't play you your favorite tune.
 And when you're at Mass,
 My devotion you crass,
 For 'tis thinking of you,
 I am, Molly Carew.
 While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep,
 That I can't at your sweet purty face get a
 peep;
 O, lave off that bonnet,
 Or else I'll lave on it
 The loss of my wandering sowl;
 Och hone! weirasthru!
 Och hone! like an owl,
 Day is night, dear, to me, without you!
 Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;
 For there's girls by the score
 That loves me—and more,
 And you'd look very quare if some morning
 you'd meet [street;
 My wedding all marching in pride down the
 Troth, you'd open your eyes,
 And you'd die with surprise
 To think 'twasn't you was come to it;
 And faith, Kitty Naile
 And her cow, I go bail,

Would jump if I'd say,
 "Katty Naile, name the day."
 And tho' you're fair and fresh as a morning
 in May,
 While she's short and dark like a cowl'd
 winter's day;
 Yet if you don't repent
 Before Easter, when Lent
 Is over, I'll marry for spite,
 Och hone! weirasthru!
 And when I die for you,
 My ghost will haunt you every night.

SAMUEL LOVER.

RORY O'MORE.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen
 Bawn,
 He was bold as a hawk, she as soft as the
 dawn:
 He wish'd in his heart pretty Kathleen to
 please,
 And he thought the best way to do that was
 to tease
 "Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would
 cry,
 (Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye.)
 "With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what
 I'm about;
 Faith you've teased till I've put on my cloak
 inside out."
 "Oh! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the
 way
 You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
 And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be
 sure?
 For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory
 O'More.
 "Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think
 of the like,
 For I half gave a promise to sootherin'
 Mike:
 The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be
 bound."
 "Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than
 the ground."
 "Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;
 Sure I drame ev'ry night that I'm hatin' you
 so!"
 "Oh," says Rory, "that same I'm delighted
 to hear,
 For drames always go by conthrairies, my
 dear;

Oh! jewel, keep dramin' that same till you die,
 And bright mornin' will give dirty night the black lie!
 And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
 Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough.
 Sure I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
 And I've made myself, drinkin' your health, quite a baste,
 So I think after that, I may talk to the priest."
 Then Rory the rogue, stole his arm 'round her neck,
 So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
 And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light,
 And he kissed her sweet lips;—don't you think he was right?
 "Now, Rory, leave off, sir; you'll hug me no more,
 That's eight times to-day you have kiss'd me before."
 "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
 For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

SAMUEL LOVER.

LANTY LEARY.

Lanty is in love, you see,
 With lovely, lively Rosie Carey,
 But her father can't agree
 To give the girl to Lanty Leary.
 "Up to fun, away we'll run,"
 Says she, "my father's so conthrairy;
 Won't you follow me? won't you follow me?"
 "Faith, I will," says Lanty Leary!

But her father died one day
 (I hear 'twas not by dhrinkin' wather);
 House, and land, and cash, they say,
 He left by will to Rose, his daughter;
 House, and land, and cash to seize,
 Away she cut so light and airy:
 "Won't you follow me? won't you follow me?"
 "Faith I will!" says Lanty Leary.

Rose, herself, was taken bad,
 The fayver worse each day was growin':
 "Lanty dear," says she, "'tis sad,
 To th' other world I'm surely goin':
 You can't survive my loss, I know,
 Nor long remain in Tipperary.
 Won't you follow me? won't you follow me?"
 "Faith I won't," says Lanty Leary!

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

O! don't be beguillin' my heart with your wilin',
 You've tried that same thrick far too often before,
 And by this blessed minnit an' day that is in it,
 I'll take right good care that you'll try it no more!
 You thought that so slyly you walked with O'Reilly,
 By man and by mortal unheard and unseen,
 While your hand he kept squeezin', and you looked so pleasin',
 Last Saturday night in your father's boreen.
 His thricks and his schamin' has set you a dhramin';
 That any one blessed with their eyesight may see,
 You're not the same crature you once wor by nature,
 And they that are thraitors won't do, faith, for me!
 Tho' it is most distressin' to think that a blessin' [scene,
 Was just about fallin' down plump on the
 When a cunning culloger, as black as an ogre,
 Upsets all your hopes in a dirty boreen.

And 'tis most ungrateful, unkind, and unfaithful,
 When you very well know how I gave the go-by [treasure,
 Both to pride and to pleasure, temptation and
 To dress all my looks by the light of your eye. ley—
 O! 'tis Mary Mullally, that lives in the val—
 'Tis she that would say how ill-used I have been,
 And she's not the deludher to smile and to soother,
 And then walk away to her father's boreen.

I'll send you your garter, for now I'm a martyr,
 And keepsakes and jims are the least of
 my care,
 So when things are exchangein', since you took
 to rangin'
 I'll trouble you, too, for the lock of my hair.
 I know by its shakin', my heart is a-breakin',
 You'll make me a corpse when I'd make
 you a queen,
 But as sure as I'm livin', it's you I'll be givin'
 A terrible fright when I haunt the borean!

ANONYMOUS.

THE WIDOW MALONE.

Did you hear of the Widow Malone,
 Ochone!
 Who lived in the town of Athlone?
 Ochone!
 Oh, she melted the hearts
 Of the swains in them parts,
 So lovely the Widow Malone,
 Ochone!
 So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,
 Or more,
 And fortunes they all had galore,
 In store;
 From the minister down
 To the clerk of the crown,
 All were courting the Widow Malone,
 Ochone!
 All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone,
 'Twas known,
 That no one could see her alone,
 Ochone!
 Let them ogle and sigh,
 They could ne'er catch her eye,
 So bashful the Widow Malone,
 Ochone!
 So bashful the Widow Malone.

'Till one Misther O'Brien, from Clare—
 How quare!
 It's little for blushing they care
 Down there,
 Put his arm 'round her waist—
 Gave ten kisses at last—
 "Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
 My own!
 Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone."

And the widow they all thought so shy,
 My eye!
 Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,
 For why?
 But, "Lucius," says she,
 "Since you've now made so free,
 You may marry your Mary Malone,
 Ochone!
 You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,
 Not wrong,
 And one comfort it's not very long,
 But strong—

If for widows you die,
 Learn to kiss, not to sigh,
 For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
 Ochone!
 Oh, they're all like sweet Mistress Malone.

CHARLES J. LEVER.

WIDOW MACHREE.

Widow Machree, it's no wonder you frown,
 Och hone! Widow Machree;
 Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty
 black gown,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.
 How altered your air,
 With that close cap you wear—
 'Tis destroyin' your hair,
 Which should be flowin' free:
 Be no longer a churl
 Of its black silken curl,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, now the summer is come,
 Och hone! Widow Machree;
 When everything smiles, should a beauty look
 glum?
 Och hone! Widow Machree.
 See the birds go in pairs,
 And the rabbits and hares—
 Why, even the bears
 Now in couples agree;
 And the mute little fish,
 Though they can't spake, they wish,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,
 Och hone! Widow Machree;
 To be pokin' the fire all alone is a sin,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee;
While alone with your cup,
Like a hermit you sup,
Och hone! Widow Machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've
towl'd,

Och hone! Widow Machree,
But you're keepin' some poor fellow out in the
cowl'd,

Och hone! Widow Machree.
With such sins on your head,
Sure your peace would be fled,
Could you sleep in your bed,
Without thinkin' to see
Some ghost or some sprite,
That would wake you each night,
Crying, "Och hone! Widow Machree."

Then take my advice, darlin' Widow Machree,

Och hone! Widow Machree;

And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take me,

Och hone! Widow Machree.

You'd have me to desire,
Then to stir up the fire,
And sure hope is no liar

In whisperin' to me
That the ghosts would depart
When you'd me near your heart,
Och hone! Widow Machree.

SAMUEL LOVER.

WIDOWOLOGY PHILOSOPHIZED.

Oh! none of your boarding-school misses,
Your sweet, timid creatures for me,
Who rave about Cupid and blisses,
Yet know not what either may be.
I don't feel at all sentimental,
Nor care I for Byron a rap—
But give me a jolly and gentle
Young widow, in weeds and a cap.

To her I would offer my duty,
For, in truth, all belief it exceeds—
How vastly the blossom of beauty
Is heightened by peeping from "weeds."
She is armed cap-a-pie for the struggle,
To her cap I a captive belong;
And the wink of her magical ogle
Is a challenge to courtship and song.

The tremors of girlhood are over,
Love's blossom has ripened to fruit;
And her "first love" asleep under clover,
Is the soil where my passion takes root.
'Tis pleasant to know "the departed
Was tenderly cared to the last,"
And that she will not die broken-hearted
If I should pop off just as fast.

Her temper is never so restive—
Her duty she knows—and a shape
Is never so sweetly suggestive
As when it is muffled in crape.
The maid wears one ring when she marries,
In proof she all others discards,
While the widow-wife wiselier carries
A pair of these marital guards.

So none of your boarding-school misses,
Your sweet, timid creatures for me,
Who rave about Cupid and blisses,
Yet know not what either may be.
I don't feel at all sentimental,
Nor care I for Byron a rap—
But give me a jolly and gentle
Young widow, in weeds and a cap.

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

TRUTH IN PARENTHESIS.

I love—oh, more than words can tell
(Your ninety thousand golden shiners);
You draw me by a nameless spell
(As California draws the miners);
You are so rich in beauty's dower
(And rich in several ways beside it),
Had I your hand within my power
(Across a banker's draft to guide it),
No care my future life could dim
(My tailor, too—what joy to him!).

Oh, should you change your name for mine
(I've given my name—on bills—to twenty),
Existence were a dream divine
(At least so long as cash was plenty);
Our home should be a sylvan grot
(Bath, billiard, smoking-room, and larder),
And there, forgetting and forgot
(My present need, I'd live the harder),
Our days should pass in fresh delights
(Lethargic days, but roaring nights).

Oh say, my young, my fawn-like girl
(She's old enough to be my mother),
Let "Yes" o'erleap those gates of pearl
(My laughter it is hard to smother);

Let lips that Love hath formed for joy
 (For joy if they her purse resign me)
 Long hesitate ere they destroy
 (And to a debtor's jail consign me)
 The heart that beats but to adore
 (Yourself the less, your fortune more).

Consent—consent, my priceless love,
 (Her price precise is ninety thousand);
 I swear by all around, above
 (Her purse-strings now, I feel, are loosened),
 I have not loved you for your wealth
 (Nor loved at all, as I'm a sinner);
 Oh bliss! you yield; one kiss by stealth!
 (I'm sick—that kiss has spoiled my dinner);
 Now early name the blissful day
 (My duns grow clamorous for their pay).

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

THE V-A-S-E.

From the madding crowd they stand apart,
 The maidens four and the Work of Art;

And none might tell from sight alone
 In which had Culture ripest grown—

The Gotham Million fair to see,
 The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
 Or the soulful soul from Kalamazoo—

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
 With an earnest soul and a capital A.

Long they worshipped; but no one broke
 The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
 Who, blushing said: "What a lovely vase."

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
 And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
 To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
 She cries: "'Tis, indeed, a lovely vase!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when
 The lofty one from the house of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
 Exclaims: "It is quite a lovely vahn!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
 Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courtesouslee
 And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!"

I did not catch your remark, because
 I was so entranced with that charming vawn!"

*Dies erit fragelida
 Sinistra quum Bostonia.*

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

ORATOR PUFF.

Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice,
 The one squeaking thus, and the other
 down so!

In each sentence he uttered he gave you your
 choice,

For one was B alt, and the rest G below.

Oh! oh! Orator Puff!

One voice for one orator's surely enough.

But he still talked away spite of coughs and
 of frowns,
 So distracting all ears with his ups and his
 downs

That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,
 "My voice is for war," asked him, "Which of
 them, pray?"

Oh! oh, Orator Puff!

One voice for one orator's surely enough.

Reeling homeward one evening top-heavy
 with gin,

And rehearsing his speech on the weight of
 the crown,

He tripped near a sawpit, and tumbled right in,
 "Sinking fund," the last word as his noddle
 came down.

Oh! oh! Orator Puff!

One voice for one orator's surely enough.

"Help! help!" he exclaimed in his he and she
 tones,

"Help me out! help me out!—I have broken
 my bones!"

"Help you out?" said a Paddy who passed,
 "what a bother!"

Why, there's two of you there, can't you help
 one another?"

Oh! oh! Orator Puff!

One voice for one orator's surely enough.

THOMAS MOORE.

HOW TO ASK AND HAVE.

"Oh, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,
Sweet Mary," says I;
"Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary,
Beginning to cry:
"For my mother says men are decaivers,
And never, I know, will consent;
She says girls in a hurry who marry,
At leisure repent."
"Then, suppose I should talk to your father,
Sweet Mary," says I;
"Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary,
Beginning to cry:
"For my father he loves me so dearly,
He'll never consent I should go;—
If you talk to my father," says Mary,
He'll surely say 'No.'"
"Then how shall I get you, my jewel,
Sweet Mary?" says I;
"If your father and mother's so cruel,
Most surely I'll die!"
"Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary;
A way now to save you I see:
Since my parents are both so contrairy,
You'd better ask *me*."

SAMUEL LOVER.

MY FIDDLE.

My fiddle?—Well, I kind o' keep her handy,
don't you know!
Though I aint so much inclined to tromp the
strings and switch the bow [dry,
As I was before the timber of my elbows got so
And my fingers was more limber-like and
caperish and spry;
Yet I can plonk and plonk and plink,
And tune her up and play,
And jest lean back and laugh and wink
At ev'ry rainy day!
My playin's only middlin'—tunes I picked up
when a boy—
The kind-o'-sort-o' fiddlin', that the folks calls
"cordaroy;"
"The Old Fat Gal," and "Rye-straw," and
"My Sailor's on the Sea,"
Is the old cowlillions I "saw" when the
ch'ice is left to me;
And so I plunk and plonk and plink,
And rosum-up my bow,
And play the tunes that makes you think
The devil's in your toe!

I was allus a romancin', do-less boy, to tell
the truth,
A-fiddlin' and a-dancin', and a wastin' of my
youth,
And a-actin' and a-cuttin'-up all sorts o' silly
pranks [thanks!
That wasn't worth a button of anybody's
But they tell me, when I ust to plink
And plonk and plonk and play,
My music seemed to have the kink
O' drivin' cares away!

That's how this here old fiddle's won my
heart's indurin' love!
From the strings acrost her middle to the
schreechin' keys above—
From her "apern," over bridge, and to the
ribbon round her throat,
She's a woo'in', cooin' pigeon, singin' "Love
me" ev'ry note!

And so I pat her neck and plink
Her strings with lovin' hands,
And, list'nin' clos't, I sometimes think
She kind o' understands.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

A CANARY AT THE FARM.

Folks has been to town, and Sahry
Fetched her home a pet canary;—
And of all of the blame', contrary,
Aggervatin' things alive!
I love music—that's, I love it
When it's free—and plenty of it,—
But I kind o' git above it
At a dollar-eighty-five!

It's just as I'm a-sayin',
The idy, now, o' layin'
Out yer money, and a payin'
For a willer-cage and bird,
When the medder-larks is wingin'
Round you, and the woods a-ringin'
With the beautifullest singin'
That a mortal ever heard!

Sahry's sot, tho',—so I tell her
He's a purty little feller,
With his wings o' creamy-yeller,
And eyes keen as a cat;
And the twitter o' the critter
Seems to absolutely glitter!
Guess I'll have to go and git her
A better cage 'n that!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE MAN FOR GALWAY.

To drink a toast, a proctor roast,
 Or bailiff, as the case is,
 To kiss your wife, or take your life
 At ten or fifteen paces;
 To keep game-cocks, to hunt the fox.
 To drink in punch the Solway,
 With debts galore, but, fun far more—
 O! that's the man for Galway.
 With debts galore, etc.

The king of Oude is mighty proud,
 And so were wonct the Caysars,
 But ould Giles Eyre would make them stare,
 Av he had them with the "Blazers."
 To the devil I fling Ould Runjeet Sing—
 He's only a prince in a small way,
 And knows nothing at all of a six-foot wall—
 O! he'd never do for Galway,
 With debts galore, etc.

Ye think the Blakes are no great shakes;
 They're all his blood relations;
 And the Bodkins sneeze at the grim Chinese
 For they come from the Phenaycians:
 So fill to the brim, and here's to him
 Who'd drink in punch the Solway;
 With debts galore, but fun far more—
 O! that's the man for Galway.
 With debts galore, etc.

CHARLES J. LEVER.

THE GALWAY MARE.

In the course of my wand'rings, from Cong to
 Kanturk—
 And a man of his honor is Jeremy Burke—
 I've seen many horses, but none, I declare,
 Could compate wid Jack Rafferty's fox-hunt-
 in' mare.
 She was black as the sut,
 From the head to the fut,
 And as nate in her shapes as a royal Princess:
 Twenty miles in the hour was her lowest horse-
 power—
 'Twould desthroy her intirely to go at a less!

No Arabian charger that's bred in the South
 Had so silky a coat or obaydient a mouth;
 And her speed was so swift, man alive! I'd go
 bail
 She'd slip plane away from the Holyhead mail.
 Her asiect saunther
 Was quick as a canther,

Her gallop resimble a lightnin' express:
 Twenty miles in the hour was her lowest horse-
 power—

'Twould desthroy her intirely to go at a less!

There was never a fence so conthrairy or cruel
 But she would contrive to surmount it, the
 jewel!

And Jack on her back, widout gettin' a toss,
 Clared ditches, no matter how crabbèd or
 cross.

An iligant shteppe,

A wondherful lepper—

Don't talk of Bucephalus or of Black Bess :—
 Twenty miles in the hour was her lowest horse-
 power—

'Twould desthroy her intirely to go at a less!

They were clifted,* the two of them, Jack and
 the mare,

Returnin' one night from the Blackwater fair;
 Bad 'cess to that road! in the worst place of all
 There isn't a sign or a taste of a wall.

Sure the Barony's grief

Was beyant all belief—

'Twas the loss of the mare caused the greater
 disthress:

Twenty miles in the hour was her lowest horse-
 power—

'Twould desthroy her intirely to go at a less!

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

FATHER O'FLYNN.

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
 Far renowned for larnin' and piety,
 Still I'd advance you, without impropriety,
 Father O'Flynn is the flower o' them all.
 Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
 Slainthe, and slainthe, and slainthe again,
 Powerfulest preacher,
 And tindherest teacher,
 And kindliest creature in old Donegal.

Talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
 Far renowned for Greek and Latinity,
 Gad and the devils and all at Divinity, [all.
 Father O'Flynn would make hares o' them
 Come, I venture to give you my word
 Never the likes of his logic was heard,
 Down from mythology,
 Into thayology,
 Troth, and conchology, if he'd the call.

* Fell over a cliff.

Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way
with you,

All the ould sinners are wishful to pray with
you,

All the young childer are wild for to play with
you,

You've such a way with you, Father, avick!

Still for all you're so gentle a soul,

Gad, you've your flock in the grandest
control;

Checking the crazy ones,

Coaxing unaisy ones,

Lifting the lazy ones on with the stick.

And though quite avoiding all foolish frivolity,
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,

Where is the play-boy can claim an equality
At comicality, Father, with you?

Once the bishop looked grave at your
jest,

Till this remark set him off with the rest:

"Is it leave gaiety

All to the laity?

Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too?"

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

NEVER SAY DIE.

Why such a row? What ails you now, de-
sponding Stoneybatter man?

You'll jump from off a bridge, indeed? God
bless us, what's the matter, man?

If she disdain your amorous pain, for military
Pat, her man,

Because he's very tall and slim, and you're a
shorter, fatter man,

Speak out the truth, and tell the youth you're
quite resolved to shatter, man,

To smithereens all rivals, whether parrot,
poodle, cat, or man—

For love makes all things bellicose—or mon-
key, dandy, rat, or man,

So thrash the sergeant, if you can, then boldly
up and at her, man,

If you surmise you'll win by sighs, we never
met a flatter man—

In fact, by dad, you're ravin' mad, as ever was
a hatter, man.

Then try a little romping, till her cap and wig
you tatter, man,

And laud her pa, and praise her ma, espe-
cially the latter, man.

Soft-sawderize her shape and size, and every
feature flatter, man,

And oft you'll be asked in to tea, and soft,
familiar chatter, man.

The barking curs, his jingling spurs, and rat-
tling sabre's clatter, man,

Shall sound in vain, tho' sleet and rain upon
his shako patter, man,

While you within enjoy the din, before a
smoking platter, man—

That's better tried than suicide, so, courage!
Stoneybatter man.

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

THREE TROUT A DAY.

You may think it looks quare, but in troth
it's no lie.

You may fish in that lough till the water runs
dry.

An' ketch your three trout a day, aisy an' free,
But the devil a wan more you will ketch but
the three.

The raison is this, as the ould people say,
Saint Columbkille reg'lar came here for to
pray,

An' a man used to come, much again' the
saint's wish.

An' plowter for hours in the water for fish.

An' many a time he wud come onawares,
When the saint was a-countin' his beads at
his prayers;

An' bother him so with his nonsense and talk,
Till the saint in a rage wud 'a tould him to
"walk."

Then he'd into the water, an' there he wud
stay,

A-plowterin' an' singin' an' whistlin' away,
An' wi' fishin' an' singin', the saint was so
crossed,

That many a good *pater an' ave* he lost.

So the saint was so vexed that he thoct on a
plan

Of how he'd get redd av this bothersome man;
For afore he'd be bate, he'd reduce the supply
Av the fish or—what's worse—make the well
become dry.

For he knew that the haythen—whose name
was M'Gurk,

An' who wasn't a Christian no more nor a
Turk—

Wud bother him less if he scarcened the trout,
So, says Columb, "The divil a much more
he'll get out."

So next day when M'Gurk came along at his
aise

With his ass an' his creels, sor, as proud as
you plase,

For to hould all his fish in—the saint says,
says he,

"Shure you won't need a couple av creels for
the three?"

"What three?" says M'Gurk. "Well," says
Columb, says he—

"The three trout you'll ketch, for you'll only
ketch three.

An' mind when you've got them you're foolish
to stay,

For the sorra a wan more you will ketch for
the day!"

Well, M'Gurk didn't mind, and he soon
polished out

Three beauties—the purtiest, darlin' big
trout;

An' he laughed at the saint, an' says he, "If
ye wait

I'll hook ye wan more for your bre'kquest to
ate."

Well, he whistled an' sung, an' he fished all the
day,

But the trout all went by in a curious way;
Says St. Columb, "Go home now, it's gettin'
too late,

'Stead av baitin' the fish, it's yourself that is
bate.

"You're hungry, no doubt, an' it sarves you
quite right;

You've been stan'in' all day without gettin' a
bite;

An' when next time to visit the trout you'll
incline,

They'll all know that you're there without
droppin' a line."

Well, M'Gurk, sor, was mad; but feth not to
be done;

He went home, an' next mornin' rose up wi'
the lough;

An' off to the lough with his rod an' his line,
An' ketched his three trout by a quarter to
nine.

But although he began with the song av the
lark,

An' wandered and waded till long after dark,
Till the divil a line or a stym he could see,

When his day's work was done he had only
tuk three.

An' that was his luck iv'ry day that he came;
Try this bait or that bait, 'twas always the
same,

Barrin' now an' again the saint gave him bad
scran

For divarshin, an' let him hook two, or jist
wan.

So, after awhile, sor, says he, wan fine day,
"By the hokey, I'll fish no more here—it
won't pay."

So he nivir went back, and some boul' people
blame

Saint Columb for keepin' the charm on the
same.

But in troth, it's the case, sor, I'm tellin' no lie,
You may fish in that lough till the water runs
dry,

An' ketch your three trout a-day aisy and free
But the Divil a wan more you will catch but
the three.

DAVID HEPBURN.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

The groves of Blarney, they are so charming,
All by the purling of sweet silent streams;

Being banked by posies that spontaneous
grow there,

Planted in order by the sweet rock close.
'Tis there's the daisy and the sweet carnation,

The blooming pink and the rose so fair;
The daffydowndilly, besides the lily,—

Flowers that scent the sweet, fragrant air.
Och, Ullagoane

'Tis Lady Jeffers that owns this station,
Like Alexander or Queen Helen fair;

There's no commander throughout the nation
For emulation can with her compare.

She has castles round her that no nine-
pounder

Could dare to plunder her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell he did her pummel,

And made a breach in her battlement.
Och, Ullagoane.

There's gravel walks there for speculation,
 And conversation in sweet solitude;
 'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or
 The gentle plover, in the afternoon;
 And if a young lady should be so engaging
 As to walk alone in those shady bowers,
 'Tis there her courtier he may transport her
 Into some dark fort or under ground.
 Och, Ullagoane.

'Tis there's the cave where no daylight enters.
 But bats and badgers are for ever bred;
 Being mossed by nature, that makes it sweeter
 Than a coach and six, or a feather bed.
 'Tis there's the lake that is stored with
 perches,
 And comely eels in the verdant mud;
 Besides the leeches, and groves of beeches,
 All standing in order for to guard the flood.
 Och, Ullagoane.

'Tis there's the kitchen hangs many a fitch
 in,
 With the maids a stitching upon the stair;
 The head and biske, the beer and whiskey,
 Would make you frisky if you were there.
 'Tis there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter
 A washing praties forment the door,
 With Roger Cleary, and Father Healy,
 All blood relations to Lord Donoughmore.
 Och, Ullagoane.

There's statues gracing this noble place in,
 All heathen goddesses and nymphs so fair,—
 Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
 All standing naked in the open air.
 So now to finish this brief narration,
 Which my poor geni' could not entwine;
 But were I Homer or Nebuchadnezzar,
 'Tis in every feature I'd make it shine.
 Och, Ullagoane.

RICHARD A. MILLIKEN.

IT'S LITTLE FOR GLORY I CARE.

It's little for glory I care.
 Sure ambition is only a fable;
 I'd as soon be myself as Lord Mayor,
 Wid lashins of drink on the table.
 I like to lie down in the sun,
 And drame when my faytures is scorchin',
 That when I'm too ould for more fun,
 Why, I'll marry a wife wid a fortune.

And in winter, with bacon and eggs,
 And a place at the turf-fire baskin',
 Sip my punch as I'm toastin' my legs,—
 Oh! the divil a more I'd be askin'.
 For I havn't a jaynius for work,
 It was never a gift of the Bradys,—
 But I'd make a most illigant Turk,
 For I'm fond of tobacco and ladies.

CHARLES J. LEVER.

BAD LUCK TO THIS MARCHIN'.

Bad luck to this marchin'.
 Pipe-clayin' and starchin'; [French!
 How neat one must be to be kilt by the
 I'm sick of paradin',
 Through wet and cowl'd wadin'.
 Or standin' all night to be shot in a trench
 To the tune of a fife
 They dispose of your life,
 You surrender your soul to some illigant lilt;
 Now I like "Garryowen"
 When I hear it at home.
 But it's not half so sweet when you're goin'
 to be kilt.

Then, though up late and early,
 Our pay comes so rarely,
 The divil a farthin' we've ever to spare;
 They say some disaster
 Befell the paymaster; [not there.
 On my conscience I think that the money's
 And, just think, what a blunder,
 They won't let us plunder, 'tis clear;
 While the convents invite us to rob them.
 Though there isn't a village
 But cries: "Come and pillage!"
 Yet we lave all the mutton behind for
 Monseer.

Like a sailor that's nigh land,
 I long for that Island
 Where even the kisses we stale if we please;
 Where it is no disgrace
 If you don't wash your face, [aise,
 And you've nothing to do but to stand at your
 With no sergeant to abuse us,
 We fight to amuse us, [baboon;
 Sure it's better beat Christians than kick a
 How I'd dance like a fairy
 To see old Dunleary,
 And think twice ere I'd leave it to be a
 dragoon!

CHARLES J. LEVER.

LITANY FOR DONERAILE.

Alas! how dismal is my tale!—
 I lost my watch in Doneraile;
 My Dublin watch, my chain and seal,
 Pilfered at once in Doneraile.
 May fire and brimstone never fail
 To fall in showers on Doneraile;
 May all the leading fiends assail
 The thieving town of Doneraile;
 May beef or mutton, lamb or veal
 Be never found in Doneraile;
 But garlic soup and scurvy kail
 Be still the food of Doneraile;
 And forward as the creeping snail
 Th' industry be of Doneraile;
 May Heaven a chosen curse entail
 On rigid, rotten Doneraile;
 May sun and moon for ever fail
 To beam their lights in Doneraile;
 May every pestilential gale
 Blast that cursed spot called Doneraile;
 May no sweet cuckoo, thrush, or quail,
 Be ever heard in Doneraile;
 May patriots, kings, and commonweal,
 Despise and harass Doneraile;
 May every Post, Gazette, and Mail,
 Sad tidings bring of Doneraile;
 May loudest thunders ring a peal
 To blind and deafen Doneraile;
 May vengeance fall at head and tail,
 From north to south, at Doneraile;
 May profit light, and tardy sale,
 Still damp the trade of Doneraile;
 May Fame resound a dismal tale,
 Whene'er she lights on Doneraile;
 May Egypt's plagues at once prevail,
 To thin the knaves of Doneraile;
 May frost and snow, and sleet and hail,
 Benumb each joint in Doneraile;
 May wolves and bloodhounds trace and trail
 The cursed crew of Doneraile;
 May Oscar, with his fiery fall,
 To atoms thresh all Doneraile;
 May every mischief, fresh and stale,
 Abide, henceforth, in Doneraile;
 May all, from Belfast to Kinsale,
 Scoff, curse, and damn you, Doneraile;
 May neither flour nor oaten meal
 Be found or known in Doneraile;
 May want and woe each joy curtail
 That e'er was known in Doneraile;
 May no one coffin want a nail
 That wraps a rogue in Doneraile;
 May all the thieves that rob and steal,

The gallows meet in Doneraile;
 May all the sons of Granaweal
 Blush at the thieves of Doneraile;
 May mischief, big as Norway whale,
 O'erwhelm the knaves of Doneraile;
 May curses, wholesale and retail,
 Pour with full force on Doneraile;
 May every transport wont to sail
 A convict bring from Doneraile;
 May every churn and milking-pail
 Fall dry to staves in Doneraile;
 May cold and hunger still congeal
 The stagnant blood of Doneraile;
 May every chosen ill prevail
 O'er all the imps of Doneraile;
 May no one wish or prayer avail
 To soothe the woes of Doneraile;
 May th' Inquisition straight impale
 The rapparees of Doneraile;
 May Charon's boat triumphant sail,
 Completely manned, from Doneraile;
 Oh! may the couplets never fail
 To find a curse for Doneraile;
 And may grim Pluto's inner gaol
 Forever groan with Doneraile.

PATRICK O'KELLY.

THE MONKS OF THE SCREW.*

When St. Patrick this order established,
 He called as "The Monks of the Screw."
 Good rules he revealed to our Abbot,
 To guide us in what we should do.
 But first he replenished our fountain
 With liquor the best in the sky,
 And pledged on the faith of his saintship
 That the fountain should never run dry.

Each year when your octaves approach,
 In full chapter convened let me find you;
 And when to the convent you come,
 Leave your favorite temptation behind you.
 And be not a glass in your convent
 Unless on a festival found;
 And this rule to enforce, I ordain it
 A festival all the year round.

My brethren, be chaste—till you're tempted;
 While sober be grave and discreet;
 And humble your bodies with fasting
 As oft as you've nothing to eat.

* Curran was Prior of this convivial order.

Yet in honor of fasting one lean face
 Among you I'd always require:
 If the Abbot should please he may wear it,
 If not, let it come to the Prior.

Come, let each take his chalice, my brethren,
 And with due devotion prepare,
 With hands and with voices uplifted,
 Our hymn to conclude with a prayer
 May this chapter oft joyously meet,
 And this gladsome libation renew
 To the Saint, and the Founder, and Abbot,
 And Prior, and Monks of the Screw.

JOHN PHILIPOT CURRAN.

THE MAID OF CLOGHROE.*

As I roved out at Faha one morning,
 Where Adrum's tall groves were in view,
 When Sol's lucid beams were adorning,
 And the meadows were spangled with dew:
 Reflecting, in deep contemplation,
 On the state of my country kept low,
 I perceived a fair juvenile female
 On the side of the hill of Cloghroe.

Her form resembled fair Venus,
 That amorous Cyprian queen;
 She's the charming young sapling of Erin,
 As she gracefully trips on the green;
 She's tall, and her form is graceful,
 Her features are killing also;
 She's a charming, accomplished young maiden,
 This beautiful dame of Cloghroe.

Fair Juno, Minerva, or Helen,
 Could not vie with this juvenile dame;
 Hibernian swains are bewailing,
 And anxious to know her dear name.
 She's tender, she's tall, and she's stately,
 Her complexion much whiter than snow;
 She outrivals all maidens completely,
 This lovely young maid of Cloghroe.

At Coachfort, at Dripsey, and Blarney,
 This lovely young maid is admired;
 The bucks, at the Lakes of Killarney,
 With the fame of her beauty are fired.
 Her image, I think, is before me,
 And present wherever I go;
 Sweet, charming young maid, I adore thee.
 Thou beautiful nymph of Cloghroe.

* An outgrowth of the more pretentious kind of street ballads once much in vogue in Dublin.

Now, aid me, ye country grammarians!
 Your learned assistance I claim
 To know the bright name of this fair one—
 This charming young damsel of fame.
 Two mutes and a liquid united,
 Ingeniously placed in a row,
 Spell part of the name of this phœnix
 The beautiful maid of Cloghroe.

A diphthong and three semivowels
 Will give us this cynosure's name—
 This charming Hibernian beauty,
 This lovely, this virtuous young dame.
 Had Jupiter heard of this fair one,
 He'd descend from Olympus, I know,
 To solicit this juvenile phœnix—
 This beautiful maid of Cloghroe.

ANONYMOUS.

ST. PATRICK AND CÆSAR.

When Cæsar, by conquests unsated,
 On Erin's soft slopes set his eye,
 His troops he debarked, and, elated,
 Strolled forth to a wake as a spy.
 That brawny barbarian, the Briton,
 In Britain he'd beaten anew,
 Then furbished fresh fetters to fit on
 The free-men of Brian Boru.

He little knew then we were Romans,
 Established ere Rome had been built;
 So he looked on our island as no man's,
 Not caring how many he kilt.
 But first, and before he gave battle,
 He'd heard of the wake, as I've told,
 So, cutting himself an oak wattle,
 Sneaked out in the hoighth of the cowl.

Disguised in a pair of "cord" britches,
 Frieze coat, sturdy brogues, and caubeen,
 He scrambled through hedges and ditches,
 To where the wake lights could be seen.
 He set out quite fearless and hearty,
 Arrived somewhat soon in the night,
 And skrewdged himself in ere the party
 Was yet quite prepared for a fight.

He laughed, the big thief, and grew frisky,
 And drank with a mighty good will,
 (He'd never before tasted whisky,
 Or even heard tell of a "still").

King Brian Boru sat and eyed him,
So also did huge Fin-ma-Cool,
And a third, in a cloak, with, beside him,
A crozier propped up by a stool.

They all seemed to relish the liquor,
(No exciseman near it had been);
The quicker they tiptoed, the quicker
They puffed at the fragrant dudheen.
To Cæsar the pipe was extended
By him with the crozier and cloak,
But Cæsar refused, and, offended,
Said, "Cities must blaze when I smoke."

"O, cities?" says 'tother, quite civil;
"You'll want a big pipe for that same;—
I know ye"—"If so you're the divil,"
Says Cæsar, "so tell me my name."
"Your name and your fame," says the other,
"Might both be much safer at home,—
The bogs of green Erin would smother
Such haythens as Cæsar of Rome."

Then Cæsar jumped up in a hurry,
And turned for to run to the door,—
All laughed, for he found, in his flurry,
His feet fixed like wax to the floor.
"Who are you? what ails me?" he muttered,
"Why, why, should I tremble and faint,
And quake at the words you have uttered?
I fly neither Satan nor Saint!"

"What are you? your glances appal me!"
The other replied with a smile,
"Saint Patrick, my countrymen call me,
The guardian of Erin's green Isle.
You've *veni'd* and *vidi'd*, not *vici'd*,—
Embark in your fleet, and when there,
I'll send you, if you're not too nice-eyed,
Such live stock as Erin can spare."

Poor Cæsar fell down right afore him,
And grovelled his length as he lay;
Then knelt to the Saint to adore him,
But Fin-ma-Cool dragged him away.
He rose, seemed desirous to linger,
So Brian Boru bade him "Go!"
Saint Patrick he lifted his finger,
And Fin-ma-Cool lifted his toe.

He shot from the spot like a rocket,
For Fin-ma-Cool kicked with a will;
His men on the beach felt the shock, it
Electrified valley and hill.

He fell with a thud on the sod, he
Was "telescoped" in, but they rose,
First pulling him out of his body,
And secondly out of his clothes.

Away Cæsar sailed, sore and weary,
From Brian Boru and his rule, ["skeary,"
From the Saint who had made him feel
And the big toe of big Fin-ma-Cool.
Away o'er the billowy Biscay,
Sea-sickened, soul-saddened, he sped,
Convulsed with a craving for whisky,
And braved by his bullies for bread.

JOHN CRAWFORD WILSON.

From "A New Ode to St. Patrick."

IN BUCKIN'HAM PALICE.

I was clanin' the windies
In Buckin'ham Palice,
An' I thought o' the shindies
O' Russians and Allies,
Whin into the room, wid a brow full of gloom,
An' a bottle of goold—it was filled with per-
fume—
Held up to her nose—pop! past me she goes—
The queen! an' I thrembled in undher me
toes.
But she didn't perceive I was undher the eave,
So I thought I'd just watch her awhile, ere I'd
leave,
For it struck me as odd that her queenship
should grieve.
She flopped in a chair
Which the flunky put there.
An' she "pished" an' she "pshawed" wid a
wanderin' air,
That was half of it anger an' half was despair;
An' the great Koh-i-noor, that was fixed on
her brow,
Wid the rubies set round it, flashed blood-like
enow;
An' over her soul, in that dark hour of dole,
The red hand of Care dhrove his merciless
plow,
While she thought of her sins an' the big
Russian row;
An' the gem on her brow grew too hot to
retain it
Whin she thought of the millions she'd butch-
ered to gain it;
An', through the thick mist that was chokin'
her eye,

The ghost of her famine-killed sither went
by.

In Ireland 'twas famine—in India 'twas
slaughter,

An' every where, every where blood ran like
wather.

Well, still, while I looked—shure I thought I
was booked

To that place where there's nothin' but kan-
garoos cooked,

For an old man came in—he was ugly as sin,
Wid the dismalest grin round his fat double
chin ;

An' he tucked up his coat-tails an' backed to
the fire,

An' he looked at the queen half in pity, half
ire ;

An' she rocked in her chair, an' she tapped
wid her toes

On the carpet of velvet that blushed like a rose,
An' she didn't seem plaised with the double-
chinned man.

But he talked quite familiar, and thus his
words ran .

“ Good-day, my Queen Vic.

Have you suffered a thrick ?

For you're lookin' by no means good-nay-
chured or slick,

Now tell me what's wrong,” sez he ;

“ Don't keep me long,” sez he,

“ For I'm dhry, an' I think

That I'd much like a dhrink.

“ Take your time, my ould brick,” sez she ;

“ Don't be so quick,” sez she ;

“ An' I'll make a clane breast, for my troubles
is thick,” sez she ;

“ I ordhered the pick of my sojers to lick,
Bate, wallop, an' kick that ould thievin' rogue
Nick ;

I thought he'd cut stick whin he heard the
first click

Of my bombs, an' my rifles, an' other such
thrifles ;

But he didn't do it, an' I'm like to rue it,
An' God knows at all how I'll ever get through
it.”

“ Shure to fear I began

That they'd ax my ould man—

He's field-marshal, they say,” sez she,

“ An' I know he's dhrawn pay,” sez she,

“ This many a day,” sez she,

“ An' he made a new hat from the skin of a cat,

An' I've heerd, an', indeed, even Punch owns
to that.

That the hat bids defiance to milithary science
To pass or to peer it, or even come near it.

In the way of a shed,” sez she, “ for a sojer's
head,” sez she ;

“ But he's tendher an' weakly,” sez she,

“ An' of late somewhat sickly,” sez she,

“ Wid a bad rhumatiz,” sez she,

“ In that sword-arm of his,” sez she.

“ He tuk ill the first night that we heerd of
the fight ;

An', since Inkermann,” sez she, “ no mortal
can,” sez she.

“ Describe what he feels from his head to his
heels ;

He's shiv'rin an' shakin', an' his bones they
are achin',

An' he's thremblin an' sore to his very heart's
core,

An' he's worn out intirely, an' worried, what's
more.

He's a soldier thrue,” sez she,

“ An' at Chopham Review,” sez she,

“ I seen him to do,” sez she,

“ Things to make you look blue,” sez she,

“ An' he's ravin' quite, by day and by night,

To be into the fight, as is proper an' right ;

An' he swears that he'd kill,” sez she—

“ If it worn't for the accident that he happens
to be ill,” sez she—

“ Ould Mentschikoff an' the Prince Pop-em-
off.

Liprandi, an' Luders, an' Count Orloff ;

But he says he can't think of it until he cures
his cough.

Och ! his pains is cruel ; he's as wake as
wather gruel ;

An' should any wan hint—in speeches or
print— [sez she,

That the man who does quarterly dhraw,”

“ In accordions wid milithary law,” sez she,

“ The highest pay

Should take part in the fray,

Och ! he'd faint away

From the blessed light of day !

Me poor Albert 'ud fall, rowled up in a ball,

An' I know widows' caps don't become me at
all.”

“ Well, now, Mrs. Vic.”—

An' his eye had a thrick

As cunnin' an' knowin' as a cat's that is goin',

When the cook's asleep, wid the softest creep,



Chas. H. C. Jones

To lick fresh butter—"if you'll let me, I'll
utter

Some good advice," sez he, "an' think over
it twice," sez he.

"Go an' make your ould man," sez he,

"Just as soon as he can," sez he,

"Cure the rheumatiz," sez he,

"In that sword-arm of his," sez he,

"Or he'd better resign," sez he,

"His uniform fine," sez he,

"An' fall out o' the line," sez he.

"Och! but, thin, the pay?" sez she,

"It 'ud go astray," sez she, [sez she.

"An' that's not at all afther Albert's way,"

"Resign that too," sez he,

"For, betune me an' you," sez he,

"Whin the people see," sez he,

"(Betune you an' me)," sez he, [partial

"Their gallant field-marshal to rheumatiz

Whin colors are flyin', an' thousands are dyin'

For a shillin' a day round Sevastopol's Bay,

They'll begin to compare the sick gentleman's

pay

Wid the throoper's who dashed through the

thick of the fray,

Where bullets were whizzin' an' sabres did play

On casque an' cuirass, an' the min fell like grass,

While the field-marshal—Balaam-like—sat

on his ass,

An' prayed for the foes he was bound to oppose

From the top of his head to the root of his toes.

Let him give up his place wid whatever of grace

Can be possibly lint to so dirty a case,

Or the very ould wimin will spit in his face,

An' the childher, God bless 'em! throw dirt

at his grace.

Inniskillin's an' Grays, Irish Lancers an'

Bays—

Whatever poor wreck of them's left in these

days—

The men, not of rank, who dhrove spurs in

the flank

Of their chargers, an' dashed up the cannon-

plowed bank,

While the grape an' cross-fire mowed them

down rank by rank;

Never haltin', though reelin', but formin' an'

wheelin'

Again and again, wid diminishin' min,

While the pulks of the Cossackry crowded the

glin.

No end to their labors,—no rest for their

sabres—

Blood-spatthered, they could not be known
by their neighbors.

An'still by sheer steel, strength of hand, heart,
an' heel,

Though shatthered, disordhered, invincible
still,

Through a long line of fire, through a laygion
of foes—

Grimly forced to retire—the Light Cavalry
goes.

They've left, an' what thin?—just three-
fourths of their min

To fat the next harvest in Inkerman's glin;

But the colors they bore, though bedabbed
wid gore,

Still wave o'er the rimnant returnin' once
more.

What a sight there will be should they ever
come back,

An' the field-marshal—partial to a timely
attack

Of the rheumatic fayver—should fall in their
thrack!"

What more there was said,

Shure, no more nor the dead

Do I know, for I chanced to lane forward my
head,

An' the queen gave a scrame, and the man
gave a start,

An' I thought it was best for meself to depart.

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

*Deputy Glazier's Room, Buckin'ham Palace,
London, December 4th, 1854.*

AN IMITATION OF SCOTT.

The hounds in the kennel are yelling loud,

The hawks are boune for flight:

For the sun hath burst from his eastern shroud,

And the sky is clear, without a cloud,

And the steed for the chase is dight:

The merry huntsmen, up in the morn,

Crack the long whip, and wind the horn.

Lord Timothy rubbed his eyes, and rose

When he heard the merry crew;

He scarce took space to don his clothes,

And his night-cap quick he threw

Back on the pillow, and down the stair

Disdaining brush or comb for hair,

With lightning speed he flew;

And in the twinkling of a fan,

With frock and cap the gallant man,
 Caparisoned all spick and span,
 Was with the waiting crew.
 Sir Abraham rode his bonny gray ;
 Sir Anthony his black ;
 Lord Hector has mounted his sprightly bay ;
 Lord Tom, Lord Jack, and all are away ;
 Curvet, and demivolte, and neigh,
 Mark out their bold and brisk array.
 With buckskins bright and bonnets gay,
 And bugles at each back.

They had hardly ridden a mile, a mile,
 A mile but barely ten,
 And each after each they leaped a stile,
 When their hearts went pit-a-pat the while,
 To see a troop of armed men,
 A troop of gallant men at drill,
 With well soap'd locks and stiffen'd frill ;
 Each in his grasp held spear or sword,
 Ready to murder at a word,
 And ghastly was each warrior's smile
 Beneath his barred aventayle ;
 Buff belts were girt around each waist,
 Steel cuisses round each thigh were braced ;
 Around each knee were brazen buckles,
 And iron greaves to save their knuckles ;
 High o'er each tin-bright helmet shone
 The casque and dancing morion,
 Which reached to where the tailor sets
 On shoulder woolen epaulets ;
 Their blades were of Toledo steel,
 Ferrara or Damascus real ;
 Yea, human eye did never see,
 Through all the days of chivalry,
 Men more bedight from head to heel, etc.

Lady Alice she sits in the turret tower,
 A-combing her raven hair ;
 The clock hath tolled the vesper hour,
 Already the shades of evening lower
 To veil the landscape fair.
 To the jetty fringe of her piercing eye
 She raised her opera-glass,
 For she was anxious to espy
 If her worthy knight should pass.
 "Lo! yonder he comes," she sighed and said,
 Then with a rueful shake of head,—
 "Shall I my husband ne'er discover?—
 'Tis but the white cow eating clover!"
 She looked again, "Sure yon is he
 That gallops so fast along the lea!
 Alas, 'tis only a chestnut tree!
 Standing as still as still can be!!!

Come hither, come hither, my little foot page,
 And dance, my anguish to assuage
 And be it jig, or waltz, or reel,
 I care not, so it doth conceal
 The ghosts that of a thousand dyes
 Float evermore before mine eyes ;
 And I, to make thee foot it gay,
 With nimble finger, by my fay,
 Upon the tambourine will play!" etc.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.*

Brocades and damasks, and tabbies, and
 gauzes,
 Are, by Robert Ballantine, lately brought
 over.
 With forty things more:—now hear what the
 law says,
 Whoe'er will not wear them is not the
 King's lover.
 Though a printer and Dean
 Seditiously mean
 Our true Irish hearts from old England to
 wean ;
 But we'll buy English silks for our wives and
 our daughters
 In spite of his Deanship and Journeyman
 Waters.

In England the dead in woolen are clad,
 The Dean and his printer then let us cry
 fie on ;
 To be clothed like a carcass would make a
 Teague mad,
 Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.
 Our wives they grow sullen
 At wearing of woollen,
 And all we poor shopkeepers must our horns
 pull in.
 Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and
 our daughters,
 In spite of his Deanship and Journeyman
 Waters.

Whoever our trading with England would
 hinder,
 To inflame both the nations do plainly
 conspire,
 Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,

* This ballad alludes to 'Swift's' "Proposal" for the use of
 Irish Manufactures," for which Waters, the printer, was pros-
 ecuted with great violence. —Scott.

And wool it is greasy, and quickly takes fire.
 Therefore, I assure ye,
 Our noble grand jury,
 When they saw the Dean's book, they were
 in a great fury;
 They would buy English silk for their wives
 and their daughters,
 In spite of his Deanship and Journeyman
 Waters.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is sin-
 ning,
 And before *coram nobis* so oft has been
 called,
 Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets
 nor linen—
 And if swearing can do't, shall be swing-
 ingly maul'd;
 And as for the Dean,
 You know whom I mean,
 If the printer will peach him, he'll scarce come
 off clean.
 Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and
 our daughters,
 In spite of his Deanship and Journeyman
 Waters.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

This is the tale that was told to me,
 By a battered and shattered son of the sea—
 To me and my messmate, Silas Green,
 When I was a guileless young marine:—

'Twas the good ship *Gyascutus*,
 All in the China seas,
 With the wind a-lee and the capstan free
 To catch the summer breeze.

'Twas Captain Porgie on the deck,
 To his mate in the mizzen hatch,
 While the boatswain bold, in the forward hold,
 Was winding his larboard watch.

"Oh, how does our good ship head to-night?
 How heads our gallant craft?"
 "Oh, she heads to the E. S. W. by N.,
 And the binnacle lies abaft!"

"Oh, what does the quadrant indicate,
 And how does the sextant stand?"
 "Oh, the sextant's down to the freezing point,
 And the quadrant's lost a hand!"

"Oh, and if the quadrant has lost a hand,
 And the sextant falls so low,
 It's our bodies and bones to Davy Jones
 This night are bound to go!"

"Oh, fly aloft to the garboard strake!
 And reef the spanker boom;
 Bend a studding sail on the martingale
 To give her weather room.

"O boatswain, down in the for'ard hold,
 What water do you find?"
 "Four foot and a half by the royal gaff,
 And rather more behind."

"O sailors, collar your marline spikes
 And each belaying pin;
 Come, stir your stumps, and spike the pumps,
 Or more will be coming in!"

They stirred their stumps, they spiked the
 pumps,
 They spliced the mizzen brace;
 Aloft and alow they worked, but oh!
 The water gained apace.

They bored a hole above the keel
 To let the water out;
 But, strange to say, to their dismay,
 The water in did spout.

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship,
 And he was a lubber brave:
 "I have several wives in various ports,
 And my life I orter save."

Then up spoke the Captain of Marines
 Who dearly loved his prog:
 "It's awful to die, and it's worse to be dry,
 And I move we pipes to grog."

Oh, then 'twas the noble second mate
 What filled them all with awe:
 The second mate, as bad men hate,
 And cruel skippers jaw.

He took the anchor on his back
 And leaped into the main;
 Through foam and spray he clove his way,
 And sunk and rose again!

Through foam and spray, a league away
 The anchor stout he bore;
 Till safe at last, he made it fast
 And warped the ship ashore.

'Tain't much of a job to talk about,
But a ticklish thing to see,
And suth'in to do, if I say it, too,
For that second mate was me!

Such was the tale that was told to me
By that modest and truthful son of the sea,
And I envy the life of a second mate,
Though captains curse him and sailors hate,
For he ain't like some of the swabs I've seen,
As would go and lie to a poor marine.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

A REVERIE.

The Bard apostrophizeth a Skeleton.

Old friend, I rattle your lank phalanges,
Forget my lapses of heart and pen;
May some one duck me in Nile or Ganges
If e'er I wander from you again.
Before you judge me, dear Phos., remember
You once had feeling as well as I;
And man, like nature, ere wise December
Must glow and ripen in fierce July.
In youthful summer, with visions glorious,
Through flow'ry valleys we dance along,
And dream that ever, as now, victorious,
The soul shall triumph in love and song.
The shadows gather; the autumn's sober—
Est adumbration is o'er us cast:
And love and glory in chill October
Like dead leaves wither in sorrow's blast.
But while I sadly all this am thinking,
I twig a wrinkle upon your phiz; [ing.
Why, bless me! hang me! man, don't be wink-
And stop your grinning, you toothless quiz!
They reared me badly. I'll make my offspring
(That's when I get them, of course, I mean)
From Homer, Euclid, Molière and Gough
spring—
Thev only dye one absurdly green.

And Suerethat Terpsichore.

But makes them, Jingo! unrivalled dancers;
I lost the fairest of maidens once,
Because I knew not those blasted "Lancers,"
And waltzing always affects my sconce.
Alas! if "*deux temps*" might yet redeem her,
By all that's dizzy, I dare not try,
Because 'twould fracture, I'm sure, my *femur*,
And let off fireworks from either eye;
And I'm so dismal at rout and revel,
So very gloomy at screech and ball,
My hugest wonder is why the devil
They ever ask me to go at all.

That folk should wildly, in latest fashions,
From *Belle Assemble* or else *Album*,
Thus write and gyrate, of human passions
To me seemed ever by far most rum.
Through waltz and polka to tramp and wriggle.
For sober student is fearful doom—
To fall, while round you they grin and giggle—
Tripped, dodged, and badgered about the
As I'm a poet, it is my duty [room.
To smoke until I become sublime [beauty)
(Whene'er my harp-string is touched for
The best of fibrine and salts of lime;
And so, defying the highest prices,
I pop a lancet and puff cigars,
(Through twist in common the Muse suffices.)
Until, like Horace, "I touch the stars."
To "cap the climax" of botheration, [liar)—
Being "strictly moral," I played the lyre
I raved of "scorching infuriation,"
And Hecla-Ætna-Vesuvian ire.
The calculus, I calculated,
Was very likely her heart to win,
"Ethereally," if "sublimated" [and thin.
With steam and "fluxions" through thick
I said—"Dear maid, you resemble vastly
A lighthouse decking some mountain brow,
Round which the billows in 'orgies ghastly'
Kick up an everlasting row."
With stars I stuffed my speech, and with Mick
Scott, the wizard, all in a breath—
I plunged in labyrinths logarithmic.
And rode poor Newton almost to death.
And when I asked her for life to take me,
And she, dear creature, my ways and means,
I said the Iron Archduke would make me
Assistant-surgeon to the Horse Marines;
And how affected to see me—very!—
Was that dear kinsman, the Iron Duke,
Who gave me, weeping, *tinctura ferri*,
A sword, and fastened it with a hook.
I mystified her on conic sections,
"Fog-horns," and diving, and battlements,
"Lay pontiffs," brandy, and Clare elections,
And "gorgeous ethic experiments."
(*Finale.*)
We'll drop the subject—I hate long stories,
Onions, spiders, and "nice" young men—
I hate the English, both Whigs and Tories—
Suffice, we never shall meet again.
And so, old fellow, another Winter
We'll work together in prose and rhyme,
Unless a scalpel, or awkward splinter,
Or fever, floor me before my time.

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

MALBROUCK.

Malbrouck, the prince of commanders,
Is gone to the war in Flanders;
His fame is like Alexander's;

But when will he come home?
Perhaps at Trinity Feast, or
Perhaps he may come at Easter,
Egad! he'd better make haste, or
We fear he may never come.

For Trinity Feast is over
And has brought no news from Dover;
And Easter is past, moreover;
And Malbrouck still delays.
Milady in her watch-tower
Spends many a pensive hour,
Not well knowing why or how her
Dear lord from England stays.

While sitting quite forlorn in
That tower she spies returning
A page clad in deep mourning,
With fainting steps and slow.
"O page, prithee come faster;
What news do you bring of your master?
I fear there is some disaster,
Your looks are so full of woe."

"The news I bring, fair lady,"
With sorrowful accents said he,
"Is one you are not ready
So soon, alas! to hear;
But since to speak I'm hurried,"
Added this page, quite flurried,
"Malbrouck is dead and buried!"
(And here he shed a tear.)

"He's dead, he's dead as a herring!
For I beheld his 'berring,'
And four officers transferring
His corpse away from the field.
One officer carried his sabre,
And he carried it not without labor,
Much envying his next neighbor,
Who only bore a shield.

"The third was a helmet bearer—
That helmet which on its wearer
Filled all who saw with terror,
And covered a hero's brains.
Now, having got so far, I
Find that (by the Lord Harry!)
The fourth's left with nothing to carry,
So there the thing remains."

FRANCIS S. MAHONY.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

In Imitation of Dean Swift.

Logicians have but ill-defined
As rational the human mind;
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Simiglesius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione peditum;
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em.
And must in spite of them maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boasted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature.
That instinct is a surer guide,
Than reason, boasting mortal's pride;
And that brute beasts are far before 'em.
Deus es anima brutorum.
Whoever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbor prosecute,
Bring action for assault and battery
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics disturb the mind;
They eat their meals, and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court;
They never to the levee go
To treat as dearest friend, a foe;
They never importune his Grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob;
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Pater-Noster Row:
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pickpockets, or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds,
No single brute his fellows leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts it is confessed, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape.
Like man he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion;
But both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the minister of state;
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors:
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.

He in his turn finds imitators,
At court, the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
Their masters' manners still contract,
And footmen, lords and dukes can act.
Thus at the court both great and small
Behave alike, for all ape all.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

A MEDICAL STUDENT'S LETTER.

"If you'd go for to think for to dare for to try for to beat me
at lyrics,
Man would fall down with the laughing, and woman go off
in hysterics."

In vain alchemic hieroglyphs to charm me
now, whereas I hum

Love-songs all day, and look as pale as *oxide*
of *potassium*.

Oh! did I own, far, far away, some spicy and
tobaccoed isle,

I'd smoke and sigh the livelong day, and
curse the salts of *kakodyle*,

With *sulphuretted hydrogen*, *ammonia*, and
kalium,

And sit most sentimentally in buffo, and
Haynes Bailey hum.

I cause among the Burschen all considerable
merriment,

By swallowing the *alcohol* intended for exper-
iment;

And from the grave professors, too, incur
enormous odium,

For once, instead of tea, I filled their pot with
salt of *sodium*;

The world guffaws, not without cause, to see
me quite dejected thus—

My languages forgotten, and my sciences
neglected thus.

The old may scold, the young give tongue,
fall flat the fat, and laugh the lean,

To see me spill the *glyceryl*, and fill my pipe
with *naphthaline*.

Contract four flexors, lovely Frau, and take
me to your pectorals—

A doctor skilled to kill or cure and readily
detect your ills.

Oh! think of what a treasure in *pertussis* or
sciatica,

In *catalepsy*, mullygrubs, or *facies hypocratica*.
Beware, my fair, or hear me swear, by Ahri-
man, that if you're stiff,

Your acid frown shall, slap bang down, precipi-
tate me o'er a cliff.

Farewell, then, dear companions, and fare-
well, *venue deorum*,

Where we talk'd *de rebus omnibus*, with *nota*
variorum.

But always perorated with a scientific jorum.
We supped on *theobromine*, and perhaps at
times we quaffed a late

Crucible of alcohol disputing of a *naphthalate*,
Till our noses glowed like *cinnabar*, and many
a yellow rum bum,

Per, hot and cold, flowed on like gold, or *io-*
dine of plumbum;

Retorts sublime, we slaked our lime, until the
morning star, boys,

Beheld us fall, with beakers all, and roll among
the carboys.

But now a very absent man, I've scarcely got
a word to say,

Or, if to show my teeth at all, 'tis something
most absurd to say;

And even at the opera, among the gods and
top-row lights,

I ruminate on behemoths and chew the cud
on *coprolites*.

And shall I in suspension hang, to glorify
thee, eh? Nay,

Nor in the meerscham plunge by way of *bol-*
neum arene.

We are not isomorphous in our souls, thow
fair deceiver,

And I to coquetry's retort decline to play
receiver;

Nor would my heart amalgamate to that of a
divinity

Who could not cling to mine with more than
chemical affinity.

No, fuse me in a furnace blast! I'll sing that
Celtic air first.

"Go to the d—! and shake yourself," to banish
my despair first.

For what's a queen in diamonds, with her
coronation garb on, [carbon?

But *calcium* and *phosphorus*, *hæmatosine* and
I'll take unto me crucibles and capsules, tubes
and funnels,

And pour down mine æsophagus rich German
wine in runnels;

And though my frozen Fraulein like to Aph-
rodite wore a form,

'Twill act upon my occiput like ether or like
chloroform;

And ever on my optics shall the vision of that
maiden jar,

Erewhile that thrilled me with a shock more
powerful than a Leyden jar.

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

A LETTER TO SWIFT.

You will excuse me, I suppose,
For sending rhyme instead of prose;
Because hot weather makes me lazy,
To write in metre is more easy.

While you are trudging London town,
I'm strolling Dublin up and down;
While you converse with lords and dukes,
have their betters here—my books:
Fixed in an elbow-chair at ease,
I choose companions as I please.
I'd rather have or a single shelf
Than all my friends, except yourself;
For after all that can be said,
Our best acquaintance are the dead.
While you're in raptures with Faustina,
I'm charmed at home with your Sheelina;
While you are starving there in state,
I'm cramming here with butcher's meat.
You say, when with those lords you dine,
They treat you with the best of wine—
Burgundy, Cyprus and Tokay,—
Why so can we as well as they.
No reason, then, my dear good Dean,
But you should travel home again.
What tho' you mayn't in Ireland hope
To find such folk as Gay and Pope,
If you with rhymers here would share
But half the wit that you can spare,
I'd lay twelve eggs that in twelve days
You'd make a dozen Popes and Gays.

Our weather's good, our skies are clear;
We've every joy, if you were here;
So lofty and so bright a sky
Was never seen by Ireland's eye!
I think it fit to let you know
This week I shall to Quilca go,
To see, alas, my withered trees!
To see what all the country sees:
My stunted quicks, my famished beeves,
My servants such a pack of thieves;
My shattered firs, my blasted oaks,
My house in common to all folks;
No cabbage for a single snail;
My turnips, carrots, parsnips fail;
My no green peas, my few green sprouts;
My mother always in the pouts;
My horses rid, or gone astray,
My fish all stolen, or run away;
My mutton lean, my pullets old,
My poultry starved, the corn all sold.

A man come now from Quilca says
"They've* stolen the locks from all your keys;"
But what must fret and vex me more,
He says, "They stole the keys before."
"They've stolen the knives from all the forks,
And half the cows from half the sturks."
Nay more, the fellow swears and vows,
"They've stolen the sturks from half the
cows;"

With many more accounts of woe:
Yet, though the devil be there I'll go.
'Twixt you and me, the reason's clear—
Because I've more vexation here.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

A THRENODY.

"The Akhoond of Swat is Dead" —
What, what, what,
What's the news from Swat?
Sad news, bad news,

Cometh by the cable led
Thro' the Indian Ocean's bed,
Thro' the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med-

iterranean—he's dead,
The Akhoond is dead!

For the Akhoond I mourn.
Who wouldn't?

He strove to disregard the message stern,
But he Akhoond't.

Dead, dead, dead!
(Sorrow, Swats!)

Swats wha hae wi Akhoond bled,
Swats wham he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,

Or to victory,
As the case might be—
Sorrow, Swats!

Tears shed,
Shed tears like water.

Your great Akhoond is dead!
That's Swat's the matter!

Mourn, City of Swat,
Your great Akhoond is not,
But laid 'mid worms to rot—

His mortal part alone—his soul was caught
(Because he was a good Akhoond!)
Up to the bosom of Mahound.

Tho' earthly walls his frame surround
(Forever hallowed be the ground!)

* They is the grand thief of the part of Ireland referred to
—avan.

And skeptics mock the lowly mound,
And says "He's now of no Akhoondy"

His soul is in the skies—

The azure skies that bend above his loved me-
tropolis of Swat, *

He sees with larger, other eyes,

Athwart all earthly mysteries—

He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Akhoond

With a noise of mourning and lamentation!

Let Swat bury the great Akhoond

With the noise of the mourning of the
Swattish nation!

Fallen is at length

Its tower of strength,

Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;

Dead lies the great Akhoond!

The great Akhoond of Swat

Is not!

GEORGE T. LANIGAN.

ON WOOD THE IRONMONGER.

Salmeoneus, as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad coppersmith of Elis;
Up at his forge by morning peep,
No creature in the lane could sleep;
Among a crew of roystering fellows
Would sit whole evenings at the ale-house;
His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vaporing scab must needs devise
To ape the thunder of the skies:
With brass two fiery steeds he shod,
To make a clattering as they trod,
Of polish'd brass his flaming car
Like lightning dazzled from afar;

* * * * *

Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch;
With squibs and crackers arm'd to throw
Among the trembling crowd below.
All ran to prayers, both priests and laity,
To pacify this angry deity;
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in
To see the wicked varlet sprawling;
They search'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was base;
They laugh'd at such an Irish blunder,
To take the noise of brass for thunder.

The moral of this tale is proper,
Applied to Wood's adulterate copper:
Which as he scattered, we, like dolts,
Mistook at first for thunderbolts,
Before the Drapier shot a letter,
(Nor Jove himself could do it better),
Which lighting on the impostor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

EPITAPH ON FATHER PROUT.

Sweet upland! where, like hermit old, in peace
sojourn'd

This priest devout,

Mark where beneath thy verdant sod lie deep
inurn'd

The bones of Prout!

Nor deck with monumental shrine, or tapering
column,

His place of rest,

Whose soul, above earth's homage, meek, yet
solemn,

Sits 'mid the blest.

Much was he prized, much loved; his stern
rebuke

O'eraw'd sheep-stealers;

And rogues feared more the good man's single
look

Than forty peelers.

He's gone, and discord soon, I ween, will visit

The land with quarrels;

And the foul demon vex with stills illicit

The village morals.

No fatal chance could happen more to cross

The public wishes;

And all the neighborhood deplore his loss,

Except the fishes;

For he kept Lent most strict, and pickled
herring

Preferred to gammon,

Grim death has broke his angling rod; his
"berring"

Delights the salmon.

No more can he hook up carp, eel or trout,

For fasting pittance,—

Arts which St. Peter loved, whose gates to
Prou't

Gave prompt admittance.

Mourn not, but verdantly let shamrocks keep

His sainted dust;

The bad man's death it well becomes to
weep,—

Not so the just.

FRANCIS S. MAHONY.

BERANGER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Paris! gorgeous abode of the gay! Paris!
haunt of despair!

There befell on thy bosom one day an occur-
rence most weighty,
At the house of a tailor, my grandfather, under
whose care

I was nursed, in the year of our Lord seven-
teen hundred and eighty.

By no token, 'tis true, did my cradle announce
a young Horace,

And the omens were such as might well lead
astray the unwary;

But with utter amazement one morning my
grandfather Maurice,

Saw his grandchild reclining asleep in the
arms of a fairy!

And this fairy so handsome
Assumed an appearance so striking.

And for me seemed to take such a liking,
That he knew not what gift he should offer
the dame for my ransom.

Had he previously studied thy "Legends," O
rare Crofty Croker,*

He'd have learnt how to act from thy pages
('tis there that the charm is!)

But my guardian's first impulse was rather to
look for the poker,

To rescue his beautiful boy from her hand
vi et armis.

Yet he paused in his plan and adopted a
milder suggestion,

For her attitude calm and unterrified made
him respect her,

So he thought it was best to be civil, and fairly
to question,

Concerning my prospects in life, the benevo-
lent spectre.

And the fairy, prophetic,
Read my destiny's book in a minute,

With all the particulars in it;
And its outline she drew with exactitude most
geometrical.

"His career shall be mingled with pleasure,
tho' checkered with pain,

And some bright sunny hours shall succeed
o a rigorous winter:

See him first a *garçon* at a hostelry—then,
with disdain

See him spurn that vile craft and apprentice
himself to a printer.

As a poor university clerk view him next at
his desk;

Mark that flash!—he will have a most nar-
row escape from the lightning:—

But behold after sundry adventures, some
bold, some grotesque,

The horizon clears up, and his prospects
appear to be bright'ning."

And the fairy, caressing
The infant, foretold that ere long

He would warble unrivalled in song;
All France in the homage which Paris had
paid acquiescing.

"Yes, the muse has adopted the boy! On his
brow see the laurel!

In his hand 'tis Anacreon's cup!—with the
Greek he has drank it.

Mark the high-minded tone of his songs, and
their exquisite moral.

Giving joy to the cottage, and height'ning
the blaze of the banquet.

Now the future grows dark!—see the spectacle
France has become!

'Mid the wreck of his country, the poet,
undaunted and proud,

To the public complaint shall give utterance:
slaves may be dumb,

But he'll ring in the hearing of tyrants
defiance aloud!"

And the fairy addressing
My grandfather, somewhat astonished,

So mildly my guardian admonished,
That he wept while he vanished away with a
smile and a blessing.

FRANCIS S. MAHONY.

Adapted from Beranger.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,

Give ear unto my song,

And if you find it wondrous short,

It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,

Of whom the world might say,

That still a godly race he ran,

Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,

To comfort friends and foes;

The naked every day he clad,

When he put on his clothes.

* Thomas Crofton Croker, author of the "Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland."

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends!
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied,
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ELEGY ON MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise,

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor,—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning,
And never follow'd wicked ways,—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumber'd in her pew,—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her,—
When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead,—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say,
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.

The time is not remote when I
Must, in the course of nature, die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends,
And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
"See how the Dean begins to break!"
Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
You fairly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays;
He recollects not what he says:
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he dined;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er—
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter;
In half the time he talks them round
There must another set be found.
For poetry he's past his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme.
His fire is out, his wit decayed,
His fancy sunk, his muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen,
But there's no talking to some men."

And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
"He's older than he would be reckoned,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a port of wine,
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach, too, begins to fail;

Last year we thought him strong and hale,
 But now he's quite another thing;
 I wish he may hold out till spring."
 They hug themselves and reason thus:
 "It is not yet so bad with us!"
 In such a case they talk in tropes,
 And by their fears express their hopes.
 Some great misfortune to portend,
 No enemy can match a friend.
 With all the kindness they profess,
 The merit of a lucky guess
 (When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
 And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
 Would please them better than to tell
 That "God be praised, the Dean is well."
 Then he who prophesied the best
 Approves his foresight to the rest:
 "You know I always feared the worst,
 And often told you so at first."
 He'd rather choose that I should die
 Than his prediction prove a lie.
 Not one foretells I shall recover,
 But all agree to give me over.
 Yet should some neighbor feel a pain
 Just in the parts where I complain,
 How many a message would he send!
 With hearty prayers that I should mend!
 Enquire what regimen I kept,
 What gave me ease, and how I slept,
 And more lament when I was dead,
 Than all the snivellers round my bed.
 My good companions, never fear;
 For though you may mistake a year,
 Tho' your prognostics run too fast,
 They must be verified at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
 "How is the Dean?" "He's just alive."
 Now the departing prayer is read;
 "He hardly breathes." "The Dean is dead!"
 Before the passing bell begun
 The news through half the town is run,
 "Oh! may we all for death prepare.
 What has he left? and who's his heir?"
 "I know no more than what the news is;
 'Tis all bequeathed to public uses."
 "To public uses! There's a whim!
 What had the public done for him?
 Mere envy, avarice and pride!
 He gave it all—but first he died.
 And had the Dean in all the nation
 No worthy friend, no poor relation?
 So ready to do strangers good,
 Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"

* * * * *
 Suppose me dead, and then suppose
 A club assembled at the Rose,
 Where, from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat;
 And while they toss my name about,
 With favor some, and some without,
 One quite indifferent in the cause
 My character impartial draws:
 "The Dean, if we believe report,
 Was never ill-received at court.
 As for his works in verse and prose,
 I own myself no judge of those,
 Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em;
 But this I know, all people bought 'em.
 As with a moral view design'd
 To cure the vices of mankind,
 His vein, ironically grave,
 Expos'd the fool and lash'd the knave.
 To steal a hint was never known,
 But what he writ was all his own.
 He never thought an honor done him
 Because a duke was proud to own him;
 Would rather slip aside and choose
 To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
 Despised the fool with stars and garters
 So often seen caressing Chartres.
 He never courted men in station;
 No persons held in admiration;
 Of no man's greatness was afraid,
 Because he sought for no man's aid.
 Though trusted long in great affairs,
 He gave himself no haughty airs;
 Without regarding private ends,
 Spent all his credit for his friends,
 And only chose the wise and good,—
 No flatterers, no allies in blood;
 But succor'd virtue in distress,
 And seldom fail'd of good success,
 As numbers in their hearts must own,
 Who but for him would be unknown.
 With princes kept a due decorum,
 But never stood in awe before 'em.
 He follow'd David's lesson just,—
 In princes never put your trust;
 And would you make him truly sour,
 Provoke him with a slave in power.
 The Irish Senate if you named,
 With what impatience he declaim'd!
 'Fair Liberty' was all his cry,
 For her he stood prepared to die;
 For her he boldly stood alone;
 For her he oft exposed his own.
 Two kingdoms, just as faction led,

Had set a price upon his head;
 But not a traitor could be found
 Could sell him for six hundred pound.*
 Had he but spared his tongue and pen,
 He might have rose like other men;
 But power was never in his thought,
 And wealth he valued not a groat.
 Ingratitude he often found,
 And pitied those who meant the wound;
 But kept the tenor of his mind,
 To merit well of human kind;
 Nor made a sacrifice of those
 Who still were true to please his foes.
 He labored many a fruitful hour
 To reconcile his friends in power;
 Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
 While they pursued each other's ruin;
 But finding vain was all his care,
 He left the court in mere despair.

* * * * *
 "Perhaps I may allow the Dean
 Had too much satire in his vein,
 And seemed determined not to starve it,
 Because no age could more deserve it.
 Yet malice never was his aim,
 He lashed the vice, but spared the name;
 No individual could resent
 Where thousands equally were meant.
 His satire points at no defect
 But what all mortals may correct;
 For he abhorred that senseless tribe
 Who call it humor when they gibe;
 He spared a hump or crooked nose
 Whose owners set not up for beaux.
 True genuine dullness moved his pity,
 Unless it offered to be witty.
 Those who their ignorance confessed
 He ne'er offended with a jest;
 But laughed to hear an idiot quote
 A verse from Horace learned by rote.
 He knew a hundred pleasing stories,
 With all the turns of Whigs and Tories
 Was cheerful to his dying day,
 And friends would let him have his way.
 He gave the little wealth he had
 To build a house for fools and mad;
 And proved by one satiric touch
 No nation needed it so much.
 That kingdom he has left his debtor;
 I wish it soon may have a better."

JONATHAN SWIFT.

* Reference is made to the £600,000 offered in England and Ireland for the discovery of the author of two bitter attacks on the Government.

THE LEGEND OF STIFFENBACH.

One day the Baron Stiffenbach among his
 fathers slept,
 And his relict o'er his ashes like a water-god-
 dess wept,
 Till her apparatus lachrymal required so many
 "goes"
 From certain flasks, that soon there came a
 ruby on her nose.

The Dowager of Stiffenbach was fair enough
 to view,
 And, having her dead husband's wealth, could
 touch the rhino too;
 But yet, of all the neighb'ring nobs, not one
 would e'er propose,
 Because she wore a ruby, a large ruby on her
 nose.

At this the jewelled baroness was very much
 annoyed,
 But rival baronesses her perplexity enjoyed,
 For the ruby was a by-word and a triumph to
 her foes,
 Who, spinster, wife, and widow, all exulted at
 her nose.

The Baroness of Stiffenbach now called the
 doctors in,
 And freely gave for drugs and shrugs great
 quantities of "tin."
 At length they said 'twas surgeon's work, then
 gravely all arose,
 And left her, as they found her, with the ruby
 on her nose.

Now came the surgeons. First they voted all
 the doctors fools, [of tools;
 Then drew from curious armories a multitude
 That they were armed to fight a bear a stran-
 ger would suppose,
 And not to dig a ruby from a baroness's nose.

But now among the surgeons vital difference
 we find, [cut behind;
 For some proposed to cut before, and some to
 And soon, in scalpelomachy, they well-nigh
 came to blows,
 For the baroness's ruby—the ruby on her nose.

At length came forward one, by lot elected
 from the rest,

But, alas! the eager brotherhood too closely
 round him pressed,

For they stood upon the corns of the opera-
tor's toes,
Who, leaping, with the ruby, also sliced away
the nose.

They stitched it on immediately, yet—*why*
has not transpired—
That very day the baroness capriciously ex-
pired;

Thus died that lovely lady, by a judgment,
some suppose,

For having led the baron, in his lifetime, by
the nose.

They made her grave three fathoms deep, by
Rhine's embattled tide,

And bowed her gently downwards by her
darling Stiffy's side;

But her restless spirit wanders still, and oft,
at evening's close,

She haunts the castle ramparts, with her finger
on her nose.

Grim reader, let us blubber o'er the melan-
choly fate

Of the quondam Baron Stiffy's non-teetotal-
izing mate;

And for the future solemnly, if possible, pro-
pose

To shun the weird elixirs that bring rubies on
the nose.

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

LARRY O'BRANIGAN'S LETTERS.

FIRST LETTER.

Dear Judy, I send you this bit of a letter
By mail-coach conveyance, for want of a
better,

To tell you what luck in this world I have had
Since I left the sweet cabin at Mullinafad.

How I came to this England, o'er say and o'er
lands,

And what cruel hard walkin' I've had on my
hands,

Is, at this present writin', too tedious to spake.
So I'll minton it all in a postscript, next week;

Only starv'd I was, surely, as thin as a lath,
Till I came to an up-and-down place they call

Bath.

Where, as luck was, I manag'd to make a
male's mate, [street—

By dhraggin' owld ladies all day through the

Which their docthors (who pocket, like fun,
the pound starlins),

Have brought into fashion to plase the owld
darlins.

Div'l a boy in all Bath, though I say it, could
carry

The grannies up hill half so handy as Larry;
And the higher they liv'd, like owld crows, in
the air,

The more I was wanted to lug them up there.

But luck has two handles, dear Judy, they say,
And mine has *both* handles put on the wrong
way.

For, pondherin', one morn, on a drame I'd just
had

Of yourself and the babbies, at Mullinafad,
Och, there came o'er my sineses so plasin' a

flutter,

That I spilt an owld Countess right clane in
the gutter,

Muff, feathers and all!—the descint was most

awful,
And—what was still worse, faith—I knew 'twas
unlawful:

For, though, with mere *women*, no very great
evil,

T' upset an owld *Countess* in Bath is the divil!
So, liftin' the chair with herself safe upon it,
(For nothin' about her was *kilt*, but her bonnet),
Without even mentionin' "By your lave,
ma'am."

I tuk to my heels and—here, Judy, I am!

What's the name of this town I can't say very
well,

But your heart sure will jump when you hear
what befell

Your own beautiful Larry, the very first day,
(And a Sunday it was, shinin' out mighty gay,)

When his brogues to this city of luck found
their way.

Bein' hungry, God help me, and happenin' to
stop,

Just to dine on the shmeel of a pasthry-cook's
shop,

I saw, in the window, a large printed paper,
And read there a name, och! that made my

heart caper—

Though printed it was in some quare A B C,
That might bother a schoolmather, let alone

me.
By gor, you'd have laughed, Judy, could you've
but listen'd,

As, doubtin', I cried, "why it *is*—no, it *isn't*!"
 But it *was*, afther all—for, by spellin' quite slow,
 First I made out "Rev. Mortimer"—then a great "O";
 And, at last, by hard readin' and rackin' my skull again,
 Out it came, nate as imported, "O'Mulligan!"
 Up I jumped, like a skylark, my jew'l, at that name,—
 Div'l a doubt on my mind, but it *must* be the same.
 "Masther Murthagh, himself," says I, "all the world over!"
 My own foster brother—by jinks, I'm in clover,
 Though *there*, in the playbill, he figures so grand,
 One wet nurse it was brought us *both* up by hand.
 And he'll not let me shtarve in the enemy's land!"

Well, to make a long histhory short, niver doubt
 But I managed, in no time, to find the lad out;
 And the joy of the meetin' bethuxt him and me,
 Such a pair of owld cumrogues—was charmin' to see,
 Nor is Murthagh less plas'd with th' evint than I am,
 As he just then was wantin' a Valley-de-sham;
 And, for *dressin'* a gentleman, one way or t'other,
 Your nate Irish lad is beyant every other.
 But now, Judy, comes the quare part of the case;
 And in throth, it's the only drawback on my place.
 'Twas Murthagh's ill luck to be cross'd, as you know,
 With an awkward mishfortune some short time ago;
 That's to say, he turn'd Protestant—*why*, I can't larn;
 But, of coorse, he knew best, an' it's not *my* consarn.
 All I know is, we both were good Cath'lies, at nurse,
 And myself am so still—nayther betther nor worse.
 Well, our bargain was all right and tight in a jolly

And lads more contint never yet left the Lifey,
 When Murthagh—or Morthimer, as he's *now* chrishen'd,
 His *name* bein' convarted, at laist, if *he* isn't—
 Lookin' sly at me (faith, 'twas divartin' to see)
 "Of coorse, you're a Protestant, Larry," says he.
 Upon which says myself, wid a wink just as shly,
 "Is't a Protestant?—O yes, I *am*, sir," says I,
 And there the chat ended, and div'l a more word
 Controvorsial between us has since then occur'd.
 What Murthagh could mane, and, in troth, Judy dear,
 What *I myself* meant, doesn't seem mighty clear;
 But the thruth is, though still for the Owld Light a stickler,
 I was just then too shtarv'd to be over partic'lar:—
 And, God knows, between us, a comic'ler pair
 Of twin Protestants couldn't be seen *any* where.
 Next Tuesday (as towld in the playbills I mention'd,
 Address'd to the loyal and godly intintion'd.)
 His rivrence, my masther, comes forward to prache,—
 Myself doesn't know whether sarmon or spache,
 But it's all one to him, he's a dead hand at aich;
 Like us, Paddies, in gin'ral, whose skill in orations
 Quite bothers the blarney of all other nations.
 But, whisht!—there's his Rivrence shoutin' out "Larry,"
 And sorra a word more will this shmall paper carry;
 So, here, Judy, ends my short bit of a letther,
 Which, faix, I'd have made a much bigger and betther.
 But div'l a one Post-office hole in this town
 Fit to swallow a decent siz'd billy-dux down.

SECOND LETTER.

As it was but lasht week that I sint you a letther,
 You'll wondher, dear Judy, what this is about;
 And, throth, it's a letther myself would like betther,

Could I manage to lave the contints of it
For sure, if it makes even *me* onaisy, [out ;
Who takes things quiet, 'twill dhrive *you* crazy.
O, Judy, that riverind Murthagh, bad scan to
him !

That e'er I should come to've been sarvint
man to him,

Or so far damane the O'Branigan blood,
And my Aunts the Diluvians (whom not ev'n
the Flood

Was able to wash away clane from the earth)
As to sarve one whose name, of mere yesther-
day's birth,

Can no more to a great O, *before* it, purtend,
Than mine can to wear a great Q at its *end*.

But that's now all over—lasht night I gev
warnin',

And, masth'r as he is, will discharge him this
mornin'.

The thief of the world!—but it's no use bal-
raggin';—

All I know is, I'd fifty times rather be draggin'
Owld ladies up hill to the ind of my days,

Than with Murthagh to rowl in a chaise, at
my aise,

And be forc'd to discind through the same
dirty ways.

Arrah, sure, if I'd heerd where he last show'd
his phiz,

I'd have known what a quare sort of monsther
he is ;

For, by gor, 'twas at Exether Change, sure
enough,

That himself and his other wild Irish show'd
off ;

And it's pity, so 'tis, that they hadn't got no
man

Who knew the wild crathurs to act as their
showman—

Sayin', "Ladies and Gintlemen, plaze to take
notice,

"How shlim and how shleek this black
animal's coat is ;

"All by raison, we're towld, that the nathur
o' the baste

"Is to change its coat *once* in its lifetime, at
laste ;

"And such objiks, in *our* country, not bein'
common ones,

"Are *bought up*, as this was, by way of Fine
Nomenons.

"In regard of its *name*—why, in throth, I'm
consarn'd

"To differ on this point so much with the
Larn'd,

"Who call it a '*Morthimer*,' whereas the
craythur

"Is plainly a '*Murthagh*,' by name and by
nathur."

But, throth, I've no laisure just now, Judy
dear,

For any thing, barrin' our own doins here,
And the cursin' and damnin' and thund'rin',
like mad,

We Papis, God help us, from Murthagh
have had.

He says we're all murtherers—div'l a bit less—
And that even our priests, when we go to
confess,

Give us lessons in murth'rin', and wish us
success!

When ax'd how he daar'd, by tongue or by
pen,

To belie, in this way, seven millions of men,
Faith, he said 'twas all towld him by Docthor
Den!

"And who the div'l's *he*?" was the question
that flew

From Chrisitian to Chrisitian—but not a sowl
knew,

While on went Murthagh, in iligant style,
Blasphamin' us Cath'lics all the while,

As a pack of desaivers, parjurers, villians,
All the whole kit of th' aforesaid millions,—

Yourself, dear Judy, as well as the rest,
And the innocent craythur that's at your
breast,

All rogues together, in word and deed,
Owld Den our instructor and Sin our creed !

When ax'd for his proofs again and again,
Div'l an answer he'd give but Docthor Den.

Couldn't he call into coort some *livin'* men?
"No, thank you," he'd stick to Docthor Den—

An owld gentleman dead a century or two,
Who all about *us*, live Cath'lics, knew ;

And of coorse was more handy, to call in a
hurry,

Than Docthor MacHale or Docthor Murray!

But, throth, it's no case to be jokin' upon,
Though myself, from bad habits, is *makin'* it
one.

Even *you*, had you witness'd his grand climac-
therics,

Which actually threw one owld maid in hys-
terics—

Oo, och! had you heerd such a purty remark
as his,

That Papists are only "Humanity's carcasses,
"Ris'n"—but, by dad, I'm afeard I can't give
it ye—

"Ris'n from the sepulchre of—inactivity;
"And, like owld corpses, dug up from antikity,
"Wand'rin' about in all sorts of inikity!!"

Even you, Judy, true as you are to the Owld
Light,

Would have laugh'd, out and out, at this
iligant flight

Of that figure of speech call'd the Blatherum-
skite.

As for me, though a funny thought now and
then came to me,

Rage got the better at last—and small blame
to me!

So, slapping my thigh, "by the Powers of
Delf,"

Says I bowldly, "I'll make a noration myself."
And with that up I jumps—but, my darlint, the
minit

I cock'd up my head, div'l a sinse remain'd in
it.

Though, *said*, I could have got beautiful on,
When I tuk to my legs, faith, the gab was all
gone:—

Which was odd, for us, Pats, who, whate'er
we've a hand in,

At laste in our *legs* show a shtrong undher-
standin'.

Howsomdever, detarmin'd the chaps should
pursaive

What I thought of their doin's, before I tuk
lave,

"In regard of all that," says I—there I stop-
ped short—

Not a word more would come, though I
shtruggled hard for't,

So, schnappin' my fingers at what's called the
Chair,

And the ould Lord (or Lady, I b'lieve) that
sat there—

"In regard of all that," says I bowldly again,
"T'ould Nick I pitch Mortimer, *and* Deecher
Den!"

Upon which the whole company cried out
"Amen!"

And myself was in hopes 'twas to what I had
said.

But, by gor, no such thing—they were not so
well bred:

For 'twas all to a prayer Murthagh just had
read out,

By way of fit finish to job so devout:

That is—*after* well damnin' one-half the
community,

To pray God to keep all in pace an' in unity.

This is all I can shstuff in this letter, though
plinty

Of news, faith, I've got to fill more—if 'twas
twinty.

But I'll add, on the *outside*, a line, should I
need it,

Writin' "Private" upon it, that no one may
read it.

To tell you how Mortimer (as the Saints chrish-
ten him)

Bears the big shame of his sarvint's dismisshin'
him.

(*Private Outside.*)

Jist come from his riv'rence—the job is all
done—

By the powers, I've discharg'd him as sure as
a gun!

An' now, Judy dear, what on earth I'm to do
With myself an' my appetite,—both good as
new—

Without even a single traneeen in my pocket.

Let alone a good dacent pound starlin' to stock

it,

Is a mysht'ry I lave to the One that's above,
Who takes care of us, dissolute sowls, whin
hard dhrove!

THOMAS MOORE.

From "The Fudges in England."

PART XI.

POEMS OF LOSS AND SORROW.

Waileth a woman, "Oh, my God!"
Wind-driven waves, with no hearts that ache,
Why do your passionate pulses throb?
No lips that speak—have ye souls that sob?
We carry the cross—ye wear the crest;
We have our God—and ye your shore,
Whither ye rush in the storms to rest;
We have the havens of holy prayer,
And we have a hope—have ye despair?
For, storm-rocked waves, ye break evermore,
Adown the shores and along the years,
In the whitest foam of the saddest tears;
And we, as ye, oh! waves, gray waves!
Drift over a sea more deep and wide.
For we have sorrow and we have death,
And ye have only the tempest's breath;
But we have God when heart oppressed,
As a calm and beautiful shore of rest.

ABRAM J. RYAN

POEMS OF LOSS AND SORROW.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

If you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And maybe for months and for years,
You shall come, with a heart that is bursting
For trouble and toiling and thirsting,
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length,—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying
Alike from their hopes and their fears;
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces:
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows and it flows with a motion
So gentle and lonely and listless,
And murmurs a tune so resistless
To him who hath suffered and hears—
You shall surely—without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know your heart broken,
And yield to the long curb'd emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

For it grows and it grows, as tho' leaping
Up higher the more one is thinking;
And ever its tunes go on sinking
More poignantly into the ears:
Yea, so blessed and good seems that fountain,
Reached after dry desert and mountain,
You shall fall down at length in your weeping
And bathe your sad face in the tears.

Then, alas, while you lie there a season,
And sob between living and dying,
And give up the land you were trying
To find 'mid your hopes and your fears,

O the world shall come up and pass o'er you;
Strong men shall not stay to care for you,
Nor wonder indeed for what reason
Your way should seem harder than theirs.

But perhaps while you lie, never lifting
Your cheek from the wet leaves it presses,
Nor caring to raise your wet tresses
And look how the cold world appears,—
O perhaps the mere silences round you—
All things in that place grief hath found you,
Yea, e'en to the clouds o'er you drifting,
May soothe you somewhat thro' your tears.

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes
Your face, as tho' some one had kissed you;
Or think at least some one who missed you
Hath sent you a thought,—if that cheers;
Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,
May pass for a tender word spoken:
Enough while around you there rushes
That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,
Brim over and baffle resistance,
And roll down bleared roads to each distance
Of past desolation and years;
Till they cover the place of each sorrow,
And leave you no past and no morrow:
For what man is able to master
And stem the great Fountain of Tears?

But the floods of the tears meet and gather;
The sound of them all grows like thunder:
O into what bosom, I wonder,
Is poured the whole sorrow of years?
For Eternity only seems keeping
Account of the great human weeping:
May God, then, the Maker and Father—
May He find a place for the tears.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

THE VOICE OF THE POOR.

Was ever sorrow like to our sorrow ?
 O! God above!
 Will our night never change into a morrow
 Of joy and love ?
 A deadly gloom is on us, waking, sleeping,
 Like the darkness at noontide,
 That fell upon the pallid Mother, weeping
 By the Crucified.

Before us die our brothers of starvation ;
 Around are cries of famine and despair !
 Where is hope for us, or comfort, or salva-
 Where—O! where? [tion—
 If the angels ever hearken, downward bend—
 They are weeping, we are sure, [ing,
 At the litanies of human groans ascending
 From the crush'd hearts of the poor.

When the human rests in love upon the
 All grief is light; [human,
 But who bends one kind glance to illumine
 Our life-long night ?
 The air around is ringing with their laughter—
 God has only made the rich to smile ;
 But we—in our rags, and want, and woe—we
 follow after,
 Weeping the while.

And the laughter seems but uttered to deride
 When, O! when [us,
 Will fall the frozen barriers that divide us
 From other men ?
 Will ignorance for ever thus enslave us,
 Will misery for ever lay us low ?
 All are eager with their insults; but to save us
 None, none, we know.

We never knew a childhood's mirth and glad-
 ness, [brave;
 Nor the proud heart of youth free and
 O, a deathlike dream of wretchedness and sad-
 ls life's weary journey to the grave. [ness
 Day by day we lower sink and lower,
 Till the godlike soul within
 Falls crushed beneath the fearful demon power
 Of poverty and sin.

So we toil on, on with fever burning
 In heart and brain,
 So we toil on, on through bitter scorning,
 Want, woe, and pain.
 We dare not raise our eyes to the blue Heaven
 Or the toil must cease— [given
 We dare not breathe the fresh air God has
 One hour in peace.

We must toil, tho' the light of life is burning,
 O, how dim !
 We must toil on our sick-beds, feebly turning
 Our eyes to Him,
 Who alone can hear the pale lip faintly saying,
 With scarce-moved breath, [ing,
 While the paler hands uplifted, and the pray-
 " God grant us Death !"

LADY WILDE.

THEY NEVER TELL WHY.

Go down where the wavelets are kissing the
 shore,
 And ask of them why do they sigh ?
 The poets have asked them a thousand times
 o'er,
 But they're kissing the shore as they kissed it
 before,
 And they're sighing to-day and they'll sigh
 evermore.
 Ask them what ails them: they will not reply.
 But they'll sigh on forever and never tell why !
 Why does your poetry sound like a sigh ?
 The waves will not answer you ; neither shall I.

Go stand on the beach of the blue boundless
 deep,
 When the night-stars are gleaming on high,
 And hear how the billows are moaning in
 sleep,
 On the low-lying strand by the surge-beaten
 steep;
 They're moaning forever wherever they sweep.
 Ask them what ails them: they never reply ;
 They moan, and so sadly, but will not tell why !
 Why does your poetry sound like a sigh ?
 The waves will not answer you ; neither shall I.

Go list to the breeze at the waning of day,
 When it passes and murmurs " Good-bye "—
 The dear little breeze—how it wishes to stay
 Where the flowers are in bloom, where the
 singing birds play ;
 How it sighs when it flies on its wearisome
 Ask it what ails it ; it will not reply ; [way.
 Its voice is a sad one, it never told why.
 Why does your poetry sound like a sigh ?
 The breeze will not answer you ; neither shall I.

Go watch the wild blasts, as they spring from
 their lair,
 When the shout of the storm rends the sky ;
 They rush o'er the earth, and they ride
 through the air.

And they blight with their breath all the
lovely and fair, [of despair.]

And they groan like the ghosts in the "land
Ask them what ails them : they never reply ;
Their voices are mournful, they will not tell
why.

Why does your poetry sound like a sigh ?
The blasts will not answer you ; neither shall I.

Go stand on the rivulet's lily-fringed side.
Or list where the rivers rush by ; [hide.
The streamlets which forest trees shadow and
And the rivers that roll in their oceanward
tide,

Are moaning forever wherever they glide ;
Ask them what ails them : they will not reply.
On—sad-voiced—they flow, but they never tell
why.

Why does your poetry sound like a sigh ?
Earth's streams will not answer you ; neither
shall I.

Go list to the voices of earth, air and sea,
And the voices that sound in the sky ;
Their songs may be joyful to some, but to me
There's a sigh in each chord and a sigh in
each key,

And thousands of sighs swell their grand
melody.

Ask them what ails them : they will not reply ;
They sigh, sigh forever, but never tell why.
Why does your poetry sound like a sigh ?
Their lips will not answer you ; neither shall I.

ABRAM J. RYAN.

NEPENTHE.

Come Sorrow, smooth my brow and kiss my
lips,

And lay thy gentle hand upon my heart,
And on my bosom pillow thy sweet head :
For in thy silent face and loving eyes
I trace the memories of long-fled years.

Aye, thou art kind as thou art beautiful !
And never joy in its supremest hour,
Gave aught of happiness as dear as thee ;

For thou, the winsome shadow of my hope,
The sweet ideal of the vanished years,
Art still an image of the loved and lost,

Even tho' on evening wings the Real hath fled.
Yea, Sorrow, I will kiss thy pensive mouth,
And call thee steadfast friend, and love thee
well,

For thou wert constant when all else were
false !

But lo ! the while my eyes with blinding tears
Are wet, I see thy sable raiment fall,
And in my arms I have unconscious clasped
The smiling, white-winged angel of the Lord !

ROWLAND B. MAHANY.

SHE DIED IN BEAUTY.

She died in beauty ! like a rose
Blown from its parent stem ;
She died in beauty ! like a pearl
Dropped from some diadem.

She died in beauty ! like a lay
Along a moonlit lake ;
She died in beauty ! like the song
Of birds amid the brake.

She died in beauty ! like the snow
On flowers dissolved away ;
She died in beauty ! like a star
Lost on the brow of day.

She *lives* in glory ! like night's gems
Set round the silver moon ;
She lives in glory ! like the sun
Amid the blue of June.

CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY.

THE DEATH OF LILY.

They called her " Lily." Lillian was her name,
But from her birth she seemed so waxen white,
So fairy slight, so gentle and so pure,
That to her father's mind she ever brought
The image of that pale and fragile flower ;
And so he called her " Lily." 'Twas a term
In which endearment, tenderness, and hope
Were all wreathed up ; the hope too often
crossed

By jealous fears, when some untoward breath
Too roughly bent to earth the sickly flower,
Leaving it drooping on its yielding stem.
And there she lay at last—almost in Heaven—
Of time and of eternity a part—
A dying, living link, uniting those
Who live to die—and die to ever live !

* * * * *
He sat beside her bed, and in his hands
Buried his streaming eyes. His soul rebelled :
" She had no right to die—to rive his heart ;
Rob him and it of all life's tenderest ties."
He felt as he could say : " Lily, lie there
Forever dying ; but, oh ! never die

Till I die too." He thought not of his wife.
 She was his other self: she was himself;
 But Lily was their cherished life of life—
 Of each and both a part,—so grafted on,
 That, if removed, they must become once more
 Two bodies with two souls,—no longer one,
 Their living link destroyed;—not loving less,
 But singly loving;—'twixt their hearts a gulf
 Unbridged by Lily's love;—a love so pure,
 That not a taint of selfishness was near:
 All this he felt, and on the future looked
 As on a desolation.

Lily spoke—
 Or whispered rather—but a thunder peal
 Would less affect him than her sinking tones:
 "Raise me, dear father; take me to your
 breast—
 Your broad kind breast, so full of love for me—
 'Twill rest me on my road—'tis half-way
 Home!"

And then he rose, and round her wasted form
 His brawny arms, before whose mighty
 strength

The massive anvil quivered, as his hands
 Swung high the ponderous sledge—or in
 whose gripe [dued,—

The fiery steed stood conquered and sub-
 Closed, as the breath of Heaven, or God's
 own love,

So lightly, softly, gently, hemmed they in
 The little dying child. Then there he sat,
 Her face upon his breast, and on his knee
 Her tearless mother's head; for all her tears
 Were inly wept, dropping like molten lead
 Upon her breaking heart. Far in the west
 Long waves of crimson clouds stretched o'er
 the hills;

And thro' those clouds, as in a sea of blood,
 The sun sank slowly down. Ere his last ray
 Glanced upward from the earth, the father felt
 His Lily lift her head—celestial light
 Beamed from her eyes, as for the last embrace
 She to her mother turned, and then to him:
 "They beckon me," she said "I come! I
 come!"

Around his neck she twined her faded arms,
 Rising obedient to her heavenly call;
 Again he pressed her lips, but in the kiss
 Her soul enfranchised, bounded from its
 thrall;

Its crumbling fetters dropped upon his heart,
 —The angel was at Home!

JOHN CRAWFORD WILSON,

From "Home."

ANOTHER JUNE.

Last June, in my lone garden, a lovely rose-
 tree grew,

Rich in God's gracious giving of sunshine and
 of dew;

Rich with a wealth of roses, fragrant and
 glowing red.

"I ween there are none fairer in all the
 world," I said.

E'en as I spake, a spirit 'came to my humble
 door;

I trembled, gazing on him:—oft had he come
 before.

"Give me the roses, maiden;" his voice was
 calm and sweet—

"Give me these cherished blossoms ere
 cometh noontide heat."

"Nay, would'st thou claim the roses? I've
 given all the rest;

Whate'er thou would'st I gave thee, the rarest
 and the best;

Leave me these last sweet blossoms, my lonely
 life to cheer—

Leave them, I pray thee, leave them; to me
 they've grown so dear."

Murmured the spirit sadly, "O maiden, need
 I tell

Who bids me claim the roses?—thou knowest
 all too well;

Yet keep the flowers thou lovest, that I in
 vain implore."

Then the sweet spirit vanished, and came to
 me no more.

Ah, me! my red, red roses: they bloomed full
 many a day;

At last the summer waned and died, and then
 they passed away;

Yet my heart sang within me, "Grieve not, for
 thou wilt soon

See thy red roses budding when comes
 another June."

Another June! alas! alas! Behold, sweet
 June is here,

But June hath brought no roses my lonely
 life to cheer;

Never a bud nor leaflet to glad mine eyes
 again:—

My fair rose-tree is withered—only the thorns
 remain.

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

A MEMORY.

Oh, ye virginal white rose-buds, all dewy,
sweet and tender,

Swaying on your frail, frail stems, though
ne'er a breeze doth blow,

I love ye for that fairer bud that perished 'mid
the splendor

Of the song and sun and fragrance two
summer-tides ago!

I called her oft our rosebud—no flow'ret's
name seemed meet

For the pure and joyful promise of her
lovely girlish grace;

But past my art to picture—than all my dream-
ing sweeter,

The glorious, wondrous spirit-light upon
her fair young face.

Oh, the baleful fever-breath our fragile
blossom blighting!

Oh, the bitter chalice to our darling's young
lips pressed!

Oh, the fitful gleams of false, false hope, a
while our darkness lighting!

Oh, the days and nights of agony and woful
wild unrest!

But the Lord Himself was with her to pity her
and love her:

Earthly lover shared not her maiden heart
with Him,

And the gentle Virgin Mother and the angels
bent above her,

And their glory round her brightened as
the lights of time grew dim!

My friend, my chosen sister—child and woman
strangely blended—

Did thy spirit go out gladly, leaving blessing
as it fled?

For all its living loveliness thy face in death
transcended,

Purer than the snowy blossoms o'er thy
virgin-vesture spread.

Oh, heart that loved me loyally, that prized
my poor endeavor,

I did I love thee purely, truly, I would be glad
for thee!

But oh, my life without thee! Lord of the
bright forever,

Forgive my 'plaint who knowest what my
darling was to me!

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

AT THE SHIP'S SIDE.

Sing not so merrily, O little bird!

My heart is sad to-day;

Sing not so loudly of thy happy loves,—

My love has gone away.

Laugh not so blithely, dancing ocean waves!

I ne'er shall smile again;

Break not in tender kisses on your strand,—

Love's kisses bring but pain.

Beam not so brightly, O thou pitiless sun!

My life has set in clouds; [skies,—

Cast not such golden floods o'er earth and

Black night my spirit shrouds.

Bloom not with mocking beauty, O ye flowers!

He called me fair as you;

But beauty cannot bring a lost love back,

Or make a false vow true.

O bird! O waves! O sun! O flowers! I know

Ye would not be so gay,

Could ye but look one moment in my heart,

And see it break to-day.

FANNY PARNELL.

THE YOUNGER FLORUS.

Child of the lotos lily,

Child of the dreams of old and holy Nile,

Lover of slumberous days and stilly,

Giver of rest, [smile,

Cradled to sleep beneath the veiled Isidean

—Lift once more thy brow divine!

Leaning from thy crystal shrine,

Hear thou my quest!

Child of the hidden glory, [One,

Child of the still inscrutable and shrouded

Child of the flood and desert hoary,—

Child of the earth's immortal throes!

Rise ere the drowsy kisses of the wakening sun

Gild once more thy mitred hair,

Rise and hearken to my prayer,

Healer of woes!

Ever the mystic finger [speech,

Laid on the lips that were not made for

Tells how the ancient gods yet linger,

Wrapped in deep peace,— [reach,

Wrapped in a silence that no poet's voice can

Safe from cynic's sneer and glance,

Lulled in charmed and popped trance,

Till time shall cease.

Heart-shapen fruit they brought thee,
 Dumb sentry of the torture-chambers of the
 heart! [thee,
 Laden with blood-red fruit they sought
 Singing no sad or joyous song:
 Tongue-shapen leaves they brought in token
 of thy art,
 Hiding with unruffled face
 Fear and sorrow's eaten trace,
 Patient and strong!

God of the long-enduring,
 God of the suffering and the silent soul,
 With thy lore all anguish curing,
 Hear thou my quest!
 While the calm mother-tides that lap thee
 onward roll,
 Teach me with sealed lips to wait
 Worst or best of changeless fate,—
 Ever at rest.

FANNY PARNELL.

A DEAD SUMMER.

What lacks the summer?
 Not roses blowing,
 Nor tall white lilies with fragrance rife,
 Nor green things gay with the bliss of grow-
 ing,
 Nor glad things drunk with the wine of
 life,—
 Nor flushing of clouds in blue skies shining,
 Nor soft winds murmur to rise and fall,
 Nor birds for singing, nor vines for twining,—
 Three little buds I miss, no more, [door,—
 That blossomed last year at my garden
 And that is all.

What lacks the summer?
 Not waves a-quiver
 With arrows of light from the hand of dawn,
 Nor drooping of boughs by the dimpling river,
 Nor nodding of grass on the windy lawn,
 Nor tides upswept upon silver beaches,
 Nor rustle of leaves on tree-tops tall,
 Nor dapple of shade in woodland reaches,—
 Life pulses gladly on vale and hill,
 But three little hearts that I love are still,—
 And that is all.

What lacks the summer?
 O light and savor,
 And message of healing the world above!
 Gone is the old-time strength and flavor,

Gone is the old-time peace and love!
 Gone is the bloom of the shimmering meadows,
 Music of birds as they sweep and fall,—
 All the great world is dim with shadow,
 Because no longer mine eyes can see [me,—
 The eyes that made summer and life for
 And that is all.

MARY E. BLAKE.

LOSSES.

Upon the white sea-sand
 There sat a pilgrim band,
 Telling the losses that their lives had known;
 While evening waned away
 From breezy cliff and bay, [moan.
 And the strong tides went out with weary

One spake with quivering lip
 Of a fair-freighted ship, [down:
 With all his household to the deep gone
 But one had wilder woe—
 For a fair face, long ago
 Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
 With a most loving ruth,
 For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
 And one upon the west
 Turned an eye that would not rest,
 For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
 Some of proud honors told, [no more:
 Some spake of friends that were their trust
 And one of a green grave
 Beside a foreign wave,
 That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
 There spake among them one,
 A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:
 "Sad losses have ye met,
 But mine is heavier yet,
 For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
 "For the living and the dead—
 For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
 For the wrecks of land and sea;
 But, however it came to thee,
 Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

FRANCIS BROWN.

A SONG OF CONTRAST.

Growing green on the hill-top, breaking bloom
on the lea ;

Wake of song in the willow, rise of sun on the
sea ;

Over the fair young grasses, falling of tiny
feet,—

Wee hands folding the flowers, rosy, and
flower-sweet ;

Lost in her eyes the blue-bells ; caught in her
rippled hair

Glint of the early sun-light, gilding the soft
spring air.—

Grow, O green, on the hill top, break, O bloom,
on the lea !

Waken, O song and sunsine,—bless the dear
God for me !

Growing gloom on the mountain, deep'ning
dark in the vale ;

Blackness folding the breakers, white in the
coming gale ;

Bright bloom paled to a phantom, wrapt in
an icy veil,—

Rough winds tossing the willow, bird-song
hushed to a wail :

Wailing for days departed, wailing for one who
lies

With wee hands folded meekly, under the
leaden skies.

Grow, O gloom, on the mountain ! deepen, O
dark, in the vale !

Beat against the black heavens, O winds of
the wild sea gale !

MINNIE GILMORE.

IN THE LONG, LONG AGO.

Do not sing that song again,
For it fills my heart with pain ;

I am bending to the blast,
And it tells me of the past,

Of the years of long ago,
When my days were young and fair ;

And my heart as light as air ;
When one feeling filled the breast,

And one image gave it rest,
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again :
There's a tear in its refrain.
It brings sadly back the time
When my manhood felt its prime ;

When the comrades, dear and true,
Closer, warmer, fonder grew,
In the hour of friendship's proof,
When the false ones stood aloof,
And their friendship was but show,
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again ;
I have lived my years in vain,
And my hair is thin and gray,
And I'm passing fast away.
On the dark and downward streams
I'm a wreck of idle dreams,
And it puts me on the rack
At the weary looking back ;
At the ebb and at the flow
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again,
It distracts my weary brain.
Ah ! too well, alas, I know
It is time for me to go,
And to leave to younger eyes
The mild mystery of the skies,
And this mighty world I tread,
And the grander age ahead :—
There's a mist upon the river,
And there's bleakness on the shore ;
And in dreams I pass forever,
While sad music wafts me o'er.

HUGH F. McDERMOTT.

FOREVERMORE.

I had a little sprite whose name was hope :
It sang glad songs into my eager ear ;
But when most loved its notes died all away,
And now its songs are stilled forevermore—
Forevermore.

I heard a voice, born of my human love,
Speak to my human weakness words of joy ;
Each was as sweet as sounds of dulcimer,
But all are silent now forevermore—
Forevermore.

I held within my own a little hand,
White as the moon, and it became as cold ;
I pressed it to my lips in agony ;
'Twas then withdrawn—withdrawn forever-
more,—
Forevermore.

I've worn a faded lily on my breast,
 These many days, these many weary days;
 But now, by unseen fingers touched, it falls,
 It falls away, and falls forevermore—
 Forevermore.

I held a beautiful and precious gem
 Against my beating heart for many a year;
 But while most cherished it hath turned to
 And here I lay it down forevermore— [dust,
 Forevermore.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

THE DYING MOTHER'S LAMENT.

"O God, it is a dreadful night,—how fierce the
 dark winds blow!

It howls like mourning Banshee, its breathings
 speak of woe;

'Twill rouse my slumbering orphans—blow
 gently, O wild blast!

My wearied hungry darlings are hushed in
 peace at last.

"And how the cold rain tumbles down in tor-
 rents from the skies!

Down, down, upon our stiffened limbs, into my
 children's eyes:—

O God of Heaven! stop your hand until the
 dawn of day,

And out upon the weary world again we'll take
 our way.

"But, ah! my prayers are worthless—O!
 louder roars the blast,

And darker frown the pitchy clouds, the rain
 falls still more fast;

O God! if you be merciful, have mercy now,
 I pray—

O God! forgive my wicked words—I know not
 what I say!

"To see my ghastly babies—my babes so meek
 and fair—

To see them huddled in that ditch, like wild
 beasts in their lair:

Like wild beasts! No! the vixen cubs that
 sport on yonder hill,

Lie warm this hour, and, I'll engage, of food
 they've had their fill.

"O blessed Queen of Mercy! look down from
 that black sky—

You've felt a mother's misery—then hear a
 mother's cry!

I mourn not my own wretchedness, but let my
 children rest,
 O watch and guard them this wild night, and
 then I shall be blest!"

Thus prayed the wanderer, but in vain!—in
 vain her mournful cry!

God did not hush that piercing wind, nor
 brighten that dark sky!

But when the ghastly winter's dawn its sickly
 radiance shed,

The mother and her wretched babes lay stiff-
 ened, grim, and dead!

JOHN KEEGAN.

IF I HAD THOUGHT.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,

I might not weep for thee;

But I forgot, when by thy side,

That thou couldst mortal be;

It never through my mind had past

The time would e'er be o'er.

And I on thee should look my last,

And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,

And think 'twill smile again;

And still the thought I will not brook

That I must look in vain.

But, when I speak, thou dost not say

What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,

And now I feel, as well I may,

Sweet Mary! thou art dead.

If thou would'st stay e'en as thou art,

All cold and all serene,

I still might press thy silent heart,

And where thy smiles have been!

While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,

Thou seemest still mine own,

But there I lay thee in thy grave

And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,

Thou hast forgotten me;

And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart

In thinking too of thee;

Yet there was round thee such a dawn

Of light ne'er seen before,

As fancy never could have drawn,

And never can restore.

CHARLES WOLFE.

MAIDEN, PRAY FOR ME.

Silent, remote, this hamlet seems—
 How hushed the breeze! the eve how calm!
 Light through my dying chamber beams,
 But hope comes not, nor healing balm.
 Kind villagers, God bless your shed!
 Hark! 'tis for prayer, the evening bell—
 Oh, stay! and near my dying bed,
 Maiden, for me your rosary tell.

When leaves shall strew the waterfall
 In the sad close of autumn drear,
 Say "The sick youth is freed from all
 The pangs and wo he suffered here."
 So may ye speak of him that's gone;
 But when your belfry tolls my knell,
 Pray for the soul of that lost one—
 Maiden, for me your rosary tell!

Oh! pity her in sable robe
 Who to my grassy grave will come,
 Nor seek a hidden wound to probe—
 She was my love: point out my tomb.
 Tell her my life would have been hers—
 'Twas but a day!—God's will!—'tis well:
 But weep with her, kind villagers!—
 Maiden, for me your rosary tell!

FRANCIS S. MAHONY.

From the French of Millevoey.

SIDE BY SIDE.

The grass is green above his grave,
 But while it blossoms, I decline;
 Another crop will never wave
 Between the heart I loved and mine.
 My people gave me, when he died,
 Their pledge to lay me by his side.

He loved me, and I loved him too,
 They knew my plight to him was given,
 And when I saw his wounds, they knew
 The death pang thro' my heart was driven.
 I read my sentence in the gore
 That streaked his white limbs, flowing o'er.

Why did he love me? Strong and tall,
 And wise as well as brave was he,
 And I so young and slight and small,
 Sat like a child upon his knee,
 And still he kissed my mouth and eyes
 And filled my ears with happy sighs.

I know he died amidst the foes
 That rule and wreck his native land,
 That numbers fell beneath the blows
 He dealt them with his brawny hand;
 But he, the foremost in the fray,
 Could not escape that bloody day.

I know the Saxon's women pale
 Will hear his name with wild affright,
 And long shall foemen tell the tale
 Of how he thunder'd thro' the fight,
 And what a crowd of bayonets drank
 His precious life-blood ere he sank;—

That dear red blood that ever made
 His cheeks as hot as ruddy flame,
 That in his throbbing temples played
 And quivered on thro' all his frame,
 And thrilled my heart, I know not how,
 But life is cold without it now.

I do not blame him that he gave
 His life to Ireland's stronger claim;
 I asked him not to live a slave
 When that dread day of battle came:
 But while we wept he knew that I
 Would share his fate, to live or die.

And now his grave is soft and green,
 But o'er the narrow chamber soon
 Will fresh red earth again be seen,
 And women raise another croon;
 For all the weepers when he died
 Declared they'd lay me by his side.

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN.

A LAST LULLABY.

Kiss the sweet eyes to closing;
 Smooth out the tangled hair;
 Fold her hands on her bosom,
 As though she were at prayer.
 Under the tender grasses
 Lay her down in the sod;
 So fareth the empty casket—
 The jewel is with God!

Life is the day of labor,
 Death is the night of rest;
 The Father saw she was tired,
 And took her to His breast.
 Folded her round with darkness,
 Cradled her in the sky,
 And angels soothe her to slumber,
 Chanting a lullaby.

Sweetly, O my own darling,
 Sweetly and safely sleep!
 Never for thee the waking,
 Waking to work and weep.
 Free from the world's hard bondage,
 Free from its wrong and rack—
 O babe, though my arms are empty,
 I would not have thee back!

A kiss on the bright ringlets,
 Sunning the brow so meek;
 A kiss on the still lashes,
 Shading the dainty cheek;
 Over the red mouth, paling—
 Over the heart so sweet—
 A kiss on the tiny fingers;
 A kiss on the wee feet!

So, it is ended; ended!
 One long look on her face—
 Now, friend, clasp down the cover,
 And lay the sod in place.
 This is the empty casket;
 The jewel is with God.
 But, oh, to lie with my baby,
 Under the churchyard sod!

MINNIE GLENDORI.

LOVE LIES A-DYING.

Come in gently, and speak low,
 Love lies a-dying;
 By his death-bed, standing so,
 Hush, hush your crying.

Once his eyes were full of light,
 Who now lies a-dying;
 Round about him falls the night,
 Hush, hush your crying.

Ghostly winds begin to blow,
 Love lies a-dying;
 Hark where distant waters flow,
 Hush, hush your crying.

From a Land of Lost Delight—
 Now he lies a-dying—
 Visions come to haunt his sight,
 Hush, hush your crying.

From a land he used to know—
 Love lies a-dying—
 Ghosts of dead songs come and go,
 Hush, hush your crying.

Perished hopes like lilies white,
 Now he lies a-dying,
 Leave beside him, in death's night,
 Hush, hush your crying.

Round about him, to and fro,
 Now he lies a-dying,
 Phantom feet move soft and slow,
 Hush, hush your crying.

Sharply once did sorrow bite,
 O Love lies a-dying!
 Tears and blood sprang warm and bright,
 Hush, hush your crying.

Pain is done now, strength is low,
 Love lies a-dying;
 Let him gently languish so,
 Hush, hush your crying.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

A FAREWELL.

Hath any loved you well down there,
 Summer or winter through?
 Down there, have you found any fair
 Laid in the grave with you?
 Is death's long kiss a richer kiss
 Than mine was wont to be?
 Or have you gone to some far bliss,
 And quite forgotten me?

What soft enamoring of sleep
 Hath you in some soft way?
 What charmed death holdeth you with deep
 Strange lure by night and day?
 A little space below the grass,
 Out of the sun and shade,
 But worlds away from me, alas!
 Down there where you are laid!

My bright hair's waved and wasted gold,
 What is it now to thee
 Whether the rose-red life I hold,
 Or white death holdeth me?
 Down there you love the grave's own green,
 And evermore you rave
 Of some sweet seraph you have seen
 Or dreamed of in the grave.

There you shall lie as you have lain,
 Though in the world above
 Another live your life again,
 Loving again your love;

Is it not sweet beneath the palm?
Is not the warm day rife
With some long mystic golden calm,
Better than love or life?

The broad quaint odorous leaves, like hands
Weaving the fair day through,
Weave sleep no burnished bird withstands,
While death weaves sleep for you;
And many a strange rich breathing sound
Ravishes morn and noon,
And in that place you must have found
Death a delicious swoon.

Hold me no longer for a word
I used to say or sing;
Ah! long ago you must have heard
So many a sweeter thing:
For rich earth must have reached your heart
And turned the faith to flowers;
And warm wind stolen, part by part,
Your soul through faithless hours.

And many a soft seed must have won
Soil of some yielding thought,
To bring a bloom up to the sun
That else had ne'er been brought;
And doubtless many a passionate hue
Hath made that place more fair,
Making some passionate part of you
Faithless to me down there.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

SPOKEN IN ANGER.

'Twas but a little word in anger spoken,
While proud eyes flashed through bitter
burning tears;
But oh, I felt that fatal word had broken
The cord of love that bound our hearts for
years.
Thy tortured face, that long wild look of
sorrow,
Like some pale ghost, must haunt me while
I live;
And yet, how bright, how full of joy the
morrow, [give!]
Had I but breathed one simple word—"For-
I did not hear thy tender voice appealing,
Nor marked thy anguish when I cried," De-
part!"
Too blind to see thy pitying glance, revealing
The generous promptings of thy noble heart.

How could I know that faithful heart was
yearning,

Though crushed and wounded to its inmost
core,

To take me back, like weary bird returning
In fear and trembling, when the storm is
o'er.

"Remember, love, that it may be forever;
To see my face no more by night or day.
Be calm, rash heart, think well before we
sever;

Recall the angry word, and bid me stay."
Dead silence fell; the song-birds hushed their
singing,

"Enough," I proudly cried; "I choose my
fate."

While ever through my maddened brain kept
ringing

The death-knell of my love—too late, too
late!

"Forgive, forgive!" I wailed, the wild tears
streaming,

As, 'mid the moaning trees, I stood alone;

"Love, let thy kisses wake me from my dream-
ing!" [gone.

Thy pleading voice, thy tortured face, was
That angry word, I may recall it never;

For o'er thy narrow grave rank weeds have
grown.

"Remember, love, that it may be forever."

Ah, words prophetic! love, had I but known!

My locks are gray, my eyes are dim with weep-
ing,

The face once loved by thee, no longer fair;

Beneath the daisies thou art calmly sleeping:

There a lone woman often kneels in prayer.

Ah, sweetheart mine, thou art so lowly lying,

Thou canst not hear the tearful voice above

That with the night wind evermore is sighing,

"I spoke in anger! oh, forgive me, love!"

FANNY FORRESTER.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND,

She is far from the land where her young
Hero sleeps,

And lovers are around her sighing;

But coldly she turns from their gaze, and
weeps,

For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild songs of her dear native
plains,

Every note which he lov'd awaking.—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her
strains,

How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking!

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he
died,

They were all that to life had entwin'd him,
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be
dried,

Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams
rest,

When they promise a glorious morrow:
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from
the west,

From her own loved Island of sorrow.

THOMAS MOORE.

LA VIA DOLOROSA.

I wander here, I wander there,
Through the desert of life all wearily;

No joy on earth for the pilgrim soul,—

On, on for ever, drearily:

O'er the mountain height,

In the tempest night,

Through the mist and the gloom

We press on to the tomb,

While the death-like pall of a midnight sky
Hangs over past and futurity.

And the echo of wandering feet I hear,
And human voices and hearts are near;

But lonely, lonely each one goeth,

On his dark path, and little knoweth

Of love, kind words, or sympathy.

Oh! fain would I lay me down and die:

For the upward glance of a tearful eye

Is all I have known of humanity.

Yet must I on, tho' darker and drearer,

And lonelier ever the pathway seems,

And spectral shadows of death draw nearer;

And rare and faint are the sun-light gleams;

An unseen power impelleth us on,—

No pause, no rest for the weary one,—

Till we reach the shore of that fathomless sea

Where Time poureth down to eternity.

LADY WILDE.

LADY GORMLEY.

She wanders wildly through the night,

Unhappy Lady Gormley!

And hides her head at morning light,

Unhappy Lady Gormley!

No home has she, no kindly kin,

But darkness reigneth all within.

For sorrow is the child of sin

With hapless Lady Gormley.

What time she sat on Tara's throne!

Unhappy Lady Gormley!

Bright jewels sparkled on her zone,

Unhappy Lady Gormley!

But her fair seeming could not hide

The wayward will, the heart of pride,

The wit still ready to deride

Of scornful Lady Gormley.

The daughter of a kingly race

Was lovely Lady Gormley;

A monarch's bride, the first in place,

Was noble Lady Gormley;

The fairest hand she had, the skill

The lute to touch, the harp to thrill,

Melting and moving men at will.

The peerless Lady Gormley.

Nor was it courtly art to call

The splendid Lady Gormley

The first of minstrels in the hall,—

All-gifted Lady Gormley!

Song flowed out from her snowy throat

As from the thrush, and every note

Taught men to dream and bards to dote

On lovely Lady Gormley.

But armed as is the honey-bee

Was fickle Lady Gormley;

And hollow as the alder-tree

Was smiling Lady Gormley.

And cold and haughty as the swan

That, glancing sideward, saileth on;

That loves the moon and hates the dawn,

Was heartless Lady Gormley.

God's poor had never known her care—

The lofty Lady Gormley;

She had no smile for nun or frere,

The worldly Lady Gormley;

She fed her heart on human praise,

Forgot her soul in prosp'rous days,

Was studious but how to amaze—

The haughty Lady Gormley!

At last she fell from her great height,
 Unhappy Lady Gormley!
 Her lord had perished in the fight,
 Unhappy Lady Gormley!
 And now she has nor house nor home,
 Destined from rath to rath to roam,
 Too proud to make amend or moan,
 Unhappy Lady Gormley!

Behold her on her lonely way,
 The wretched Lady Gormley,
 And mark the moral of my lay—
 The lay of Lady Gormley! [friend,
 When Fortune smiles, make God your
 On His love more than man's depend,
 So may you never in the end
 Share woe with Lady Gormley!

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

THE WHITE LADY.

Once more the Phantom Countess, attired in
 white, appears,

With mourning and with wailing, with tremors
 and with tears,

Once more appears a-gliding forth from
 pictures and from walls,

In Prussia's gorgeous palaces and old baronial
 halls—

And the guards that pace the ramparts and
 the terrace-walks by night

Are stricken with a speechlessness and swoon-
 ing at the sight.

What bodes this resurrection upon our living
 stage?

Comes she perchance to warn and wake a
 ghostless, godless age?

Announces she the death of Kings and Kay-
 sers as of yore— [no more?

A funeral and a crowning,—a pageant, and
 I know not—but men whisper through the
 land from South to North,

That a deeper grief, a wider woe, to-day has
 called her forth.

She nightly weeps—they say so!—o'er the
 beds of Young and Old,

O'er the infant's crimson cradle,—o'er the
 couch of silk and gold.

For hours she stands, with clasped hands,
 lamenting by the side

Of the sleeping Prince and Princess—of the
 Landgrave and his bride;

And at whiles along the corridors is heard her
 thrilling cry—

"Awake, awake, my kindred!—The Time of
 Times is nigh!

"Awake, awake, my kindred! O, saw ye what
 I see,

Sleep never more would seal your eyes, this
 side Eternity!

Through the hundred-vaulted cavern-crypts,
 where I and mine abide,

Boom the thunders of the rising storm, the
 surgings of the tide—

You note them not; you blindly face the hosts
 of Hate and Fate!

Alas! Your eyes will open soon—too soon,
 yet all too late!

"Oh God! Oh God! the coming hour arouses
 e'en the Dead;

Yet the Living thus can slumber on, like
 things of stone or lead.

The dry bones rattle in their shrouds, but you,
 you make no sign!

I dare not hope to pierce your soul by those
 weak words of mine,

Else would I warn from night to morn, else
 cry, 'Oh, Kings, be just!

Be just, if bold! Loose where you may! Bind
 only where you must!"

"I, sinful one, in Orlamund I slew my children
 fair:

Thence evermore, till time be o'er, my dole
 and my despair.

Of that one crime in olden time was born my
 endless woe: [to and fro

For that one crime I wander now in darkness
 Think ye of me, and what I dree, you whom

no law controls,
 Who slay your people's holiest hopes, their
 liberties, their souls!

"Enough! I must not say *Good* night, or bid
 the doomed farewell!

Down to my own dark home I go—my
 Hades' dungeon cell.

Above my head lie brightly spread the flowers
 that Summer gives,

Free waters flow, fresh breezes blow, all nature
 laughs and lives;

But where *you* tread the flowers drop dead,
 the grass grows pale and sere,

And round you floats in clotted waves Hell's
 lurid atmosphere!"

She lifts on high her pallid arms—she rises
from the floor,
Turns round and round without a sound, then
passes through the door.
But through the open trellises the warder
often sees
Her moonpale drapery floating down the long
dim galleries;
And the guards that pace the ramparts and
the terrace-walks by night,
Are stricken with a speechlessness and swoon-
ing at the sight.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Adapted from Freiligrath.

LADY ALICE.

I.

Now what doth Lady Alice so late on the tur-
ret stair,
Without a lamp to light her, but the diamond
in her hair;
When every arching passage overflows with
shallow gloom,
And dreams float through the castle, into
every silent room?

She trembles at her footsteps, although they
fall so light;
Through the turret loopholes she sees the
wild midnight;
Broken vapors streaming across the stormy
sky;
Down the empty corridors the blast doth moan
and cry.

She steals along a gallery, she pauses by a
door;
And fast her tears are dropping down upon
the oaken floor;
And thrice she seems returning, but thrice
she turns again:—
Now heavy lie the cloud of sleep on that old
father's brain.

Oh, well it were that *never* shouldst thou
waken from thy sleep!
For wherefore should they waken, who waken
but to weep?
No more, no more beside thy bed doth Peace
a vigil keep,
But Woe—a lion that awaits thy rousing for
its leap.

II.

An afternoon of April; no sun appears on
high,
But a moist and yellow lustre fills the deep-
ness of the sky;
And through the castle gateway, left empty
and forlorn,
Among the leafless avenues an honored bier
is borne.
They stop. The long line closes up like some
gigantic worm;
A shape is standing in the path, a wan and
ghost-like form, [any sound,
Which gazes fixedly; nor moves, nor utters
Then, like a statue built of snow, sinks down
upon the ground.

And though her clothes are ragged, and
though her feet are bare,
And though all wild and tangled falls her
heavy silk-brown hair;
Though from her eyes the brightness, from
her cheeks the bloom is fled,
They know their Lady Alice, the darling of
the dead.

With silence, in her own old room the fainting
form they lay,
Where all things stand unalter'd since the
night she fled away;
But who—but who shall bring to life her
father from the clay?
But who shall give her back again her heart of
a former day?

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE KNIGHT'S REMORSE.

*A Tale of Offaly and Leix.**

A gallant knight at ease reclined and sipped
the beaded wine,
Bright fancies floating through his mind, to
music's strains divine,
Sweet lyrics of the camp and chase, and of his
bosom's queen,
A lovely maid of noble race, he parted yester
e'en.

Anon, those pleasant themes took wing; some
memory of the past
Arose and checked the trembling string—all
other thoughts o'ercast.

* King's and Queen's Counties.

It cooled his ardent spirit's fire, and glory's
martial strain;
His heart more true than lay of lyre, gave
forth this fond refrain:

"My lady-love is fair to view, her brow is like
the snow,

Her thought is pure as summer dew, her voice
soft music's flow,

And though her sire is high in power, and
prompt at honor's call,

Her virtue is the priceless dower that holds
my heart in thrall.

"And yet, for all her matchless charms, my
levity of tongue

Has filled her breast with false alarms—her
gentle spirit wrung;

I feigned a tale of love for one more beautiful
than she,

And in my folly dwelt upon the love she bore
for me.

"I saw the start of wounded pride her lips for-
bore to speak,

The crimson flush that rose and dyed her
marble brow and cheek.

I marked them well, and marveled how her
spirit served her need,

As bending low her noble brow, she simply
said: 'Indeed!'

"But well I know those heartless words, at
heedless random thrown,

Have pierced her bosom's tend'rest chords—I
feel it by mine own.

And by my pledge of loyal love, and knightly
honor too,

I must unwind this web I wove, its evil work
undo!

"Before the rounded moon goes down must
I her presence gain,

I would not give, for Roderick's crown,
another night of pain;

Kildara is as sure and fleet as falcon on the
wing,

Nor shall he rest till at her feet this erring
heart I fling!"

Out swept that steed through Ardagh's mead,
by frowning Dunamace,

Dunore, and passed with meteor speed the
fertile vales of Leix,*

With foaming flank and frenzied eye and
lightning in his bound,
And crossed, while yet the moon stood high,
twelve Irish leagues of ground,

But as he sped through Rynagh's hills, strange
fears the knight assail,

Why seem both vale and tower so still, their
wonted lights so pale?

With throbbing brow and heart aflame he
gained the bannered hall,

And there beheld that noble dame beneath
the snow white pall!

* * * * *

They laid her where her fathers lie, within a
sylvan dell,

Where Brosna's waters wander by the shrine
of All Saints' Well;

A sacred spot, by holy seers and good St.
Kieran blessed,

And to this day, through all the years, by
pilgrim footsteps pressed.

There raised that knight a house to God,
beside her silent grave,

And all the wealth by time bestowed to deck
that shrine he gave;

And there, 'tis told, he breathed his last, his
heart by sorrow riven,

But who can tell what sighs were passed
between that heart and heaven!

JOHN BOYLE.

ONLY SOME RELICS.

A ring she wore—a jewel that pressed

The maiden beauty of her breast;

A glove our happy hands once drew

From her small fingers veined with blue;

A ribbon that around her throat

Loved in the dallying winds to float;

A golden clasp, that once had known

The silken pressure of her zone;

A little slipper with blue rosette,

In which her fairy foot was set;

And one brown tress, through happy years

Shading the shell-films of her ears—

These, and an ivorytype's dull stain,

Are all of our dear one that now remain;

All the dear relics that are left

Of her by whose loss our hearts are cleft;

Leaving the world a dim, dead space

Of cares and duties with little grace—

A dull, dead level of weary years,

In which no blossoming joy appears;

* Pronounced Lacc.

No girl with teeth like the rows of corn
When you strip the ear as the summer is born;
And tresses of changing gold and brown
Over shoulders of ivory shaken down;
And lips in whose arched and crimson bow
All the flushing balms of the tropics glow;
And over whose dimpled cheeks, like light
And shade over meadows, the thoughts take
flight;

Winged by her innocent, dancing eyes,
With coyness and coquetry, smiles and sighs.
Her voice was the hum of a summer wind
When it breathes through a lattice with
roses twined;

Her soul was as pure, as unsullied and white,
As the chanting seraphs in robes of light;
And the kindness that dwelt in her heart, I
deem, [stray gleam.

Of the heaven she now dwells in was some
Oh, loved and lost! our soul's adored!
Our dove with silver wings—our bird!
Beauty embodied, and joy, and peace, [cease.
Whose breath had a charm bidding sorrow
Best gift that heaven to bless us gave,
We cast this chaplet on thy grave.

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

A CONVENT ELEGY.

I.

The young birds trill their sweetest tune;
Like acolyte, the fresh'ning breeze
Shakes incense from the hawthorn-trees—
A beauteous, tardy May in June.

But listen to the sound that swells!
A sound befitting ill the scene—
That solemn dirge for what has been,
The slow, sad swing of funeral bells.

From out the open convent door,
With cross and chant and murmured prayer,
She comes into the sunny air,
Comes forth, to enter in no more.

And through the lawn, beneath the shade,
And down the garden slopes we pass,
Across the daisy-fretted grass,
To where God's human seeds are laid.

The "prodigal laburnum" there
Strews its rich treasures on the way,
Urging the passer-by to pay
The golden largess of a prayer.

Wild roses promising increase,
Low beds of green, white-flowering moss,
And over each a simple cross,
A name, and—"May she rest in peace!"

II.

Of all who, tranquil here a space,
Await in faith the second birth,
Not one had pressed her hand on earth,
Not one had gazed upon her face.

But, oh! if eyes undimmed by sin [blue,
Could pierce through heaven's unfathom'd
We'd see those loved ones that we knew
Welcome the little stranger in!

Maternal, sister-like they come,
Their wills but echo now God's will,
Yet with sweet human interest still
They "ask a thousand things of home!"

Now all is o'er; we turn away
To face life's daily toil again
For yet a little while, and then
Our turn shall come to rest as they.

III.

Born on the soil Columbia trod,
Like him—the saint she loved the best—
This gentle dove forsook her nest,
Her home, her native land for God.

Reversing the decree severe
Iona's saint so meekly bore,
Self-exiled he on Scotland's shore,
And she a willing exile here.

Unsparringly God's hand bereaves,
She gave Him much—He asked for all:
All human ties, however small,
E'en the sweet bonds Religion weaves.

So, far from all old friends, she slept,
Strange hands upheld her dying head,
And strangers prayed around her bed,
And strangers by her grave have wept.

Strangers, yet sisters—many days
Were needed not to make them love
This gentle little dark-eyed dove,
With all her gracious winning ways.

Pious in simple, earnest style,
A heart the slightest kindness stirred
In death itself the cheerful word,
And, when that failed, the radiant smile.

What wonder that her Lord, o'ercome
By such meek resignation, sent
To call her from her banishment
And take her quickly to her home ?

IV.

And now she rests where o'er her clay,
Upon the fitful breezes borne,
The Angelus at early morn,
The vesper-bell at close of day,

Shall sound their sweet accustomed peals
From the old convent on the hill,
Where life's quick pendulum beats still,
While Time with noiseless footstep steals.

And children's voices at their play,
And often in the summer time
The Rosary's familiar chime,
Into God's garden plot may stray.

Oh ! echoing thy latest breath,
We pray thee, little sister dear,
Remember us who linger here
Now, and when comes the hour of death !

MARY STANISLAUS MCCARTHY.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR.

He muses—not in scorn or mirth—
And fondly clasps one raven tress ;
Still flames the spirit vision through
Those deep-browed eyes of angry blue
Too mighty for the mean of earth—
Too clear for critic happiness.

Now hums the past its ceaseless song,
And thro' the chambers of his brain
The tender light of parted days,
Bright cordial smiles—old winning ways,
Remembered tones unheeded long,
Rise from the silent years again ;

Till, slowly deepens o'er his face
A mournful light, rare and divine,
Like Death's last smile, as silently,
And with a sad simplicity,
His aged hand essays to trace
That relic with one trembling line.

"Only a woman's hair." No more.
The golden dreams of pride are gone,

And nought remains but this poor prize,
Instinct with anguished memories ;
Life's tree is leafless now, and roar
The bleak winds through its skeleton.

The dusk cathedral glooms the while,
The bells toll in the upper air ;
And silvering down the mouldered walls,
The winter moonlight coldly falls
Through one old window in the aisle
On one memorial tablet there.

Ah, what were fame's great trumpet breath,
The proud applause of mightiest men,
The storm, the struggle, and the crown,
The world that darkened in his frown ?—
The love that he had scorned to death
Were dearer than an empire then !

O wisdom, manhood, where were ye,
Thus in caprice of power to move ?—
To play with hearts whose truth ye tried,
To watch, poor puppet of your pride,
How long sweet, earnest constancy
Would live with unrequited love.

* * * * *

Alone, long, dreary years alone,
His days went down the darkened sky,
Racked with the heart's revenging war :
A Saturn on his icy star,—
God-like upon a ruined throne,
Friendless in his supremacy ;

Till last by that great brow there came
Some angel pitying his distress,
And tamed the soul that burned within,
Sin-like revenging upon sin,
And quenched that hell of clearest flame
In ashes of forgetfulness.

His spirit lives within his page :—
Dissective subtlety of glance ;
Keen truth, to make the merriest mourn ;
Fierce wit, that brightens but to burn,
Are there ; and cold ironic rage,
With'ring a world it views askance.

What though among our warrior band
An alien patriot he be,
Whose combat clang for Ireland's right,
In reason half, if half in spite ?
Still shall we hang his mighty brand
In freedom's sombre armory ,

And when we pace along the shrine

That coldly closed on his despair,

View, from his anguished life apart,

The passionate tremble of the heart

That ripples in the little line

"Only a woman's hair."

THOMAS C. IRWIN.

From a Poem on Swift.

AMONG THE SLAIN.

And the battle raged,

And far away amid the purple glens

The noise of onset murmured, like the roll

Of a long wave that thunders on the shore,

Heaving and falling, till it slowly ebbs,

And softly ripples o'er the golden sands.

But when the sun rose from the eastern sea,

The Saxon victors proudly rode away,

Leaving the mighty plain with slaughter
strewn.

Armor and men and horses on the soil

In awful ruin heaped; and hour by hour

The wailing women came; and hour by hour

The wounded warriors died; and they that
lived

Unscathed by the fierce combat, bore away

The dead and dying from the mournful field,

Till the sun dipped behind the western hills,

And twilight slowly deepened into gloom.

Behold her wandering, like a midnight ghost,

Amid the corpses! Wherefore does she turn

The pinewood torch to every pallid face,

Shuddering, and murmuring, "Thanks be
unto God!

They are not here!" And why that frenzied
shriek

That makes the night air quiver, and the blood

Of yon poor watcher o'er her fallen son

Run trebly cold? Alas, and woe is me!

How pale they glare, those faces of the dead,

Around the fair-haired Eileen! There he lies,

The father who had blest her ere he went.

His white locks stained with gore; and by his
side

His valiant sons, how pallid, stiff and cold!

And lo, that youngest, fairest of them all,

His sister's smile upon his rigid lips,

And on that moveless breast—behold it there,

The locket with the braid of golden hair.

His sister's gift in parting, stained and bruised,

And, in the dim light of the fallen torch

That fast expires, glimmering, cold and pale!

Ah, cruel!—see her lover's noble form

Beside them, lying in a pool of blood,

The golden-hilted poniard in his heart—

The jewelled poniard which the poor lorn girl

Had fastened, trembling, to her brother's side,

Taking her farewell kiss! And now, behold,

She draws it from the dead man's silent heart,

How sadly and how calmly! and her eyes,

See how they gaze upon the glittering steel,

In tearless, vacant stupor! But an arm

Enfolds her; and with gentle force her form

Is drawn away, and passively she yields,

As in a frightful nightmare, when the will

Is powerless, and we cannot strive or cry.

For—lo, the sacred loveliness of grief!—

The mother, at that piteous cry, had left

Her fallen son, forgetting her own woes,

With woman's noblest instinct ministering

To sorrow not her own; and from the field

The stricken creatures wandered, wailing low

In that deep anguish only known to God.

EDMUND J. ARMSTRONG.

From "Glendalough: a Story of Wicklow."

THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE.

I.

The joy-bells are ringing in gay Malahide,

The fresh wind is singing along the sea-side;

The maids are assembling with garlands of
flowers,

And harp-strings are trembling in all the gay
bowers.

Swell, swell the gay measure! roll, trumpet and
drum!

'Mid greetings of pleasure in splendor they
come!

The chancel is ready, the portal stands wide—
For the lord and the lady, the bridegroom
and bride.

What years, ere the latter, of earthly delight
The future shall scatter o'er them in its flight!

What blissful caresses shall Fortune bestow,
Ere those dark-flowing tresses fall white as
the snow!

Before the high altar young Maud stands
array'd;

With accents that falter her promise is made—

From father and mother for ever to part,

For him and no other to treasure her heart.

The words are repeated, the bridal is done,
The rite is completed—the two, they are one;
The vow, it is spoken all pure from the heart,
That must not be broken till life shall depart.

Hark! 'mid the gay clangor that compass'd
their car,

Loud accents in anger come mingling afar!
The foe's on the border, his weapons resound
Where the lines in disorder unguarded are
found.

As wakes the good shepherd, the watchful
and bold,
When the ounce or the leopard is seen in the
fold,
So rises already the chief in his mail,
While the new-married lady looks fainting
and pale.

"Son, husband, and brother, arise to the strife,
For the sister and mother, for children and
wife!

O'er hill and o'er hollow, o'er mountain and
plain,
Up, true men, and follow! let dastards re-
main!"

Farrah! to the battle! they form into line—
The shields, how they rattle! the spears, how
they shine! [rue—
Soon, soon shall the foeman his treachery
On, burgher and yeoman, to die or to do!

II.

The eve is declining in lone Malahide,
The maidens are twining gay wreaths for the
bride;
She marks them unheeding—her heart is afar,
Where the clansmen are bleeding for her in
the war.

Hark! loud from the mountain 'tis Victory's
cry! [sky!
O'er woodland and fountain it rings to the
The foe has retreated! he flies to the shore;
The spoiler's defeated—the combat is o'er!

With foreheads unruffled the conquerors
come—
But why have they muffled the lance and the
drum?
What form do they carry aloft on his shield?
And where does he tarry, the lord of the
field?

Ye saw him at morning, how gallant and gay!
In bridal adorning the star of the day:
Now weep for the lover—his triumph is sped,
His hope it is over! the chieftain is dead!

But O for the maiden who mourns for that
chief,
With heart overladen and rending with grief!
She sinks on the meadow in one morning-
tide,
A wife and a widow, a maid and a bride!

Ye maidens attending, forbear to condole!
Your comfort is rending the depths of her
soul.
True—true, 'twas a story for ages of pride
He died in his glory—but, O, he *has* died!

The war-cloak she raises all mournfully now,—
And steadfastly gazes upon the cold brow.
That glance may for ever unaltered remain,
But the Bridegroom will never return it again.

The dead-bells are tolling in sad Malahide,
The death-wail is rolling along the sea-side;
The crowds, heavy-hearted, withdraw from
the green,
For the sun has departed that brighten'd the
scene!

Ev'n yet in that valley, though years have
roll'd by,
When through the wild sally the sea-breezes
sigh,
The peasant, with sorrow, beholds in the
shade
The tomb where the morrow saw Hussey
convey'd.

How scant was the warning, how briefly re-
veal'd,
Before on that morning death's chalice was
fill'd!
The hero who drunk it there moulders in
gloom,
And the form of Maud Plunket weeps over
his tomb.

The stranger who wanders along the lone vale
Still sighs while he ponders on that heavy
tale:
"Thus passes each pleasure that earth can
supply—
Thus joy has its measure—we live but to die!"

GERALD GRIFFIN.

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

The summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's
hundred isles,
The summer sun is gleaming still through
Gabriel's rough defiles—
Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a
moulting bird,
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide
is heard ;
The hookers lie upon the beach ; the children
cease their play ;
The gossips leave the little inn ; the house-
holds kneel to pray—
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily
labor o'er—
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of
Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance has come with
midnight there ;
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in
earth, or sea, or air.
The massive capes and ruined towers seem
conscious of the calm ;
The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breath-
ing heavy balm.
So still the night, these two long barks, 'round
Dunashad that glide,
Must trust their oars—methinks not few—
against the ebbing tide—
Oh ! some sweet mission of true love must
urge them to the shore—
They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs
in Baltimore !

All—all asleep within each roof along that
rocky street,
And these must be the lover's friends, with
gently gliding feet—
A stifled gasp—a dreamy noise ! "The roof
is in a flame !"
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush
maid, and sire, and dame—
And meet, upon the threshold stone, the
gleaming sabre's fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the
white or crimson shawl—
The yell of "Allah !" breaks above the pray'r,
and shriek, and roar—
Oh, blessed God ! the Algerine is lord of
Baltimore !

Then flung the youth his naked hand against
the shearing sword ;

Then sprung the mother on the brand with
which her son was gor'd ;
Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his
grand-babes clutching wild ;
Then fled the maiden, moaning fast, and
nestled with the child ;
But see, yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed
with splashing heel,
While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps
his Syrian steel—
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and
misers yield their store,
There's *one* hearth well avenged in the sack
of Baltimore !

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the
birds begin to sing—
They see not now the milking maids—deserted
is the spring !
Midsummer day—this gallant rides from dis-
tant Bandon town—
These hookers crossed from stormy Skull,
that skiff from Afladown ;
They only found the smoking walls, with
neighbors' blood besprent,
And on the strewed and trampled beach
awhile they wildly went—
Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Cleir,
and saw five leagues before
The pirate galleys vanishing that ravaged
Baltimore.

Oh ! some must tug the galley's oar, and some
must tend the steed—
This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and
that a Bey's jerreed.
Oh ! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous
Dardanelles ;
And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy
dells.
The maid that Bandon gallant sought is
chosen for the Dey—
She's safe—she's dead—she stabbed him in
the midst of his Serai ;
And, when to die a death of fire, that noble
maid they bore,
She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she
thought of Baltimore.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town
beneath that bloody band,
And all around its trampled hearths a larger
concourse stand,
Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling
wretch is seen—

'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he who steered
the Algerine!
He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a
passing prayer,
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a
hundred there—
Some muttered of M'Morrogh, who had
brought the Norman o'er—
Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in
Baltimore.

THOMAS DAVIS.

THE BURNING OF KILCOLEMAN.*

No sound of life was coming
From glen or tree or brake,
Save the bittern's hollow booming
Up from the reedy lake;
The golden light of sunset
Was swallowed in the deep,
And the night came down with a sullen frown
On Houra's craggy steep.

And Houra's hills are soundless:
But, hark! that trumpet blast!
It fills that forest boundless,
Rings round the summit vast;
'Tis answered by another
From the crest of Corrin Mór,
And hark again, the pipe's wild strain
By Bregoge's caverned shore!

O sweet at hush of even
The trumpet's golden thrill,
Grand 'neath the starry heaven
The pibroch wild and shrill!
Yet all were pale with terror,
The fearful and the bold,
Who heard its tone that twilight hour
In the Poet's frowning hold.

Well might their hearts be beating,
For up the mountain pass,
By lake and river meeting,
Came kern and galloglass,
Breathing vengeance deadly
Under the forest tree,
To the wizard man who cast the ban
On the minstrels bold and free!

* Kilcoleman Castle, in Cork, was for a time the residence of the English poet Spenser, whose harshness towards the Irish people brought about the occurrence narrated in this poem.

They gave no word of warning,
Round still they came, and on,
Door, wall, and rampart scorning,—
They knew not he was gone!—
Gone fast and far that even,
All secret as the wind,
His treasures all in that castle tall,
And his infant son behind!

All still that castle hoarest,—
Their pipes and horns were still,
While gazed they through the forest
Up glen and northern hill;
Till from the Brehon circle
On Corrin's crest of stone,
A sheet of fire like an Indian pyre
Up to the clouds was thrown.

Then with a mighty blazing
They answered—to the sky;
It dazzled their own gazing,
So bright it rolled, and high;
The Castle of the Poet,
The man of endless fame,
Soon hid its head in a mantle red
Of fierce and rushing flame.

Out burst the vassals, praying
For mercy as they sped:—
"Where was their master staying?
Where was the Poet fled?"
But hark! that thrilling screaming,
Over the crackling din!—
'Tis the Poet's child in its terror wild,
The blazing tower within!

There was a warlike giant
Amid the listening throng;
He looked with face defiant
On the flames so wild and strong;
Then rushed into the castle,
And up the rocky stair,
But alas! alas! he could not pass
To the burning infant there!

The wall was tottering under,
And the flame was whirling round,
The wall went down in thunder
And dashed him to the ground;
Up in the burning chamber
Forever died that scream;
And the fire sprang out with a wilder shout,
And a fiercer, ghastlier gleam!

It glared o'er hill and hollow,
Up many a rocky bar,
From ancient Kilnamulla
To Darra's Peak afar;
Then it heaved into the darkness
With a final roar amain,
And sank in gloom with a whirring boom,
And all was dark again!

Away sped the galloglasses
And kerns, all still amain,
Through Houra's lonely passes,
Wild, fierce, and reckless men.
But such the Saxon made them,
Poor sons of war and woe; (knife
So they venged their strife with flame and
On his head long, long ago.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

THE FISHERMEN OF WEXFORD.

There is an old tradition sacred held in Wexford town,

That says: "Upon St. Martin's eve no net shall be let down;

No fishermen of Wexford shall, upon that holy day,

Set sail or cast a line within the scope of Wexford Bay."

The tongue that framed the order, or the time, no one can tell;

And no one ever questioned, but the people kept it well,

And never in man's memory was fisher known to leave

The little town of Wexford on the good St. Martin's Eve.

Alas! alas for Wexford! once upon that holy day

Came a wondrous shoal of herring to the waters of the Bay.

The fishers and their families stood out upon the beach,

And all day watched with wistful eyes the wealth they might not reach.

Such shoal was never seen before, and keen regrets went round—

Alas! alas for Wexford. Hark! what is that grating sound?

The boats' keels on the shingle! Mothers! wives! ye well may grieve,—

The fishermen of Wexford mean to sail on Martin's Eve.

"Oh, stay ye!" cried the women wild. "Stay!" cried the men white-haired;

"And dare ye not to do this thing your fathers never dared.

No man can thrive who tempts the Lord!" "Away!" they cried: "the Lord

Ne'er sent a shoal of fish but as a fisherman's reward."

And scoffingly they said, "To-night our nets shall sweep the Bay.

And take the Saint who guards it, should he come across our way!"

The keels have touched the water, and the crews are in each boat;

And on St. Martin's eve the Wexford fishers are afloat!

The moon is shining coldly on the sea and on the land,

On dark faces in the fishing-fleet and pale ones on the strand,

As seaward go the daring boats, and heaven-ward the cries

Of kneeling wives and mothers with uplifted hands and eyes.

"O Holy Virgin! be their guard!" the weeping women cried;

The old men, sad and silent, watched the boats cleave through the tide,

As past the farthest headland, past the lighthouse, in a line

The fishing-fleet went seaward through the phosphor-lighted brine.

Oh, pray, ye wives and mothers! All your prayers they sorely need

To save them from the wrath they've roused by their rebellious greed.

Oh! white-haired men and little babes, and weeping sweethearts, pray

To God to spare the fishermen to-night in Wexford Bay!

The boats have reached good offing, and, as out the nets are thrown,

The hearts ashore are chilled to hear the souging sea-wind's moan:

Like to a human heart that loved, and hoped for some return,

To find at last but hatred, so the sea-wind seemed to mourn.

But ah! the Wexford fishermen! their nets did scarcely sink

One inch below the foam, when lo! the daring boatmen shrink

With sudden awe and whitened lips and glaring eyes agape,
For breast-high, threatening, from the sea
uprose a Human Shape!

Beyond them—in the moonlight—hand up-
raised and awful mien,

Waving back and pointing landwards, breast
high in the sea 'twas seen.

Thrice it waved and thrice it pointed,—then,
with clenched hand upraised,

The awful shape went down before the fishers
as they gazed!

Gleaming whitely through the water, fathoms
deep they saw its frown,—

They saw its white hand clenched above it,—
sinking slowly down!

And then there was a rushing 'neath the
boats, and every soul

Was thrilled with greed: they knew it was
the seaward-going shoal!

Defying the dread warning, every face was
sternly set,

And wildly did they ply the oar, and wildly
haul the net.

But two boats' crews obeyed the sign,—God-
fearing men were they,—

They cut their lines, and left their nets, and
homeward sped away;

But darkly rising sternwards did God's wrath
in tempest sweep,

And they, of all the fishermen, that night
escaped the deep.

Oh, wives and mothers, sweethearts, sires!
well might ye mourn next day,

For seventy fishers' corpses strewed the shores
of Wexford Bay!

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE LOST STEAMSHIP.

"Ho, there! Fisherman, hold your hand.

Tell me what is that far away,—
There, where over the isle of sand
Hangs the mist-cloud sullen and gray?
See! it rocks with a ghastly life,
Rising and rolling through clouds of spray,
Right in the midst of the breakers' strife,—
Tell me what is it, Fisherman, pray?"

"That, good sir, was a steamer stout
As ever paddled around Cape Race;
And many's the wild and stormy bout [place];
She had with the winds, in that selfsame

But her time was come; and at ten o'clock
Last night she struck on that lonesome shore;
And her sides were gnawed by the hidden rock,
And at dawn this morning she was no more."

"Come, as you seem to know, good man,
The terrible fate of this gallant ship,
Tell me about her all that you can;
And here's my flask to moisten your lip.
Tell me how many she had aboard,—
Wives, and husbands, and lovers true.—
How did it fare with her human hoard?
Lost she many, or lost she few?"

"Master, I may not drink of your flask,
Already too moist I feel my lip;
But I'm ready to do what else you ask,
And spin you my yarn about the ship:
'Twas ten o'clock, as I said, last night,
When she struck the breakers and went
ashore;

And scarce had broken the morning's light
Than she sank in twelve feet of water or
more.

"But long ere this they knew her doom,
And the captain called all hands to prayer;
And solemnly over the ocean's boom
Their orisons wailed on the troublous air.
And round about the vessel there rose
Tall plumes of spray as white as snow,
Like angels in their ascension clothes,
Waiting for those who prayed below.

"So these three hundred people clung
As well as they could to spar and rope;
With a word of prayer upon every tongue,
Nor on any face a glimmer of hope.
But there was no blubbering weak and wild,
Of tearful faces I saw but one,
A rough old salt, who cried like a child,
And not for himself, but the captain's son,

"The captain stood on the quarter-deck,
Firm, but pale, with trumpet in hand;
Sometimes he looked at the breaking wreck,
Sometimes he sadly looked to land.
And often he smiled to cheer the crew—
But, Lord! the smile was terrible grim—
Till over the quarter a huge sea flew;
And that was the last they saw of him.

"I saw one young fellow with his bride,
Standing amidships upon the wreck;
His face was white as the boiling tide,
And she was clinging about his neck.

And I saw them try to say good-bye,
But neither could hear the other speak;
So they floated away through the sea to die—
Shoulder to shoulder and cheek to cheek.

"And there was a child, but eight at best,
Who went his way in a sea she shipped;
All the while holding upon his breast
A little red parrot whose wings were clipped.
And as the boy and the bird went by,
Swinging away on a tall wave's crest, [cry,
They were gripped by a man, with a drowning
And together the three went down to rest.

"And so the crew went one by one,
Some with gladness and few with fear;
Cold and hardship such work had done [near.
That few seemed frightened when death was
Thus every soul on board went down—
Sailor and passenger, little and great;
The last that sank was a man of my town,
A capital swimmer—the second mate."

"Now, lonely fisherman, who are you
That say you saw this terrible wreck?
How do I know what you say is true,
When every mortal was swept from the deck?
Where were you in that hour of death?
How did you learn what you relate?"
His answer came in an under breath,—
"Master, I was the second mate!"

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

DUBLIN BAY.

He sail'd away in a gallant bark,
Roy Neill and his fair young bride;
He had ventur'd all in that bounding ark
That danced o'er the silver tide.
But his heart was young and his spirit light,
And he dashed the tear away,
As he watched the shore recede from sight
Of his own sweet Dublin Bay.

Three days they sail'd, and a storm arose,
And the lightning swept the deep,
And the thunder-crash broke the short repose,
Of the weary sea-boy's sleep.
Roy Neill, he clasped his weeping bride,
And he kiss'd her tears away.
"O love, 'twas a fatal hour," she cried,
"When we left sweet Dublin Bay."

On the crowded deck of the doomed ship
Some stood in their mute despair;

And some more calm, with a holy lip,
Sought the God of the storm in prayer.
"She has struck on the rock!" the seamen
cried.

In the breath of their wild dismay: [bride,
And the ship went down, and the fair young
That sailed from Dublin Bay.

JULIA CRAWFORD.

LOST, LOST ARMADA!

One by one men die on shore,
Falling as the brown leaves fall;
Daily some one doth deplore
A sleeper in a sable pall.
Slowly single coffins pass
To cold crypts beneath the grass;
But on sea—oh, misery!
Death is frantic—death is free;
So they found who sailed with thee,
Lost, lost Armada!

What an Oriental show
Thine was on the Biscayan tide;
Well might Philip's bosom glow
When his power you glorified;—
Indian wealth and Flemish skill,
Spanish pride and Roman will
Borne on every carvel's prow;
Where are all your splendors now?
Fallen like gems from Philip's brow,
Lost, lost Armada!

Water-demons beat the deep—
Lir, the sea-god, waked in rage—
Sped his couriers forth from sleep—
None his anger durst assuage;
Then the god-demented seas
Whitened round the Hebrides;
On Albyn's rocks, on Erin's sands;
Banshees wrung their briny hands,
Keening for your perished bands,
Lost, lost Armada!

Fifteen hundred men of Spain
Sunk in sight of Knocknarea;
Twice a thousand strove in vain
To reach your harbors, Tyrrawley!
Oh! they have not even a grave!
In the land they came to save;
Only penitent ocean moans
O'er their white, far-drifting bones
Blending with it Erin's groans,
Lost, lost Armada!

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

THE WRECK OF THE AIDEEN.

Is it cure me, dochter, darlin'? an ould boy of
siventy-four,
Aft'er soakin' off Berehaven three and thirty
hour and more,
Wid no other navigation underneath me but
an oar.

God incrase ye, but it's only half myself is
livin' still.

An' there's mountin' slow but surely to my
heart the dyin' chill;

God incrase ye for your goodness, but I'm past
all mortal skill.

But ye'll surely let them lift me, won't you,
dochter, from below?

Ye'll let them lift me surely—very soft and
very slow—

To see my ould ship, Aideen, wanst agin be-
fore I go?

Lay my head upon your shoulder; thank ye
kindly, dochter, dear.

Take me now; God bless ye, cap'n! now
together! sorra fear!

Have no dread that ye'll distress me—now,
agin, ochone! I see her.

Ologone! my Aideen's Aideen, christened by
her laughin' lips,

Wid a sprinkle from her finger as ye started
from the slips,

Thirty years ago come Shrovetide, like a swan
among the ships.

And we both were constant to ye till the
bitther, bitther day,

Whin the typhus took my darlin' and she
pined and pined away,

Till yourself's the only sweetheart that was
left me on the say.

So through fair and foul we'd travel, you and
I thin, usen't we?

The same ould coorse from Galway Bay by
Limerick and Tralee,

Till this storm it shook me overboard, and
murdered you, machree.

But now, agra, the unruly wind has flown into
the west,

And the silver moon is shinin' soft upon the
ocean's breast, [our rest,

Like Aideen's smilin' spirit come to call us to

Still the sight is growin' darker, and I cannot
rightly hear;

The say's too cold for one so old; O, save me,
cap'n, dear!

Now it's growin' bright and warm again, and
Aideen, Aideen's here!

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

AFTER THE STORM.

Now that the wind is tamed and broken,
And day gleams over the lea,

Row, row, for the one you love

Was out on the raging sea:

Row, row, row,

Sturdy and brave o'er the treacherous wave,

Hope like a beacon before,

Row, sailor, row,

Out to the sea from the shore!

O, the oar that was once so merry,

O, but the mournful oar!

Row, row; God steady your arm

To the dark and desolate shore:

Row, row, row,

[head

With your own love dead, and her wet gold

Laid there at rest on your knee,

Row, sailor, row,

Back to the shore from the sea!

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

THE THREE GANNETS.

On a wrinkled rock, in a distant sea,

Three white gannets sat in the sun; [fine,

They shook the brine from their feathers so

And lazily, one by one,

They sunnily slept—while the tempest crept.

In a painted boat, on a distant sea,

Three fowlers sailed merrily on,

And each took aim, as he came near the game,

And the gannets fell, one by one,

And fluttered and died—while the tempest
sighed.

Then a cloud came over the distant sea,

A darkness came over the sun,

And a storm-wind smote on the painted boat,

And the fowlers sank, one by one,

Down, down with their craft—while the tem-
pest laughed.

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

FAREWELL.

Oh, Gramachree! the sun of spring is bright
 upon thy soil.
 The corn is springing in the fields where we
 no more may toil,
 The chestnut boughs are covered thick with
 budding cone and leaf;
 But oh! the fairer thou dost seem, the darker
 is our grief,
 For we, who would have shed our blood for
 love of thy dear shore,
 Are looking sadly on the scenes we shall
 behold no more.

We turn to hill, and vale, and wood, with dim
 and lingering gaze;
 We see the golden West o'erspread with
 evening's crimson haze,
 The garden hedgerows shining white with
 flakes of hawthorn flow'rs,
 The homes where we have lived and loved,
 through all life's bygone hours;
 We hear the carol of the lark, high in the
 clear blue sky, [by,
 And the ripple of the river as it swiftly glideth

The summer days shall flush the earth with
 rich and glowing bloom,
 The full-leaved boughs athwart the grass shall
 cast their waving gloom,
 The lilies, resting on their leaves, shall heave
 upon the stream,
 And the wild heather on the hills with purple
 blossoms gleam,
 And on the air shall ring the laugh of chil-
 dren at their play,
 But dark and cold our hearths shall be—and
 we far, far away.

Oh! many a day, for ever gone, we've stood
 where now we stand,
 Our breasts high heaving with the pride we
 felt in our own land,
 And watching through the swaying boughs
 the curling smoke arise
 From roofs that sheltered tender hearts and
 soft and loving eyes.
 But now our homes are desolate, and ruin
 spreads her pall
 Alike upon the peasant's cot and on the
 master's hall.

Oh, Erin! Erin! must we go?—must we no
 longer tread

The sacred soil our fathers owned, the graves
 that hold our dead?
 Must all the ties of happy years be roughly
 rent at last,
 And Fortune on a foreign shore her hapless
 victims cast?
 Oh! must the sharp and bitter pangs of rest-
 less memory
 Be all that, in the years to come, our hearts
 shall hold of thee?

Farewell! the wind blows fresh and strong;
 another dawn shall see
 The ocean heaving round our ship, the broad
 sails swelling free.
 Wealth may be ours in days to come, but
 wealth can have no pow'r
 To make us careless of the pangs of this last
 parting hour.
 May peace and blessing, Gramachree, be with
 thy verdant shore!
 And He who rules the wind and waves be with
 thee evermore!

A. M. MUNSTER.

THE LAST REQUEST.

You're goin' away, *alanna*, over the stormy
 sea,
 And never more I'll see you—O, never, *asthore*
machree!
 Mavrone! I'm sick with sorrow—sorrow as
 black as night;
Mabouchal goes to-morrow, by the blessed
 mornin's light.

O, once I thought, *alanna*, you'd bear me to
 the grave,
 By the side of your angel sisters, before you'd
 cross the wave;
 Down to the green old churchyard, where the
 trees' dark shadows fall—
 But now, *achorra!* you're goin', you'll not be
 there at all.

The strangers' hands must lay me down to my
 last silent sleep,
 And, Shemus, you'll not know it beyond the
 rol'in' deep.
 O, *dheelin'! dheelin'! avourneen*, why do you
 go away,
 Till you'll see the poor old mother stretched
 in the churchyard clay?

My heart is breakin', *alanna*, but I mustn't
tell you so.

For I see by your dark, dark sorrow, that your
own poor heart is low.

I thought I'd bear it better, to cheer you on
your way;

But, *achorra! achorra!* you're goin', and I'll
soon be in the clay'

God's blessin' be with you, Shemus! Sure,
you'll come back again,

When your curls of brown are snowy, to rest
with your mother then,

Down in the green old churchyard, where the
trees' dark shadows fall—

Asthorach! in the strangers' land you couldn't
sleep at all.

WILLIAM KENEALLY.

CAOCH * THE PIPER.

One winter's day, long, long ago,

When I was a little fellow,

A piper wandered to our door,

Gray-headed, blind, and yellow:

And, oh! how glad was my young heart,

Though earth and sky looked dreary,

To see the stranger and his dog—

Poor Pinch, and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his bag,

Crossed-barred with green and yellow,

I thought and said, In Ireland's ground

There's not so fine a fellow.

And Fineen Burke, and Shaun Magee,

And Eily, Kate, and Mary,

Rushed in, with panting haste, to see

And welcome Caoch O'Leary.

Oh! God be with those happy times!

Oh! God be with my childhood!

When I, bare-headed, roamed all day—

Bird-nesting in the wild-wood.

I'll not forget those sunny hours,

However years may vary;

I'll not forget my early friends,

Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Caoch, and Pinch, slept well that night,

And in the morning early

He called me up to hear him play

"The Wind that Shakes the Barley;"

And then he stroked my flaxen hair,

And cried, "God mark my deary!"

And how I wept when he said, "Farewell,

And think of Caoch O'Leary!"

And seasons came and went, and still

Old Caoch was not forgotten,

Although we thought him dead and gone,

And in the cold grave rotten;

And often, when I walked and talked

With Eily, Kate, and Mary,

We thought of childhood's rosy hours,

And prayed for Caoch O'Leary.

Well—twenty summers had gone past,

And June's red sun was sinking,

When I, a man, sat by my door

Of twenty sad things thinking.

A little dog came up the way,

His gait was slow and weary,

And at his tail a lame man limped—

'Twas Pinch and Caoch O'Leary!

Old Caoch, but, oh! how woe-begone!

His form is bowed and bending,

His fleshless hands are stiff and wan,

Ay—Time is even blending

The colors on his thread-bare bag—

And Pinch is twice as hairy

And thin-spare as when first I saw

Himself and Caoch O'Leary.

"God's blessing here!" the wanderer cried,

"Far, far be hate's black viper!

Does any body here about.

Remember Caoch the Piper?"

With swelling heart I grasped his hand;

The old man murmured "Deary!

Are you the silky-headed child

That loved poor Caoch O'Leary?"

"Yes, yes," I said: the wanderer wept

As if his heart was breaking—

"And where, a *vhic machree*," he sobbed,

"Is all the merry-making

I found here twenty years ago?"—

"My tale," I sighed, "might weary,

Enough to say—there's none but me

To welcome Caoch O'Leary."

"Vo, Vo, Vo!" the old man cried,

And wrung his hands in sorrow,

"Pray lead me in, *asthore machree*,

And I'll go home to-morrow.

* Pronounced Kay-uch; meaning blind.

My peace is made—I'll calmly leave
This world so cold and dreary,
And you shall keep my pipes and dog,
And pray for Caoch O'Leary."

With Pinch, I watched his bed that night,
Next day, his wish was granted;
He died—and Father James was brought,
And the Requiem Mass was chanted.
The neighbors came; we dug his grave
Near Eily, Kate and Mary,
And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep—
God rest you, Caoch O'Leary!

JOHN KEEGAN.

THE BLACK 'FORTY-SIX.

Out away across the river,
Where the purple mountains meet,
There's as green a wood as iver,
Fenced you from the flamin' heat.
And oppôsite, up the mountain,
Seven ancient cells ye'll see,
And, below, a holy fountain
Sheltered by a sacred tree;
While between, across the tillage,
Two boreens full up wid broom
Draw ye down into a village
All in ruin on the coom;

For the most heart-brakin' story
Of the fearful famine year
On the silent wreck before ye
You may read charàctered clear.
Yous are young, too young for ever
To rec'llect the bitter blight,
How it crep' across the River
Unbeknownst beneath the night;
Till we woke up in the mornin',
And beheld our country's curse
Wave abroad its heavy warnin',
Like the white plumes of a hearse.

To our gardens, heavy-hearted,
In that dreadful summer's dawn,
Young and ould away we started
Wid the basket and the slan.
But the heart within the bosom
Gave one leap of awful dread
At each darlin' pratee blossom.
White and purple, lyin' dead,
Down we dug, but only scattered
Poisoned spuds along the slope;
Though each ridge in vain it flattered
Our poor hearts' revivin' hope

But the desperate toil we'd double
On into the evenin' shades;
Till the earth to share our trouble
Shook beneath our groanin' spades
Till a mist across the meadows
From the graveyard rose and spread,
And 'twas rumored ghostly shadows,
Phantoms of our fathers dead,
Moved among us, wildly sharin'
In the women's sobs and sighs,
And our stony, still despairin',
Till night covered up the skies.

Thin we knew for bitter certain
That the vinom-breathin' cloud
Closin' still its cruel curtain,
Surely yet would be our shroud.
And the fearful sights did folly,
Och! no voice could rightly tell,
But that constant, melancholy
Murmur of the passin' bell;
Till to toll it none among us
Strong enough at last was found,
And a silence overhung us
Awfuller nor any sound,

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

EVICTED.

It was not much of a place, you say, [it;
And we needn't be breakin' our hearts about
That's true; it was poor enough every way,
But what are we goin' to do without it?
Sure, it was the only home we had, [us;—
And the home of the poor old people before
Ah, sir, but the heart must be dark and bad
That takes what the whole world can't
restore us!

When times were better, and I was young,
Before the famine and dreadful fever,
It's many a merry old song was sung
Within those walls that are gone forever;
An' 'tis many a frolicsome hour we spent,
Strong *bouchals* and *colleens* all glad together,
Beside the hearth where a true content
Made pleasant the wildest wintry weather.

It was there our simple marriage feast
Was spread, and the kindly jest passed
lightly,
With the neighbors round, and the blessed
priest, [brightly;
And the smiles of friendship beamin'

And 'twas there our first poor darlin' died,
 (Hush, Mary *alannah*, don't be cryin',
 Sure Heaven is just, and the best are tried!)—
 There, where the rafters now are lyin'.

When lords and ladies, the great and high,
 Were wastin' riches in mirth and riot,
 And men and women were left to die
 For food, not havin' wherewith to buy it,
 Then gaunt-faced hunger was often there,
 And sickness, sorrow, and sore denial—
 The pain that follows the steps of care,
 And many a bitter and darksome trial!

But still, thro' all that was drear and sad,
 Some comfort ever remained to cheer us—
 A roof to shelter the achin' head,
 And the darlin' childher always near us!
 But now, ah now, with the childher gone
 To lands where the old may be forsaken,
 And the home a ruin of thatch and stone,
 Is it strange that our hearts are almost
 breakin'!

God pity the poor! it's many a load
 Fate bids them carry, tho' weak and weary,
 Along a rugged and cheerless road
 That fades in a future dim and dreary!
 And Heaven have mercy on the great,
 When splendor, station, and wealth and
 power,
 All darkly vanish, and, soon or late,
 At the dreadful Judgment Seat they cower.

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

WILLIE'S MOTHER.

An' so yer moment has come for sailin',
 A bitther moment, oh, Willie dear!
 But where's the use of yer mother's wailin'?
 There's nothin', darlin', to howld ye here.
 There's little labor that's worth the doin',
 An' happy are they can rise an' go,—
 The poor ould counthry has gone to ruin;
 But, och, it's hard, man, to lave her so!

The patch of groun that we've still the pride
 in,

Is but a patch, dear, when all is done; [in,
 And the cowl'd bare walls that yer father died
 Can barely aqual the wants of one.

'Tis true that Jemmie, yer slavin' brother,
 Has still a home there, however low; [ther,
 But when he shares with your poor ould mo—
 God knows there's little to come or go.

But time is passin'—oh, Willie—Willie!—
 An' I, dear help me, what *can* I say?
 Ough! *you'll* be kind to that weepin' lily,
 That's lavin' all for yerself th' day!
 An' whether, jewel, ye sweat an' swelther,
 Or march a prince thro' yer marvle halls,
 Ye wont forget, man, the poor ould shelther,
 An' her that rocked ye within its walls!

From that big brow, then, my yellow yarlin',
 One curlin' sunbame to faste my eye; [lin',
 And when they've waked me, my Willie, dar—
 I'll take it with me to where I'll lie—
 To where I'll lie! But for that last lyin',
 Tho' God's sthrong angels should come an'
 Who'd kiss the cowl'd lips of her a-dyin' [care,
 Like him, achora, who can't be there?

Don't kill yer mother with axin' pardon—
 Is't you, my snow-flake—my spotless child!
 Ough, cowl'd wide worl', yer his pratie garden,
 Who never grieved me with gloom or guile!
 One kiss—the last one! Ah, God, mavourneen,
 How like this moment the face that's gone!
 Yer father's, dear, at yer every turnin'—
 Yer father's eyes an' yer father's han'!

A moment, Willie! I'm feelin' wakely,
 I'll lane a thrifle upon yer arm;
 God help them, dear, that be ould an sickly,
 They need the han' that's both thrue an'
 warm!

For what yer own was the Lord reward ye,
 An' be yer keeper both night an' day.
 May all the angels in heaven guard ye!
 Now, lave me, jewel!—AWAY—AWAY!

FRANCIS DAVIS.

THE POOR MAN'S DARLING.

Why did you leave me, *asthore machree*!
 You were life and light, you were all to me;
 Oh, our hearts are sad, and our cot is lone,
 For we miss your face by the old hearthstone.

We cannot laugh, for we do not hear
 Your merry laugh, love, so soft and clear;
 We never dance, as we danced of yore,
 When your little feet beat the cabin floor.

But we gather round the fire at night,
 And the white walls gleam in the ruddy light;
 There we see your cloak and your little chair—
 But oh, my darling, you are not there!

Your prayer-book is faded, old and brown—
Here and there, as you left them, the leaves
turned down;

And oh, my darling, I even trace
Your finger-marks in some well-worn place.

Then each faded leaf I fondly kiss;
Oh, no relic of old is so dear as this!
And I weep, my darling, when none are near,
O'er the little fingers that rested here.

My gentle Eily, you came to me
In the cold, dark hour of adversity;
We were very poor, but a jewel rare {there.
Shone on our hearth, love, when you were

Dearer you grew to our hearts each day—
Every cold, harsh thought, love, you smiled
away;

And each want in our love we soon forgot,
For you brought content to our humble cot.

Light was my heart as I toiled away;
For I thought of you as I tossed the hay;
And the fairest blossoms that round me grew,
My own little darling, I kept for you.

Blithely I sang when my toil was o'er,
As I sauntered on to our cabin door;
For I saw in the shade of the old ash-tree
Your smiling face looking out for me.

Ah, me! how your sweet blue eyes would shine
As I climbed the hill with your hand in mine;
But you talked so wise that you made me start,
And clasp you close to my trembling heart.

The golden Autumn glided past,
And the dreaded Winter came on at last;
While smaller each day grew our little store,
Till the last had gone and we had no more.

Hunger, my darling, is hard to hear;
Still, without murmur, you bore your share;
Like a patient spirit you hovered near,
In want and sorrow our hearts to cheer.

Katey and Mary would cry for bread,
But you laughed and danced, love, and sang
instead

Oh, dear little heart! you were kind and
brave;

You knew there was none, so you did not
crave.

You sang when your voice was faint and
weak.

When the bloom had flown from your fair
round cheek;

In your tiny breast gnawed the hungry pain,
But your lips, my darling, would not com-
plain.

Oh, 'twas sweet to feel your soft arms twine,
And your warm young face pressing close to
mine.

"Are you hungry, love?" I would whisper low;
But you shook your head, and you answered
'No.'

My darling! I saw you fade away
Like the last soft glance of the closing day;
As the dying note of some magic strain
That charms the heart, then is hushed again.

The shadows of death, love, dimmed your
eyes;

As the dark clouds passed o'er the sunny
skies;

And the drooping lids o'er those sweet eyes
fell.

At the last soft stroke of the vesper bell.

A little sigh—it was all I heard—
Like the fluttering wing of a captive bird;
And a sobbing voice from behind the bed.
Saying: "Father, father, is Eily dead?"

ANONYMOUS.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S LAMENT.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,

Where we sat side by side

On a bright May mornin' long ago.

When first you were my bride:

The corn was springin' fresh and green,

And the lark sang loud and high—

And the red was on your lip, Mary,

And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,

The day is bright as then.

The lark's loud song is in my ear,

And the corn is green again;

But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,

And your breath, warm on my cheek,

And I still keep list'nin' for the words

You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
 And the little church stands near,
 The church where we were wed, Mary,
 I see the spire from here.
 But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
 And my step might break your rest—
 For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
 For the poor make no new friends,
 But O! they love the better still,
 The few our Father sends!
 And you were all I had, Mary,
 My blessin' and my pride:
 There's nothing left to care for now,
 Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
 That still kept hoping on,
 When the trust in God had left my soul,
 And my arm's young strength was gone;
 There was comfort ever on *your* lip,
 And the kind look on your brow—
 I bless you, Mary, for that same,
 Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
 When your heart was fit to break,
 When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
 And you hid it for *my* sake!
 I bless you for the pleasant word,
 When your heart was sad and sore—
 O! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
 Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
 My Mary—kind and true!
 But I'll not forget *you*, darling!
 In the land I'm goin' to;
 They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there—
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
 I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
 And my heart will travel back again
 To the place where Mary lies;
 And I'll think I see the little stile
 Where we sat side by side: [morn,
 And the springin' corn, and the bright May
 When first you were my bride.

LADY DUFFERIN.

PEGGY.

An' so poor Peggy is dead amost, an' she goin'
 on eighty-one,
 The light of heaven to her poor sowl, an' all
 that is dead an' gone!

An if she doesn't see glory bright, God pity
 the likes of me,
 For she seemed like one that lived in thought
 with a saintly company.

Her voice it was always mild and low, it was
 loudest when she'd pray,
 An' she never put the weighty word on the
 one that went astray.

She'd share the bit an' the sup she'd get, an'
 often she made me weep
 For my poor sowl when I hear her sayin' her
 prayers an' she fast asleep.

But many's the cross came on her since the
 day she was made a bride,
 An' little we thought that pleasant morn she'd
 beg before she died.

For she had a share of money in bank, an' he
 had the snug warm place,
 A likely *bouchal oge* he was, an' 'twas she had
 the purty face.

Sure, very well I remember her when I was a
 small colleen,
 There wasn't a lighter heart or step to dance
 a jig on the green.

But, *mavrone*, the years brought trouble an'
 death, sweet praises be to God,
 Her man an' her childher one by one were
 hidden beneath the sod.

An' then the land was taken away, for her
 hope an' help was gone.
 To see her quenchin' her own firelight would
 move the heart of a stone.

You'd never hear a grumble from her, she'd
 spin, an' she'd knit the sock;
 She always tried to help herself, for she came
 of a decent stock.

An' the neighbors then were kind to her as
 she went from door to door,
 They used to think a saint came in when she
 stood on the kitchen floor.

You'd never hear sad words from her, she'd
neither lament nor moan.

"The Lord He is always good," she'd say,
"an' He only took His own."

Soon she'll stand by the Lord herself on the
shores of eternity,

An' if she doesn't see glory bright, God pity
the likes of me.

ATTIE O'BRIEN.

IN GRIEF'S UNREST.

Sad summer days, your lingering footsteps
creep

With languorous pauses through low-breath-
ing woods,

That wave and beckon into solitudes
Of golden silences where soft airs sleep.

Sad summer nights, your lovely skies are pale
From the dead heart of the impassioned
noon;

Left to the colder glory of the moon,
In your blue deserts low winds seem to wail.

Sad summer streams, that struggle to the sea,
With faint complaining when your course is
stayed

By rock or reed, your strong desire delayed
To lose yourselves in deep immensity.

Sad summer sounds of wooing birds that
mourn

With intermittent sweetness for their mate,
And nightingales that sing disconsolate,
Bruising their tender breasts against the
thorn.

Ah, saddest days to those in grief's unrest,
Whose souls have shut above an aching
wound,

Who feel no warmth from light that falls
around,

But fain would lie within the earth's cold
breast.

Better that rushing winds and beating rain,
And the red lightning leaping from the
cloud,

Should play above the head by sorrow bowed
Than summer's sun which comes to them in
vain.

ATTIE O'BRIEN.

THE DYING GIRL.

From a Munster vale they brought her,
From the pure and balmy air,
An Ormond peasant's daughter,
With blue eyes and golden hair.
They brought her to the city,
And she faded slowly there,
Consumption has no pity
For blue eyes and golden hair.

When I saw her first reclining,
Her lips were moved in prayer,
And the setting sun was shining
On her loosened golden hair.
When our kindly glances met her,
Deadly brilliant was her eye,
And she said that she was better,
While we knew that she must die.

She speaks of Munster valleys,
The patron, dance and fair,
And her thin hand feebly dallies
With her scattered golden hair.
When silently we listened
To her breath with quiet care,
Her eyes with wonder glistened,
And she asked us what was there.

The poor thing smiled to ask it,
And her pretty mouth laid bare,
Like gems within a casket,
A string of pearls rare.
We said that we were trying
By the gushing of her blood,
And the time she took in sighing,
To know if she were good.

Well, she smiled and chatted gayly,
Tho' we saw in mute despair
The hectic brighten daily,
And the death-dew on her hair.
And oft with wasted fingers
Beating time upon the bed,
O'er some old tune she lingers,
And bows her golden head,

At length the harp is broken,
And the spirit in its strings,
As the last decree is spoken,
To its source exultant springs.
Descending swiftly from the skies,
Her guardian angel came;
He struck God's lightning from her eyes,
And bore Him back the flame.

Before the sun had risen
 Thro' the lark-loved morning air,
 Her young soul left its prison,
 Undeified by sin or care.
 I stood beside the couch in tears,
 Where pale and calm she slept,
 And tho' I've gazed on death for years,
 I blush not that I wept.
 I checked with effort pity's sighs,
 And left the matron there,
 To close the curtains of her eyes,
 And bind her golden hair.

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

THE IRISH COTTIER'S DEATH.*

The blameless Cottier, wha his youth had
 pass'd
 In temperance, and felt few pains when auld.
 The prey o' pleurisy lies low at last,
 And aft his thoughts are by delirium thrall'd;
 Yet while he raves he prays in words weel
 wal'd,
 An' mutters thro' his sleep o' truth an' right;
 An' after pondering deep, the weans are tauld
 The readiest way he thinks they justly might
 Support themsel's thro' life when he shall
 sink in night.

Rang'd roun' the hearth, whaur he presides
 nae mair,
 Th'inquirin nybers mourn their sufferin' frien';
 An' now an' then divert awa their care
 By tellin' tales to please some glaiкет wean,
 Wha's e'e soon fills whan tauld about the pain
 Its sire endures, an' what his loss wad be;
 An' much they say, but a', alas! in vain, [see
 To soothe the mither, wha ha'f pleas'd could
 Her partner eased by death, though for his
 life she'd dee.

An' while they're provin' that his end is sure,
 By strange ill omens—to assuage his smart
 The minister comes in, wha to the poor
 Without a fee performs the doctor's part;
 An' while wi' hope he soothes the sufferer's
 An gies a cheap safe recipe, they try [heart,
 To quat braid Scotch, a task that foils their
 art;
 For while they join his converse, vain tho' shy
 They monie a'lang learn'd word misca' an'
 misapply.

* The Scotch dialect in which this poem is written prevails in the northern part of Ireland, where the author lived.

An' lo! the sick man's dyin' words to tend,
 Th' alarm'd auld circle gather roun' an' weep:
 Deceiv'd by hope, they thought till now he'd
 mend,

But he thought lang in death's embrace to
 sleep.

"Let ithers will," he says, "a golden heap,
 I can but lea' my blessin' an' advice.—
 Shield your poor mither, an' her counsel keep;
 An' you, my senior sons, that ay were wise,
 Do for my late-born babes, an' train them for
 the skies.

"Be honest an' obligin'; if ye thrive,
 Be meek; an' firm when crasses come your
 road;

Should rude men wrang ye, to forgi'e them
 strive,

An' gratefu' be for benefits bestowed: [load,
 Scorn nae poor man wha bears oppression's
 Nor meanly cringe for favors frae the proud;—
 In ae short sentence, serve baith man an' God;
 Sae when your clay lies mould'rin in a shroud,
 Your saul shall soar to heaven, an' care na
 mair becloud."

His strength here fail'd, but still affection's e'e
 Spak on,—a moment motionless he lay;
 Bade peace be wi' them, turned his head awae,
 An' passed through death's dark vale without
 dismay.

The speechless widow watch'd the stiff'nin'
 clay,
 An' shed some nat'ral tears—rack'd, yet re-
 sign'd;

To loud laments the orphan group gied way
 An' mourn'd, unfelt, the wants and wrangs
 they'd find,

Flung friendless on the warl, that's seldom
 unco kind.

JAMES ORR.

THE DEATH OF EILY.

"Maura, the child is dead, our Eily bhan,
 Last night I saw the angels at the door;
 And Eily saw them too: her cheeks grew
 white,

And when they passed, alas! her life was o'er.
 My *lanna voght*! she had the deep blue eyes;
 As blue and deep as our own Munster skies!
 The chestnut hair, the line of Cathail's face;
 Well, God be praised! she's at the throne of
 grace.

O wild Blackwater, rolling to the sea

With you, our Eily nevermore will stray!
To her pale brow, your kisses waft, *aroon!*

Pure as the winds that round your islets
play :

Stay with us, memories of old, to-night :

O Ireland, darling, ever in our sight!

Be with us now, and like some Gaelic song,
Thrill heart and soul that we may grow more
strong.

Once there was joy, wife, in our cottage home,

And blessed angels round our pathway trod :

And Eily came, a rose from Heaven sent,—

A bridal gift to us from Heaven's God!

But soon the darkness and the clouds came
where

Before all was so very bright and fair!

And then we left for ever Araglen,

To toil for bread, dear wife, 'mong stranger
men.

They're kindly people, tho' they are not ours,

They gave us welcome when our hope was
fled ;—

Light up the candles, *Maura*, we're alone!

None with us, darling, but our dear one dead,

And see she wears a gentle Heavenly smile!

Our child has left us only for awhile :

She is not dead, she's only gone before—

A rose upon the breast of God, *astore!*—

CHARLES P. O'CONNOR.

ADAM LUX.

When Charlotte Corday journeyed towards
the dead

For slaying him she deemed her country's foe,

Thro' all the angry crowd that watched her go

To that ill place, by frequent blood stained red,

One man who looked his last on that fair
head.

Unshamed as yet by any headsman's blow,

Felt all the currents of his being flow

The quicker for the girl whose life was shed.

Seeing and loving, to like end he came—

Lived but to praise her dead, and praising
died

The self-same death of not inglorious shame.

O Adam Lux, thus seeking thy soul's bride

Across the stretch of that ensanguined tide,

High with love's martyrs let me write thy name.

JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY.

THE HOLLY-AND-IVY GIRL.

"Come, buy my nice, fresh ivy, and my holly
sprigs so green,

I have the finest branches that ever yet were
seen :

Come, buy from me, good Christians, and let
me home, I pray.

And I'll wish you merry Christmas, and a
happy New Year's Day!

" Ah! won't you take my ivy?—the loveliest
ever seen?

Ah! won't you have my holly boughs? all
you who love the Green!

Do!—take a little bunch of each, and on my
knees I'll pray,

That God may bless your Christmas, and be
with you New Year's Day.

" This wind is black and bitter, and the hail-
stones do not spare

My shivering form, my bleeding feet, and stiff,
entangled hair;

Then, when the skies are pitiless, be merciful,
I say,—

So Heaven will light your Christmas and the
coming New Year's Day."

'Twas thus a dying maiden sung, while the
cold hail rattled down,

And fierce winds whistled mournfully o'er
Dublin's dreary town:

One stiff hand clutched her ivy sprigs and
holly boughs so fair,

With the other she kept brushing the hail-
drops from her hair.

So grim and statue-like she seemed, 'twas
evident that Death

Was lurking in her footsteps—while her hot,
impeded breath

Too plainly told her early doom—though the
burden of her lay

Was still of life and Christmas joys, and a
Happy New Year's Day.

'Twas in that broad, bleak Thomas street, I
heard the wanderer sing,

I stood a moment in the mire, beyond the
ragged ring—

My heart felt cold and lonely, and my thoughts
were far away,

Where I was many a Christmas-tide and
Happy New Year's Day.

I dreamed of wandering in the woods among
the holly green :
I dreamed of my own native cot and porch
with ivy screen ;
I dreamed of lights forever dimm'd—of hopes
that can't return—
And dropped a tear on Christmas fires that
never more can burn.

The ghost-like singer still sung on, but no
one came to buy ;
The hurrying crowd passed to and fro, but
did not heed her cry ;
She uttered one low, piercing moan—then
cast her boughs away—
And smiling, cried—"I'll rest with God before
the New Year's Day !"

* * * * *

On New Year's Day I said my prayers above
a new-made grave,
Dug decently in sacred soil, by Liffey's mur-
muring wave ;
The minstrel maid from earth to heaven has
winged her happy way,
And now enjoys, with sister saints, an endless
New Year's Day.

JOHN KEEGAN.

THE DARK GIRL AT THE HOLY WELL.*

"Mother, is that the passing bell?
Or yet the midnight chime?
Or rush of angels' golden wings?
Or is it near *the time*—
The time when God, they say, comes down
This weary world upon,
With holy Mary at His right,
And at His left St. John?

"I'm dumb! my heart forgets to throb;
My blood forgets to run;
But vain my sighs—in vain I sob—
God's will must still be done.
I hear but tone of warning bell,
For holy priest or nun;
On Earth, God's face I'll never see!
Nor Mary! nor St. John!

"Mother! my hopes are gone again;
My heart is black as ever;—
Mother! I say, look forth *once more*,
And see can you discover

God's glory in the crimson clouds—
See does He ride upon
That perfumed breeze—or do you see,
The Virgin, or St. John!

"Ah, no! ah, no! Well, God of Peace,
Grant me thy blessing still;
O, make me patient with my doom,
And happy at Thy will;
And guide my footsteps so on earth,
That, when I'm dead and gone,
My eyes may catch thy shining light,
With Mary and St. John.

"Yet, mother, could I see thy smile,
Before we part below—
Or watch the silver moon and stars
Where Slaney's ripples flow;
O! could I see the sweet sun shine
My native hills upon,
I'd never love my God the less,
Nor Mary, nor St. John!

"But no, ah no! it cannot be;
Yet, mother! do not mourn—
Come, kneel again, and pray to God,
In peace, let us return;
The Dark Girl's doom must aye be mine—
But Heaven will light me on,
Until I find my way to God,
And Mary, and St. John!"

JOHN KEEGAN.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

With the Sign of the Cross on my forehead,
as I kneel on this cowl'd dungeon floor,
As I kneel at your feet, reverend father, with
no one but God to the fore;
With my heart opened out for your readin', an'
no hope or thought of release
From the death that at day-break to-morrow
is starin' me sthraight in the face,
I have tould you the faults of my boyhood—
the follies an' sins of my youth—
An' now of this crime of my manhood I'll
spake with the same open thruth.

You see, sir, the land was our people's for
ninety good years, an' their toil
What first was a bare bit of mountain brought
into good wheat-bearin' soil;
'Twas their hands raised the walls of the cabin,
where our childher wor born an' bred,

* "Dark" is used in the sense of blind. St. John's Well, near Kilkenny, is believed to possess healing powers, and there is a tradition that at certain times the Redeemer, the Virgin and St. John, descend as three angels robed in white, and pass into the fountain.

Where our weddins an' christenins wor merry,
 where we waked and keened over our dead;
 We wor honest an' fair to the landlord—we
 paid him the rent to the day.—
 An' it wasn't our fault if our hard sweat he
 squandered an' wasted away
 In the cards, an' the dice, an' the racecourse,
 an' often in deeper disgrace,
 That no tongue could relate without bringin'
 a blush to an honest man's face.

But the day come at last that they worked for,
 when the castles, the mansions, the lands,
 They should hould but in thrust for the people,
 to their shame passed away from their hands.

An' our place, sir, too, wint to auction—by
 many the acres were sought.

An' what cared the stranger that purchased,
 who made 'em the good soil he bought?

The ould folks wor gone—thank God for it—
 where throuble or care can't purshue.

But the wife an' the childher—O Father in
 Heaven!—what was I to do?

Still I thought, I'll go spake to the new man
 —I'll tell him of me an' of mine;

The thrife that I've put together I'll place in
 his hand for a fine:

The estate is worth six times his money, and
 maybe his heart isn't cowl'd;

But the scoundhrel that bought "the thief's
 pen'orth" was worse than the pauper that
 sowld.

I chased him to house an' to office, wherever
 I thought he'd be met.

I offered him all he'd put on it—but no, 'twas
 the land he should get;

I prayed as men only to God pray—my prayer
 was spurned and denied.

An' what mattered how *just* my poor right was,
 when he had the *law* at his side?

I was young, an' but few years was married to
 one with a voice like a bird—

When she sang the ould songs of our country,
 every feeling within me was stirred.

Oh! I see her this minnit before me, with a
 foot wouldn't bend a *craoneen*.

Her laughin' lips lifted to kiss me—my darlin',
 my bright-eyed Eileen!

'Twas often with pride that I watched her, her
 soft arms fouldin' our boy,

Until he chased the smile from her red lip, an'
 silenced the song of her joy.

Whisht, father, have patience a minnit; let me
 wipe the big tears from my brow.—

Whisht, father, I'll thry not to curse him; but
 I tell you, don't prache to me now.

Excitin' myself? Yes, I know it; but the
 story is now nearly done;

An', father, your own breast is heavin'—I see
 the tears down from you run.

Well, he threatened—he coaxed—he ejected;
 for we tried hard to cling to the place

That was mine—yes, far more than 'twas his,
 sir; I tould him so up to his face;

But the little I had melted from me in makin'
 a fight for my own,

An' a beggar, with three helpless childher, out
 on the wide world I was thrown,

And Eileen would soon have another—
 another that never dhrew breath—

The neighbors wor good to us always—but
 what could they do agen death?

For my wife an' my infant before me lay dead,
 an' by him they wor kilt,

As sure as I'm kneelin' before you, to own to
 my share of the guilt.

I laughed all consolin' to scorn, I didn't mind
 much what I said,

With Eileen a corpse in a barn, on a bundle of
 sthraw for a bed;

But the blood in my veins boiled to madness
 —do they think that a man is a log?

I thracked him once more—'twas the last
 time—and shot him that night like a
 dog.

Yes, I did it; I shot him; but, father, let
 them who make laws for the land

Look to it, whin they come to judgment, for
 the blood that lies red on my hand.

If I dhrew the piece, 'twas they primed it, that
 left him stretched cowl'd on the sod;

An' from their bar, where I got my sintince,
 I appeal to the bar of my God

For the justice I never got from them, for the
 right in their hands that's unknown.

Still, at last, sir—I'll say it—I'm sorry I took
 the law into my own—

That I stole out that night in the darkness,
 while mad with my grief and despair,

And dhruv the black sowl from his body,
 without givin' him time for a prayer.

Well, 'tis tould, sir; you have the whole story:
 God forgive him and me for our sins;

My life now is indin'—but, father, the young
 ones, for them life begins;

You'll look to poor Eileen's young orphans?
 God bless you. And now I'm at paice,
 An' resigned to the death that to-morrow is
 starin' me sthraight in the face.

KATHERINE MURPHY.

THE LOST WIFE.

Lone, by my solitary hearth,
 Whence peace hath fled,
 And home-like joys, and innocent mirth
 Are banished;
 Silent and sad, I linger to recall
 The memory of all
 In thee, dear partner of my cares, I lost,
 Cares, shared with thee, more sweet than joys
 the world can boast.

My home—why did I say my home?
 Now have I none, [come,
 Unless thou from the grave again could'st
 Beloved one!
 My home was in thy trusting heart,
 Where'er thou wert;
 My happy home in thy confiding breast,
 Where my worn spirit refuge found and rest.

I know not if thou wast most fair
 And best of womankind;
 Or whether earth yet beareth fruit more rare
 Of heart and mind;
 To me, I know, thou wert the fairest,
 Kindest, dearest,
 That heaven to man in mercy ever gave,
 And more than man from heaven deserved to
 have.

Never from thee, sweet wife,
 Came word or look awry,
 Nor peacock pride, nor sullen fit, nor strife
 For mastery;
 Calm and controlled thy spirit was, and sure
 So to endure: [will
 My friend, protectress, guide, whose gentle
 Compelled my good, withholding from me ill.

No art of selfishness
 Thy generous nature knew:
 Thy life all love, the power to bless thy bliss,
 Constant and true,
 Content, if to thy lot the world should bring
 Enduring suffering;
 Unhappy, if permitted but to share
 Part of my griefs, wouldst both our burdens
 dear.

My joy, my solace, and my pride
 I found thee still,
 Whatever change our fortunes might betide
 Of good or ill;
 Worthier I was life's blessing to receive
 While thou didst live;
 All that I had of good in others' sight,
 Reflected shone thy virtue's borrowed light.

The lute unstrung—the meals in silence ate
 We went to share;
 The widowed bed—the chamber desolate,
 Thou art not there,
 The tear at parting, and the greeting kiss,
 Who would not miss?
 Endearments fond, and solaced hours, and all
 Th' important trivial things men comfort call.

Oh! mayest thou, if permitted, from above
 The starry sphere,
 Encompass me with ever-during love,
 As thou didst here:
 Still be my guardian spirit, lest I be
 Unworthy thee;
 Still, as on earth, thy grace celestial give.
So guide my life as thou wouldst have me live.

JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

THE FOUR TRAVELERS.

Four travelers sat one winter night
 At my father's board so free; [land,
 And he asked them why they had left their
 And why they had crossed the sea!

One said for bread, and one for gold,
 And one for a cause of strife;
 And one he came for a lost love's sake,
 To lead a stranger's life.

They dwelt among our hamlets long,
 They learned each mountain way;
 They shared our sports in the woodland green,
 And by the crags so gray.

And they were brave by flood and fell,
 And they were blithe in hall;
 But he that led the stranger's life
 Was blithest of them all.

Some said the grief of his youth had passed,
 Some said his love grew cold,
 But nought I know if this were so,
 For the tale was never told.

His mates they found both home and friends,
 Their heads and hearts to rest;
 He saw their flocks and fields increase,
 But we loved *him* still the best.

Now he that came to seek for bread
 Is lord of my father's land,
 And he that fled so far from strife,
 Hath a goodly household band;

And he that sought the gold alone
 Hath wedded my sister fair,
 And the oaks are green and the pastures wide
 By their pleasant homesteads there.

But when they meet by the winter fire,
 Or beneath the bright woodbine,
 Their talk is yet of a whelming stream,
 And a brave life given for mine.

For a grave by our mountain river side
 Grows green this many a year,
 Where the flower of the four sleeps evermore,
 And I am a stranger here.

FRANCIS BROWN.

A CAOINE.

Gone, gone from me and from the earth, and
 from the Summer sky,
 And all the bright, wild hope and love that
 sweeted so proud and high,
 And all this heart had stored for thee within
 its endless deep—
 With me, with me, O' never more thou'lt
 smile or joy, or weep!

There are gold nails on your coffin; there are
 snowy plumes above;
 They pour their pomp and honors there, but
 I this woe and love—
 The hopeless woe, the longing love, that turn
 from earth away,
 And pray for refuge and a home within the
 silent clay!

Come, wild deer of the mountain-side! come,
 sweet bird of the plain!
 To cheer the cold and trembling heart that
 beats for you in vain!
 O' come, from woe and cold, and gloom, to
 her that's warm and true,
 And has no hope or throb for aught within
 this world but you!

To the sad winds I have scattered the treas-
 ures of my soul—
 The sorrow that no tongue could speak, or
 mortal power control—
 And wept the weary night and day until my
 heart was sore,
 And every germ of peace and joy was withered
 at its core.

In vain, in vain, this yearning cry—this dark
 and deep despair!
 I droop alone and trembling here, and thou
 art living *there*.
 But though thy smile upon the earth I never
 more may see,
 And thou wilt never come to me—yet, I may
 fly to thee!

I never stood within your home—I do not
 bear your name—
 Life parted us for many a day, but Death now
 seals my claim;
 In darkness, silence, and decay, and here at
 last alone,
 You're but more truly bound to me—my dar-
 ling, and my own!

EVA MARY KELLY.

THE NAMELESS ONE.

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river
 That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
 God will inspire me while I deliver
 My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whit-
 ning
 Amid the last homes of youth and old,
 That there was once one whose veins ran
 lightning
 Which no eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,
 How shone for him, through his griefs and
 gloom,
 No star of all heaven sends to light our
 Path to the tomb!

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
 Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
 He would have taught men from wisdom's
 pages
 The way to live



Engraved by J. H. Smith

James William Langdon

And tell how, trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song—

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam,
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—
A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years
long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and
tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in Friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked and young hopes
blasted,
He strove, still strove,

Till, spent with toil, dreading death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought
for him,
(If children live not for sires and mothers),
His mind grew dim;

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns;

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood on his path!

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want and sickness and houseless nights;
He bides in calmness the final morrow,
That no ray lights!

And lives he still, then? Yes!—old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell;
He, too, had pity for souls in trouble,
Here and in hell!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

LOUIS FIFTEENTH.

The king with all the kingly train
Had left his Pompadour behind,
And forth he rode in Senart's wood
The royal beasts of chase to find.
That day by chance the Monarch mused,
And turning suddenly away,
He struck alone into a path
That far from crowds and courtiers lay.

He saw the pale green shadows play
Upon the brown untrodden earth;
He saw the birds around him flit
As if he were of peasant birth;
He saw the trees that know no king
But him who bears a woodland axe;
He thought not, but he looked about
Like one who still in thinking lacks.

Then close to him a footstep fell,
And glad of human sound was he,
For truth to say he found himself
But melancholy companie;
But that which he would ne'er have guessed,
Before him now most plainly came;
The man upon his weary back
A coffin bore of rudest frame.

"Why, who art thou?" exclaimed the king,
"And what is that I see thee bear?"
"I am a laborer in the wood,
And 'tis a coffin for Pierre.
Close by the royal hunting lodge
You may have often seen him toil;
But he will never work again,
And I for him must dig the soil."

The laborer ne'er had seen the king,
And this he thought was but a man,
Who made at first a moment's pause,
And then anew his talk began;
"I think I do remember now,—
He had a dark and glancing eye,
And I have seen his sturdy arm
With wondrous strokes the pickaxe ply.

"Pray tell me, friend, what accident
Can thus have killed our good Pierre?"
"O! nothing more than usual, sir,
He died of living upon air.
'Twas hunger killed the poor good man,
Who long on empty hopes relied;
He could not pay gabelle and tax,
And feed his children, so he died."

The man stopped short, and then went on—
 "It is, you know, a common story,
 Our children's food is eaten up
 By courtiers, mistresses, and glory."
 The king looked hard upon the man,
 And afterwards the coffin eyed,
 Then spurred to ask of Pompadour,
 How came it that the peasants died?

JOHN STERLING.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

Word was brought to the Danish king
 (Hurry!)

That the love of his heart lay suffering,
 And pined for the comfort his voice would
 bring;

(Oh! ride as if you were flying!)
 Better he loves each golden curl
 On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
 Than his richest crowns of ruby and pearl:
 And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
 (Hurry!)

Each one mounting a gallant steed
 Which he kept for battle and days of need.
 (Oh! ride as if you were flying!)

Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
 Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
 Bridles were slackened and girths were burst;
 But ride as they would, the king rode first,
 For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
 (Hurry!)

They have fainted and faltered, and home-
 ward gone;

His little fair page now follows alone,
 For strength and for courage trying!
 The king looked back at that faithful child;
 Wan was the face that answering smiled, [din.
 They passed the drawbridge with clattering
 Then he dropped, and only the king rode in
 Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
 (Silence!)

No answer came; but faint and forlorn
 An echo returned on the cold gray morn,

Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
 The castle portal stood grimly wide; [ride;
 None welcomed the king from that weary

For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
 The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay.
 Who had earned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
 Stood weary.

The king returned from her chamber of rest,
 The thick sobs choking in his breas;

And, that dumb companion eyeing, [check:
 The tears gushed forth which he strove to
 He bowed his head on his charger's neck:

"O steed, that every nerve did'st strain,
 Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
 To the halls where my love lay dying!"

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

GAME LAWS.

As through the crunching underwood the wild
 boar madly came,
 With lashing tail and gleaming tusks, stiff
 mane and eyes of flame.

Through golden crops, through tangled copse,
 he fiercely plunging tore;
 All seemed but withered fibres to the rage-
 expanding boar.

Through leafy screen and through ravine,
 through lane and plain the brute
 Makes head, and in the cotter's field at last
 eludes pursuit.

"Ho! Hans, be quick; take in the child;—
 bring out my trusty gun."

Hans fled and came—the cotter fired;—the
 wild boar's race was run.

But woe! alas, what came to pass: the forest-
 ranger saw

The deed, and shot the cotter down—to make
 him "keep the law."

* * * * *

Herr Graff and staff feast, laugh, and quaff
 that night with beakers red;

The cotter's home is desolate—its head, its
 heart lies dead.

'Tis royal sport for king and court to hunt the
 grizzly boar,

But woe unto the poor man who dare hunt
 him from his door!

JOHN SAVAGE.

PRESENTIMENT.

Off with the young and brave,
 He went to the war elate;
 He saw her kerchief wave
 In the distance at the gate.

Every night she slept
 Only to dream him dead,
 Till the boding o'er her crept
 That they should never wed.

Her heart with sullen fears
 Was burdened night and day,
 But after weary years
 The war-cloud passed away.

Home he came from the foe
 On victory's tidal wave,
 To see the daisies blow
 Upon her new-made grave.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

SLAIN IN THE FOREFRONT.

He is down in the battle,
 The foremost to fall,
 The loved of our host
 Whom / loved more than all.
 The golden-brown hair
 In the battle-dust lies;
 The black silken lashes
 Droop o'er the great eyes;
 To the full fringed lips
 Clings a smile; like a streak
 Of sunset the life-tint
 Still rests on his cheek.

"His life is not wasted"
 God calleth to me:

"The battle rolls onward:
 His spirit is free.

For the freer life fought he,
 Fought well, and has won
 What the battle host strove for
 That still shall strive on.

Come thou from the rearward,
 Step forth to his place;

Lift off the stout armor,
 The helmet unlace,

Make fast the stained corslet
 Around thine own breast,
 About thine own temples
 Bind morion and crest;

Upraise the fallen buckler,
 Take thou the red sword—
 The dead hand that grasps it
 Will yield at thy word;
 And sigh not, and grieve not,
 Nor turn left or right,
 But, strong and undaunted,
 Move on to the fight."

I've ta'en helm and buckler
 Of him my soul loved,
 Put on the whole armor
 The brave one has proved;
 Stept out to the forefront
 And stand as he stood
 When arrayed for the contest
 He spilt his warm blood.
 And his soul with my soul
 In the long eager strife
 Shall nerve arm and hand
 With a life more than life;
 With a force not mine only,
 As blow follows blow.
 Every stroke of his good sword
 Shall fall on the foe;
 And the might of his great hear
 With mine shall be blent,
 Till the last power is ebbd,
 And all energy spent,
 And I drift through the gloom
 Firm of hope, high of cheer,
 To the land where he roameth,
 My soul's pioneer.

GEORGE F. ARMSTRONG.

ONE SUMMER NIGHT.

There is mist in the winding hollows
 That fade on the straining sight,
 And dimly the darting swallows
 Dip into the gathering night.
 The hills loom silent and solemn;
 The stream makes a drowsy rhyme,
 That lulls like an echoing volume
 Of song from a far-off time.

And here in the moonlight sitting
 I ponder an old tale o'er,
 And here in the twilight flitting
 Are faces that smile no more.
 There's one that is fair and tender,
 And one that is frank and brave,
 And one with a darkling splendor,
 And beyond, in the gloom, a grave.

Down a shaded pathway lonely
Two forms in the stillness move,
And the listening maples only
Hear the whispered sweets of love ;
A kiss, and the maiden slowly
Returns to her cottage door,
With a peace that is pure and holy
Upon lips that shall laugh no more.

Where the road dips low by the river,
In a hollow of gleam and shade,
And the silvered tree-tops quiver,
By the wandering night-wind sway'd,
Fierce eyes from an ambush glisten
With a murderous, vengeful glare ;
Keen ears in the stillness listen
For a step that will soon be there.

He comes, with his heart still singing
The runes of a passionate love ;
A bound, as a tiger's, springing
From a vantage point above ;
A glint, as of white steel gleaming,
A shriek in the startled night,
And low where the moon is beaming,
He lies in the sad, pale light.

Lo ! the mists float high o'er the hollows,
No breath stirs the drowsy leaves,
That droop in the moon, and the swallows
Have flown to their nests in the eaves.
Thus the mists and the moonlight floated
That night when a brave youth died
In the copse, and a dark face gloated
With a vengeful glare by his side.

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

BALLADE DE MARGUERITE.

I am weary of lying within the chase
When the knights are meeting in market-place.

Nay, go not thou to the red-roofed town
Lest the hooves of the war-horse tread thee
down.

But I would not go where the squires ride,
I would only walk by my Lady's side.

Alack ! and alack ! thou art over bold,
A forester's son may not eat off gold.

Will she love me the less that my Father is seen,
Each Martinmas day in a doublet green ?

Perchance she is sewing at tapestry,
Spindle and loom are not meet for thee.

Ah, if she is working the arras bright
I might ravel the threads by the fire-light.

Perchance she is hunting of the deer,
How could you follow o'er hill and meer ?

Ah, if she is riding with the court,
I might run beside her and wind the morte.

Perchance she is kneeling in S. Denys,
(On her soul may our Lady have gramercy !)

Ah, if she is praying in lone chapelle,
I might swing the censer and ring the bell.

Come in, my son, for you look sae pale,
The father shall fill thee a stoup of ale.

But who are these knights in bright array ?
Is it a pageant the rich folks play ?

'Tis the King of England from over sea,
Who has come unto visit our fair countrie.

But why does the curfew toll sae low
And why do the mourners walk a-row ?

O 'tis Hugh of Amiens my sister's son
Who is lying stark, for his day is done.

Nay, nay, for I see white lilies clear,
It is no strong man who lies on the bier.

O 'tis old Dame Jeannette that kept the hall,
I knew she would die at the autumn fall.

Dame Jeannette had not that gold-brown hair,
Old Jeannette was not a maiden fair.

O 'tis none of our kith and none of our kin,
(Her soul may our Lady assoil from sin !)

But I hear the boy's voice chanting sweet,
" Elle est morte, la Marguerite."

Come in, my son, and lie on the bed,
And let the dead folk bury their dead.

O mother, you know I loved her true ;
O mother, hath one grave room for two ?

OSCAR WILDE.

"GOOD-HEARTED."

The young lord betrayed an orphan maid,
 The young lord, soft-natured and easy,
 The man was "good-hearted," the neighbors
 said,
 Flung meat to his dogs, to the poor flung
 bread. [bled;
 His father stood laughing, while Drogheda
 He hated a conscience uneasy.

A widow met him, dark trees o'erhead,
 Her child and the man just parted.
 When home she walked, her knife it was red,
 Swiftly she walked and muttered and said,
 "The blood rushed fast from a fount full fed."
 Ay, the young lord was right good-hearted.

When morning wan its first beams shed,
 It fell on a corpse yet wanner.
 The great-hearted dogs the young lord had fed
 Watched one at the feet and one at the head,
 But their mouths with a blood pool hard by
 were red,—

They loved in the young lord's manner.

AUBREY T. DE VERE.

MISSING.

In the cool sweet hush of a wooded nook,
 Where the May-buds sprinkle the green old
 ground,

And winds and buds, and the limpid brook,
 Murmur their dreams with a drowsy sound,
 Who lies so still in the plushy moss,
 With pale cheek press'd to a breezy pillow,
 Couch'd where the light and the shadows cross
 Thro' the flickering fringe of the willow?
 Who lies, alas!

So still, so chill, in the whispering grass?

A soldier, clad in the Zouave dress,
 A bright-haired man, with his lips apart,
 One hand thrown up o'er his frank dead face,
 And the other clutching his pulseless heart,
 Lies there in the shadows cool and dim,
 His musket brush'd by a trailing bough;
 A careless grace in each quiet limb,
 And a wound on his manly brow:

A wound, alas! [grass.

Whence the warm blood drips on the pleasant

The violets peer from their dusky beds,
 With a tearful dew in their great pure eyes;

The lilies quiver their shining heads,
 Their pale lips full of a sad surprise;
 And the lizard darts thro' the glistening fern,
 And the squirrel rustles the branches hoary;
 Strange birds fly out, with a cry, to burn
 Their wings in the sunset glory,
 While the shadows pass
 O'er the quiet face on the dewy grass.

God pity the bride who waits at home,
 With her lily cheeks and her violet eyes,
 Dreaming the sweet old dream of love,
 While the lover is walking in Paradise!
 God strengthen her heart as the days go by,
 And the long, drear nights of her vigils follow,
 Nor bird, nor moon, nor whispering wind
 May breathe the tale of the hollow!
 Alas! alas!

The secret is safe with the woodland grass.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

CIVILE BELLUM.

"Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot,
 Right at the heart of yon prowling vedette,
 Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
 That shines on his breast like an amulet."

"Ay, Captain, here's just for a fine-drawn bead,
 There's music around when my barrel's in
 tune."

Crack went the rifle: the messenger sped,
 And dead from his horse fell the ringing
 dragoon.

"Now, Rifleman, steal through the bushes and
 snatch
 From yon victim some trinket to handsel
 first blood;

A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
 That gleams in the moon like a diamond
 stud."

"Oh! Captain! I staggered and sunk in my
 track [vedette,
 When I gazed on the face of the fallen
 For he looked so like you as he lay on his back
 That my heart rose upon me and masters me
 yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket, this locket of
 gold; [way,
 An inch from the centre my lead broke its
 Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
 Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

" Ha, Rifleman, fling me the locket,—'tis she,
My brother's young bride; and the fallen
dagoon

Was her husband:—Hush, soldier! 'twas
Heaven's decree:

We must bury him there by the light of the
moon.

" But hark! the far bugles their warnings unite:
War is a virtue; weakness a sin; [night—
There's lurking and loping around us to—
Load again, Rifleman; keep your hand in!"

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

THE DOG OF THE THREE DAYS.

With gentle tread, with uncovered head,
Pass by the Louvre gate,
Where buried lie the " Men of July,"
And flowers are flung by the passers-by,
And the dog howls desolate.

That dog had fought in the fierce onslaught,
Had rushed with his master on;
And both fought well; but the master fell—
And behold the surviving one!

By his lifeless clay,—shaggy and gray,
His fellow warrior stood,
Nor moved beyond, but mingled fond,
Big tears with his master's blood.

Vigil he keeps by those green heaps
That tell where heroes be;
No passer-by can attract his eye,
For he knows IT IS NOT HE!

At the dawn, when dew wets the garlands new
That are hung in this place of mourning,
He will start to meet the coming feet
Of him whom he dreamt returning.

On the grave's wood-cross, when the chaplets
toss,
By the blasts of midnight shaken,
How he howleth!—hark! from that dwelling
dark
The slain he would fain awaken.

When the snow comes fast on the chilly blast,
Blanching the bleak churchyard,
With limbs outspread, on the dismal bed
Of his liege he still keeps guard.

Oft in the night with main and might
He strives to raise the stone,
Short respite takes—" If master wakes,
He'll call me"—then sleeps on.

Of bayonet blades, of barricades
And guns, he dreameth most;
Starts from his dream, and then would seem
To eye a bleeding ghost.

He'll linger there in sad despair,
And die on his master's grave.
His name? 'Tis known to the dead alone—
He's the dog of the nameless brave!

Give a tear to the dead, and give some bread
To the dog of the Louvre gate!
Where buried lie the men of July,
And flowers are flung by the passers-by,
And the dog howls desolate.

FRANCIS S. MAHONY.

From the French of DEATH.

THE TIME OF THE BARMECIDES.

My eyes are filmed, my beard is gray,
I am bowed with the weight of years;
I would I were stretched in my bed of clay,
With my long-lost youth's compeers! [woe,
For back to the past, tho' the thought brings
My memory ever glides
To the old—old time, long—long ago,
The time of the Barmecides.
To the old—old time, long—long ago,
The time of the Barmecides.

Then youth was mine, and a fierce wild will,
And an iron arm in war,
And a fleet foot high upon Ishkar's hill,
When the watch-lights glimmered afar,
And a barb as fiery as any I know
That Khoord or Beddaween rides,
Ere my friends lay low, long—long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides.
Ere my friends lay low, long—long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides.

One golden goblet illumed my board,
One silver dish was there;
At hand my tried Karamanian sword
Lay always bright and bare;
For those were the days when the angry blow
Supplanted the word that chides,

When hearts could glow, long—long ago,
 In the time of the Barmecides.
 When hearts could glow, long—long ago,
 In the time of the Barmecides.

Through city and desert my mates and I
 Were free to rove and roam.
 Our diapered canopy the deep of the sky,
 Or the roof of the palace-dome—
 Oh, ours was that vivid life to and fro
 Which only sloth derides—
 Men spent life so, long—long ago,
 In the time of the Barmecides,
 Men spent life so, long—long ago,
 In the time of the Barmecides!

I see rich Bagdad once again,
 With its turrets of Moorish mould,
 And the Khalif's twice five hundred men
 Whose binishes flamed with gold;
 I call up many a gorgeous show
 Which the pall of oblivion hides—
 All passed like snow, long—long ago,
 With the time of the Barmecides;
 All passed like snow, long—long ago,
 With the time of the Barmecides!

But mine eye is dim, and my beard is gray,
 And I bend with the weight of years,—
 May I soon go down to the House of Clay
 Where slumber my youth's compeers!
 For with them and the past, tho' the thought
 My memory ever abides, [wakes woe,
 And I mourn for the time gone long ago,
 For the time of the Barmecides!
 I mourn for the time gone long ago,
 For the time of the Barmecides!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Ascribed to the Arabic.

WAIL AND WARNING OF THE THREE KHALENDEERS.

La' laha, il Allah!*

Here we meet, we three, at length,
 Amrah, Osman, Perizad:
 Shorn of all our grace and strength,
 Poor, and old, and very sad!
 We have lived, but live no more;
 Life has lost its gloss for us,
 Since the days we spent of yore
 Boating down the Bosphorus.
 La' laha, li Allah!

* God alone is merciful.

The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
 Old Time brought home no loss for us.
 We felt full of health and heart
 Upon the foamy Bosphorus!

La' laha, il Allah!
 Days indeed! A shepherd's tent
 Served us then for house and fold;
 All to whom we gave or lent,
 Paid us back a thousand fold.
 Troublous years, by myriads wailed,
 Rarely had a cross for us,
 Never when we gayly sailed,
 Singing down the Bosphorus.
 La' laha, il Allah!
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
 There never came a cross for us,
 While we daily, gayly sailed,
 Adown the meadowy Bosphorus.

La' laha, il Allah!
 Blithe as birds we flew along,
 Laughed and quaffed and stared about;
 Wine and roses, mirth and song,
 Were what most we cared about,
 Fame we left for quacks to seek,
 Gold was dust and dross for us,
 While we lived from week to week,
 Boating down the Bosphorus
 La' laha, il Allah!
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
 And gold was dust and dross for us,
 While we lived from week to week,
 A-boating down the Bosphorus.

La' laha, il Allah!
 Friends we were, and would have shared
 Purses, had we twenty full.
 If we spent, or if we spared,
 Still our funds were plentiful.
 Save the hours we past apart
 Time brought home no loss for us;
 We felt full of hope and heart
 While we clove the Bosphorus.
 La' laha, il Allah!
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
 Life has lost its gloss for us,
 Since the days we spent of yore
 Upon the pleasant Bosphorus!

La' laha, il Allah!
 Ah!—for youth's delirious hours
 Man pays well in after days,
 When quench'd hopes and palsied powers
 Mock his love-and-laughter days.

Thorns and thistles on our path
Took the place of moss for us,
Till false fortune's tempest wrath
Drove us from the Bosphorus.
La' laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
When thorns took place of moss for us,
Gone was all! Our hearts were graves
Deep, deeper than the Bosphorus!

La' laha, il Allah!
Gone is all! In one abyss
Lie Health, Youth, and Merriment!
All we've learned amounts to this—
Life's a sad experiment.
What it is we trebly feel
Pondering what it was for us,
When our shallop's bounding keel
Clove the joyous Bosphorus.
La' laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
We wail for what life was for us
When our shallop's bounding keel
Clove the joyous Bosphorus!

THE WARNING.

La' laha, il Allah!
Pleasure tempts, yet man has none
Save himself t' accuse if her
Temptings prove, when all is done,
Lures hung out by Lucifer.
Guard your fire in youth, O friends!
Manhood's is but phosphorus,
And bad luck attends and ends
Boatings down the Bosphorus.
La' laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
Youth's fire soon wanes to phosphorus,
And slight luck or grace attends
Your boaters down the Bosphorus!

La' laha, il Allah!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

THE FLIGHT TO CYPRUS.

De Vere has loosed from Ascalon—Judea's
holy gale
Fresh with the spikenard's evening scent, is
rustling in his sail;
A victor he to Normandy ploughs homeward
through the brine;
Herald and harp shall laud him long for deeds
in Palestine.

How gallantly, as night comes down, upon
the Syrian seas,
The "Bel-Marie" all canvas crowds to catch
the springing breeze!
A prosperous course be hers!—the spears
above her poop that gleam
Have flashed ere now, like stars, I trow, on
Siloa's solemn stream.

Precious the freight that proud bark bears—
—the ransom and the spoil
Reaped from Mahound's blaspheming crew
on many a field of toil;
Large lustrous cups, Kathay's bright robes, the
diamond's living rays,—
Carpets from Tyre, whose costly fire for kings
alone should blaze.

And worth them all, that Fairest One, whose
'tresses' sunny twine,
Far down unroll'd, outshames the gold of
tawny India's mine;
When storm'd the Cross round Gaza's fosse,
all bright but faithless, she
Fled from her Emir-spouse, De Vere's light
paramour to be,

And now, when sultry day is done, her languid
brow to cool,
Soft couch'd upon the curtain'd deck reclines
the Beautiful;
Voluptuous in repose as She who, 'mid the
Ægean Isles,
Rose radiant from the frowning deep she
dazzled into smiles.

Fast by that lady's pillow sits the passionate
De Vere
Now dimming with his doting kiss the glory
of her hair;
Or watching till their sleepy lids her eyes' blue
languor veil—
Or murmuring on her lips of rose fond love's
untiring tale.

Yet restless all is her repose, no solace can she
find;
The press of canvas overhead hoarse groaning
in the wind—
The cordage-strain—the whistling shrouds—
De Vere's devoted words—
All things, or soft or sullen, now disturb her
spirit's chords.

"In vain thy love would lull my ear, thou
flattering knight, for whom
I faithless fled my lord and land!—methinks
that, through the gloom,
Some fearsome Genii's mighty wings are
' shadowing my soul,
Black as the clouds and waters now that
round about us roll."

" Ah, cheer thee, sweet—'tis but the rude and
restless billows' heaving,
That frets thy frame of tenderest mould with
weariness and grieving;
'Twill vanish soon: when mounts the moon
at midnight from the sea,
Sweet Cyprus, with its rosy rocks high shining
on our lee,

" Shall see us anchor'd—if the truth our
Moorish pilot tell,
Who, since we weigh'd, has steer'd for us so
steadily and well.
E'en now I go to track below our bearings by
the chart:—
With freight like thee can I be free from wist-
fulness of heart?"

De Vere is gone. His silent crew, from all
the decks above,
Descend, lest even a murmur mar the slum-
bers of his Love;
Yon aged Moor, who, soëtre-like, still at the
rudder stands,
Yon stripling, station'd at the prow, are all
the watching hands.

Pavilion-screen'd, from her soft couch how
oft that lady bright
Raised like an evening star her head, and
look'd upon the night,
Praying the tardy moon to rise—and through
the shadows dim,
Encountering but that spectral form beside
the rudder grim.

The moon at last!—blood-red and round, she
wheeleth up the wave,
Soaring and whitening like a soul ascending
from the grave;
Then riseth too the Beauty-brow'd, and quits
with gentlest motion
Her tent's festoons,—two rival Moons at once
upon the ocean!

O Queen of Quiet—thou who winn'st our
adoration still,
As when a wondering world bow'd down on
thine Ephesian hill!
Stainless thyself, impart thy calm and purify-
ing grace,
To her, the stain'd one, watching thee with
her resplendent face?

The breeze has dropp'd—the soundless sails
are flagging one by one;
While in his cabin still De Vere the parchment
pores upon;
Sudden a shriek—a broken groan, his ear have
smitten—hark!
That laughing yell!—sure fiends from hell are
hailing to the bark!

He gains the deck—the spot where last
idolatrous he stood,
Is cross'd by some dark horrid thing—a narrow
creeping flood;
Great Heaven forbid!—but where's the heart
from whence it gush'd?—for now
The decks contain no form but that stone-stiff
beside the prow.

Stone-stiff—half life, half death—it stands
with hideous terror dumb,
And bristling hair, and striving still for words
that will not come:
Speak thou—speak thou, who from the prow
kept watch along the water,
And kill thy lord with one dread word of
Gaza's glorious daughter!

He told at last, that as he turn'd, what time
the breeze had died,
To rouse his mates—far at the stern, the lady
he espied,
Sky-musing there: and by the helm, with eyes
coal-blazing—Him,
The Evil One, in semblance of their Moorish
pilot grim,

Who stole to her before that boy could cross
himself for grace,
His turban doff'd, then touch'd her arm, and
stared her in the face—
That furnace-stare!—her scorch'd head
dropp'd—a flash—at once she fell
Prone at his feet, who instantly sprang with
her down to hell!

Where olive-groves their shadows fling from
Cyprus' musky shore,
The "Bel-Marie" high stranded lies, to plough
the waves no more; [aisles, I ween,
And day by day, far, far away, in Rouen's
Down-broken, like that stately bark, a mourn-
ful monk is seen.

BARTHOLOMEW SIMMONS.

KING CORMAC'S CROWN.

Prince Cormac sheathed his sharpest sword
In the breast of his brother's son;
And his nobles hailed him as Riagh and Lord
When the treacherous deed was done;
And they bore him then to his palace, near
Where Bann's deep waters wind,—
O Ulster! didst thou see and hear,
Or wert thou deaf and blind?

And Cormac sate at the feast that night
In Antrim's royal hall,
With his vassal Tiernachs and men of might,
And iron chieftains all;
"And where is the kingly diadem?" he cried,
"Ye have destined for this head?"
When the oaken door swung suddenly wide,
And lo! a sight of dread:

A bier with coffin and sable pall,
And bearers in mournful attire,
Moved slowly up the spacious hall,
While hushed was laugh and lyre!
And the murderer shook in his royal chair,
While he tried to grasp his spear;
But the curse of crime had stricken him there,
And he looked a statue of fear!

And the bearers lifted the coffin lid,
And a corpse, with a gory wound
In its naked breast, stood up amid
The death-pale revellers round;
And a crown of blood-cemented clay
In its hands it seemed to bear,
And it spake,—“O King, enjoy thy sway!
This diadem thou shalt wear!”

A silence deeper than the grave's
Now thrills the throng with dread;
And the broken murmurs of Banna's waves
Seem voices of the dead!
It was far in the wane of the emerald spring,
And a bright May morning poured
Its rays through the hall; but the Irish King
Sate dead at his banquet board!

ANONYMOUS.

DEIRDRE'S FAREWELL TO ALBA.*

[Deirdre, wife of Naisi, the son of Uisnach, returning with her husband to Emania, in Erin, laments for Alba, (Scotland) her adopted country.]

Alas! and alas, my sorrow!
The pain that hath no relief.
Alas! for the dreadful morrow
To dawn on our day of grief—
Oh, land in the orient glowing,
The last of thy smiles hath shone
On us, for Fate's wind is blowing,
And the wave of our doom speeds on,
And a blight from the westward cometh,
and the bloom of our life is gone!

Oh, land of the sunbright mountains,
With the purple moors at their feet,
Of the clear life-mirroring fountains,
And rivers of water sweet;
Of the fragrant wood-bowers twining,
And the cataract's sounding roar,
Of the lakes in their splendor shining,
And the pine-woods whispering o'er,—
Ah! naught but my lord, my lover, could
lure me from thy green shore!

Sweet is it in Daro's valley
To list to the falling rill,
To the breeze in the woodland alley,
And the goshawk's note from the hill!
To the light-winged swallow pursuing
His mate with a joyous cry,
To the cuckoo's voice and the cooing
Of doves in the pine-tops high,
And the throstle's song in the thicket, and
the larks from the morning sky.

Under the summer arbor,
By the fresh sea-breezes fanned,
Where the waters of Drayno's harbor
Sing over the silver sand,
Happy from morn till even
We've watched the sea-birds play,
And the ocean meeting the heaven,
In the distance far away,
And the gleam of the white-sailed galleys,
and the flash of the sunlit spray!

In Masan the green, the blooming,
How happy our days did pass;
Many its flowers perfuming
And studding like gems the grass;
There the foxglove purpled the hollow,
And the iris flaunted its gold,

* This beautiful poem is very old, and whether it is of Irish or Scotch origin is doubtful.

And the flower that waits for the swallow,
 Its dainty bloom to unfold,
 With the hyacinth blue and the primrose,
 Laughed in the breezy wold.

In Eta of sunny weather,
 'Neath our happy home-porch hid,
 On venison sweet from the heather,
 And flesh of the mountain kid,
 Or game from the forest cover,
 And fish from the crystal stream
 We feasted till eve was over,
 And the moon with her silver gleam
 Soared o'er the dusky pine-woods out from
 the realm of dream.

O land of the East! O giver
 Of freedom from sore distress!
 O land where no cloud came ever
 To darken our happiness!
 O home of pleasure and promise
 And peace unto mine and me,
 When I see thy shore fade from us,
 I sigh in my misery,
 And send my voice o'er the waters, crying
 farewell to thee.

Translation.

ANONYMOUS.

AN EXILE'S GRAVE.

He sleeps, and o'er his humble grave
 No gilded trophy meets the view,
 And yet the man beneath was true,
 Just, resolute, and brave.

He paid his folly's farthest debt—
 Inurn it with his mortal part!
 His qualities of mind and heart
 Will long survive him yet.

Oh, friends, it is a bitter thing
 To die alone in a wide land,
 Without a friend, without a hand,
 Or hope, or help to bring.

To know our bones may never rest
 In the green valleys of our youth—
 To feel that many a foul untruth
 Our memory may molest.

He bared against a vengeful foe
 The steel to freedom consecrate,
 And died, the victim of a hate
 That spares nor high nor low.

For there are ways of killing men
 Beside the sword, the axe, the rope—
 Great hearts will break when lost to hope,
 And yet no blood be seen.

In simplest guise, and borne by some
 Who knew his worth—his will to bless—
 He presses, as our noblest press,
 The couch of martyrdom.

Peace to his soul!—Let him who ne'er
 Hath felt the long-protracted pains,
 The life in death of prison-chains,
 Speak lowly and beware.

Let him who ne'er was gagged, and torn
 From home and kindred far away—
 Who hath not steeped from day to day
 His bread in tears of scorn,

Let him be mute, or meekly pray,
 Thus kneeling on the grassy sod—
 "Thy sore temptations, known to God,
 Have washed thy sins away."

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

Oh, my heart is with old times!
 My friends have passed like marriage chimes;
 And joy now breathes but from the rhymes
 Of minstrels that I loved when young;
 And in old songs that of a night,
 By hearth or summer evening light,

My dear companions sung.
 The few that last

From the pale past

Are silent, cold and gray;

Youth has fled—cares of existence

Dim its rainbows in the distance:

'Mid falling tears the world they tread,

With age and weakness wearied,

And souls that turn but to the Dead—

Ah, welladay!

Yon moon has never changed
 Since o'er the far-off fields I ranged,
 Ere time grew dark or hearts estranged
 In life's disastrous fight.

By windows then at eventide,

My love and I sat side by side,

Amid the windy light;

The moon clouds past,

And she at last

Is vanished far away;

Now my heart with memory passes
By her dear grave chanting masses ;
 Reading her loved books, and talking
 With her as alone I'm walking—
 Ah, welladay!

'Tis a night of New Year's Day
The clanging chimes have ceased to play,
And the stars look pale and gray
 O'er the strange town where I dwell:
There are laughters in the street,
Where the light young neighbors meet,
 And the aged their stories tell :
 But there's One
 With me alone.

Who from Heaven came this day
To search the earth for me,
By the grave that's o'er the sea,
By the old house on the lea—
 Ah, welladay!

THOMAS C. IRWIN.

WEEP NOT FOR HIM THAT DIETH

Weep not for him that dieth,
For he sleeps, and is at rest;
And the couch whereon he lieth
Is the grave's green quiet breast
But weep for him who pineth
On a far land's hateful shore,
Who wearily declineth
Where ye see his face no more

Weep not for him that dieth,
For friends are round his bed,
And many a young lip sigheth
When they name the early dead ;
But weep for him that liveth
Where none will know or care,
When the groan his faint heart giveth
Is the last sigh of despair.

Weep not for him that dieth,
For his struggling soul is free,
And the world from which it flieth
Is a world of misery ;
But weep for him that weareth
The captive's galling chain ;
To the agony *he* beareth,
Death were but little pain.

Weep not for him that dieth,
For he has ceased from tears,
And a voice to his replieth
Which he hath not heard for years ;

But weep for him who weepeth
On that cold land's cruel shore,—
Blest, blest is he that sleepeth,—
Weep for the dead no more !

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

WAITING FOR THE DAWN.

I said, "Mama is going home
To God's home in the bright blue sky:
She wants her little ones to come
And kiss her—and then say goodbye."

The children, wondering what I meant,
Looked up—my eyes were far away:
They put their hands in mine, and went
To where their dying mother lay.

Their rosy lips gave, each in turn,
Warm kisses to the cold white brow:
I saw her eyes light up and yearn—
I see them lit and yearning now.

The children went away to bed,
And on each pillow snowy white
A ruddy cheek—a curly head
Nestled in slumber all the night.

And I was in the room of death
Alone—alone—the long hours through:
I watched the gently failing breath
Grow faint and faint as falling dew.

At length there came a change—a chill
That drew a shiver from the earth,
A shiver of wind—then all was still.—
I waited for the daylight's birth.

A ghastly glimmer of the dawn,
Sadder than darkness, filled the room—
The veil was lifted, not withdrawn ;
I saw enough to see the gloom.

I took in mine the wasted hand,
And sank upon my knees in prayer,
The while with dreamy eyes I scanned
The large blue veins that wandered there.

Till something seemed to whisper, " Rise'—"
I rose in haste, and bending o'er
The pillow, sought the sweet blue eyes
Where life's warm sparkle played no more.

Yet love shone through them—Love that gains
Intensity when force is spent;
Infinite in its very chains,
And in its dumbness eloquent.

For never is the sun so bright
As then when evening clouds eclipse,
Nor Love so fair as when her light
Burns thro' the veil of speechless lips.

O speechless lips, I saw you move
To make a kiss, but Death forbade;
You told your agony of love,
Although the kiss was never made

For unperceived, Death's shadowy mist
Came lightly gliding in between
Our yearning souls, and as I kissed
The lips, I touched the icy screen.

And in that touch a chilling wave
Of wintry breath, that crept and stole
Like nightwind moaning o'er a grave,
Curdled the stillness of my soul.

I dared not name or shape in thought
The sickening doubt, the formless dread;
Half aimlessly I rose and sought
The window-pane—the sky was dead.

Clouds hung against it, wan and dim
And lifeless as my darling's cheek;
But just along the eastern rim
There ran a faintly golden streak.

EDMOND G. A. HOLMES.

THE DEAD MOTHER.

I had been buried a month and a year,
The clods on my coffin were heavy and brown,
The wreaths at my headstone were withered
and sere,

No feet came now from the little town;
I was forgotten, six months or more,
And a new bride walked on my husband's
floor.

Below the dew and the grass-blades lying,
On All Souls' Night, when the moon is cold,
I heard the sound of my children crying,
And my hands relaxed from their quiet
fold;

Through mould and death-damp it pierced
my heart,
And I woke in the dark with a sudden start.

I cast the coffin-lid off my face,
From mouth and eyelids I thrust the clay,
And I stood upright from the sleepers' place,
And down through the graveyard I took
my way; [snow,
The frost on the rank grass shimmered like
And the ghostly graves stood white in a row.

As I went down through the little town
The kindly neighbors seemed sore afraid,
For Leuchin plucked at the cross in her gown,
And Hans said, "Jesu," under his beard,
And many a lonely wayfarer
Crossed himself, with a muttered prayer,

I signed the holy sign on my brows
And kissed the crucifix hid in my shroud;
As I reached the door of my husband's house
The children's clamor rose wild and loud,
And swiftly I came to the upper floor,
And ope'd, in the moonlight, the nursery door.

No lamp or fire in the icy room,
It was cold, as cold as my bed in the sod;
My two boys fought in that ghostly gloom
For a mouldy crust that a mouse had
gnawed:

"Oh, mother, mother!" my Gretchen said,
"We have been hungry since you were dead."

But what had come to my tender one,
My babe of little more than a year?
Her limbs were cold as my breast of stone,
But I hushed her weeping with—"Mother
is here;"—

My children gathered about my knees,
And held with soft fingers my draperies.

They did not fear me, my babies sweet;
I lit the fire in the cheerless stove,
And washed their faces, and hands, and feet,
And combed the golden fleeces I love,
And brought them food, and drink, and light,
And tucked them in with a last "good-night."

Then softly, softly, I took my way,
Noiselessly over the creaking stair,
Till I came to the room where their father lay,
And dreamed of his new love's yellow hair;
And I bent and whispered low in his ear,
"Our babies were cold and hungry, dear."

Thus he awoke with a sob at his heart,
 For he thought of me in the churchyard
 mould,
 And we came together—we, far apart— [cold :
 Where our children lay in the moonlight
 And he kissed their faces, and wept and said,
 "Oh, dead love, rest in your quiet bed.

"To-morrow shall these be warm and glad,
 With food and clothing, and light and wine,
 And brave toy-soldiers for each wee lad,
 And Gretchen shall nurse a dolly so fine—
 But, baby, baby, what shall we do,
 For only the mother can comfort you?"

I heard the break in his voice, and went—
 'Twould soon be cock-crow, the dawn was
 near—
 And I laid me down with a full content
 That all was well with my children dear :
 And my baby came in a month or less,
 She was far too young to be motherless.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE NUN ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

An Incident of the Franco-German War.

Dead on the corpse-strewn battle plain
 Where war's dread work is done,
 She lies, amid the heaps of slain,
 The pure and holy Nun :
 She saw the stricken soldier fall,
 And, ere the strife was o'er,
 She rushed, unheeding blade or ball,
 To staunch his flowing gore ;
 To gently raise his drooping head,
 To cool his lips of flame,
 To whisper, ere his spirit fled,
 The Saviour's Holy name,
 And on from one to one to pass
 'Midst those who, living yet,
 Lay groaning on the crimsoned grass
 Their streaming blood had wet ;
 With saintly love and tenderness
 Their suffering hearts to aid,
 Whate'er the color of the dress
 Thro' which their wounds were made,
 And—in whatever form of speech
 They prayed to God above—
 Unto their dying lips to reach
 The emblem of His love.
 But ah, the battle's thundering swell
 Had rolled not far away,
 And still the murderous missiles fell
 Where dead and dying lay :

Bullets, ill sped, came whistling by.
 Huge shot tore up the ground,
 And shells, like meteors from on high,
 Spread fresh destruction round.
 She flinched not while they hurtled past,
 Nor turned her head aside,
 But when her death-wound came at last
 She blest her God, and died.

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

Weep no more about my bed ;
 Weep no more, be comforted.
 That which pale and cold you see,
 Once was mine, but is not me :
 Kiss no more that thing of clay,
 That as garment once I wore ;
 Foul, I fling it far away,
 That it soil my soul no more,—
 That no more it close me in
 With its bands of grief and sin.

Weep no more about my bed ;
 Weep no more, be comforted.
 That which you to earth convey,
 Weeping, wailing on the way,
 Is as but an empty shell,
 As a cage whence bird is flown ;
 As a hut where one did dwell,
 Ever full of pain and moan ;
 As a mask that mocks and jeers
 'Fore a face all filled with tears.

Weep no more about my bed,
 Weep no more, be comforted,
 Now at last I live in truth,
 Now I feel unfading youth,
 Now the world's dark ways are clear,
 Now the weary wonder dies,
 Now your little doubts appear
 Mists that fail to veil the skies :—
 Now your knowledge, skill and strength,
 Childish toys appear at length.

Weep no more about my bed ;
 Weep no more, be comforted.
 He you weep you may not see,
 But he stands beside your knee ;
 He who loved you loves you still,
 Loves you with a treble power,
 Loves you with a mightier will,
 Growing, growing, every hour.
 He you clasped in arms of clay
 Tends you closely day by day.

Weep no more about my bed
 Weep no more, be comforted.
 Where I am ye soon will come;
 This, this only is our home.
 I am only gone before,
 Just a little moment's space,
 Soon upon this painless shore
 You shall see me face to face;
 Then we'll smile and wonder why
 You should weep that I should die.

CHARLES ANDERSON READ.

DIRGE.

Strew flowers on her bier;
 The fairest flower here
 Lies withered, of them all;
 Ere opening, it could yield
 The sweets that lay concealed,
 Within its calyx held in patient thrall.

A bud by rude winds broke,—
 At fortune's cruel stroke
 She shivered first, then sighed
 At the unkind assault;
 Then pitying the fault,
 She closed her eyes, and cast her pain aside.

So bring, though all their bloom
 And delicate perfume
 By her unheeded be,
 The flowers she loved so well,
 And let them, silent, tell
 In Death's cold shade, of Immortality.

The fragrant mignonette,
 The blue-eyed violet,
 White roses, heliotrope,
 The lily of the vale,
 The snow-drop, pure and pale, [Hope.
 Tuberoses, and the flower that speaks of

And humblest of them all,
 With blood-tipped coronal,
 The gold-eyed daisy bring;
 To every flower that grew
 Her heart's fond faith was true; [cling.
 Then meet it is that round her now they

Here where upon her breast
 Folded, her pale hands rest,
 Place lilies, white and pure;
 The thoughts were pure as they
 That, dove-like, brooding lay
 Above the hopes that nestled there secure.

And on that placid brow
 Whose light is veiled now,
 Shall rest the immortelle;
 Wreathed with the flower of Thought,
 And pale moss-rose buds, fraught [sleep well.
 With sweetness:—with such friends she shall

So: all is done. Compose
 Her limbs in still repose
 Nor toil nor breaks, nor strife;
 Then yield her to the clay,
 And in her coffin lay [her life.
 The hopes, frail flowers, that clustered round

MARY J. SERRANO.

DIRGE SONG.

Like the oak of the vale was thy strength and
 thy height, [flight;
 Thy foot like the erne of the mountain in
 Thy arm was the tempest of Loda's fierce
 breath, [death!
 Thy blade, like the blue mist of Lego, was
 Alas! how soon the thin cold cloud
 The hero's bloody limbs must shroud?
 I see thy father full of days,
 For thy return behold him gaze,
 The hand that rests upon the spear
 Trembles in feebleness and fear;—
 He shudders, and his bald gray brow
 Is shaking, like the aspen bough;
 He gazes till his dim eyes fail
 With gazing on the fancied sail.
 Anxious he looks,—what sudden streak
 Flits like a sunbeam o'er his cheek?
 "Joy, joy, my child, *it is* the bark
 That bounds on yonder billow-dark."
 His child looks forth with straining eye,
 And sees—the light cloud sailing by!
 His gray head shakes; how sad, how weak
 That sigh! how sorrowful that cheek!
 His bride from her slumbers will waken and
 weep,
 But when shall the hero arouse him from
 sleep?
 The yell of the staghound, the clash of the
 spear,
 May ring o'er his tomb—but the dead cannot
 hear!
 Once he wielded the sword, once he cheered
 to the hound.
 But his pleasures are past, and his slumber is
 sound:

Await not his coming, ye sons of the chase;
Day dawns, but it nerves not the dead for
the race!

Await not his coming, ye sons of the spear,
The war-song ye sing—but the dead will not
hear!

Oh! blessing be with him who sleeps in the
grave,

The leader of Lochlin, the young and the
brave!

On earth didst thou scatter the strength of
our foes;

Then blessings be thine in thy cloud of
repose

Like the oak of the vale was thy strength and
thy might,

Thy foot like the erne of the mountain in
flight

Thy arm was the tempest of Loda's fierce,
breath,

Thy blade, like the blue mist of Lego, was
death.

JOHN ANSTER.

From the Irish.

THE BURIAL.

A faint breeze is playing with flowers on the
hill,

The blue vault of summer is silent and still;
And the vale with the wild bloom of nature is
gay.

But the far hills are breathing a sorrowful lay.

As winds on the *Clairseach's* sad chords when
they stream,

As the voice of the dead on the mourner's
dark dream!

Far away, far away, from gray distance it
breaks, [wakes,

First known to the breast by the sadness it

Now lower, now louder, now longer it mourns,
Now faintly it falls, and now fitful returns;

Now near, and now nearer, it swells on the
ear,

The wild *ululua*, the death-song is near!

With slow steps, sad burthen, and wild-uttered
wail, [vale;

Maid, matron and cotter wind up from the
And loud lamentations salute the gray hill,

Where their fathers are sleeping, the silent
and still.

Wild, wildly that wail ringeth back on the
air,

From that lone place of tombs, as if spirits
were there;

O'er the silent, the still and the cold they de-
plore;

They weep for the tearless, whose sorrows are
o'er.

JAMES WILLS.

ACROSS THE GULF.*

"It I could win thee, but one hour from off the starry shore,
The hunger of my soul were stilled; for thou couldst see me
more [than all lore,"
Than all this melancholy world doth know, things deeper

So thou art safe, my own,
From all earth's evil, weariness, and pain;
From the sad spirit and the tired brain;
From the fair dreams that bring such drear
awaking,

Thy heart will rest while living hearts are
breaking.

Yet do I mourn for thee,
I try to look beyond the clinging clay,
To where, 'tis said, freed spirits soar to Day;
A bright world peopled by celestial things,
With star-crowned brows and snowy, rushing
wings.

No comfort do I find—
'Tis thee I want, thy human voice and eyes,
No wise bright angel leaning from the skies;
But my own love who held me on his breast,
In love's fair morn, caressing and caressed.

O kindest, gentlest soul,
Was that low grave beyond the prairie sea,
All that the western world could give to thee?
And I,—I left thee there to die alone!—
When will that shadow from my soul be
thrown?

Now the same path I tread,
And hear thro' silent nights the steps of
Death,
Timed by the sinking pulse and laboring
breath,
And know how dark to thee it must have
been,
That hopeless, homeless, friendless closing
scene.

* In memory of a young husband who died alone in Denver,
Colorado.

Pity me and forgive,—
 And if in all those starry realms above,
 There is a place where human hearts still
 love,
 Come to me, speak to me, give me but a sign
 That thou art living, and that thou art mine.

Then would I welcome Death ;
 Life has been harsh ; of all the gifts of Fate,
 Thy love was best, and that I learned too
 late,
 But learned it well at last, and now would give
 All I have had and hoped for, couldst thou live.

Never an answer comes
 Across the soundless space from thee to me,
 And yet, and yet, I know that I shall see
 Thy face, and hear thy voice, and clasp thy
 hand,
 Upon the threshold of that unknown land.

ANNA T. WILSON.

MARY OF CLORAH.

In the dewy April weather,
 When the tufts were on the heather,
 And the feathery larch was green,
 Mary, like the young Aurora,
 Shone amid the woods of Clorah ;
 Pride was in her stately mien.

O her laugh was like the runnel
 Bubbling in its pebbly channel
 Mid the glistening moss and fern ;
 But it hushed the stock-dove sighing,
 And it set the cuckoo flying,
 And it scared the lonely hern.

She was all alone, sweet Mary,
 Tripping like a winsome fairy
 Through the woods at break of morn,
 Laughing to herself, and singing
 Rustic snatches that went ringing
 Through the glens like laughs of scorn.

When a year had fled, the weather
 Was as fair, as fresh the heather,
 And the feathery larch as green ;
 But no pride was left in Mary,
 And the laughing, winsome fairy
 Was no more what she had been.

O'er her little babe her laughter
 Burst in fits, but sighs came after ;
 Thro' her mirth was breathed a sigh.
 Now she kissed her infant wildly,
 Now she looked upon it mildly
 Thro' the tears that dimmed her eye.

Then she murmured : " Baby mine
 Would my soul were calm as thine !
 Sleep, my darling little boy ;
 Sleep, the winds about thee moaning ;
 Sleep, nor heed thy mother groaning ;
 Sleep, my own, my only joy.

" Ah, methinks thine eyes of blue
 Are more loving, deep, and true,
 Closed beneath those silken lashes,
 Than the smiling eyes that hold
 My spirit with their glances bold ;—
 Tempest-gleams and lightning flashes.

" Would that I had never strayed,
 Wayward, in the greenwood shade,
 Singing at the break of morn !
 Those dear eyes had never dazed me,
 Those sweet words had never mazed me,—
 Would I never had been born !

" Then I saw him as a dream,
 Standing by the brawling stream,
 And I felt a sudden shiver
 Seize me as I gazed on him,—
 He was fishing by the brim
 Of the roaring mountain river.

" Then he turned, and took the breath
 From my breast that shook beneath
 Those steadfast eyes ; he smiled and then
 I was bold, and broke the spell,
 And passed on proudly. . . . well, ah ! well
 I learned to love that smile again !

" Ah, me I *never* broke the spell !—
 My love is more than I can tell ;
 It burns, it scorches . . . yet I know
 This should not be : my babe, I wrong
 Thy father, but I am not strong—
 Worn weaker by this hidden woe.

" I never broke my marriage vows ;
 Thy father is my wedded spouse ;
 And if my heart be with another,
 God knows I've striven, howe'er in vain,
 Though baffled by the blissful pain,
 I've striven this wrongful love to smother.

"Thy sweet eyes open, baby mine;
And from their depths of violet shine
Such lustrous pure of trustful love,
I am rebuked, I dare not dwell
In fancy on the baleful spell
That turns me false to thee, sweet dove!

"Well I love thee, little child,
Soothing with thy glances mild
All my trouble. Thou wilt be
My help, my angel; thou wilt make
Thy father kind for thy sweet sake,
And charm away his cruelty."

Laughing lightly, lightly sighing
O'er the babe all calmly lying
In her arms, she showered kisses
On its tender mouth and brows;
And she felt a lover's vows
Were not worth a mother's blisses.

Then a step within a wood
Stilled the beating of her blood,
And she clasped her infant tight:
In a dark tempestuous mood,
The man she loved before her stood,
And her face and lips grew white.

A man of noble gait was he,
As fair a lord as you might see;
And his frown became him well
When she rose and turned away,
And took the homeward path that lay
Among the wild flowers of the dell,

He strode on, with passion pale,
And her limbs began to fail
When he touched her trembling arm.
Then she uttered a low cry;
But he, "Have comfort; it is I;
Mary, I never meant you harm.

"I loved you with all truth; my love
Is registered in Heaven above;
I would have made you wife, I swore,
And I have never broken vow,—
Ha! there's a sadness on your brow;—
I never saw that gloom before.

"Ah me! you loved me, then? O why
Did you not trust me? I would die
To save those saddened eyes from tears.
Your doubts have made a young man old;
Such love as mine may not be told,
Nor will it fade with lapse of years."

She broke in weeping: "Woe is me!
They said you died in Italy
My mother almost starved"—then, wild
With love, and the keen agony
Of duty, sobbing bitterly,
Fled moaning, "O my child! my child!"

Long stood he there in silent woe;
And when the sun was dipping low
Behind the larches of the glen,
He knelt and wept, then passed away
Forever. Never from that day
He lingered in those woods again.

EDMUND J. ARMSTRONG.

SHANE DYMAS' DAUGHTER.

It was the eve of holy St. Bride,
The Abbey bells were ringing,
And the meek-eyed nuns at eventide
The vesper hymns were singing.
Alone, by the well of good St. Bride,
A novice fair was kneeling!
And there seem'd not o'er her soul to glide
One shade of earthly feeling.

For ne'er did that clear and sainted well
Reflect, from its crystal water,
A form more fair than the shadow that fell
From O'Niall's lovely daughter.
Her eye was bright as the blue concave,
And beaming with devotion;
Her bosom fair as the foam on the wave
Of Erin's rolling ocean.

Yet O! forgive her that starting tear;
From home and kindred riven,
Fair Kathleen, many a long, long year,
Must be the Bride of Heaven.
Her beads were told, and the moonlight shone
Sweetly on Callan Water,
When her path was cross'd by a holy nun:—
"Benedicite, fair daughter!"

Fair Kathleen started—well did she know—
O what will not love discover!
Her country's scourge, and her father's foe,—
'Twas the voice of her Saxon lover.
"Raymond!"—"Oh hush, my Kathleen dear,
My path's beset with danger;
But cast not, love, those looks of fear
Upon thy dark-hair'd stranger.

"My red roan steed's in yon Culdee grove,
My bark is out at sea, love;
My boat is moored in the ocean cove;
Then haste away with me, love!
My father has sworn my hand shall be
To Sydney's daughter given;
And thine, to-morrow, will offer thee
A sacrifice to heaven.

"But away, my love, away with me!
The breeze to the west is blowing;
And thither, across the dark-blue sea,
Are England's bravest going, [bowers
To a land where the breeze from the orange
Comes over the exile's sorrow,
Like the light-wing'd dreams of his early hours
Or his hope of a happier morrow.

"And there, in some valley's loneliness,
By wood and mountain shaded,
We'll live in the light of wedded bliss,
Till the lamp of life be faded.
Then thither with me, my Kathleen, fly!
The storms of life we'll weather,
Till in bliss beneath the western sky,
We live, love, die together!"—

"Die, Saxon, now!" At that fiend-like yell
An hundred swords are gleaming: [well,
Down the bubbling stream, from the tainted
His heart's best blood is streaming.
In vain does he doff the hood so white,
And vain his falchion flashing: [bright
Five murderous brands thro' his corselet
Within his heart are clashing.

His last groan echoing through the grove,
His life blood on the water,
He dies,—thy first and thy only love,
O'Niall's hapless daughter! [snow!
Vain, vain, was the shield of that breast of
In vain that eye beseech'd them; [blow,
Thro' his Kathleen's heart the murderous
Too deadly aimed, has reach'd him.

The spirit fled with the red, red blood
Fast gushing from her bosom;
The blast of death has blighted the bud
Of Erin's loveliest blossom!
'Tis morn; in the deepest doubt and dread
The gloomy hours are rolling;
No sound save the requiem for the dead,
Or knell of the death-bell tolling.

'Tis dead of night; not a sound is heard,
Save from the night-wind sighing;
Or the mournful moan of the midnight bird,
To yon pale planet crying.
Who names the name of his murder'd child?
What spears to the moon are glancing?
'Tis the vengeful cry of Shane Dymas wild,
His bonnacht-men advancing.

Saw ye that cloud o'er the moonlight cast,
Fire from its blackness breaking?
Heard ye that cry on the midnight blast
The voice of terror shrieking?
'Tis the fire from Ardsailach's willow'd height,
Tower and temple falling;
'Tis the groan of death, and the cry of fright,
From monks for mercy calling!

ANONYMOUS.

MAIRE NI MILLEOIN.

"Will you come where golden furze I mow,
Mo Maire ni Milleoin?"
"To bind for you I'd gladly go,
My Bliss on Earth, mine own.
To chapel, too, I would repair,
Though not to aid my soul in prayer,
But just to gaze with rapture where
You stand, *mo buchal baun*."

"Will you rove the garden glades with me,
O Flower of Maids, alone?"
"What wondrous scenes therein to see,
My Bliss on Earth, mine own?"
"The apples from green boughs to strike,
To watch the trout leap from the lake,
And caress a pretty *cailen* like
Mo Maire ni Milleoin."

"Will you seek with me the dim church aisle,
O Maire ni Milleoin?"
"What pleasant scenes to see the while,
My Bliss on Earth, mine own?"
"We'd list the chanting voice and prayer
Of foreign pastor preaching there,
O, we'd finish the marriage with my fair
White Flower of Maids alone."

She sought the dim church aisle with me,
My Bliss on Earth, most fair!
She sought the dim church aisle with me,
O grief! O burning care!

I plunged my glittering, keen-edged blade
In the bosom of that loving maid,
Till gushed her heart's blood, warm and red,
Down on the cold ground there.

"Alas! what deed is this you do?"

My Bliss on Earth, *mo store!*

What woful deed is this you do,

O youth whom I adore?

Ah, spare our child and me, my love,

And the seven lands of earth I'll rove

Ere cause of grief to you I prove

For ever—ever more!"

I bore her to the mountain peak,

The Flower of Maids, so lone,

I bore her to the mountain bleak,

My thousand woes, *mo vrone!*

I cast my *cota* round her there,

And, 'mid the murky mists of air,

I fled with bleeding feet and bare

From Maire ni Milleoin.

GEORGE SIGERSON.

From the Irish.

MAIRGRÉAD NI CHEALLEADH.*

At the dance in the village

Thy white foot was fleetest;

Thy voice mid the concert

Of maidens was sweetest;

The swell of thy white breast

Made rich lovers follow;

And thy raven hair bound them.

My Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

Thy neck was, lost maid!

Than the ceanaban whiter;

And the glow of thy cheek

Than the monadan brighter;

But Death's chain hath bound thee,

Thine eye's glazed and hollow

That shone like a sun-burst,

Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh

No more shall mine ear drink

Thy melody swelling;

Nor thy beamy eye brighten

The outlaw's dark dwelling;

Or thy soft heaving bosom

My destiny hallow,

When thine arms twine around me,

Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

* Founded on the folk tradition of Daniel O'Keefe, an outlaw, who killed his beautiful mistress, Margaret Kelly (Mairgréad ni Chealleadh), for attempting to betray him to the English soldiers.

The moss couch I brought thee

To-day from the mountain

Has drank the last drop

Of thy young heart's red fountain,

For this good *skian* beside me

Struck deep and rung hollow

In thy bosom of treason,

Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

With strings of rich pearls

Thy white neck was laden,

And thy fingers with spoils

Of the Sassenach maiden

Such rich silks enrob'd not

The proud dames of Mallow—

Such pure gold they wore not

As Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

Alas! that my loved one

Her outlaw would injure—

Alas! that he e'er proved

Her treason's avenger!

That this right hand should make thee

A bed cold and hollow,

When in Death's sleep it laid thee,

Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh!

And while to this lone cave

My deep grief I'm venting

The Saxon's keen bandog

My footsteps is scenting!

But true men await me

Afar in Duhallow,—

Farewell, cave of slaughter,

And Mairgréad ni Chealleadh!

EDWARD WALSH.

From the Irish.

THE WEXFORD MASSACRE.*

They knelt around the Cross divine,

The matron and the maid—

They bowed before redemption's sign

And fervently they prayed—

Three hundred fair and helpless ones,

Whose crime was this alone—

Their valiant husbands, sires, and sons,

Had battled for their own.

Had battled bravely, but in vain—

The Saxon won the fight,

And Irish corpses strewed the plain

Where Valor slept with Right.

* In the City of Wexford, 1798.

And now that Man of demon guilt,
To fated Wexford flew—
The red blood reeking on his hilt,
Of hearts to Erin true!

He found them there—the young, the old—
The maiden and the wife;
Their guardian Brave in death were cold,
Who dared for *them* the strife.
They prayed for mercy—God on high!
Before *thy* cross they prayed,
And ruthless Cromwell bade them die
To glut the Saxon blade!

Three hundred fell—the stifled prayer
Was quenched in woman's blood;
Nor youth nor age could move to spare
From slaughter's crimson flood.
But nations keep a stern account
Of deeds that tyrants do;
And guiltless blood to Heaven will mount,
And Heaven avenge it too!

MICHAEL J. BARRY.

KATHLEEN BAN ADAIR.

The battle blood of Antrim had not dried on
freedom's shroud,
And the rosy ray of morning was but struggling
thro' the cloud;
When, with lightning foot and deathly cheek,
and wildly waving hair,
O'er grass and dew, scarce breathing, flew
young Kathleen ban Adair.

Behind, her native Antrim in a reeking ruin
lies; [waters rise;
Before her, like a silvery path, Kell's sleeping
And many a pointed shrub has pierc'd those
feet so white and bare,
But, oh! thy heart is deeper rent, young Kathleen
ban Adair.

And Kathleen's heart but one week since was
like a harvest morn;
When hope and joy are kneeling 'round the
sheaf of yellow corn;
But where's the bloom then made her cheek
so ripe, so richly fair?
Thy stricken heart hath fed on it, young Kathleen
ban Adair.

And now she gains a thicket, where the sloe
and hazel rise;
But why those shrieking whispers, like a rust
of worded sighs?

Ah! low and lonely bleeding lies a wounded
patriot there,
And every pang of his is thine, young Kathleen
ban Adair.

"I see them, oh! I see them, in a fearful red
array;
The yeomen, love! the yeomen come—ah,
Heaven! away—away!
I know—I know they mean to track my lion
to his lair;
Ah! save thy life—ah! save it for thy Kathleen
ban Adair."

"May Heaven shield thee, Kathleen! when
my soul has gone to rest;
May comfort rear her temple in thy pure and
faithful breast;
But to fly them—oh! to fly them, like a bleeding,
hunted hare;
No! not to purchase Heaven, with my Kathleen
ban Adair.

"I loved, I love thee, Kathleen, in my bosom's
warmest core
And Erin, injured Erin, oh! I loved thee even
more;
And death, I feared him little when I drove
him through their square,
Nor now, though eating at my heart, my Kathleen
ban Adair."

With feeble hand his blade he grasp'd, yet
dark with spoilers' blood;
And then, as though with dying bound, once
more erect he stood;
But scarcely had he kissed the cheek, so pale,
so purely fair,
When flash'd their bayonets round him and
his Kathleen ban Adair;

Then up arose his trembling, yet his dreaded
hero's hand,
And up arose, in struggling sounds, his cheers
for motherland;
A thrust—a rush—their foremost falls; but,
ah! good God! see there—
Thy lover's quivering at thy feet, young Kathleen
ban Adair!

But, Heavens! men, what recked he then
your heartless taunts and blows,
When from his lacerated heart ten dripping
bayonets rose?

And, maiden, thou with frantic hands, what
boots it kneeling there?
The winds heed not thy yellow locks, young
Kathleen ban Adair.

Oh! what were tears, or shrieks, or swoons,
but shadows of the rest
When torn was frantic Kathleen from the
slaughtered hero's breast?
And hardly had his last-heaved sigh grown
cold upon the air,
When, oh! of all but life they robb'd young
Kathleen ban Adair!

But whither now shall Kathleen fly?—already
is she gone;
Thy water, Kells, is tempting fair, and thither
speeds she on;
A moment on its blooming banks she kneels
in hurried prayer—
Now in its wave she finds a grave, poor Kath-
leen ban Adair!

FRANCIS DAVIS.

THE ORANGEMAN'S WIFE.

I wander by the limpid shore,
When fields and flow'ets bloom;
But, oh! my heart is sad and sore—
My soul is sunk in gloom—
All day I cry ohone! ohone!
I weep from night till morn—
I wish that I were dead and gone,
Or never had been born.

My father dwelt beside Tyrone,
And with him children five;
But I to Charlemont had gone,
At service there to live.
O brothers fond! O sister dear!
How ill I paid your love!
O father! father! how I fear
To meet thy soul above!

My mother left us long ago,
A lovely corpse was she;
But we had longer days of woe
In this sad world to be.
My weary days will soon be done,
I pine in grief forlorn;
I wish that I were dead and gone,
Or never had been born.

It was the year of Ninety-eight,
The wreckers came about;
They burned my father's stack of wheat,
And drove my brothers out;
They forced my sister to their lust—
God grant my father rest!
For the captain of the wreckers thrust
A bayonet through his breast.

It was a dreadful, dreadful year;
And I was blindly led,
In love, and loneliness, and fear,
A loyal man to wed;
And still my heart is his alone,
It breaks, but cannot turn:
I wish that I were dead and gone,
Or never had been born.

Next year we lived in quiet love,
And kissed our infant boy;
And peace had spread her wings above
Our dwelling at the Moy
And then my wayworn brothers came
To share our peace and rest
And poor lost Rose, to hide her shame
And sorrow in my breast.

They came, but soon they turned and fled—
Preserve my soul, O God
It was my husband's hand, they said,
That shed my father's blood.
All day I cry ochone! ochone!
I weep from night till morn;
And O, that I were dead and gone,
Or never had been born!

"CARROLL MALONE."

PART XII.

MEMORIAL POEMS.

Give me again my harp of yew—
In consecrated soil 'twas grown;
Shut out the day-star from my view,
And leave me with the night alone!
The children of this modern land
May deem our ancient custom vain;
But aye responsive to my hand
The harp must pour the funeral strain.

It was of old a sacred rite,
A debt of honor freely paid
To champions fallen in the fight,
And scholars known in peaceful shade.
Alas! that rite should now be claimed,
O world, for one we least can spare;
Whose name by us was never named
Without its meed of praise or prayer.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

MEMORIAL POEMS.

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT?

Shall the Harp then be silent, when he who
first gave

To our country a name, is withdrawn from
all eyes?

Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by the
grave,

Where the first—where the last of her
Patriots lies? *

No—faint though the death-song may fall from
his lips,

Though his Harp, like his soul, may with
shadows be crost,

Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's
eclipse,

And proclaim to the world what a star hath
been lost ;—

What a union of all the affections and powers

By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refined,
Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre
was ours,

While its mighty circumference circled
mankind!

O, who that loves Erin, or who that can see,
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch
sublime—

Like a pyramid raised in the desert—where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all
time,

That *one* lucid interval, snatch'd from the
gloom

And the madness of ages, when fill'd with
his soul,

A nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her
doom,

And for *one* sacred instant touch'd Liberty's
goal?

* *Grattan.*

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drank
at the source

Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring the fire and
the force,

And the yet untamed spring of her spirit
are shown?

An eloquence rich, wheresoever its wave

Wander'd free and triumphant, with
thoughts that shone through,

As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and
gave,

With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who that ever approach'd him, when free from
the crowd,

In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and
which bow'd,

As if each brought a new civic crown for his
head—

Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit
of life

But at distance observed him—through
glory, through blame,

In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of
strife,

Whether shining or clouded, still high and
the same?—

O no, not a heart, that e'er knew him, but
mourns

Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory
is shrined—

O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong
the urns

Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of man-
kind!

THOMAS MOORE.

GRATTAN.

God works thro' man, not hills or snows!
 In man, not men, is the godlike power;
 The man, God's potentate, God foreknows;
 He sends him strength at the destined hour.
 His spirit he breathes into one deep heart:
 His cloud he bids from one life depart:
 A Saint!—and a race is to God re-born!
 A Man!—one man makes a nation's morn!

A man, and the blind land by slow degrees
 Gains sight! A man, and the deaf land
 hears!

A man, and the dumb land like wakening seas
 Thunders low dirges in proud, dull ears!
 One man, and the People, a three days' corse,
 Stands up, and the grave-bands fall off per-
 force;

One man, and the nation in height a span.
 To the measure ascends of the perfect man.

Thus wept unto God the land of Eire;
 Yet there rose no man, and her hope was
 dead:

In the ashes she sat of a burned-out fire,
 And sackcloth was over her queenly head.
 But a man in her latter days arose;
 A deliverer stepped from the camp of her
 foes;

He spake; the great and the proud gave way,
 And the dawn began which shall end in day!

AUBREY T. DE VERE.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

O! breathe not his name—let it sleep in the
 shade,

Where cold and unhonored his relics are
 laid!

Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we
 shed,

As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er
 his head!

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in silence it
 weeps,

Shall brighten with verdure the grave where
 he sleeps;

And the tear that we shed, tho' in secret it
 rolls,

Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

THOMAS MOORE.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD
BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Yes, grief will have way—but the fast-falling
 tear

Shall be mingled with deep execration on
 those

Who could bask in that spirit's meridian
 career,

And leave it thus lonely and dark at its
 close:

Whose vanity flew round him only while fed
 By the odor his fame in its Summer-time
 gave;

Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the
 dead,

Like the ghoul of the East, comes to feed
 at his grave.

Oh, it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hol-
 low

And spirits so mean in the great and high
 born;

To think what a long line of titles may fol-
 low

The relics of him who died friendless and
 lone!

How proud they can press to the funeral
 array

Of one whom they shunned in his sickness
 and sorrow;

How the bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-
 day

Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-
 morrow.

And thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's
 dream,*

Incoherent and gross, even grosser had
 passed,

Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving
 beam

Which his friendship and wit o'er thy noth-
 ingness cast,—

No, not for the wealth of the land that sup-
 plies thee

With millions to heap upon Foppery's
 shrine;—

No, not for the riches of all who despise
 thee,

Though this would make Europe's whole
 opulence mine,

* The Prince of Wales, afterward George the Fourth

Would I suffer what—even in the heart that
thou hast,

All mean as it is—must have consciously
burned,

When the pittance which shame had wrung
from thee at last,

And which found all his wants at an end,
was returned.

"Was *this* then the fate," future ages will say,
When *some* names shall live but in history's
curse;

When Truth will be heard, and those lords of
a day

Be forgotten as fools, or remembered as
worse—

"Was *this* then the fate of that high-gifted
man—

The pride of the palace, the bow'r, and the
hall—

The orator—dramatist—minstrel—who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was
master of all!

"Whose mind was an essence, compounded
with art

From the finest and best of all other men's
pow'rs;

Who ruled like a wizard the world of the
heart,

And could call up its sunshine or bring
down its show'rs;

"Whose humor, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
Play'd round every subject, and shone as it
played;

Whose wit, in the combat as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its
blade;

"Whose eloquence—bright'ning whatever it
tried,

Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the
grave—

Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave."

Yes—such was the man, and so wretched his
fate; [grieve,

And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of
the great,

And expect 'twill return to refresh them at
eve.

In the woods of the North there are insects
that prey

On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh,
O genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains and then leave thee
to die.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclos'd his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him,

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the
dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone
But we left him alone with his glory!

CHARLES WOLFE.

THE BIRTH-NIGHT.

Moore Centennial in Boston, 1879.

Strike a jubilant chord, O Earth, for the birth
of the Poet!

Welcome his conquering feet with harmony
vibrant and strong;

Arch of the smiling sky, and blue sea-ripple
below it,

Welcome his conquering feet, who comes
in the glory of song.

Flush of the incoming day, and glowing of
sunset splendor,

Silent feet of the night treading her
shining ways,

Crooning of summer winds in lullaby dreamy
and tender,

Welcome the birth of the poet with pæans
of triumph and praise.

For he is the breath of thy soul, the pulse of
the heart of thy being,

He is the voice of thy voice which speaks
from the leaf and sod,

Falling as healing and balm on spirit and
eyes unseeing,

And changing their darkness to light, like
the touch of the chrism of God.

O windswept harp of Innisfail,
Wake from thy sleep to-night.

Not faint with sorrow's lingering wail,
But glad with life's delight!

For he who gave thy notes to fame
And love and joy of yore,

Brings the fair glory of his name
To wreath thy strings once more.

His glory! Ay! The statesman's hand
May fail with failing breath, brand,
The thoughts which nerved the patriot's
Go down with him in death;

But he whose song divine can thrill
A nation's depths, shall last

Through every phase of doubt or ill,
Immortal as her past.

Thou soul of love! Thou heart of fire!
That flamed for Erin's sake;

Whose light bade each fond hope aspire,
Whose warmth kept life awake,—

If, at thy name, the thought which starts
Finds voice in faltering phrase,

'Tis that we hold thee in our hearts
Too deep for idle praise.

But while across Avoca's vale

The shades of fancy rest,

While the last roses fade and pale

Above the summer's breast,—

While valor lives, or young love thrills

The changeful moods of men,

The charm which all thy music fills

Shall live and breathe again.

And we, who of the whole broad earth
Can never quite forget

That race and creed and common birth

Have brought thee nearer yet,— [known,

Thus hail thee whom their souls have

Thus hold thy memory shrined,

Thy spirit for thy land alone,

Thy fame for all mankind!

MARY E. BLAKE.

THOMAS DAVIS—HIS LIFE, HIS DEATH,
HIS WORK.

I walked thro' Ballinderry in the springtime,
When the bud was on the tree;

And I said, in every fresh-ploughed field
beholding

The sowers striding free,
Scattering broadcast forth the corn in golden
plenty,

On the quick seed-clasping soil,
Even such, this day, among the fresh-stirred
hearts of Erin,

Thomas Davis, is thy toil!

I sat by Ballyshannon in the summer,
And saw the salmon leap;

And I said as I beheld the gallant creatures
Spring glittering from the deep,

Thro' the spray and thro' the prone heaps
striving onward

To the calm, clear streams above,
So seekest thou thy native founts of freedom,
Thomas Davis,

In thy brightness of strength and love!

I stood on Derrybawn in the autumn,

And I heard the eagle call, [tion

With a clangorous cry of wrath and lamenta-
That filled the wild mountain hall [cyrie,

O'er the bare deserted place of his plundered
And I said, as he screamed and soared,

So callest thou, thou wrathful-soaring Thomas
Davis,

For a nation's rights restored!

And, alas! to think but now and thou art lying.
 Dear Davis, dead at thy mother's knee;
 And I, no mother near, on my own sick bed.
 That face on earth shall never see. [ing,
 I may lie and try to feel that I'm not dream-
 I may lie and try to say "Thy will be done."
 But a hundred such as I will never comfort
 Erin
 For the loss of her noble son!

Young husbandman of Erin's faithful seed-
 time,

In the fresh track of danger's plough!
 Who will walk the heavy, toilsome, perilous
 furrow,

Girt with freedom's seed sheets now?
 Who will banish with the wholesome crop of
 knowledge

The flaunting weed and the bitter thorn,
 Now that thou thyself art but a seed for hope-
 ful planting
 Against the resurrection morn?

Young salmon of the flood-tide of freedom
 That swells round Erin's shore, [torrent
 Thou wilt leap against their loud oppressive
 Of hate and bigotry no more! [instinct,
 Drawn downward by their prone material
 Let them thunder on their rocks and foam;
 Thou hast leaped, aspiring soul, to founts
 beyond the raging,
 Where troubled waters never come!

But I grieve not, eagle of the empty eyrie,
 That thy wrathful cry is still,
 And that the songs alone of peaceful mourners
 Are heard to-day on Erin's hill;
 Better far if brothers' war be destined for us,
 (God avert that horrid day, I pray!)
 That ere our hands be stained with slaughter
 fratricidal
 Thy warm heart should be cold in clay!

But my trust is strong in God, who made us
 brothers,

That he will not suffer those right hands
 Which thou hast joined in holier rites than
 wedlock,

To draw opposing brands. [vocal
 Oh, many a tuneful tongue that thou mad'st
 Would lie cold and silent then;

And songless long once more should often-
 widowed Erin
 Mourn the loss of her brave young men

Oh, brave young men, my love, my pride, my
 'Tis on you my hopes are set, [promise,
 In manliness, in kindness, in justice,
 To make Erin a nation yet.
 Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,
 In union or in severance free and strong,
 And if God grant this, then, under God, to
 Thomas Davis
 Let the greater praise belong.

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

TOM MOORE.

A Centennial Ode, 1879.

Weave a crown for the bard of the evergreen
 oak!

Who, when Innisfallen lay captive in gyves,
 Seized the harp of his land and such melodies
 woke

That each of their measures immortal
 survives:

Twenty lustrums have fled since the minstrel
 first came

With music to lighten his motherland's
 wrongs,

Yet the lapse of the years has but hallowed
 his fame,

The passage of time only mellowed his
 songs.

Like to children who lift pearly shells from
 the shore

To listen to tidings from far-away mains,
 So we take up his harp that is voiceless no
 more,

And wait for the songs which we know it
 retains:

And we marvel what sweetness, oh, minstrel,
 was thine,

What power of enchantment, what magic of
 word,

For the echoes we catch of thy music divine
 Surpass all the strains that our ears ever
 heard.

And we baffle not the bard if, when struggles
 were void,

He lost for the moment remembrance of
 pain,

While he sang of the past till men's hearts
 overjoyed,

Forgot in its glories the weight of their
 chain;

In the deluge of blood which his forefathers
shed

Was written their love for the freedom of
man,

And the bard who sang pæans of praise for
the dead

Continued the struggle those heroes began.

* * * * *

Like the murmurs of breezes in spice-scented
groves,

Like purling of brooklets through odorous
plains,

Are the songs of this harp when they whisper
their loves

In words which re-echo the passionate
strains;

But the strings which vibrate to a lover's
complaint

Can answer the sweep of a patriot's hand,
And the voice which love renders submis-
sively faint

Can thrill with the tones of a leader's
command.

Though, Devizes, thy willows weep over the
dust

Of him unto whom all this homage belongs;

It is only his ashes you hold in your trust,

His spirit survives in the rhythm of his
songs;

And as long as the language his poems
enrich,

As long as the land that he loved may
endure,

Will the voice of her people decree the first
niche [Moore.

In the temple of song to the minstrel, Tom
WILLIAM D. KELLY.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

Ah, would to God his grave had been

On mountain side, in glen, or plain,

Beneath the turf kept soft and green

By wind and sunshine, dew and rain;

That men and maids, in after years,

Might come where slept the true and brave,

And plant, and wet with flooding tears,

The Irish shamrock on his grave;

That warriors, poets, patriots, there

Might often come to muse and pray,

Within the genius-haunted air,

Above that mound of honored clay—

Above that pulseless heart, once warm

With many a high and grand desire,

That mouldering brain, in calm or storm,

Once radiant with celestial fire.

It may not be—it may not be!

No sign shall rise those relics o'er—

The river wild, the restless sea,

Will hide and hold them evermore.

We can but pray, in faith's fond light,

God rest his soul, the true and brave,

Whose mortal part went down that night,

Beneath Missouri's turbid wave!

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN.

CLARENCE MANGAN.

"Oft, with tears, I've groined to God for pity, -

Oft gone wandering till my way grew dim, -

Oft sang unto Him a prayerful ditty, -

Oft all lonely in this throngful city,

Raised my soul to Him!

And from path to path His mercy tracked me,

From many a peril snatched He me;

When false friends pursued, betrayed, attacked me,

When gloom overdarked, and sickness racked me,

He was by to save and free."

MANGAN.

Yes! happy friend, the cross was thine; 'tis
o'er a sea of tears

Predestined souls must ever sail, to reach
their native spheres;

May Christ, the Crowned of Calvary, who died
upon a tree,

Bequeath His tearful chalice and the bitter
cross to me!

The darken'd land is desolate—a wilderness
of graves!

Our purest hearts are prison-bound, our exiles
on the waves;

Gaunt Famine stalks the blasted plains—the
pestilential air

O'erhangs the gasp of breaking hearts, or
stillness of despair.

The ebbing blood of Ireland is shed by foreign
streams,

Where our kinsmen wake lamenting when
they see her in their dreams;

O! happy are the peaceful dead!—'tis not for
thee we weep,

Whose troubled spirit rests at length in calmly
laurelled sleep.

No chains are on thy folded hands, no tears
 bedim thine eyes,
 But round thee bloom celestial flowers in ever
 tranquil skies;
 While o'er our dreams thy mystic songs, faint,
 sad, and solemn, flow,
 Like light that left the distant stars ten
 thousand years ago.

If any shade of earthliness bedimmed thy
 spirit's wings,
 Well cleansed thou art in sorrow's ever-salu-
 tary springs;
 And even bitter suffering, and still more bit-
 ter sin,
 Shall only make a soul like thine more beauti-
 ful within.

For every wound that humbles, if it do not
 all destroy,
 Shall nerve the heart for nobler deeds, and
 fit for purer joy;
 As the demigod of fable-land, as olden legends
 say,
 Rose up more strong and valorous each time
 he touched the clay.

Tears deck the soul with virtues, as soft rains
 the flowery sod,
 And the inward eyes are purified for clearer
 dreams of God;
 'Tis sorrow's hand the temple-gates of holi-
 ness unbars;
 By day we only see the earth, 'tis night re-
 veals the stars.

Alas! alas! the minstrel's fate!—his life is
 short and drear,
 And if he win a wreath at last, 'tis but to
 shade a bier;
 His harp is fed with wasted life—to tears its
 numbers flow—
 And strung with chords of broken hearts is
 Dreamland's splendid woe!

O Father of the harmonies eternally that
 roll
 Life, light and love to trillioned sons, receive
 the Poet's soul!
 And bear him in Thy bosom from this vale of
 tears and storms,
 To swell the sphere-hymns thundered from
 the rushing starry swarms.

Sleep, happy friend! The cross was thine: 'tis
 o'er a sea of tears
 Predestined souls must ever sail to reach their
 native spheres.
 May Christ, the Crowned of Calvary, who died
 upon a tree,
 Vouchsafe His tearful chalice and the bitter
 cross to me.

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

From a "Lament for Clarence Mangan."

MITCHEL—1875.

On the kind bosom of his own loved land,
 After long years of passionate unrest,
 In far-off climes, by strange Australian strand,
 Or 'mid the tumults of the strong, free West;
 After long years of bold, unceasing strife
 For one dear thing—his country's liberty,
 The dream and purpose of his stainless life—
 He sank in peaceful slumber, and was free.

Free! He was ever free! Though fetters bound,
 And power threatened from a frowning
 throne;
 Tho' dungeons closed upon him, and the sound
 Of gyves went with him to the farthest
 zone,—

Yet his proud soul no thralldom ever knew;
 The eagle, soaring in the summer sky,
 Was not more free, lord of the boundless blue,
 Than he in hard and stern captivity!

The metal of his mind was truest steel,
 Tempered in honor's incandescent flame;
 His heart pure gold, whereon the glowing seal
 And stamp of Truth shone evermore the
 same:

Kingly he was in all that should become
 A monarch ruling for the right alone;
 No high, proud spirit of imperial Rome
 Was bolder, loftier, statelier than his own.

O, Erin, Mecca of his faithful love,
 O sad, fair land, whereto he ever turned,
 From northern shores, where wintry tempests
 strove,
 Or southern glades, where tropic splendors
 burned,

Homeward to thee at length in age he went,
 Eager to lead once more the gallant fight,
 A time-worn chief, with manhood's vigor
 spent,

But ardent still, and dauntless for the right!

Homeward to lift the dear old flag once more
And fold it round and round his glowing
heart;

To speak brave words, and speak them o'er
and o'er,

Though each should draw from foes a fatal
dart:—

Homeward to thee, O land he loved so well,
To die for thee, if death could serve or save:
Loyal and staunch and brave what'er befell,
And proud to take thy last sad gift—a grave!

And this thou gavest, Erin, this at last—
But first a noble garland thou did'st make,
And fondly set upon him ere he passed
Forever hence, a martyr for thy sake—
A garland twined of honor's brightest bays,
Woven by hands that never shrank in strife,
Then witnessed in the closing of his days
The perfect rounding of a peerless life!

Peace to his soul!—great soul that ne'er could
brook

One fawning thought or sycophantic word;
Heroic soul, that loftily forsook

All ways save those where Truth's clear
voice was heard—

Peace and sweet rest! Where Ulster airs are
bland,

Calmly he slumbers now with kindred dust,
Leaving to thee, O mourning Motherland,
His life's grand lesson as a sacred trust!

Immortal names adorn thy patriot scroll,
O sad-eyed land of suffering and song,
And splendor gilds the honorable roll
Of sons who sought to save thee from the
strong;

But none e'er lived and died for thee alone
That loved thee, served thee, strove for thee
always,

With heart more true, or soul of statelier tone,
Than he who sleeps by Newry's shades to-
day.

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

O'CONNELL.

1829.

Into the senate swept the mighty chief,
Like some great ocean wave across the bar
Of intercepting rock, whose jagged reef
But frets the victor whom it cannot mar.
Into the Senate his triumphal car

Rushed like a conqueror's thro' the broken
gates

Of some fallen city, whose defenders are
Powerful no longer to resist their fates,
But yield at last to him, whom wondering
Fame awaits.

And as "sweet foreign Spencer" might have
sung,

Yoked to the car, two winged steeds were
seen,

With eyes of fire, and flashing hoofs outflung,
As if Apollo's coursers they had been.

These were quick Thought and Eloquence, I
ween,

Bounding together with impetuous speed,
While overhead there waved a flag of green,
Which seemed to urge still more each flying
steed,

Until they reached the goal the hero had
decreed.

There at his feet a captive wretch lay bound,
Hideous, deformed, of baleful countenance,
Whom, as his blood-shot eyeballs glared
around,

As if to kill with their malignant glance,
I knew to be the fiend Intolerance.

But now no longer had he power to slay,
For Freedom touched him with Ithuriel's
His horrid form revealing by its ray, [lance,
And showed how foul a fiend the world could
once obey.

Then followed after him a numerous train
Each bearing trophies of the field he won:
Some the white wand, and some the civic
In golden letters glist'ning in the sun; [chain,
Some—for the reign of justice had begun—
The ermine robes that soon would be the prize
Of spotless lives that all pollution shun,
And some in mitred pomp, with upturned eyes
And grateful hearts invoked a blessing from
the skies.

1875.

If in the rising hopes of recent years
A mighty sound reverberates in our ears,
And myriad voices in one cry unite,
For restoration of a ravished right,
'Tis the great echo of that thunder-blast
On Tara pealed, or mightier Mullaghmast.
If art and letters are more widely spread,
A Nile o'erflowing from its fertile bed,
Spreading the rich alluvium whence are given

Harvests for earth and amaranth flowers for
heaven;

If Science still, in not unholy walls, [halls,
Sets its high chair, and dares unchartered
And still ascending, ever heavenward soars,
While capped Exclusion slowly opens its doors,
It is his breath that speeds the spreading tide,
It is his hand the long-locked door throws
wide.

Where'er we turn, the same effect we find,—
O'Connell's voice still speaks his country's
mind.

Therefore we gather to his birthday feast,
Prelate and peer, the people and the priest;
Therefore we come, in one united band,
To hail in him the hero of the land,
To bless his memory, and with loud acclaim
To all the winds, on all the wings of fame,
Waft to the listening world the great O'Con-
nell's name.

DENIS FLORENCE McCARTHY.

From "O'Connell Centennial Ode, 1875."

TO THE MEMORY OF FATHER PROUT.

In deep dejection, but with affection,
I often think of those pleasant times;
In the days of "Frazer," ere I touched a razor,
How I read and revelled in thy racy rhymes;
When in wine and wassail, we to thee were
vassal.

Of "Water-grass Hill," O renowned "P. P."
May the bells of Shandon
Toll blithe and bland on
The pleasant waters of thy memory!

Full many a ditty, both wise and witty,
In this social city have I heard since then—
(With the glass before me, how the dreams
come o'er me,

Of those Attic suppers and those vanished
men!)
But no song hath woken, whether sung or
spoken,

Or hath left a token of such joy in me,
As "the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee."

The songs melodious, which—a new Harmo-
dus—

"Young Ireland" wreathed round its rebel
sword,

With their deep vibrations and aspirations,
Fling a glorious madness o'er the festive
board!

But to me seems sweeter, with a tone com-
pleter,

The melodious metre that we owe to thee—
Of the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a grave that rises on thy sward,
Devizes,

Where Moore lies sleeping from his land
afar;

And a white stone flashes o'er Goldsmith's
ashes

In the quiet cloisters by Temple Bar;
So where'er thou sleepest, with a love that's
deepest,

Shall thy land remember thy sweet song
and thee,

While the bells of Shandon
Shall sound so grand on

The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

DENIS FLORENCE McCARTHY.

DENIS FLORENCE McCARTHY.

Nevermore your heart will weary,
Waiting for the May,
Nevermore, sweet Celtic singer,
March and April, when they linger,
Will appear as dark and dreary
As they did that day,
When your sighing heart was weary,
Waiting for the May.

Peace attend your soul that slumbers
While awakes the May!

In our eyes the tear-drops glisten,
In the meadows as we listen
For the sweetness of your numbers
Which have passed away—
With your gentle soul that slumbers
While awakes the May.

Nay! we wrong you who, when living,
Waited for the May;

When we say your spirit slumbers,
Since the echoes of its numbers,
Without shadow of misgiving,
In this world delay;

And we wrong you who, when living,
Waited for the May.

To the buttercups and daisies
 In the meads of May.
 Every breeze that lightly passes
 Where these spring amid the grasses,
 Of your virtues and your praises
 Sings a tuneful lay;
 To the buttercups and daisies
 In the meads of May.

In the sobbing of the ocean,
 All this month of May:
 We shall hear your verse undying
 Where the hardy seamew, flying
 In its swift and graceful motion,
 Seeks the lower bay;
 In the sobbing of the ocean,
 All this month of May.

Could we only be translated
 Where you are this May;
 Could we see the fields elysian
 Which have opened on your vision,
 We would know your heart that waited
 Was content to-day:
 Could we only be translated
 Where you are this May.

Nevermore there will you weary,
 Waiting for the May;
 Nevermore, sweet Irish singer,
 March and April, when they linger,
 Will appear as dark and dreary
 As they did the day,
 When your sighing heart grew weary,
 Waiting for the May.

WILLIAM D. KELLY.

GOD BLESS THE BRAVE!

God bless the brave! the brave alone
 Were worthy to have done the deed;
 A soldier's hand has raised the stone,
 Another traced the lines men read,
 Another set the guardian rail
 Above thy minstrel—Inisfail!*

A thousand years ago—ah! then
 Had such a harp in Erin ceased,
 His cairn had met the eyes of men,
 By every passing hand increas'd.
 God bless the brave! not yet the race
 Could coldly pass his resting-place.

* On the occasion of a grand state at the grave of Richard
 Dutton Williams, near New Orleans, by Companies C and K
 of the 141st New Hampshire Volunteers, during the war for
 the Union.

True have ye writ, ye fond and leal,
 And, if the lines would stand so long,
 Until the archangel's trumpet peal
 Should wake the silent son of song,
 Broad on his breast he still might wear
 The praises ye have planted there!

Let it be told to old and young,
 At home, abroad, at fire, at fair,
 Let it be written, spoken, sung,
 Let it be sculptured, pictured fair,
 How the young braves stood, weeping, round
 Their exiled poet's ransom'd mound!

How lowly knelt, and humbly pray'd
 The lion-hearted brother band
 Around the monument they made
 For him who sang the Fatherland!—
 A scene of scenes, where glory's shed
 Both on the living and the dead!

Sing on, ye gifted! never yet
 Has such a spirit sung in vain;
 No change can teach us to forget
 The burden of that deathless strain;
 Be true, like him, and to your graves
 Time yet shall lead his youthful braves!

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE

GOLDSMITH'S GRAVE.

I love this quiet Temple nook,
 This ancient haunt of wren and rook,
 Thick writ with legends like a book.

Dark-circled in the town it lies,
 Above it loom the misty skies,
 Outside the songs of commerce rise.

Ten paces from the battling stre
 Lurks the old-fashioned, quaint retreat,
 A land of murmurs loud and sweet.

Afar the yellow river gleams,
 Within there is a sound of streams,
 An island lulled in dreams it seems.

There, open to the sun and rain,
 There, alien unto tears and pain,
 There, whilst the seasons wax or wane,

Rich-hearted Goldsmith takes his rest,
 Earth's silent, unobtrusive guest,
 Between the sunrise and the West.

Great gable roofs rise all around,
 Their tops in clouds of vapor drowned;
 Vast shadows floor the level ground.

A fountain sings, and, when it stops,
 Bell-like from out a privet copse
 The robin's benediction drops.

Bravely he sleeps, and never knows
 When Spring comes flying o'er the snows,
 When Summer wears her palm and rose.

The ages change: unconscious, he,
 Divorced from this reality,
 Lives in fair immortality.

His genius, ripe and secular,
 To us is no cloud-brooding star:
 God knoweth how it flames afar—

How, risen above this misty state,
 Moved by an impulse swift and straight,
 It burns at heaven's magnific gate.

Ah! dear, dear poet, lord of heart,
 Master and mystery of art,
 In thee the Graces were apart.

Couched in a cell of vulgar clay
 Thy soul's irradiant beauty lay,
 A sepulchre from day to day.

But ever in thy noblest theme,
 Ever in thy heart's sweetest dream,
 Ireland and Auburn were thy theme.

The two were one; and she who passed
 Gathering weeds, where lilies glassed
 Their faces, and the whirlpools massed

Their currents, was a subtle thought
 Of Ireland cursed and overwrought,
 Of Ireland cursed and wrongly sought.

Others, indeed, have sung a strain
 Of terror, passion, peace, or pain;
 They've passed away—thy songs remain.

Here in this quiet Sabbath light,
 Whilst the sad trees are gold and bright,
 I stand, no priest, no Sybarite,

Beside thy grave, thy lonely urn,
 Whilst all the trees, that flame and burn,
 Despondent o'er thine ashes mourn.

JOHN F. O'DONNELL.

ROBERT EMMET.

In the darkness of defeat,
 In the midnight of despair,
 Ireland, struggling to her feet,
 Gasp'd for Freedom's light and air.
 Dead the fires of 'Ninety-eight,
 In her best blood's torrents quench'd,
 And within the nation's gate
 Firmer was the foe entrench'd.—
 One more effort, fierce and brave,
 For Liberty, had failed to save.

Drugged with misery, weak with pain,
 The remnant of her rights they stole;
 And, sinking 'neath oppression's strain,
 They hold her captive and in dole.
 O who will burst her dungeon's door?
 Brutal tyrants hold the key:—
 Who will lift her from the floor?
 Who will set the captive free?—
 Be savior of a land so fair?—
 Emmet answers, "I will dare!"

Glorious Emmet! from thy soul
 The God of Justice strikes the spark
 That lights a people to the goal
 Of Freedom, through Egyptian dark;—
 Gives thy brave arm, tho' young, the power
 To lift a prostrate nation up,
 Revive her in extremest hour,
 Hold to her lips the strengthening cup!
 Vice-regent of the God of Right,
 Let thy young arm the despot smite!

The beauty of thy youthful face,
 The quenchless courage of thine eyes,
 Are but the faint reflected grace
 Of soul anointed from the skies,
 Surcharged with swift celestial fire
 To give a dying nation life,
 And consecrate the brave desire
 To never cease the glorious strife
 Till tyrants shrink from Freedom's sun,
 And the martyr's mission's won.

Thy monument,—ten million hearts,
 All warm and throbbing like thine own!
 To dolts and despots leave the arts
 Of memory-marking brass and stone;
 Deep branded is thy epitaph
 Across thy country's mind and soul,—
 The sun illuminates but half
 The world—thy fame surrounds the whole!
 And on our roll of martyrs prized,
 Emmet, thou art the canonized!

Emmet, let the minstrel's song
 Croon no nerveless dirge for thee;
 Like thy courage, be it strong.
 Like thy fearless spirit, free—
 Strong to lift a drooping land,
 Thrill it with Promethean fire;
 Scorn—thy scorn—should blast the hand
 That dared to strike a dismal lyre!
 No weak regrets for soul like thine
 Shall e'er be moaned by muse of mine.

England's flag is Ireland's pall,—
 Brothers, from the bending skies
 Emmet watches for its fall,
 In its place the Harp to rise!
 Brothers, give his spirit joy!
 Swear we on his natal day,
 Feuds, dissensions to destroy,—
 Shade of Emmet, lead the way!
 Here we swear to God and thee,
 Emmet, Ireland shall be free!

PATRICK SANSFIELD CASSIDY.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

What shall we mourn? For the prostrate tree
 that sheltered the young green wood?
 For the fallen cliff that fronted the sea, and
 guarded the fields from the flood?
 For the eagle that died in the tempest, afar
 from its eyrie's brood?

Nay, not for these shall we weep; for the sil-
 ver cord must be worn,
 And the golden fillet shrink back at last, and
 the dust to its earth return:
 And tears are never for those who die with
 their face to the duty done;
 But we mourn for the fledgelings left on the
 waste, and the fields where the wild
 waves run.

From the midst of the flock he defended, the
 brave one has gone to his rest;
 And the tears of the poor he befriended their
 wealth of affliction attest.
 From the midst of the people is stricken a
 symbol they daily saw,
 Set over against the law books, of a Higher
 than Human Law;
 For his life was a ceaseless protest, and his
 voice was a prophet's cry
 To be true to the Truth and faithful, though
 the world were arrayed for the Lie.

From the hearing of those who hated, a
 threatening voice has past;
 But the lives of those who believe and die are
 not blown like a leaf on the blast.
 A sower of infinite seed was he, a woodman
 that hewed to the light,
 Who dared to be traitor to Union when Union
 was traitor to right!

"Fanatic!" the insects hissed, ti' he taught
 them to understand
 That the highest crime may be written in the
 highest law of the land.
 "Disturber" and "Dreamer" the Philistines
 cried when he preached an ideal creed,
 Till they learned that the men who have
 changed the world with the world have
 disagreed;
 That the remnant is right, when the masses
 are led like sheep to the pen;
 For the instinct of equity slumbers till roused
 by instinctive men.

It is not enough to win rights from a king and
 write them down in a book;
 New men, new lights; and the fathers' code
 the sons may never brook.
 What is liberty now were license then; their
 freedom our yoke would be;
 And each new decade must have new men to
 determine its liberty.
 Mankind is a marching army, with a broaden-
 ing front the while:
 Shall it crowd its bulk on the farm-paths, or
 clear to the outward file?
 Its pioneers are the dreamers who heed neither
 tongue nor pen
 Of the human spiders whose silk is wove from
 the lives of toiling men.

Come, brothers, here to the burial! But weep
 not, rather rejoice,
 For his fearless life and his fearless death; for
 his true, unequalled voice,
 Like a silver trumpet sounding the note of
 human right;
 For his brave heart always ready to enter the
 weak ones' fight;
 For his soul unmoved by the mob's wild shout
 or the social sneer's disgrace;
 For his freeborn spirit that drew no line
 between class or creed or race.

Come, workers; here was a teacher, and the
 lesson he taught was good:

There are no classes or races, but one human
brotherhood ;
There are no creeds to be outlawed, no colors
of skin debarred ;
Mankind is one in its rights and wrongs—one
right, one hope, one guard.
By his life he taught, by his death we learn
the great reformer's creed :
The right to be free, and the hope to be just,
and the guard against selfish greed.
And richest of all are the unseen wreaths on
his coffin lid laid down
By the toil-stained hands of workmen—their
sob, their kiss and their crown.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo !
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind ;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts,
Of loved ones left behind ;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms.
No braying horn, no screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust ;
Their plumed heads are bowed ;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud—
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, in battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past.
Nor war's wild notes, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Come down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Know well the watchword of that day
Was " Victory or death ! "

Full many a Norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its moulder'd slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wakes each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dread fray,

Sons of the dark and bloody ground !
Ye must not slumber there ;
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air ;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave ;
She claims from war its richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field ;
Borne to a Spartan's mother's breast,
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred hearts and eyes watch by
The hero's sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead !
Dear is the blood you gave—
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave ;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minster's voiceful stone,
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how you fell :
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

THEODORE O'HARA.

VIVE VALEQUE.

O saddest of all the sea's daughters, Ierne,
 dear mother isle,
 Take home to thy sweet still waters thy son
 whom we lend thee awhile;
 Twenty years has he poured out his song,
 epic echoes heard in our street,
 Twenty years have the sick been made strong
 as they heard the sound of his feet;
 For few there be in his lands whom Apollo
 deigns to choose,
 On whose head to lay both hands of medicine-
 gift and the muse.
 Double-grieved because double-gifted, now
 take him and make strong again
 The heart long-winnowed and sifted on the
 threshing-floor of pain.
 Saving others, he saved not himself, like a
 ship-master strong and brave,
 Whose men leave the surge-beaten shelf,
 while he alone sinks in the wave.
 The child in the night cries "Mother!" and
 the mother straight brings peace;
 Ierne, be kind to our brother; speak thou,
 and his plague shall cease.
 Thou gavest him once as revealer song-
 breath and the starry scroll,
 Give him now as the heart's best healer life-
 breath and balms for the soul.
 O saddest of all the sad islands, green girt by
 thy mother the sea,
 Fold warm, and feed with thy silence, the
 child whom we send to thee.
 * * * * *
 O saddest of all the sea's daughters, Ierne,
 sweet mother isle,
 Say, how canst thou heal at thy waters the
 son whom we lend thee awhile?
 When the gathering cries implore thee to
 help and to heal thy kind,
 When the dying are strewn before thee, thy
 living ones crouch behind;
 When about thee thy perishing children cling,
 crying, "Thou only art fair!
 We have seen through Life's maze bewildering
 how the earth-gods never spare;"
 And the wolves, blood-ripe with slaughter,
 gnar at thee with fangs of steel;
 Thou, Niobe-land of the water, hast many
 children to heal.
 Yet heal *him*, Ierne, dear mother, thy days
 with his days shall increase;
 At the song of this Delphic brother, nigh half
 of thy pangs shall cease.

Nor art thou, sweet friend, in a far land,—all
 places are near on the globe,—
 Our greeting wear for thy garland, our love
 for thy festival robe,
 While we keep through glory and gloom two
 altar-candles for thee,
 Thy "Blaid" of deathless doom, and thy
 dead but undying "Deirdré."
 And may He who builds in His patience the
 houses which death reveals,
 Round whom the fair constellations are dust
 from His chariot wheels;
 Who showers His coin without scorning, each
 day as He issues it bright,
 The sun as His gold in the morning, the stars
 as His silver at night,
 The love which feedeth the sparrow and
 watcheth the little leaf,
 Which guideth the death-laden arrow and
 counteth each grain of grief,
 Change thy life-chant from its minor, and
 spread thy spirit serene,
 As gold before the refiner whose face is re-
 flected therein.

HENRY BERNARD CARPENTER.

*From a poem written after the departure of Dr.
 Robert Dwyer Joyce from Boston for Ireland.*

A DIRGE.*

Toll, bell,
 With solemn knell,
 For him who fell
 In the galloping fight!
 Trumpets, ring
 To the dirge we sing
 In our hearts that cling
 Round the spirit so bright!
 Roll, drum,
 As the vaulted tomb
 For his early doom
 Is gaping drearily!
 Cold and dead,
 In his stony bed
 Lay him, who lately sang so cheerily!
 Hush, hush!
 The memories rush
 With impetuous gush
 On heart and head:
 Speak low,—
 None of us know
 Half we forego
 In the gallant dead.

* In memory of Fitz-James O'Brien.

Plant flowers,
Not where April showers,
But tears, like ours,
Shall make them bloom,—
And their breath impart
To each kindred heart
In the crypt of which
Is the poet's tomb!

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

THE OLD PIONEER.

A Dirge for Daniel Boone.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer,
Knight-errant of the wood!
Calmly beneath the green sod here
He rests from field and flood;
The war-whoop and the panther's screams
No more his soul shall rouse,
For well the aged hunter dreams
Beside his good old spouse.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer;
Hushed now his rifle's peal;
The dews of many a vanished year
Are on his rusted steel;
His horn and pouch lie mouldering
Upon the cabin floor;
The elk rests by the salted spring,
Nor flees the fierce wild boar.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer—
Old Druid of the West!
His offering was the fleet wild deer,
His shrine the mountain's crest;
Within his wild-wood temple's space
An Empire's towers nod,
Where erst, alone of all his race,
He knelt to Nature's God.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer—
Columbus of the land!
Who guided freedom's proud career
Beyond the conquered strand,
And gave her pilgrim sons a home
No monarch's step profanes,
Free as the chainless winds that roam
Upon its boundless plains.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
The muffled drums resound;—
A warrior is sleeping here
Beneath his battle-ground.

For not alone with beasts of prey
The bloody strife he waged;—
Foremost where'er the deadly fray
Of savage combat raged!

A dirge for the brave old pioneer,
A dirge for his old spouse,—
For her who blest his forest cheer,
And kept his birchen house.
Now soundly by her chieftain may
The brave old dame sleep on;
The red man's step is far away,
The wolf's dread howl is gone.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer—
His pilgrimage is done;
He hunts no more the grizzly bear
About the setting sun;
Weary at last of chase and life
He laid him here to rest,
Nor recks he now what sport or strife
Would tempt him further West.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer,
The patriarch of his tribe!
He sleeps—no pompous pile marks where—
No lines his deeds describe.
They raised no stone above him here,
Nor carved his deathless name;—
An Empire is his sepulchre,
His epitaph is Fame.

THEODORE O'HARA.

ON RAISING A MONUMENT TO THE IRISH LEGION.

To raise a column o'er the dead,
To strew with flowers the graves of those
Who long ago, in storms of lead,
And where the bolts of battle sped,
Beside us faced our Southern foes;
To honor these—the unshriven, unheard—
To-day we sad survivors come,
With colors draped, and arms reversed,
And all our souls in gloom immersed,
With silent fife and muffled drum.

In mournful guise our banners wave,
Black clouds above the "sun-burst" lower;
We mourn the true, the young, the brave,
Who for this land that shelter gave,
Drew swords in peril's deadliest hour—

For Irish soldiers, fighting here
 As when Lord Clare was bid advance,
 And Cumberland beheld with fear
 The old green banner swinging clear
 To shield the broken lines of France.

We mourn them; not because they died
 In battle, for our destined race,
 In every field of warlike pride,
 From Limerick's wall to India's tide,
 Have borne our flag to foremost place,
 As if each sought the soldier's trade,
 While some dim hope within him glows,
 Before he dies, in line arrayed,
 To see the old green flag displayed
 For final fight with Ireland's foes.

For such a race the soldier's death
 Seems not a cruel death to die,
 Around their names a laurel wreath,
 A wild cheer as the parting breath,
 On which their spirits mount the sky:
 Oh, had their hope been only won—
 On Irish soil their final fight,
 And had they seen, ere sinking down,
 Our Emerald torn from England's crown,
 Each dead face would have flashed with light!

But vain are words to check the tide
 Of widowed grief and orphaned woe;
 Again we see them by our side,
 As full of youth, and strength, and pride
 They first went forth to meet the foe!
 Their kindling eyes, their steps elate,
 Their grief at parting hid in mirth;
 Against our foes no spark of hate—
 No wish but to preserve the state
 That welcomes all the oppressed of earth.

Not a new Ireland to invoke—
 To guard the flag was all they sought;
 Not to make others feel the yoke
 Of Poland, fell the shot and stroke
 Of those who in the Legion fought;
 Upon our great flag's azure field
 To hold unharmed each starry gem—
 This cause, on many a bloody field,
 Thinned out by death, they would not yield
 It was the world's last hope to them.

O ye, the small surviving band,
 O Irish race, wherever spread,
 With wailing voice and wringing hand,
 And the wild *kaoine* of the old dear land,
 Think of her Legion's countless dead!

Struck out of life by ball or blade,
 Or torn in fragments by the shell,
 With briefest prayer by brother made,
 And rudely in their blankets laid,
 Now sleep the brave who fought so well.

Their widows—tell not them of pride,
 No laurel checks the orphan's tear;
 They only feel the world is wide,
 And dark and hard—nor help nor guide—
 No husband's arm, no father near;
 But at their woe our fields were won,
 And pious pity for their loss
 In streams of generous aid should run,
 To help them say "Thy will be done,"
 As bent in grief they kiss the cross.

Then for the soldiers and their chief
 Let all combine a shaft to raise—
 The double type of pride and grief,
 With many a sculpture and relief
 To tell their tale to after days;
 And here will shine—our proudest boast
 While one of Irish blood survives—
 Sacred to that unfaltering host
 Of soldiers from a distant coast,
 Who for the Union gave their lives.

"Welcomed they were with generous hand;
 And to that welcome nobly true,
 When war's red tocsin filled the land,
 With sinewy arm and swinging brand,
 Those exiles to the rescue flew;
 Their fealty to the land they gave,
 And for the Union, daring death,
 Foremost among the foremost brave,
 They welcomed victory and the grave
 In the same sigh of parting breath."

Thus be their modest history penned,
 But not with this our love must cease;
 Let prayers from pious hearts ascend,
 And o'er their ashes let us blend
 All feuds and factions into peace;
 Oh, men of Ireland! here unite
 Around the graves of those we love,
 And from their homes of endless light,
 The Legion's dead will bless the sight,
 And rain down anthems from above.

Here to this shrine by reverence led,
 Let love her sacred lessons teach;
 Shoulder to shoulder rise the dead,
 From many a trench with battle red
 And thus I hear their ghostly speech:

"Oh for the old earth, and our sake,
Renounce all feuds, engendering fear,
And Ireland from her trance shall wake,
Striving once more her chains to break,
When all her sons are brothers here."

I see our Meagher's plume of green
Approving nod to hear the words,
And Corcoran's wraith applauds the scene,
And bold Mat. Murphy smiles, I ween—
All three with hands on ghostly swords—
Oh, for their sake, whose names of light
Flash out like beacons from dark shores—
Men of the old race! in your might,
All factions quelled, again unite—
With you the Green Flag sinks or soars!

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

DECORATION DAY.

Where the iron gateway arches
O'er the dwellings of the dead:
In the meadows, where the larches
Wave their foliage overhead;
Close beside the flowing rivers,
In the valley's peaceful ridge,
Where the golden sunlight quivers
On the water's heaving breast,
Where the vernal blossoms cumber
River bank and meadow sward,
Rest our heroes in the slumber
Of their glory and reward.

Where the brazen cannon's thunder
Pealed across the smoky plain
Till the air seemed rent asunder
As the echoes rang again:
On the hillsides where the ridges
Of the redoubts linger yet,
By the rivers where the bridges
Bristled with the bayonet,
Lie the laurels and the roses
On the mounded graves to tell
Where each warrior reposes
'Neath the spot whereon he fell.

Who shall desecrate these grasses,
Who antagonize this love,
Who disturb the requiem masses
Which the zephyrs sing above?
May his right hand fail and wither,
May his tongue envenomed rot,
Who would bring his hatred hither
Where love consecrates this spot!

Be their blood a brand forever
On the demagogues who strive
To recall their hates, or sever
The affections that survive!

Bring them flowers! for tender actions
Have more force than angry words;
Kindness cools the wrath of factions
Love will dull the sharpest swords.
Give the Blue the wreath of roses,
Yield the laurel to the Gray,
While our tenderness discloses
That our hate has passed away.
Leave them here! their fame is common,
Be their tokens rose or rue,
Till the angel's trump shall summon
From their slumbers Gray and Blue.

WILLIAM D. KELLY.

THE PRIEST OF PERTH

We who sat at his cheerful hearth
Know the wisdom rare, of priceless worth,
He bears away from the face of earth;
Peace to the soul of the Priest of Perth!^{*}

Dead! and the sun of life so high!
Dead! with no cloud in all his sky!
Dead! and it seemed but yesterday
When happy and hopeful he sailed away,
As Priest and Celt, to his double home,
For Westport bay, and Eternal Rome;
Ashes to ashes! earth to earth!
God rest the soul of the Priest of Perth!

Yet there was a sign in his gracious sky,
Up where the Cross he lifted high
Glow'd in the morn and evening light,
Kissed by the reverent moon at night—
Glow'd through the vista'd northern pines,—
"That's Perth, where the Cross so brightly
Many will say, as many have said, [shines,"
Bearing true tribute to the dead,—
Ashes to ashes! earth to earth!
Rest to the soul of the Priest of Perth:

And there was the home he loved to make
So dear, for friend and kinsman's sake;
Oh, many a day, and many a year
Will come for his mourners far and near
But never a friend more true or dear.
Many a wreath of Canadian snow
Will hide the gardens and gates we know,

^{*} The Very Rev. John H. McDonagh, Vicar General of the Diocese of Kingston, Canada.

And many a spring will deck again
 His trees in all their leafy glory,
 But none shall ever bring back for men
 The smile, the song, the sinless story;
 The holy zeal that still presided,
 Which none encountered and derided;
 That yielded not one fast or feast,
 One right or rubric of the priest;—
 Ashes to ashes! earth to earth!
 Peace to the soul of the Priest of Perth!

A golden Priest, of the olden school,
 Fearless and prompt to lead and rule;
 Freed of every taint of pride,
 But ready, aye ready to chide or guide;
 Tenderly binding the bruised heart,
 Sparing no sin in its penal smart;
 His will was as the granite rock
 To the prowler menacing his flock;
 But never lichen or wild flower grew
 On rocky ground more fair to view;
 Laying the outlines deep and broad
 Of an infant church, he daily trod
 His path in the visible sight of God;—
 Ashes to ashes! earth to earth!
 Peace to the soul of the Priest of Perth!

O Saints of God; ye who await
 Your beloved by the beautiful gate!
 Ye Saints who people his native shore—
 Beloved Saint John, whose name he bore—
 And ye, Apostles! unto whom
 He pray'd, a pilgrim, by your tomb.—
 And thou! O Queen of Heaven and earth,
 Receive—receive—the Priest of Perth!

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

NAPOLÉON'S GRAVE.

Faint and sad was the moonbeam's smile,
 Sullen the moan of the dying wave;
 Hoarse the wind in St. Helen's isle,
 As I stood by the side of Napoleon's grave.

And is it here that the hero lies, [dread?
 Whose name has shaken the earth with
 And is this all that the earth supplies—
 A stone his pillow—the turf his bed!

Is such the moral of human life?
 Are these the limits of glory's reign?
 Have oceans of blood, and an age of strife,
 And a thousand battles been all in vain?

Is nothing left of his victories now
 But legions broken—a sword in rust—
 A crown that cumbers a dotard's brow—
 A name and a requiem—dust to dust?

Of all the chieftains whose thrones he reared,
 Was there none that kindness or faith could
 bind?

Of all the monarchs whose crowns he spared,
 Had none one spark of the Roman mind?

Did Prussia cast no repentant glance?
 Did Austria shed no remorseful tear,
 When England's truth, and thine honor,
 France, [here?
 And thy friendship, Russia, were blasted

No holy leagues, like the heathen heaven,
 Ungodlike shrunk from the giant's shock;
 And glorious Titan, the unforgiven, [rock.
 Was doomed to his vulture, and chains, and

And who were the gods that decreed thy
 doom?

A German Cæsar,—a Prussian sage—
 A dandy prince of a counting-room,—
 And a Russian Greek of earth's darkest age.

Men called thee despot, and called thee true;
 But the laurel was earned that bound thy
 brow;

Of all who wore it, alas! how few
 Were freer from treason and guilt than thou!

Shame to thee, Gaul, and thy faithless horde!
 Where was the oath which thy soldiers
 swore?

Fraud still lurks in the gown, but the sword
 Was never so false to its trust before.

Where was thy veteran's boast that day,
 "The Old Guard dies, but it never yields?"
 O! for one heart like the brave Dessaix,
 One phalanx like those of thine early fields!

But no, no, no!—it was Freedom's charm
 Gave them the courage of more than men;
 You broke the spell that twice nerved each arm,
 Though you were invincible only then.

Yet St. Jean was a deep, not a deadly blow;
 One struggle, and France all her fault re-
 pairs,—

But the wild Fayette, and the stern Carnot
 Are dupes, and ruin thy fate and theirs!

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

Hark! o'er the waves distinctly swell
Twelve slow vibrations of a bell;
And out upon the silent ear
At once ring boldly sharp and clear,
With shock more startling than if thunder
Had split the slumbering earth asunder,
The iron sounds of crow and bar;—

Ye scarce may know from whence they come,
Whether from Island or from Star,

Both lie so hush'd and dumb!
On, swift and deep, those echoes sweep,
Shaking long-buried Kings from sleep.
Up, up! ye sceptred jailers—ho!

Your granite heaped his head in vain;
The very grave gives back your foe,
Dead Cæsar wakes again!

The Nations with a voice as dread

As that which, once in Bethany,
Burst to the regions of the dead

And set the Loved-one free,
Have cried, "Come forth!" and lo! again,
To smite the hearts and eyes of men

With the old awe he once instill'd
By many an unforgotten field,
Napoleon's look shall startle day;—

That look that, where its anger fell,
Scorch'd empires from the earth away
As with the blasts of hell!

Up, from the dust, ye sleepers, ho!
By the blue Danube's stately wave—
From Berlin's towers—from Moscow's snow,
And Windsor's gorgeous grave!

Now 'mid the torch's solemn glare,
And bended knee and muttered prayer,
Within that green sepulchral glen
Uncover'd groups of warrior men
Breathless perform the high behest

Of winning back, in priceless trust,
For the regenerated West,

Your victim's mighty dust.
Hark! how they burst your cramps and rings—
Ha, ha! ye banded, baffled kings!
Stout men! delve on with axe and bar,
Ye're watched from yonder restless star:
Hew the tough masonry away—

Bid the tomb's ponderous portals fly!
And firm your sounding levers sway,
And loud your clanking hammers ply!

'Tis morn—the marble floor is cleft,
And slight and short the labor left.
'Tis noon—they wind the windlass now

To heave the granite from his brow:
Back to each gazer's waiting heart
The life-blood leaps with anxious start—
Down Bertrand's cheek the tear-drop steals—
Low in the dust Las Casas kneels;
(O! tried and trusted—still, as long

As the true heart's fidelity
Shall form the theme of harp and song,
High bards shall sing of ye!)

One moment—and thy beams, O sun!

The bier of him shall look upon,
Who, save the Heaven-expell'd alone,
Dared envy thee thy blazing throne;
Who haply oft, with gaze intent,

And sick from victory's vulgar war,
Panted to sweep the firmament,
And dash thee from thy car,
And cursed the clay that still confined
His narrow conquests to mankind,

BARTHOLOMEW SIMMONS.

From "The Disinterment of Napoleon."

MARQUETTE.

At old Laon, beside a mountain stream,
In far, fair France, he dreamt his youthful
dream:

Slender his form, and pale his beauteous face,
His high-souled honor spoke a noble race.
Young genius sparkles in those starry eyes,
And deep devotion in their dark depths lies;
How fair is all, how sweet the world appears,
And bright the promise of the coming years.

Oh great, grand soul! e'en in life's festive
hours

To list the Master's voice 'mid pleasure's
bowers;

To see His beauty in awakening day
And view His mercy in the moon's sweet ray;
To feel His power and vastness on the deep,
And His dread wrath when fierce tornadoes
sweep;

Thy fresh young virgin heart He sought to gain,
Early He knocked, nor did He knock in vain.

But thine own France—the fair land of the
vine—

Whose ev'ry glory swells that heart of thine—
Shall ne'er be witness to thy deeds afar
Which dim the lustre of those feats of war
In which her Christian knights bore Moslem
down, [town.
And rode triumphant through each crescent

Oh, pale, pure priest! from far beyond the
wave,

The pitying angels beckon thee to save;
For there, amid a smiling paradise
Of flowers and fruits and streams and sunlit
skies,

The swarthy Indian broods in darkness lone,
And demons rear their undisputed throne;
And while the virgin vales in beauty sleep
The guardian spirits of the wild-woods weep.

Sure they will bear thee safely o'er the foam,
And sooth thy heart mid starlight dreams of
home;

There the grand epic of thy life's young story
Shall woo the muse and crown thy name in
glory.

Nor Spaniard sought the fabled Fount of
Nor Minstrel Knight e'er sang his lady's truth,
Nor hungry Miser, in his greed for gold,
Nor dreamy Alchemist, in days of old,
E'er sought the prize on which his soul was set
With half thine eager heart, oh, brave Mar-
quette

'Mid wild Canadian woods and snowy wastes
He taught him barb'rous tongues and savage
tastes;

In lone canoe along those stormy lakes
He bears the cross, and their wild echo wakes
With Christian song, which, oft more swift
than speech,

Can the rude children of the forest reach.
His memory greets us wheresoe'er we go,
'Mid Summer flowers or Winter's frozen snow!

What recks he of the perils round his path
From beast and flood and wood and savage
wrath?

What matters that his scanty food alone
Is oft but moss plucked from the wild-wood
stone?

Jesu is near, the Virgin guards his sleep,
And sweet his slumbers o'er the billows deep;
He has his cross, his breviary and beads,
These be his weapons—he no others needs.

Oh, brave young Christian herald! from afar
Comes thy 'right story as a guiding star;
Neglectful centuries could not hide thy fame,
Nor dim the lustre of thy glorious name—
That name the Red Man knows, and his swart
face

Reveres the angel of his vanished race.

While the lone mariner o'er waters dark,
When the fierce tempest crowds his trembling
bark,

The same invokes, as guardian of those lakes,
Nor dreads the danger that the wild wind
wakes.

They dig him a grave in the wild, wet sand,
On the banks of the lonely river,
And lay him to rest,
With a cross on his breast.

Far, far away from his own sunny land;
While the night dews fall and the sad winds
sigh,

And none but the angels and *tear* are nigh.

But his faithful braves will not let him sleep
So far from his own loved mission;

And in decked canoe
When soft winds woo,
They bear him away
'Mid blossoms of May

To Point St. Ignace, while they pray and
weep.

But tho' centuries pass, yet the wild winds
rave

Round the unlettered stone of Marquette's
grave!

PATRICK CROININ.

From "*Père Marquette*," an anniversary poem.

OBSEQUIES OF DAVID THE PAINTER.

The pass is barred! "Fall back!" cries the
guard; "cross not the French frontier,"
As with solemn tread, of the exiled dead the
funeral drew near.

For the sentinelle hath noticed well what no
plume, no pall can hide,

That yon hearse contains the sad remains of
a banished regicide!

"But pity take, for his glory's sake," said his
children to the guard;

"Let his noble art plead on his part,—let a
grave be his reward!

France knew his name in her hour of fame,
nor the aid of his pencil scorned;

Let his passport be the memory of the
triumphs he adorned!"

"That corpse can't pass! 'tis my duty, alas!"
said the frontier sentinelle—

"But pity take for his country's sake, and his
clay do not repel

From its kindred earth, from the land of his birth!" cried the mourners in their turn,
 "Oh! give to France the inheritance of her painter's funeral urn:
 His pencil traced on the Alpine waste of the pathless Mont Bernard,
 Napoleon's course on the snow-white horse—
 let a *grave* be his reward!
 For he loved this land—ay, his dying hand to paint her fame he'd lend her:
 Let his passport be the memory of his native country's splendor!"

"You cannot pass," said the guard, "alas!
 (for tears bedimmed his eyes),
 Though France may count to pass that mount a glorious enterprise!"—
 "Then pity take, for fair Freedom's sake!"
 cried the mourners once again:
 "Her favorite was Leonidas, with his band of Spartan men;
 Did not his art to them impart life's breath, that France might see
 What a patriot few in the gap could do at old Thermopylæ?
 Oft by that sight for the coming fight was the youthful bosom fired:
 Let his passport be the memory of the valor he inspired!"

"Ye cannot pass"—"Soldier, alas! a dismal boon we crave—
 Say, is there not some lonely spot where his friends may dig a grave?
 Oh! pity take, for that hero's sake whom he gloried to portray
 With a crown and palm at Notre Dame on his coronation day;
 Amid that band the withered hand of an aged pontiff rose,
 And a blessing shed on the conqueror's head, forgiving his own woes:—
 He drew that scene, nor dreamt, I ween, that yet a little while,
 And the hero's doom would be a tomb far off in a lonely isle!"

"I am charged, alas! not to let you pass," said the sorrowing sentinelle;
 "His destiny must also be a foreign grave"—
 "'Tis well!—
 Hard is our fate to supplicate for his bones a place of rest,
 And to bear away his banished clay from the land he loved the best.

But let us hence!—Sad recompense for the lustre that he cast,
 Blending the rays of modern days with the glories of the past!
 Our sons will read with shame this deed, unless my mind doth err,
 And a future age make pilgrimage to the painter's sepulchre!"

FRANCIS S. MAHONY.

From the French of Beranger.

KANE.

Died 16th February, 1857.

Aloft, upon an old basaltic crag,
 Which, scalped by keen winds that defend the Pole,
 Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll
 Around the secret of the mystic zone,
 A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag
 Flutters alone:
 And underneath, upon the lifeless front
 Of that drear cliff, a simple name is traced!
 Fit type of him, who, famishing and gaunt,
 But with a rocky purpose in his soul,
 Breasted the gathering snows,
 Clung to the drifting flocks,
 By want beleaguered, and by winter chased,
 Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen waste.

Not many months ago we greeted him,
 Crowned with the icy honors of the North.
 Across the land his hard-won fame went forth,
 And Maine's deep woods were shaken limb by limb.

His own mild Keystone State, sedate and prim
 Burst from its decorous quiet as he came,
 Hot southern lips, with eloquence aflame,
 Sounded his triumph. Texas, wild and grim,
 Proffered its horny hand. The large-lunged West

From out its giant breast [main,
 Yelled its frank welcome, And from main to
 Jubilant to the sky,
 Thundered the mighty cry,
 HONOR TO KANE!

In vain, in vain, beneath his feet we flung
 The reddening roses! All in vain we poured
 The golden wine, and round the shining board
 Sent the toast circling, till the rafters rung
 With the thrice-tripled honors of the feast!

Scarce the buds wilted and the voices ceased
 Ere the pure light that sparkled in his eyes,
 Bright as auroral fires in southern skies,
 Faded and faded; and the brave young hero
 That the relentless arctic winds had robbed
 Of all its vital heat, in that long quest,
 For the lost Captain, now within his breast
 More and more faintly throbbed.

His was the victory; but as his grasp
 Closed on the laurel crown with eager clasp,
 Death launched a whistling dart;
 And ere the thunders of applause were done,
 His bright eyes closed forever on the sun!
 Too late, too late, the splendid prize he won
 In the Olympian race of science and of art!

Like to some shattered berg that, pale and
 lone,

Drifts from the white north to a tropic zone,
 And in the burning day
 Wastes peak by peak away
 Till on some rosy even

It dies with sunlight blessing it; so he
 Tranquilly floated to a southern sea,
 And melted into heaven!

He needs no tears, who lived a noble life!
 We will not weep for him who died so well;
 But we will gather round the hearth, and tell
 The story of his strife;
 Such homage suits him well;
 Better than funeral pomp, or passing bell!

What tale of peril and self-sacrifice!
 Prisoned amid the fastnesses of ice,
 With hunger-howling o'er the wastes of snow!
 Night lengthening into months; the ravenous
 floe

Crunching the massive ships, as the white
 bear

Crunches his prey; the insufficient share
 Of loathsome food;

The lethargy of famine; the despair
 Urging to labor nervelessly pursued;
 Toil done with skinny arms and faces hue'd
 Like pallid masks, while dolefully behind
 Glimmered the fading embers of a mind!

That awful hour, when through the prostrate
 band

Delirium stalked, laying his burning hand
 Upon the ghastly foreheads of the crew,
 The whispers of rebellion, faint and few
 At first, but deepening till they grew [throng
 Into black thoughts of murder; such the
 Of horrors bound the hero. High the song

Should be that hymns the noble part he
 played

Sinking himself, yet ministering aid
 To all around him. By a mighty will
 Living defiant of the wants that kill, [fate;
 Because his death would seal his comrades'
 Cheering with ceaseless and inventive skill

Those Polar waters, dark and desolate;
 Equal to every trial, every fate
 He stands until the Spring, tardy with relief,
 Unlocks the icy gate, [more,

And the pale prisoners tread the world once
 To the steep cliff of Greenland's pastoral shore
 Bearing their dying chief.

Time was when he should win his spurs of
 gold

From royal hands, who wooed the knightly
 state.

The knell of old formalities is tolled, [crate.
 And the world's knights are now self-conse-
 No grander episode doth chivalry hold
 In all its annals, back to Charlemagne,
 Than that lone vigil of unceasing pain,
 Faithfully kept, thro' hunger and thro' cold,
 By the good Christian Knight, ELISHA KANE!

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

DEATH OF AN ARCTIC HERO.

At last an orange band,
 Set in a dawn of ashen gray,
 To things that winter in that dreadful land
 Told like a prophet of the sun at hand;
 And the light flickered, like an angel's sword,
 This way and that, athwart the dark fiord;
 And strangely colored fires
 Played round magnificent cathedral spires,

Gladly by winter of the glacier built
 With fretted shafts, by summer glory tipped,
 And darkness was unruffled and was ripped
 Like crape from heaven's jewelled hilt.

O, those grand depths on depths that look
 like Fate,

Awfully calm and uncompassionate; [say,
 Those nights that are but clasps, or rather
 Bridges of silver flung from day to day;
 That vault which deepens up, and endeth
 never,

That sea of starlit sky.
 Broadening and brightening to infinity,
 Where nothing trembles, suffers, weeps for-
 ever.

But still the ships were fast in the ice-field,
And while the midnight Arctic sun out-
wheeled,

Thicker and thicker did Death's shadows fall
On the calm forehead of the Admiral.

Oh, Admiral! thou hadst a shrine
Of silver, not from any earthly mine,
Of silver ice divine—

A sacrament, but not of bread and wine. [skies
You had the Book, the stars, in whose broad
Are truths, and silences, and mysteries—
The love, which whoso loveth, never dies.

Brave hearts! he cannot stay:

Only at home ye will be sure to say [found—
How he hath wrought, and sought, and
Found what?

The bourne whence traveller returneth not?

Ah, no! 'tis only that his spirit high

Hath gone upon a new discovery,

A marvellous passage on a sea unbounded,

Blown by God's gentle breath;

But that the white sail of his soul hath rounded
The promontory Death!

* * * * *

How shall we bury him?

Where shall we leave the old man lying?

With music in the distance dying—dying,—

Among the arches of the Abbey grand and
dim,

There if we might we would bury him;

And comrades of the sea should bear the pall;

And the great organ should let rise and fall

The requiem of Mozart, the Dead March in

Then silence all! [Saul—

And yet far grandlier will we bury him.

Strike the ship-bell slowly—slowly—slowly!

Sailors, trail the colors half-mast high;

Leave him in the face of God most holy,

Underneath the vault of Arctic sky.

Let the long, long darkness wrap him round,

By the long sunlight be his forehead crowned.

For cathedral panes ablaze with stories,

For tapers in the nave and choir,

Give him lights auroral,—give him glories,

Mingled of the rose and of the fire.

Let the wild winds, like chief mourners, walk,

Let the stars burn o'er his catafalque.

Hush! for the breeze, and the white fogs

swathing sweep,

I cannot hear the simple service read,

Was it "earth to earth," the captain said,

Or "we commit his body to the deep,

Till seas give up their dead?"

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

THE WAKE OF WILLIAM ORR.*

Here our murdered brother lies;

Wake him not with women's cries:

Mourn the way that manhood ought;

Sit in silent trance of thought.

Write his merits on your mind;

Morals pure and manners kind;

In his head as on a hill,

Virtue plac'd her citadel.

God of Peace, and God of Love,

Let it not thy vengeance move,

Let it not thy lightnings draw;—

A nation guillotined by law!

Hapless nation; rent and torn,

Thou wert early taught to mourn,

Warfare of six hundred years!

Epochs marked with blood and tears!

Hunted thro' thy native grounds,

Or flung *reward* to human hounds;

Each one pull'd and tore his share,

Heedless of thy deep despair.

Hapless Nation—hapless Land,

Heap of uncementing sand!

Crumbled by a foreign weight;

And by worse, domestic hate.

God of mercy! God of peace!

Make the mad confusion cease;

O'er the mental chaos move,

Through it *SPEAK* the light of love.

Monstrous and unhappy sight!

Brothers' blood will not unite:

Holy oil and holy water,

Mix, and fill the world with slaughter.

Who is she with aspect wild?

The widow'd mother with her child,

Child new stirring in the womb!

Husband waiting for the tomb!

Angel of this sacred place,

Calm her soul and whisper peace,

Cord, or axe, or guillotin,

Make the sentence—not the sin.

Here we watch our brother's sleep;

Watch with us, but do not weep;

Watch with us thro' dead of night,

But expect the morning light.

*William Orr, a brave co-worker with the United Irishmen, was executed in 1797, after a trial that mocked all justice.

Conquer fortune—persevere!
Lo! it breaks, the morning clear!
The cheerful cock awakes the skies,
The day is come—arise! arise!

WILLIAM DRENNAN.

THE MIDNIGHT MASS FOR SARSFIELD.

Over the crest of the Keeper Mountains,
Mellowly rose the harvest moon,
Lighting the face of the languid valley
That lay as if sunk in a slumbrous swoon:
Lightly rustled the wood's dark banners,
Balmily breathed the gentle gale,—
Adding its charm to the dreamy splendor
Of an Autumn night in a Munster vale.

But what are those strange, swift-gliding
figures—

Of earth or elfland, women or men—
Hurrying out of the woodland shadow
Hastening into the hollow glen?
They follow no new, uncertain pathway—
Whither or wherefore do they pass? [them,
Ah! cursed code that has ground them, grinds
They're hurrying on to the Midnight Mass!

There's a silent crypt in the glen's recesses,
An Irish catacomb lone and drear,
Where the angry howl of the Saxon bandog
Never may break on the pray'r-filled air.
The mass to-night on its rude rock altar
Is to be said for a soldier's rest,
Who carried a sword in the wars for Ireland,
And died far, far from her loving breast.

Two sentries stand by the secret portal
Opening into the sacred cave; [spoken:
As each form approaches the words are
"God and Saint Patrick bless the brave!"
The door swings back on its noiseless hinges,
The pilgrim enters the lowly pile,
Where the rough-hewn rock is the only altar
And stalactites hang, 'twixt nave and aisle.

But souls are there of a saintly grandeur,
Spirits that never to mortal bowed,
Women as fair as Abraham's Sarah,
Men of whom Sparta might be proud!
In spite of the brand, the axe, the gibbet,
The tyrant's hate and the tyrant's laws,
They cling like death to those priceless
jewels— [cause!
Their fathers' faith and their country's

Oh, for a Rembrandt's magic pencil!
Oh! for a Homer's golden tongue,
To paint that throng in the dim light rising
To hear the words of the Gospel sung!
Here the maid and the comely matron,
There the chief and the stalwart kern:
These with reverent eyes uplifted,
Those with lineaments pale and stern!

And so they follow with voiceless fervor
The celebrant on thro' the sacred rite,
Till the acolyte's last response is spoken,
And the priest stands mute in the altar
light.
A moment over the dark veiled chalice
In reverie deep he bows his head,
And as turns he 'round to greet his people
Solemn his voice and slow his tread:

"Over our land a pall has fallen—
Black on the island's breast it lies,
Shutting out heaven's divine effulgence,
Quenching the stars in hope's soft skies!
The chivalrous chief, the soldier leader,
On whose valorous arm our land did lean,
Is lost to us and to ours forever— [green.
The flagstaff's hewn from our banner of

"O, but to think of that heart heroic,
Filled with the tenderest thoughts of home,
And that yearned to shed its red tide for
Ireland
Mouldering now 'neath the Flemish loam.
O, God of our ancient race and nation
List to a suffering people's cry,—
Give to the soul of our lost Lord Lucan*
Rest in Thy realms beyond the sky."

A silence solemn, sepulchral, mystic,
Over the throng-filled grotto spread:
Anon the women in lines dark muffled [head,
Streamed out with the good priest at their
When up in the silent sombre chancel,
A figure arose like a mountain pine,
And thus: "If our land's lost Sarsfield's sabre,
Brothers, she still has yours and mine!
No rust must sully their glorious brightness
Till Ireland conquers her own again!"
And back there came, like an Alpine tempest,
One wild, one resolute, fierce Amen!

JOHN LOCKE.

* A territorial title of General Patrick Sarsfield, who was killed while commanding the Irish Brigade in the service of France at the battle of Landen, July 20th, 1709.

LAMENT FOR OWEN ROE O'NEILL.

Time—1649. *Scene*—*Ormond's Camp, County Waterford.*

"Did they dare, did they dare, to slay Owen Roe O'Neill!"

"Yes they slew with poison him they feared to meet with steel."

"May God wither up their hearts! May their blood cease to flow!

May they walk in living death, who poisoned Owen Roe!

"Though it break my heart to hear, say again the bitter words."

"From Derry, against Cromwell, he marched to measure swords; [way,

But the weapon of the Saxon met him on his And he died at Clough-Oughter, upon St. Leonard's Day."

"Wail, wail ye for The Mighty One! Wail, wail ye for the Dead;

Quench the heart, and hold the breath—with ashes strew the head.

How tenderly we loved him! How deeply we deplore!

Holy Saviour! but to think we shall never see him more.

"Sagest in the council was he,—kindest in the hall,

Sure we never won a battle—'twas Owen won them all.

Had he lived—had he lived—our dear country had been free;

But he's dead, but he's dead, and 'tis slaves we'll ever be!

"O'Farrell and Clanrickard, Preston and Red Hugh,

Audley and MacMahon—ye are valiant, wise, and true;

But—what, what are ye all to our darling who is gone?

The Rudder of our Ship was he, our Castle's corner stone!

"Wail, wail him through the Island! Weep, weep for our pride!

Would that on the battle-field our gallant chief had died!

Weep the Victor of Benburb—weep him, young man and old;

Weep, weep for him, ye women—your Beautiful lies cold!

"We thought you would not die—we were sure you would not go,

And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel blow—

Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky— [you die?

O! why did you leave us, Owen? Why did

"Soft as woman's was your voice, O'Neill! bright was your eye.

O! why did you leave us, Owen? why did you die?

Your troubles are all over, you're at rest with God on high;

But we're slaves, and we're orphans, Owen! —why did you die?"

THOMAS DAVIS.

LAMENT FOR KING IVOR.

Place: the southwest coast of Ireland.

Time: the middle of the ninth century.

Author: the hereditary bard of a Kerry clan.

Cause of making: to lament his King slain in battle with Danish vikings.

Thou golden Sunshine of the day of peace!
Thou livid Lightning of the night of war!
Hearing the thunder of thy battle-car
Who could endure to meet thee in the press!

Who dared to see thine eyes aflame in fight,
Thou Stormer through the whistling storm
of darts?

Pourer of panic into heroes' hearts! [light!
Our Hope, our Strength, our Glory, our De-

Thy soul is striding down the perilous road.
And see, the ghosts of Heathen whom thy
spear

Laid low, arise and follow in their fear
Him who is braver than their bravest god.

Why is thy soul surrounded by no more
Of thine adoring clansmen? "You had been
Full worthy," wouldst thou answer, hadst
thou seen

The charge that drove the pirates from our
shore.

But thou wast lying prone upon the sand,
Death-wounded, blind with blood, and gasp-
ing: "Go,

Two swords are somewhat; join the rest; I
know

Another charge will beat them from the land."

So when the slaughter of the Danes was done
We found thee dead—a-stare with sunken
eyes

At those red surges, and bewailed by cries
Of sea-gulls sailing from the fallen sun.

We kissed thee, one by one, lamenting sore:
Men's tears have washed the blood-stain
from thy brow: [thou:

Thy spear and sword and our dear love hast
We have thy name and fame for evermore.

So sang the warriors to their clouded Star,
King Ivor, as they heapt his cairn on high,
A landmark to the sailor sailing by,
A warning to the spoiler from afar.

WHITLEY STOKES.

DIRGE OF O'SULLIVAN BEARE.

The sun on Ivera
No longer shires brightly,
The voice of her music
No longer is sprightly;
No more to her maidens
The light lance is dear,
Since the death of our darling
O'Sullivan Beare

Scully! thou false one,
You basely betrayed him,
In his strong hour of need,
When thy right hand should aid him.
He fed thee—he clad thee—
You had all could delight thee
You left him—you sold him—
May heaven requite thee!

Scully! may all kinds
Of evil attend thee!
On thy dark road of life
May no kind one befriend thee!
May fevers long burn thee,
And agues long freeze thee!
May the strong hand of God
In his red anger seize thee!

Had he died calmly,
I would not deplore him;
Or if the wild strife
Of the sea-war closed o'er him;
But with ropes round his white limbs
Through ocean to trail him,
Like a fish after slaughter—
'Tis therefore I wail him.

Long may the curse
Of his people pursue them;
Scully, that sold him,
And soldier that slew him!
One glimpse of heaven's light
May they see never!
May the hearthstone of hell
Be their best bed for ever!

In the hole which the vile hands
Of soldiers had made thee,
Unhonor'd, unshrouded,
And headless they laid thee;
No sigh to regret thee,
No eye to rain o'er thee,
No dirge to lament thee,
No friend to deplore thee!

Dear head of my darling,
How gory and pale
These aged eyes see thee,
High spiked on thy gaol!
That cheek in the summer sun
Ne'er shall grow warm:
Nor that eye e'er catch light
By the flash of the storm.

A curse, blessed ocean,
Is on thy green water,
From the haven of Cork,
To Ivera of slaughter:
Since thy billows were dyed
With the red wounds of fear,
Of Muiertach Oge,
Our O'Sullivan Beare!

JAMES J. CALLAGHAN.

From the Irish.

IRELAND'S DEAD IN ROME.

Tombs in the Church of Montorio, on the Janiculum.

[Hic jacent O'Nealivs, Baro de Duncannon, Magni
Hugonis filivs et O'Donnell, Comes De Tyrconnel, qvicon-
tra haereticos in Hibernia multos annos certavit.—M.D.C.
XIII.]

All natural things in balance lie,
Adjustment fair of earth and sky,
And their belongings. Thunders bring
The red life from the heart of spring;
Thence summer, and the golden wain
That comes with harvest, when each field,
Crimsoned with weeds, like fiery rain,
Flames like a newly forged shield.
All things come true in some dim sense,

Held good by absolute Providence.
 Inquire not: Here you sleep at last—
 Sleeping, it may be face to face,
 Right glorious leaders of our race,
 Of faith profound, of purpose vast.

Around, above this glittering dome,
 Soars the majestic bulk of Rome;
 This marble pave, this double cell
 Enshrines you, and contents you well.
 Better it were the twain should lie

On some wild bluff of Donegal,
 The sea below in mutiny,

The terrible Heaven over all.
 God wills and willed it shall not be.
 Here is no rave of wind or sea.

Peace, incense, and the vesper psalm;
 The sob, the penitential groan;

The lurid light, the dripping stone—
 The earth's eternity of calm.

Sleep on, stern souls, 'twere wrong to shake
 Your ashes,—bid the dead awake
 To bitter welcome. Ireland lies
 Under the heels of enemies.

So has she lain since that cursed day
 That saw your good ship fly the Land,
 Since Ulster's proud and strong array

Dwindled to fragments, band by band,
 And you two wept in leaving her,
 (Chased thro' the seas by Chichester),
 Still buoyed with hopes to find abroad

Aid to prostrate our ancient foe,
 And to lay wall and rampart low,
 And hear the saints in Heaven applaud.

It came not, and in regal Rome
 Died the O'Donnell, sick for home;
 Not all the pomp the city boasts
 Consoled him for his native coasts.
 Here Art's sublimed; but Nature there

His heart, his passions satisfied;
 The forest depth, the delicate air,
 Were with his inmost soul allied.
 So hoping, doubting went the days,
 And tired at heart of time's delays,
 He closed his eyes in Christ our Lord.

No truer man had nobler birth,
 No braver soldier trod the earth,
 With pitying or destroying sword!

And thou, O'Neill, Lord of Revolt,
 Battle's impetuous thunderbolt;
 Cliff-flinger, at whose name of might
 The bronzed cheeks of the Pale turned white,

Dost thou lie here? And Ireland bleeds
 Her virgin life through every pore!
 Great chief in unexampled deeds,
 We need thy smiting arm once more.
 Rest, rest! the glory of thy life
 Shines like tradition on the strife
 Which Ireland wages hour by hour,
 Patient, yet daring for the best,
 And growing up, as worlds attest,
 To freedom, majesty and power.

JOHN F. O'DONNELL.

THE DEATH OF ST COLUMBA.

The last faint glimmer of sunset gold
 Hath sunk in the western wave;
 Over the isle the night-winds blow,
 Tenderly sighing, moaning low,
 Like mourners o'er a grave.

'Tis only meet that his life should close
 Where he watched and toiled so well;
 How is he keeping this last, sad night,
 That the taper burns so late, so bright
 In his sternly simple cell?

A scribe sits there with parchment scroll—
 "Now haste thee, my son, and write!
 Take thou no rest till the death-rest fall,
 And watch thou, too, for the Master's call,
 That cometh so oft at night."

The monk wrote on, with eager hand,
 No other sound was there;
 For the grief in his soul might find no breath
 In the presence of work—in the presence of
 death,

Till the bell should sound for prayer.

"I would thou hadst closed the golden psalm
 With the close of this passing life; [well—
 But these words are meet for my last fare—
 They will call the next brother like matin bell
 To pray for the holy strife."

The words that looked from the speaking
 page,

That had touched so deep a chord
 In the old man's heart, would thine eyes, too,
 see?

They were, "Come, ye children, hearken to me,
 I will teach you the fear of the Lord"

"'Tis the midnight bell! I will enter in
Where my children kneel, once more ;"
And there followed one, with torch a-light,
To guide his way through the gusty night
To the lowly entrance-door.

Alone he passed that portal dark,
For the storm had quenched the lights,
And there, as he knelt on the ground to pray,
His soul with the midnight soared away
To its home on the holy heights.

They found him there, the smile of God
Gleamed calm on his saintly face ;
And when the deep hush of their pain was o'er,
And they bare him out through the lowly door,
A sweet anthem filled the place.

They laid him low for his quiet sleep
By the Church's western bound—
And few were there that had loved him best !
For the storm beat wild ; and of all the rest
No boat could cross the Sound.

The days grew calm, and they bore him back
To the land of his earliest love ;
And a coffin was laid in his own green Isle,
For her balmy tears, and her proud, sweet
For her saint in the rest above. [smile.

ALESSIE BOND FAUSSETT.

THE BURIAL OF KING CORMAC

"Crom Cruach and his sub-gods twelve,"
Said Cormac, "are but carven treene :
The axe that made them, haft or helve,
Had worthier of our worship been.

"But He who made the tree to grow,
And hid in earth the iron-stone,
And made the man, with mind to know
The axe's use, is God alone."

Anon to priests of Crom was brought,
Where, girded in their service dread,
They ministered on red Moy Slaught,
Word of the words King Cormac said.

They loosed their curse against the king ;
They cursed him in his flesh and bones ;
And daily in their mystic ring
They turned the maledictive stones.

Till, where at meat the monarch sate,
Amid the revel and the wine,
He choked upon the food he ate,
At Sletty, southward of the Boyne.

High vaunted then the priestly throng,
And far and wide they noised abroad,
With trump and loud liturgic song,
The praise of their avenging god.

But ere the voice was wholly spent
That priest and prince should still obey,
To awed attendants o'er him bent
Great Cormac gathered breath to say—

"Spread not the beds of Brugh for me
When restless death-bed's use is done ;
But bury me in Rossnaree,
And face me to the rising sun.

"For all the kings who lie in Brugh
Put trust in gods of wood and stone
And 'twas at Ross that first I knew
One Unseen, who is God alone.

"His glory lightens from the East ;
His message soon shall reach our shore ;
And idol-god and cursing priest
Shall plague us from Moy Slaught no more."

Dead Cormac on his bier they laid.
"He reigned a king for forty years,
And shame it were," his captains said,
"He lay not with his royal peers.

"His grandsire, Hundred-battle, sleeps
Serene in Brugh ; and, all around,
Dead kings in stone sepulchral-keeps
Protect the sacred burial ground.

"What though a dying man should rave
Of changes o'er the eastern sea ?
In Brugh of Boyne shall be his grave,
And not in noteless Rossnaree."

Then northward forth they bore the bier,
And down from Sletty side they drew
With horseman and with charioteer
To cross the fords of Boyne to Brugh.

There came a breath of finer air
That touch'd the Boyne with ruffling
ings,
It stirr'd him in his sedgy lair
And in his mossy moorland springs.

And as the burial train came down
With dirge and savage dolorous shows,
Across their pathway, broad and brown
The deep, full-hearted river rose ;

From bank to bank through all his fords,
'Neath blackening squalls he swell'd and
boil'd ;

And thrice the wondering Gentile lords
Essay'd to cross, and thrice recoil'd.

Then forth stepp'd gray-hair'd warriors four:
They said, "Through angrier floods than
these,

On link'd shields once our king we bore
From Dread-Spear and the hosts of Deece.

"And long as loyal will holds good,
And limbs respond with helpful thews
Nor flood, nor fiend within the flood,
Shall bar him of his burial dues."

With slanted necks they stoop'd to lift ;
They heaved him up to neck and chin ;
And, pair and pair, with footsteps swift,
Lock'd arm and shoulder, bore him in.

'Twas brave to see them leave the shore ;
To mark the deep'ning surges rise,
And fall subdu'd in foam before
The tension of their striding thighs.

'Twas brave, when now a spear-cast out,
Breast-high the battling surges ran ;
For weight was great, and limbs were stout,
And loyal man put trust in man.

But ere they reached the middle deep,
Nor steadying weight of clay they bore,
Nor strain of sinewy limbs could keep
Their feet beneath the swerving four.

And now they slide, and now they swim,
And now, amid the blackening squall,
Gray locks afloat, with clutchings grim,
They plunge around the floating pall.

While, as a youth with practised spear,
Through justling crowds bears off the ring,
Boyne from their shoulders caught the bier
And proudly bore away the king.

At morning on the grassy marge
Of Rossnaree, the corpse was found,
And shepherds at their early charge
Entombed it in the peaceful ground.

A tranquil spot! a hopeful sound
Comes from the ever-youthful stream,
And still on daisied mead and mound
The dawn delays with tenderer beam.

Round Cormac Spring renews her buds:
In march perpetual by his side
Down come the earth-fresh April floods,
And up the sea-fresh salmon glide ;

And Life and Time rejoicing run
From age to age their wonted way ;
But still he waits the risen sun,
For still 'tis only dawning day.

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

THE DEATH OF KING LEURY.

In Clogher once King Leury reigned,
Cruelle hee was and sterne ;
From Mullagh-rath oft went hee forth
To spoyle, to slaye, to burne.

And nought his spyrite fierce could tame,
Save ye mystick voice alone
From Kerman Kelstack's bloudie shryne
Where stooode ye Golden Stone.

One morne hee hade assembled alle
His galloglasses trewe,
To hold a greate and merrie huntynge
Ye woodes of ye Closach through.

Theye alle hade gathered in ye bawne
To wage ye sylvanne warre,
When, lo ! a hoarie aged manne
Stoode there theyre sporte to marre.

In sackclothe coarse hee was attyred
Erin's greate Saynte was hee,
And from hys gyrdle there hong doune
Both crosse and rosarie.

Then up hee spake to that haughtie kynge,
"Repent for ye sinnes thou'st donne ;
Worshipe ye trewe Almightye Godde,
And Chryste, ye Virginn's sonne !"

A wrathfule manne was ye kynge that daie
When hee herde what ye olde manne sayd ;
Hys eyes they flashed like ye levin-fyre,
Hys hand on hys swerde hee layde.

"But no," hee cryed, "'twere shame that I
Should shedde ye caytiffe's bloud ;"
And hee laughed, and sayde, "We'll have a
chase,"
And thryce hee whystled loude.

Then round hym thronged hys fierce wolf-
 Bran, Luath, Buscar, Ban; [dogges,
 And louder hee laughed, and cheered them on
 That hoarie reverend manne.

But soon ye kynge hys aspect changed
 When ye Saynte sayde scornfullie,
 "That deth thou hast for mee prepared
 Thou surlicie now shalt die."

Then, wondrous, at ye Saynte's commande
 Ye dogges forgette their lorde,
 And baye at hym that nurtured them
 And fedde them at hys boarde.

And fiercelie now they rushe on hym,
 And grapple at hys throate—
 Tho' never hee hadde in battell quayled,
 With feare hys herte is smote.

And onward past ye gazing thronge
 Hee frantlicie did flie.
 And pale and ghastlie was hys cheeke
 And frenzied was hys eye.

On, on hee dashed, o'er hille and dale,
 Ye baying dogges before;
 And now Knockmanyne's height is passed,
 And now he gaines Cormore.

But still ye sleuth-hounds on hys tracke
 Come howling keene behinde,
 And still when hee slacked hys frantick speede,
 Their crye rose on ye winde.

On, on hee stretched, hys lypes were parched,
 And hee breathed heavilie,
 And on hys haggard forehead stood
 Bigge dropes of agonie.

Stooping, hys deer-hyde brouges he loosed,
 As hee strayned agaynste ye hille,
 "Eske-na-brouge" they call ye place,
 In memorie of it stille.

Now, Leury, now thy strength exerte,
 And everie muscle plye,
 O couldst thou reach thy huntynge-lodge
 Of distant Donogh-an-Igh!

Alas, thou ne'ere shalt reache thy halle,—
 In vain ye feaste is spredde,
 To-might ye Seanachie shall mourne
 Hys chiefe and master deade.

Ye openynge packe gain grounde apace,
 And now, o'erspente with toyle,
 Ye ill-starred kynge they overtake
 In bloude-stained Tul-na-foil.

But who shall telle hys frantick mien
 And crie of agonie,
 When Luath foremoste gripped hys throate
 And broughte hym to hys knee?

Deepe in hys quiv'ryng flankes they fixe;
 Hys lyfe-bloude now flows faste;
 Ye fearfulle chase at length is o'er,—
 Hee shrieking breathes hys laste.

In Kill-na-heery now he sleeps—
 Hys is a lowlie grave—
 May Heaven in mercie from such ende
 Eche errynge synner save!

ANONYMOUS.

LAMENT FOR THE PRINCES OF TYRONE AND TYRCONNELL.

[This is an Elegy on the death of the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, who, having fled with others from Ireland in the year 1607, and afterwards dying at Rome, were interred in St. Peter's Hill in our grave. The original poem is the production of O'Donnell's sister, Queen Rose Macdonagh, or Ward, who accompanied the family in their exile, and is addressed to Nuala, O'Donnell's sister, who was also one of the fugitives.]

O woman of the Piercing Wail,
 Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay,
 With sigh and groan,
 Would God thou wert among the Gael!
 Thou wouldest not then, from day to day,
 Weep thus alone.
 'Twere long before, around a grave
 In green Tirconnell, one could find
 This loneliness;
 Near where Beann-Boirche's banners wave,
 Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined
 Companionless.

Beside the wave, in Donegal,
 In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,
 Or Killilee,
 Or where the sunny waters fall,
 At Assaroe, near Erna's shore,
 This could not be.
 On Derry's plains, in rich Drumcliff,
 Throughout Armagh the Great, renowned
 In olden years,
 No day could pass but woman's grief
 Would rain upon the burial ground
 Fresh floods of tears!

Oh, no—from Shannon, Boyne and Suir,
 From high Dunluce's castle walls,
 From Lissadill,
 Would flock alike both rich and poor;
 One wail would rise from Cruachan's halls
 To Tara's hill;
 And some would come from Barrow-side,
 And many a maid would leave her home
 On Leitrim's plains,
 And by melodious Banna's tide,
 And by the Mourne and Erne, to come
 And swell thy strains!

Oh, horses' hoofs would trample down
 The Mount whereon the martyr-saint
 Was crucified;
 From glen and hill, from plain and town,
 One loud lament, one thrilling plaint,
 Would echo wide.
 There would not soon be found, I ween,
 One foot of ground among those bands
 For museful thought,
 So many shriekers of the *keen*
 Would cry aloud, and clap their hands,
 All woe-distraught!

Two princes of the line of Conn
 Sleep in their cells of clay beside
 O'Donnell Roe;
 Three royal youths, alas! are gone,
 Who lived for Erin's weal, but died
 For Erin's woe!
 Ah! could the men of Ireland read
 The names these notable burial stones
 Display to view,
 Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,
 Their tears gush forth again, their groans
 Resound anew!

The youths whose relics moulder here
 Were sprung from Hugh, high Prince and
 Of Aileach's lands; [Lord
 Thy noble brothers, justly dear,
 Thy nephew, long to be deplored
 By Ulster's bands.
 Theirs were not souls wherein dull Time
 Could domicile Decay or house
 Decrepitude!
 They passed from Earth ere Manhood's prime,
 Ere years had power to dim their brows
 Or chill their blood.

And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
 Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
 That knows their source?

O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief,
 Cut off amid his vernal years,
 Lies here a corse
 Beside his brother Cathbar, whom
 Tirconnell of the Helmets mourns
 In deep despair—
 For valor, truth, and comely bloom,
 For all that greatens and adorns,
 A peerless pair.

Oh, had these twain, and he, the third,
 The Lord of Mourne, O'Niall's son,
 Their mate in death—
 A prince in look, in deed and word—
 Had these three heroes yielded on
 The field their breath,
 Oh, had they fallen on Criffan's plain,
 There would not be a town or clan
 From shore to sea,
 But would with shrieks bewail the Slain,
 Or chant aloud the exulting *rann*
 Of jubilee!

When high the shout of battle rose,
 On fields where freedom's torch still burned
 Through Erin's gloom,
 If one, if barely one of those
 Were slain, all Ulster would have mourned
 The hero's doom!
 If at Athboy, where hosts of brave
 Ulidian horsemen sank beneath
 The shock of spears,
 Young Hugh O'Niell had found a grave
 Long must the north have wept his death
 With heart-wrung tears!

If on the day of Ballachmyre
 The Lord of Mourne had met, thus young,
 A warrior's fate,
 In vain would such as thou desire
 To mourn, alone, the champion sprung
 From Niall the Great!
 No marvel this—for all the Dead,
 Heaped on the field, pile over pile,
 At Mullach-brack,
 Were scarce an *eric* for his head,
 If Death had stayed his footsteps while
 On victory's track!

If on the Day of Hostages
 The fruit had from the parent bough
 Been rudely torn
 In sight of Munster's bands—Mac-Nee's—
 Such blow the blood of Conn, I trow
 Could ill have borne.

If on the day of Ballock-boy
 Some arm had laid, by foul surprise,
 The chieftain low,
 Even our victorious shouts of joy
 Would soon give place to rueful cries
 And groans of woe!

If on the day the Saxon host
 Were forced to fly—a day so great
 For Ashanee—

The chief had been untimely lost,
 Our conquering troops would moderate
 Their mirthful glee.

There would not lack on Lifford's day,
 From Galway, from the glens of Boyle,
 From Limerick's towers,

A marshalled file, a long array,
 Of mourners to bedew the soil
 With tears in showers!

If on the day a sterner fate
 Compelled his flight from Athenree,
 His blood had flowed,

What numbers all disconsolate
 Would come unasked, and share with thee
 Affliction's load!

If Derry's crimson field had seen
 His life-blood offered up, though 'twere
 On Victory's shrine,

A thousand cries would swell the *keen*,
 A thousand voices of despair
 Would echo thine!

O, had the fierce Dalcassian swarm
 That bloody night on Fergus' banks
 But slain our chief,

When rose his camp in wild alarm—
 How would the triumph of his ranks
 Be dashed with grief!

How would the troops of Murback mourn
 If on the Curlew Mountains' day,
 Which England rued,

Some Saxon hand had left them lorn,
 By shedding there, amid the fray,
 Their prince's blood!

Red would have been our warriors' eyes
 Had Roderick found on Sligo's field
 A gory grave,

No Northern Chief would soon arise
 So sage to guide, so strong to shield,
 So swift to save.

Long would Leith-Cuinn have wept if Hugh
 Had met the death he oft had dealt
 Among the foe;

But, had our Roderick fallen too,
 All Erin must, alas! have felt
 The deadly blow!

What do I say? Ah, woe is me!
 Already we bewail in vain
 The fatal fall!

And Erin, once the Great and Free,
 Now vainly mourns her breakless chain,
 And iron thrall!

Then, daughter of O'Donnell, dry
 Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
 Thy heart aside,

For Adam's race is born to die,
 And sternly the sepulchral urn
 Mocks human pride!

Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,
 Nor place thy trust in arm of clay,
 But on thy knees

Uplift thy soul to God alone,
 For all things go their destined way
 As He decrees.

Embrace the faithful Crucifix,
 And seek the path of pain and prayer
 Thy Saviour trod;

Nor let thy spirit intermix
 With earthly hope and worldly care
 Its groans to God!

And Thou, Oh mighty Lord! whose ways
 Are far above our feeble minds
 To understand,

Sustain us in these doleful days,
 And render light the chain that binds
 Our fallen land!

Look down upon our dreary state,
 And through the ages that may still
 Roll sadly on,

Watch thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,
 And shield at least from darker ill
 The blood of Conn!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

PART XIII.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS POEMS.

Religion, she that stands sublime
Upon the rock that crowns our globe,
Her feet on all the spoils of time,
With light eternal on her robe ;

She, daughter of the orb she guides,
On Truth's broad sun may root a gaze
That deepens, onward as she rides,
And shrinks not from the fontal blaze :

But they, her daughter arts, must hide
Within the cleft, content to see
Dim skirts of glory waving wide,
And steps of parting Deity.

'Tis theirs to watch the vision break
In types of nature's frown or smile,
The legend rise from out the lake,
The relic consecrate the isle.

'Tis theirs to adumbrate and suggest ;
To point tow'rd founts of buried lore ;
Leaving, in reverence, unexpressed
What Man must know not, yet adore.

For where her court true Wisdom keeps,
'Mid loftier handmaids, one their stands
Dark as the midnight's starry deeps,
A slave, gem-crowned, from Nubia's strands.

O thou whose light is in thy heart,
Love-taught submission ! without thee
Science may soar awhile ; but Art
Drifts barren o'er a shoreless sea.

AUBREY T. DE VERE.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS POEMS.

SONG OF TRUST.

Alone am I on the mountain :
O royal Sun, prosper my path,
And then I shall have nothing to fear.
Were I guarded by six thousand,
Though they might defend my skin,
Yet when the hour of death is fixed,
Were I guarded by six thousand,
In no fortress could I be safe.

Even in a church the wicked are slain,
Even in an isle amidst a lake ;
But God's elect are safe
Even in the front of battle.
No man can kill me before my day,
Even had we closed in combat ;
And no man can save my life
When the hour of death has come.

My life !
As God pleases let it be :
Naught can be taken from it,
Naught can be added to it ;
The lot which God has given
Ere a man dies must be lived out.
He who seeks more, were he a prince,
Shall not a mite obtain.

A guard !
A guard may guide him on his way,
But can they, can they guard
Against the touch of death ?
Forget thy poverty awhile ;
Let us think of the world's hospitality,
The Son of Mary will prosper thee,
And every guest will have his share.

Many a time what is spent
Returns to the bounteous hand,
And that which is kept back
Not the less has passed away.

O living God !

Alas for him who evil works !
That which he thinks not of comes to him,
That which he hopes vanishes out of his
hand !

There is no *Sreod* that can tell our fate,
Nor bird upon the branch,
Nor trunk of gnarled oak ;
Better is he in whom we trust,
The King who has made us all,
Who will not leave me to-night without
refuge.

I adore not the voice of birds,
Nor chance, nor the love of a son or a wife—
My Druid is Christ, the Son of God,
The Son of Mary, the Great Abbot,
The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.
My lands are with the King of Kings,
My Order at Kells and at Moone.

ST. COLUMBKILLE.

ST. PATRICK'S HYMN BEFORE TARA.

[This is a free but strong translation of the Hymn composed by St. Patrick on Easter Saturday, A. D. 433, on his way from Slane to the royal palace of Laoghaire, at Tara. The original Latin is in Dr. Petrie's very learned work, "The History and Antiquities of Tara Hill."]

At Tara, to-day, in this awful hour
I call on the Holy Trinity !
Glory to him who reigneth in power,
The God of the Elements, Father, and Son,
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
The ever-existing Divinity !

At Tara, to-day, I call on the Lord,
On Christ, the Omnipotent Word,
Who came to redeem from Death and Sin
Our fallen race ;
And I put and I place

The virtue that lieth and liveth in
 His Incarnation lowly,
 His Baptism pure and holy,
 His life of toil, and tears, and affliction,
 His dolorous Death, his Crucifixion,
 His burial sacred, and sad, and lone,
 His Resurrection to life again,
 His glorious Ascension to Heaven's high
 And, lastly, his future dread [Throne :
 And terrible coming to judge all men—
 Both the Living and the Dead.

At Tara, to-day, I put and I place
 The virtue that dwells in the Seraphim's love,
 And the virtue and grace
 That are in the obedience,
 And unshaken allegiance
 Of all the archangels and angels above
 And in the hope of the Resurrection
 To everlasting reward and election,
 And in the prayers of the Fathers of old,
 And in the truths the Prophets foretold,
 And in the Apostles' manifold preachings,
 And in the Confessors' faith and teachings,
 And in the purity ever dwelling
 Within the immaculate Virgin's breast,
 And in the actions bright and excelling
 Of all good men, the just and the blest.—

At Tara, to-day, in this fateful hour,
 I place all Heaven, with its power;
 And the sun, with its brightness;
 And the snow, with its whiteness;
 And the fire, with all the strength it hath;
 And the lightning, with its rapid wrath;
 And the winds, with their swiftness along
 And the sea, with its deepness; [their path;
 And the rocks, with their steepness;
 And the earth, with its starkness,—
 All these I place,
 With God Almighty's help and grace,
 Between myself and the Power of Darkness.

At Tara, to-day,
 May God be my stay!
 May the strength of God now nerve me!
 May the power of God preserve me!
 May God the Almighty be near me!
 May God the Almighty espy me!
 May God the Almighty hear me!
 May God give me eloquent speech!
 May the arm of God protect me!
 May the wisdom of God direct me!
 May God give me power to teach and to
 preach!

May the shield of God defend me!
 May the host of God attend me,
 And ward me,
 And guard me,
 Against the wiles of demons and devils,
 Against the temptations of vices and evils,
 Against the bad passions and wrathful will
 Of the reckless mind and the wicked heart,
 Against every man who designs me ill,
 Whether leagued with others or plotting apart!

In this hour of hours,
 I place all those powers
 Between myself and every foe,
 Who threatens my body and soul
 With danger or dole,
 To protect me against the evils that flow
 From lying soothsayers' incantations,
 From the gloomy laws of the Gentile nations,
 From Heresy's hateful innovations,
 From Idolatry's rites and invocations.
 Be those my defenders,
 My guards against every ban—
 And spell of smiths, and Druids, and women;
 In fine, against every knowledge that renders
 The light Heaven sends us dim in
 The spirit and soul of Man!

May Christ, I pray,
 Protect me to-day
 Against poison and fire,
 Against drowning and wounding;
 That so, in His grace abounding,
 I may earn the Preacher's hire!
 Christ, as a light,
 Illumine and guide me!
 Christ, as a shield, o'ershadow and cover me!
 Christ be under me! Christ be over me!
 Christ be beside me
 On left hand and right!
 Christ be before me, behind me, about me!
 Christ this day be within and without me!

Christ, the lowly and meek,
 Christ, the All-Powerful, be
 In the heart of each to whom I speak,
 In the mouth of each who speaks to me!
 In all who draw near me,
 Or see me or hear me!

At Tara to-day, in this awful hour,
 I call on the Holy Trinity!
 Glory to Him who reigneth in power,
 The God of the Elements, Father and Son,

And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
 The ever-existing Divinity!
 Salvation dwells with the Lord,
 With Christ, the Omnipotent Word.
 From generation to generation
 Grant us, O Lord, thy grace and salvation!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

LORICA S. PATRICII.*

I bind to myself to-day,
 The strong power of an invocation of the
 Trinity,
 The faith of the Trinity in Unity,
 The Creator of the elements.

I bind to myself to-day,
 The power of the Incarnation of Christ, with
 that of his Baptism, [Burial,
 The power of the Crucifixion, with that of his
 The power of the Resurrection, with the
 Ascension, [Judgment.
 The power of the coming to the Sentence of

I bind to myself to-day,
 The power of the love of Seraphim,
 In the obedience of Angels,
 In the hope of Resurrection unto reward,
 In the prayers of the noble Fathers,
 In the predictions of the Prophets,
 In the preaching of Apostles,
 In the faith of Confessors,
 In the purity of Holy Virgins,
 In the acts of Righteous Men.

I bind to myself to-day,
 The power of Heaven,
 The light of the Sun,
 The whiteness of Snow,
 The force of Fire,
 The flashing of Lightning,
 The velocity of Wind,
 The depth of the Sea,
 The stability of the Earth,
 The hardness of Rocks.

I bind to myself to-day,
 The Power of God to guide me,
 The Might of God to uphold me,
 The Wisdom of God to teach me,

The Eye of God to watch over me,
 The Ear of God to hear me,
 The Word of God to give me speech,
 The Hand of God to protect me,
 The Way of God to prevent me,
 The Shield of God to shelter me,
 The Host of God to defend me
 Against the snares of demons,
 Against the temptations of vices,
 Against the lusts of nature,
 Against every man who meditates injury to me
 Whether far or near,
 With few or with many.

I have set around me all these powers,
 Against every hostile savage power,
 Directed against my body and my soul,
 Against the incantations of false prophets,
 Against the black laws of heathenism,
 Against the false laws of heresy,
 Against the deceits of idolatry,
 Against the spells of women, and smiths, and
 Druids,
 Against all knowledge which blinds the soul
 of man.

Christ protect me to-day,
 Against poison, against burning,
 Against drowning, against wounding,
 That I may receive abundant reward.

Christ with me, Christ before me,
 Christ behind me, Christ within me,
 Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
 Christ at my right, Christ at my left,
 Christ in the fort, Christ in the chariot-seat,
 Christ in the heart of every man who thinks
 of me,
 Christ in the mouth of every man who speaks
 to me,
 Christ in every eye that sees me,
 Christ in every ear that hears me,

I bind to myself to-day
 The strong power of an invocation of the
 Trinity,
 The faith of the Trinity in Unity,
 The Creator of the elements.

*Domini est salus,
 Domini est salus,
 Christi est salus,
 Salus tua Domine sit semper nobiscum.*

JAMES HENTHORN TODD.

* This rendering of the "Lorica of St. Patrick," by the learned Dr. Todd, is considered more literal than the preceding one by Mangan, although it lacks the rhythmical sweep and harmony of the latter's splendid composition.

DE NATIVITATE DOMINI.

From the far rising of the sun
To where his utmost course is run,
Sing we the Christ, of Virgin born,
With kingly praise His name adorn.

Though from Eternity His sway,
Our flesh He made His mean array;
Redeeming, thus, from endless death,
The race that owed to Him its breath.

The spotless Virgin's favored womb
Of Grace Divine becomes the home;
And wonders, passing human thought,
Unknown and secret, there are wrought.

The mother's thankful arms enfold
The Babe whom Gabriel had foretold;
Whom, though unborn, with prophet's eye,
The Baptist John could yet descry.

In manger-shed, amidst the kine,
All lowly lies the Babe Divine;
Milk from a mother's breast is given
To Him who feeds the birds of heaven.

The heavenly choir their anthem raise—
Angels unite their Lord to praise;
While to the shepherds of the field
The God Incarnate is revealed.

Thou, hostile Herod, whence those fears?
Is it—that Christ on earth appears?
As though He grasped at earthly things,
Who rules o'er all, the King of Kings!

The Eastern Magi, from afar,
Eager pursue the guiding star;
Led by its beam, true light they seek,
And own their God with offerings meek.

The matron crowd beholds, aghast,
To earth its infant offspring cast;
Thus, through the tyrant's rage, doth rise
To Christ a spotless sacrifice.

Where flows the river's cleansing flood
The Lamb of God all meekly stood,
By His obedience to atone
For our transgressions—not His own.

His wondrous acts for Christ have won
His name—the Eternal Father's Son;
Before His glance disease hath fled,
To life come forth th' awakened dead.

The water owns a power Divine,
And, conscious, blushes into wine;
Its very nature changed, displays
The power Divine that it obeys.

Lo! the centurion comes to crave
Recovery for his dying slave;
Such faith can pitying answer claim,
And quench e'en fever's scorching flame.

See Peter walk the swelling wave,
His Lord's right hand outstretched to save:
The path which nature's law denies,
To trusting faith still open lies.

Four days within the noisome grave
Lay Lazarus.—He comes to save.
Rent by His word are death's strong chains,
As life and light its prey regains.

Deep crimson stains, a noxious flood,
Pollute the garment dyed with blood,
A pleading suppliant draws nigh,
And straight the flowing stream is dry.

A sufferer, palsied in each limb,
Pours forth his earnest prayer to Him;
No pause ensues, no long delay—
Instant he bears his couch away.

Now hath the traitor basely sold
His Master, for the bargained gold;
The kiss of peace he dares impart,
While treason lurks within his heart.

Vainly the Just, the Holy pleads,
His back beneath the dread scourge bleeds;
Nailed to the Cross, on either hand,
The vilest of the robber band.

The Sabbath dawns, and to the tomb
With unguents rare, fond women come;
To whom the angel voice is sped,
"Seek not the living 'midst the dead!"

Now raise we all the joyous strain,
With sweet, triumphant, fond refrain,
The Christ hath conquered! Death and Hell
Redemption's mighty victory swell!

Quenched is the dragon's fiery zeal,
Crushed is the Lion 'neath His heel;
To Heaven ascending, Thou hast trod
The path of glory, Son of God.

SEDULIUS.*

* See Biographical note.

IN TE CHRISTE.

Thou who all men dost relieve,
Christ in Thee I do believe,
Come unto my aid, O Lord,
While I labor for Thy word.

Hasten to my help, I pray,
Bear my burthen every day
Of all mankind the maker Thou,
Before Thy throne, our Judge, we bow.

O Lord of lords and King of kings!
To Thee all nature homage brings;
The angels all alone in state,
In the celestial city wait;

O God of gods, eternal Light,
O Lord most high, most sweet, most bright;
O God of patience, past all thought;
O God, Thou teacher of the taught;

O God, who hast made all that was,
Of past and present Thou the cause;
O Father, for Thy Son's dear sake,
Prepare the way that I shall take,
And let Thy Holy Spirit guide
My soul through all my wandering wide!

Christ, lover of the virgin choir,
Christ, man's Redeemer from hell-fire,
Christ, fount of wisdom, pure and clear,
Christ, in whose word we hope and fear,

Christ, breastplate in the hour of fight,
Christ, who hast made the world and light,
Christ, of the dead the living life,
Christ of the living, strength in strife,

Christ, crowner of each conquering soul,
Who count'st it in the martyrs' roll,
Christ, Saviour of the world so wide,
Christ on the Cross at Passion-tide,

Christ into depths of hell descends,
Christ into heaven above ascends!
Be glory to the Father given,
Exalted in the highest heaven.

All honor to the Only Son,
With God the Father ever One,
And to the Spirit Holiest, blest,
Be equal power and praise address;
So be it until time is past,
And while Eternity shall last.

MARY F. CUSACK.

Translation from St. Columba.

MAN'S EIGHT ELEMENTS.

Thus sang the sages of the Gael
A thousand years ago well-nigh:
"Hearken how the Lord on high [wail,
Wrought man, to breathe and laugh and
To hunt and war, to plough and sail,
To love and teach, to pray and die!"

Then said the sages of the Gael:
"Of parcels eight was Adam built.
The first was earth, the second sea;
The third and fourth were sun and cloud,
The fifth was wind, the sixth was stone,
The seventh was the Holy Ghost,
The last was light which lighteth God."

Then sang the sages of the Gael:
"Man's body first was built of earth
To lodge a living soul from birth,
And earthward home again to go
When Time and Death have spoken so.
Then of the sea his blood was dight
To bound in love and flow in fight.
Next, of the sun, to see the skies,
His face was framed with shining eyes.
From hurrying hosts of cloud was wrought
His roaming, rapid, changeful thought.
Then of the wind was made his breath
To come and go from birth to death,
And then of earth-sustaining stone
Was built his flesh-upholding bone.
The Holy Ghost, like soaring flame,
The substance of his soul became.
Of Light which lighteth God was made
Man's conscience, so that unafraid
His soul through haunts of night and sin
May pass and keep all clean within.

"Now, if the earthiness redound,
He lags through life a slothful hound;
But, if it be the sea that sways,
In wild unrest he wastes his days;
When'er the sun is sovran, there
The heart is light, the face is fair.
If clouds prevail, he lives in dreams,
A deedless life of gloom and gleams,
And when the wind has won command
His word is harder than his hand.
If stone bear rule, he masters men.
And ruthless is their ransom then.
The Holy Ghost, if He prevail,
Man lives, exempt from lasting bale,
And gazing with the eyes of God,
Of all he sees at home, abroad,

Discerns the inmost heart and then
Reveals it to his fellow-men.
And they are truer, gentler, more
Heroic than they were before.
But he on whom the Light Divine
Is lavished bears the sacred sign,
And men draw nigh in field or mart
To hear the wisdom of his heart.
For he is calm and clear of face,
And unperplexed he runs his race,
Because his mind is always bent
On Right, regardless of event.

Of each of those eight things decreed,
To make and mold the human breed
Let more or less in man and man
Be set as God has framed his plan.
But still there is a ninth in store
(God grant it now and evermore!)
Our Freedom, wanting which, we read,
The bulk of earth, the strength of stone;
The bounding life o' the sea, the speed
Of clouds, the splendor of the sun,
The never-flagging flight of wind,
The fervor of the Holy Ghost,
The Light before the angels' host,
Though all be in our frame combined,
Grow tainted, yea, of no avail."
So sang the sages of the Gael.

WHITLEY STOKES.

From the Early Irish.

THE CHRIST.

He is out as of old in the city,
He is walking abroad in the street;
He tendeth the poor in His pity,
The leper that crawls to your feet,
The halt, and the maim, and the maddened;
He feedeth the hungry with bread;
He cheereth the heart that is saddened,
The dying, the loved of the dead;
He restoreth the child to its mother;
He giveth the wayfarer rest—
It is He, it is Christ, and none other,
Yea, Christ by the love in His breast.

He craveth for virtue and beauty;
He cleaveth to good from His youth;
To witness of truth is a duty,
Yea, a triumph to die for the truth;
He toileth from dawn-time till even
That light may be given to men,
That earth be uplifted to heaven,
And sin driven down to his den;

He calleth the meanest his brother,
He draggeth the tyrant in dole—
It is He, It is Christ, and none other,
Yea, Christ by the might of His soul.

For holiest freedom He yearneth,
Made blest by the law that is good;
For justice, clear-eyed, that discerneth,
Not blindfold in shedding of blood,—
Firm-handed to hold, and fair-sighted
To watch as the balances sway;
And for Him is the black heaven lighted
With streaks of perpetual day;
And for Him is the world-life a prison,
By death to be cloven apart—
It is He, it is Christ re-arisen,
Yea, Christ by the hope in His heart.

His face to the night He uplifteth,
He searcheth the stars and the sun,
For the secrets they hold; and He sifteth
The sands where the gold rivers run,—
The rivers of knowledge, of wonder,
That roll to the infinite deeps;
Hid treasure He draweth from under
The caves of the hill where it sleeps,
And the waifs of old time that are lying
Where the earth of dead centuries lies—
It is He, it is Christ the undying,
Yea, Christ by the thirst in His eyes.

He trampleth the seas in His pleasure;
He soweth the desert with flowers;
He dareth to try and to measure
His power with invisible powers;
He burneth the idols with fire;
From the courts of the temples of God
He scourgeth the seller and buyer,
He driveth them forth with a rod;
And His sword He hath sheathed, in His
craving
For love in the turbulent lands—
It is He, it is Christ the all-saving,
Yea, Christ by the strength of His hands.

From the cloud-folded ultimate regions,
East and west over measureless seas,
Come thronging the myriad legions
Of the good, of the wise, at His knees
Bowing down, and from hands heavy-laden
For gifts pouring pearl and fine gold;
Yea, the youth high of heart, and the maiden
Pure-eyed, and the rulers of old,

All the just and the great, God-appointed,
Come thronging with reverent pace—
It is He, it is Christ the Anointed,
Yea, Christ by God's light in His face.

Ere the world was rolled forth into spaces
Of light, into regions of day,
Ere the waters ran over dry places,
And the grasses sprang green from the clay,
His rest was of old with the Highest,
He abode with the Infinite King,
He was King from the first, and the highest
To God, and we praise Him, and sing,
Lifting hands to the throne of His splendor,
Sing aloud in our joy, "It is Thou!
It is Thou, O Christ, our defender,
Our King by the crowns on Thy brow!

GEORGE F. ARMSTRONG.

From "Jesus Hominum Salvator."

A VESPER HYMN.

The evening bells of Sabbath fill
The dusky silence of the night,
And through our gathering gloom distil
Sweet sparkles of immortal light;
Such hours of peace as these requite
The labors of the weary week;
When thus, with souls refreshed and bright,
Forgiveness of our sins we seek.

Oh! help us, Jesus, to conform
Our spirits, thoughts and lives to thine!
Beyond this earthly strife and storm,
Oh, make Thy star of Love to shine!
When we are sinking in the brine
Of doubt and care—oh come, that we,
As Peter did, may safe resign
Our sinking helplessness to thee!

Thy Godhood—whence all glory flows—
Thou didst not scruple to abase,
To rescue from undying woes
The sons of a rebellious race!
Who can, unmoved, unweeping, trace
Thy meek obedience to His will,
Whose sole appointed means of grace
Thou didst, even to the cross, fulfill!

Our wayward footsteps wander wide,
Pursuing joy's delusive rays;
And in our hours of health and pride,
Too oft from Thee our spirit strays;

But soon descend the darker days,
When youth and strength their lustre hide,
And, journeying through a pathless maze,
We turn to our neglected guide!

Lead back, oh Lord! thy wandering sheep—
Oh, guide us gently to thy fold!
Instruct us all Thy laws to keep,
And unto Thine our lives to mould!
For we are weak, and faith grows cold—
Nor ever sleep the Tempter's powers;
Thou art our only stay and hold—
Through Thee alone can heaven be ours!

A darker shade, a denser gloom
Descends on all the folded flowers,
While, silent as the voiceless tomb,
Above them roll the midnight hours:
To-morrow's dawn, and their perfume
Again will fill their glowing bowers—
Lord, after death so bid us bloom,
Where no frost chills, no tempest lowers!

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

THE MORNING'S HINGES.

Where the Morning's Hinges turn,
Where the fires of sunset burn,
Where the Pole its burden weighty
Whirls around the starry hall;
Beings, wheresoe'er ye are,
Ether, vapor, comet, star,
There art Thou, Lord God Almighty,
Thou that mad'st and keep'st them all.

Where, on earth, battalions foes
In the deadly combat close;
Where the plagues have made their stations,
Dropped from Heaven's distempered air;
Where, within the human breast,
Rising hints of thought suggest
Sin's insane hallucinations,
Dread One, Thou art also there.

O most Mighty, O most High,
Past Thought's compass, what am I
That should dare Thy comprehending
In this narrow, shallow brain?
Yea, but Thou hast given a Soul
Well capacious of the whole,
And a Conscience ever tending
Right-ward, surely not in vain.

Yea, I'd hinder, if I could,
Wrath and pain and spilling blood;
I would tell the cannon loaded
"Fire not!" and the sabre stay
Mid-cut: but the matter brute
Owns its own law absolute;
And the grains will be exploded,
And the driven iron slay.

Deaf the nitre, deaf the steel:
And, if I the Man appeal,
Answer Soldier and Commander,
"We, blind engines, even as these,
Do but execute His plan,
Working since the world began,
Towards some consummation grander
Than your little mind can seize."

What, does all, then, end in this,
That amid a world amiss,
Man must ever be but parcel-
Imperfection? and the soul
Ever thus in poise between
Things contrariant, rest, a mean
Averaged of the universal
Good and ill that makes the whole?

No, a something cries within;
No; I am not of your kin,
Broods of evil! all the forces
Of my nature answer No!
Though the world be overspread
With the riddle still unread
Of your being, of your sources,
This with sense supreme I know:

That behoves me, and I can,
Work within the inner man
Such a weeding, such a cleansing
Of this moss-grown home-plot here,
As shall make its herbage meet
For the soles of angels' feet,
And its blooms for aye dispensing
Light of Heaven's own atmosphere.

"Yea, what thou hast last advanced,
Creature, verily thou canst."
(Hark, the Master!) "Up. Bestir thee;
And, that thou may'st find the way,
Things inscrutable laid by.
Be content to know that I,
Hoping, longing, waiting for thee,
Stand beside thee every day."

Lord, and is it Thou, indeed,
Takest pity on my need,
Who nor symbol show, nor token
Vouching aught of right in me?
"I, dear soul," the Master said,
"Come to some through broken bread,
Come to some through message spoken;
Come in pure, free grace to thee."

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.

Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
By the Cross her vigil keeping,
While her Jesus hung thereon:
Through her heart, in sorrow moaning,
With Him grieving, for Him groaning,—
Thro' that heart the sword hath gone.

Oh! how sad and sore distressed
Was she—the for-ever blessed
Mother of the Undeiled!
She who wept, and mourned and trembled,
When she saw such pains assembled
Round about the Holy Child.

Who that sees Christ's Mother bending
'Neath His load of sorrows, rending
Her sad soul in woe so deep;
Who that sees that pious Mother
With Him weeping, could do other
Than, himself afflicted, weep?

For the sins of each offender,
Sinless Soul, and Body tender,
Sees she 'neath the cruel rod:
Sees her own sweet Son, her only,
Dying, desolate, and lonely,
Pouring out His Soul to God.

Jesu! Fount of Love! Thee loving,
And my soul Thy sorrow moving,
Make me watch and weep with Thee:
As my God and Christ Thee knowing,
Let my loving heart be glowing
With a Holy Sympathy.

Holy Father! let affliction
For Thy dear Son's crucifixion
Pierce my heart: and grant this prayer,
That while He for me is wounded,
With indignities surrounded,
I His cup of grief may share.

Make me truly weep, and never
 From the Crucified me sever,
 Long as I on earth remain:
 By the Cross of Jesus keeping
 With His Mother watch of weeping,
 Sharing with her pain for pain.

God of Saints! Thou King most holy!
 Comforter of spirits lowly!
 Fill me with my Saviour's grief;
 That His death devoutly bearing,
 And His bitter passion sharing,
 I may bring Him some relief.

Make me with His stripes be stricken,
 With the Cross my spirit quicken,
 For the love of Christ, I pray,
 That with love inflamed, attended,
 I by love may be defended
 In the awful Judgment Day.

By the Cross for ever guarded,
 And, through Christ's dear dying, warded
 By the Grace that never dies;
 When my mortal body, dying,
 In the quiet grave is lying,
 Take my soul to Paradise;
 To adore
 Thee, my God! for evermore.

Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

SURSUM CORDA.

Cease, cease thy sighs, O weary heart!
 Cease, cease those sad'ning sighs,—
 What though these lone autumnal eves
 Bring mournful winds, and faded leaves,
 And kindly nature silent grieves,
 O'er summer blooms and dyes:
 The fresh young flowers again shall blow,
 And soft winds whisper sweet and low
 To murmuring waters, as they flow,
 Reflecting azure skies.

Forget thy wrongs, much injured heart,
 Forget full many a wrong—
 Thine is the story often told,
 Of broken trust, of friends grown cold,
 And eyes long rayless 'neath the mould,
 That sparkled at thy song;
 But warmer friends may yet be thine,
 Fresh hopes may glow, new stars may shine,
 Thou yet mayst quaff that unfound wine
 Thy soul hast craved so long.

Dream, dream no more deluded heart;
 Awake, and dream no more!—
 All silent now thy youthful lute;
 But wither'd flowers, loved voices mute,
 Are all that's left thee, as the fruit
 Of hours forever o'er;
 But Death will come, or soon, or late,
 Then brighter visions may await
 Thine entrance through his darksome gate,
 Beyond life's mortal shore.

Poor restless heart! were this but so,
 Ah! could I only know—
 Then winds might wail, and leaflets fall,
 Friends may deceive and vows recall,
 And youthful fancies vanish all,—
 I'd grieve not should they go:
 For then, dear Lord! this weary breast,
 Would be at HOME, among thy blest,
 And find at last long sighed-for rest,
 To know no more of woe.

PATRICK CRONIN.

SURSUM CORDA.

Weary hearts! weary hearts! by the cares of,
 life oppressed,
 Ye are wand'ring in the shadows, ye are sigh-
 ing for a rest;
 There is darkness in the heavens, and the
 earth is bleak below,
 And the joys we taste to-day may to-morrow
 turn to woe.
 Weary hearts, God is rest!

Lonely hearts! lonely hearts! this is but a
 land of grief;
 Ye are pining for repose, ye are longing for
 relief;
 What the earth has never given, kneel and
 ask of God above.
 And your grief shall turn to gladness, if you
 lean upon His love.
 Lonely hearts, God is Love!

Restless hearts! restless hearts! ye are toiling
 night and day;
 And the flowers of life, all withered, leave
 but thorns along your way;
 Ye are waiting, ye are waiting, till your toil-
 ings all shall cease,
 And your ev'ry restless beating is a sad, sad
 prayer for peace.
 Restless hearts, God is Peace!

Breaking hearts! broken hearts! ye are desolate and lone,
 And low voices from the past o'er your present ruins moan!
 In the sweetest of your pleasures there was bitterest alloy,
 And a starless night hath followed on the sunset of your joy.
 Broken hearts, God is Joy!

Homeless hearts! homeless hearts! through the dreary, dreary years,
 Ye are lonely, lonely wand'ers and your way is wet with tears;
 In bright or blighted places, wheresoever ye may roam,
 Ye look away from earth-land, and ye murmur "Where is home?"
 Homeless hearts, God is Home.

ABRAM J. RYAN.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

Lost! Lost! Lost!
 The cry went up from a sea;—
 The waves were wild with an awful wrath,
 Not a light shone down on the lone ship's path;
 The clouds hung low:—
 Lost! Lost! Lost!
 Rose wild from the hearts of the tempest-tossed.

Lost! Lost! Lost!
 The cry floated over the waves,
 Far over the pitiless waves;
 It smote on the dark and it rended the clouds;
 The billows below them were weaving white shrouds,
 Out of the foam of the surge,
 And the wind voices chanted a dirge:
 Lost! Lost! Lost!
 Wailed wilder the lips of the tempest-tossed.

Lost! Lost! Lost!
 Not the sign of a hope was nigh,
 In the sea, the air, or the sky;
 And the lifted faces were wan and white;
 There was nothing without them but storm and night,
 And nothing within but fear;
 But far to a Father's ear,
 Lost! Lost! Lost!
 Floated the wail of the tempest-tossed.

Lost! Lost! Lost!
 Out of the depths of the sea,
 Out of the night and the sea;
 And the waves and the winds of the storm were hushed,
 And the sky with the gleams of the stars were flushed:—

Saved! Saved! Saved!
 And a calm and a joyous cry
 Floated up through the starry sky.
 In the dark, in the storm—"Our Father" is nigh.

ABRAM J. RYAN.

A DIRGE.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"
 Here the evil and the just,
 Here the youthful and the old,
 Here the fearful and the bold;
 Here the matron and the maid
 In one silent bed are laid;
 Here the warrior and the king,
 Side by side, lie withering;
 Glory, but a broken bust:
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along
 O'er this pale and mighty throng;
 Those that wept them, those that weep,
 All shall with the sleepers sleep;
 Prince and peasant, lord and slave,
 Moving onward, wave on wave,
 Till they reach the sullen shore,
 Where their murmurings are o'er.
 Here the spade, and sceptre, rust:
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But, a day is coming fast,
 Earth, thy mightiest and thy last
 All shall see the Judgment-Sign,
 On the clouds the Cross shall shine;
 Angel-myrriads on the wing;
 Earth upgazing on its King;
 Heaven revealed to mortal sight,
 Earth enshrined in living light;
 Kingdom of the ransomed Just!
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall dawn immortal day;
 Death and Sin no more have sway;
 Then shall in the Desert rise
 Fruits of more than Paradise;
 Earth by angel-feet be trod,

One great garden of her God :
 Earth no more a vale of tears,
 Satan chained a thousand years.
 Now in hope of Him we trust—
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

GEORGE CROLY.

SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

I walk down the Valley of Silence—
 Down the dim, voiceless valley alone!
 And I hear not the fall of a footstep
 Around me, save God's and my own;
 And the hush of my heart is as holy
 As hovers where angels have flown!

Long ago was I weary of voices
 Whose music my heart could not win;
 Long ago I was weary of noises
 That fretted my soul with their din;
 Long ago was I weary of places
 Where I met but the human and—sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly;
 I craved what the world never gave;
 And I said: "In the world each ideal
 That shines like a star on life's wave
 Is wrecked on the shores of the real,
 And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the perfect,
 And still found the false with the true;
 I sought 'mid the human for heaven,
 But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
 And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
 Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the human;
 And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men;
 Till I knelt long ago at an altar
 And heard a voice call me: since then
 I have walked down the Valley of Silence
 That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?
 'Tis my trysting-place with the Divine.
 And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
 And above me a voice said, "Be Mine."
 And there rose from the depths of my spirit
 An echo—"My heart shall be Thine."

Do you ask how I live in the valley?
 I weep, and I dream, and I pray.
 But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops

That fall on the roses in May;
 And my prayer, like a perfume from censers,
 Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
 I dream all the songs that I sing,
 And the music floats down the dim valley,
 Till each finds a word for a wing.
 That to hearts, like the Dove of the Deluge,
 A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
 That never shall break on the beach;
 And I have heard songs in the silence
 That never shall float into speech;
 And I have had dreams in the valley
 Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
 Ah me! how my spirit was stirred;—
 And they wear holy veils on their faces
 Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
 They pass through the valley like virgins
 Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,
 Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
 It lieth afar between mountains,
 And God and his angels are there;
 And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
 And one the bright mountain of prayer!

ABRAM J. RYAN.

AT DAYBREAK.

"Return! return! the night is bleak and lone;
 Return, return!"

No star in heaven doth burn:
 One single flickering taper dares the gloom,
 A ghost-like dying o'er a tomb.

Come back! come back!
 My soul with storm is black:
 Thou art the flame that feeds my waning lamp;
 My brow with deadly fogs is damp;
 My heart's core grows to stone;
 Dumb darkness only listens to my moan.

"Return! return! my torch is well-nigh
 quenched;

Return! return!
 All things for Thee I spurn!
 All love is cold beside Thy wondrous love,
 Oh! gentler than the brooding dove!
 Softer than balm,
 Fairer than rose or palm!

Sweeter than wine and honeycomb and myrrh ! I sought Him—ah ! how long I never knew—
 Alas ! for Thee I held no lure ; O'er rugged steeps,
 From the weak grasp that clenched Thro' dim and dreadful deeps ;
 Thy kingly hands the purple robes are 'Mid frozen Winter gales, that mocked and
 wrenched. howled ;

Return ! return ! without the desert lies ;
 The lone wind sobs
 Where earth no longer throbs
 With noisy anguish ; but, in stupor bound,
 Rests, pain-numbed, till the morn comes round ;
 All hideous things
 That the weird night-tide brings,
 The vampire and the warlock and the ghoul
 Steal up from fen and ditch and pool,
 And wailing spirits rise,
 Storming in vain the lost, impervious skies.

" Return ! return ! Ah, foolish lips, be hushed !
 He will not hear ;
 On Him no mortal fear
 Shall ever lay a chill, profaning hand.
 To the dark threshold chained I stand ;
 My sick torch gleams
 One moment as in dreams
 Then dies, and in the distance falls the last
 Faint footstep of the Love that passed,
 While yet with new birth flushed,
 Out of my joyless life and left it crushed.

" Return ! return ! Not so ; but would He call,
 But whisper back,
 ' Come ! tho' the night be black ;
 Come ! tho' the spectre and the were-wolf wait !
 Come ! yearning heart, ere yet too late,'
 With what glad haste
 Through endless swamp and waste,
 Though with tear-blinded eyes my soul should
 seek

Him I have loved with love too weak
 To hold Him here in thrall, [fall,
 Ye strong as Death, that knows no change or

" I will arise ! I will no longer cry
 ' Return ! return !'
 My droughty heart-strings burn ; [vain
 Like some caged bird that beats its wings in
 Against the bars and sinks, self-slain,
 I struggle here,
 Nor see, so blind my fear,
 The open door by which His bright feet fled.
 Shall I not follow where He led ?
 Shall I in darkness lie,
 Content with idle weeping till I die ?"

'Mid noisome things, that crawled and
 prowled ;
 But when the night
 Down-dropped in headlong flight,
 Died in the white-hot, blazing arms of day,
 Around me blushed the face of May,
 And there, 'mid bloom and dew,
 I found Him where the valley lilies grew.

FANNY FARNELL.

IN TROUBLE AND IN GRIEF.

In trouble and in grief, O God,
 Thy smile hath cheered my way ;
 And joy hath budded from each thorn
 That round my footsteps lay.

The hours of pain have yielded good,
 Which prosperous days refused ;
 As herbs, though scentless when entire,
 Perfume the air when bruised.

The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
 By furious blasts are driven
 So life's vicissitudes the more
 Have fixed my heart in heaven.

All-gracious Lord ! whate'er my lot
 At other times may be,
 I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
 That brings me near to Thee,

RICHARD J. POPE.

AGNUS DEI.

Agnus Dei ! when the heart is weary
 With its load of sin ;
 When all without is black and dreary,
 And hope is faint within,
 Faith looks up to Thee to bear
 All that load of sin and care ;
 Thou canst give the soul repose
 From its guilt and from its woes.

Agnus Dei ! when that hour is near me,
 Terrible to all,
 By Thy love for sinners hear me
 When to Thee I call ;

Through the darkness of that night
Be my comfort and my light,
From the victory of the grave
Thou canst rescue, Thou canst save.

Agnus Dei! when my trembling spirit
In that iredful day
Waits the judgment, let Thy merit
Plead for me, I pray.
On Thy sacrifice most holy
Rest I my redemption solely,
Thy precious blood my great salvation—
Thy death my life—Thy Cross my exaltation.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

HYMN OF A HERMIT.

Eternal Mind! Creation's Light and Lord!
Thou trainest man to love Thy perfect will,
By love to know Thy truth's obscurest word,
And so his years with hallowed life to fill;
To own in all things round Thy law's accord,
Which bids all hope be strong to vanquish ill;
Illumined thus by Thy diffusive ray, [day.
The darkened world and soul are bright with

In storm, and flood, and all decays of time,
In hunger, plagues, and man-devouring war;
In all the boundless tracts of inward crime,—
In selfish hates, and lusts that deepest mar,
In lazy dreams that clog each task sublime,
In voiceless doubts of truth's unsettling star;
In all—Thy spirit will not cease to brood
With vital strength, unfolding all to good.

The headlong cataract and tempest's roar,
The rage of seas, and earthquake's hoarse dismay,
The crush of empire, sapped by tears and gore,
And shrieks of hearts their own corruption's prey;
All sounds of death enforce Thy righteous lore,
In smoothest flow Thy being's truth obey,
And, heard in ears from passion's witchery free,
One endless music make—a hymn to Thee!

But most, O God! the inward eyes of thought
Discern Thy laws in all that works within;
The conscious will, by hard experience taught,
Divines Thy mercy shown by hate of sin;
And hearts whose peace by shame and grief
was bought,

Thy blessings praise, that first in wo begin;
For still on earthly pain's tormented ground
Thy love's immortal flowers and fruits abound.

Fair sight it is, and medicinal for man,
To see Thy guidance lead the human breast;
In life's unopened germs behold Thy plan,
Till 'mid the ripened soul it stand confest;
From impulse too minute for us to scan,
Awakening sense with love and purpose blest;
And through confusion, error, trial, grief,
Maturing reason, conscience, calm belief.

This to have known, my soul, be thankful
This clear ideal form of endless good, [thou!
Which casts around the adoring learner's brow
The ray that marks man's holiest brotherhood;
Thus e'en from guilt's deep curse and slavish
vow,

And dreams whereby the light was long with-
stood,

Thee, Lord! whose mind is rule supreme to
all,

Unveiled we see, and hail thy wisdom's call.

JOHN STERLING.

PROVIDENCE.

When late on life's departed years
The scenes and seasons past—
Their hopes and joys—their cares and fears,
A lingering glance I cast;
And mark how oft hopes fondly nursed
Have dealt affliction's blow—
How oft from sorrow's cloud hath burst
A pure and heavenly glow!

How oft a moment changed the scene,
When keenest grew distress,
How disappointment oft hath been
The path to joyfulness;
Methinks I see Heaven's hand impart
The expedient good to all—
In time depress the o'er-worldly heart.
And raise up hearts that fall.

I gazed on Time's long page; the same
All guiding spirit still
Through all o'er-ruled with changeless aim—
The turns of good and ill;
One hand, with unseen touch, combined
The parts of mercy's plan,
Links of the eternal chain designed
For benefit to man.

JAMES WILLS.

ASPIRATIONS FOR DEATH.

O soul, held prisoner out of reach
Of God's great glory in this gloom
Of life, as in a living tomb ;
O God, whose mercy I beseech,
When will my spirit rend the chain
Of this dark prison-house of pain,
Where weeping, pining, faint I lie,
And die, because I cannot die.

How vain this only life I know !
This bitter cup from poisoned springs,
These soiled and broken spirit-wings,
Stained with my sins and dark with woe ;
These fetters bound upon my feet,
That fain would run their Lord to greet,
And from my soul goes up the cry,
I die because I cannot die.

Here all is weak and poor and frail—
Even when my life with Thine is blest
In Thy most Holy sacrament,
I long for death to lift the veil ;
And if the death-psalm, low and faint,
Is chanted for some dying saint
My prayer goes upward with a sigh,—
I die, because I cannot die.

Death brings alone the soul's release
From all this weary, worldly strife ;
For life is death, and death is life,
And through the grave we pass to peace ;
O mournful exile of our years,
This life begun and closed in tears !
In death I hope, to death I fly,
And die, because I cannot die.

My life is slain with sorrow's sword,
And still I know it is my sin
That leaves me this low world within ;
Yet, dead lips cannot praise Thee, Lord—
Oh ! to breathe forth my soul's desire,
My burning love, with lips of fire !
Until that moment draweth nigh,
I die, because I cannot die.

To stand within the Golden Gate,
Bathed in the effluent light and love
Wherein the spherèd systems move ;
To see the circling angels wait
Around the great white Throne of Him,
The Lord of all the Seraphim,
O blessed life beyond the sky !—
I die, because I cannot die.

My life, O God, I give to Thee :
My life—'tis all I have to give,
And, losing it, begin to live
The life of immortality.
Are we not bound here unto death—
His bond-slaves, as the Spirit saith ?
O give me freedom, life on high !—
I die, because I cannot die.

Life shrouds us with its gloomy pall ;
Yet still through blinding mists I see
Heaven's holy light stream down on me.
O God, my God, on Thee I call,
That soon before Thy face divine,
For ever near Thee, wholly Thine,
My soul may utter forth the cry—
I live, and never more shall die !

LADY WILDE.

From The Spasm of Santa Teresa.

LIFE'S LAST HOUR.

Shall I live till I am old,
Till my heart is dull and cold ?
Shall I with progressive wear,
All life's ills reluctant bear ;
See no tender eye watch o'er me,
All I loved in death before me ?
Shall I die with years in prime,
Unfulfilled the Psalmist's time ?

Shall I leave this sunshine soon,
In the midst of manhood's noon—
Friendship, feasting, music o'er,
All I cherished seen no more ?
Shall I feel a pang—a chill—
Brain on fire—a rapid rill
From cloven heart—a stifled breath—
Tell me, ye wise, will this be death ?
Tell me, what I long to know,
Presage of the fatal blow ?

Alas ! ye cannot tell the hour,
The way, the work of death's dark power ;
Then, let me bow beneath the sway
Of Him whom earth and Heaven obey.
Ask Him, my soul, to seek and save,
And thus, unfearing, meet the grave.
Jesu, Lord ! be present Thou
When Death's cold dews surround my brow ;
Let promised rod and staff be there,
And faith and hope, and love and prayer ;
Visit my soul with glad surprise,
And glad with heaven my longing eyes.

THOMAS DREW.

THE ANGEL.

I saw an angel in the night,
 And my soul spake and stopped her flight, —
 O Spirit sheen! O heavenly Thing!
 What air is fanned by your bright wing?
 What lovely zone beheld your birth
 Of shining sun, or star, or earth?
 Where goest thou—to what radiant sphere?
 Or why with mortals linger here?

ANGEL.

In the light of the primal Morn,
 When the warfare of sin began,
 In Eden's bowers I was born
 To dwell with the soul of man;
 A spark of the splendor of God,
 I entered the darksome den
 Of the doubting soul, and I grew and grew
 Fairer and brighter the ages through,
 Till a light from my light filled the eyes of men,
 And their hearts grew calm, and they saw the
 rod

Of Justice, of Doom,
 O'er their tribes and their nations wave abroad
 With the blossoms of Mercy abloom!

I showed them God's marvels here,
 And the myriads called me Faith;
 I slew the dragon of Fear,
 And I bridged the bourne of Death;
 I opened the soul's dull eyes,
 And showed her the things beyond;—
 I guided her feet o'er the narrow way
 That leads to the land of eternal day.
 O'er the desert of Doubt, o'er the lake of
 Despond,
 O'er the mountains of woe, through the curses
 and sighs
 And the pangs of Despair,
 Till she saw in the fulness of Joy but the skies
 Of her God-promised home shining there!

I walked on the Deluge wide,
 I guided the wandering Ark,
 I sat by the Saviour's side
 When the days were heavy and dark.
 I bide in the peasant's cot,
 As in temples and halls of kings;
 I hear the last breath that the Martyr draws
 On the cross and the wheel for his sacred
 cause;
 I strengthen the soul 'gainst the thousand
 stings

Of the world and the flesh, till the earth
 seems not,
 And her yearning eyes
 Look far away from this darksome spot,
 Where the Islands of heaven arise!

A golden glory round her shone
 That dazed mine eyes, and she was gone!—
 I said, O troubled soul of mine,
 Have faith in God, and Heaven is thine!

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

EVENING HYMN.

The sunset wanes: now gather again from
 task and play,
 The day-long busy children around the
 mother's knee;
 And we again, Blest Mother, draw round thy
 shrine to pray,
 In words that first were cadenced by angel
 voice to thee,—

Ave Maria!

Now twilight pale is fading, and softly o'er
 the sea
 The stars, in clustering glory, steal forth
 with trembling blaze:
 So o'er the soul in silence rise gentle thoughts
 of thee,
 Whose Virgin-Mother graces outcount the
 starry rays,—

Gratia plena!

Now night's weird shapes and phantoms troop
 forth in shapes of fright;
 Abroad—sin, death, and peril brood through
 the darkling air:
 Oh! ask thy Son to guard us; thy prayer he
 will not slight,
 From crib to cross the sharer of all thy mother
 care,—

Dominus tecum!

Our life is but a shadow, a night of troubled
 dreams,—
 Its visioned woes all fleeting like cloud-
 racks swift away;
 Pray, Mother, for thy children, till break the
 morning beams,
 Till dawn the dazzling splendors of our
 eternal day,

Ora pro nobis!

M. J. A. McCAFFERTY.

THE STRING OF THE ROSARY.

Arbutus came, from out the moist earth peeping,
 And then a violet and a Bethlehem star,

And when a daisy smiled which had been sleeping
 Down in the pines, where sheltered corners are,

The fields were hidden in a soft green cover
 And our whole world was Lady April's lover.

The lilacs burst and filled the air with incense,
 Then roses crowded in the way of June,
 Beauties well guarded by their thorns and leaves dense,

Ruddy in daylight, pale 'neath harvest moon;
 From purest white to deepest crimson ranging,
 In loveliness from bud to blossom changing.

Then maples in the autumn! And the aster
 I saw last year, its petals ruby red,
 Gold-hearted, aromatic; fast and faster

The year sped onward to the years that fled;
 But gorgeous were the banners borne before him;
 The clouds took purple vestments to adore him.

The last sad days were not so sad in passing;
 The barns were full, and, hiding here and there,

A late flower bloomed: and to the eastward
 massing

Against the wind, the cedar hedges were
 Green all the year, and greener in the winter;
 Them ocean gales could neither bend nor splinter.

These have their meaning: every month and season

Speaks to the Christian heart a tale of love;
 We, knowing this, in each may find a reason
 For tender thoughts for the dear Lord above.

Red roses say "His Sacred Heart remember!"
 "Eternal life" cry hedges in December.

Poor is the man who sees but earthly flowers,
 Hears only earthly voices in the trees,
 And finds no symbols in the starlit hours,
 Though his great wealth be blazoned over seas;

Poor! if he in the cloud sees only vapor,
 And in the sun a larger, useful taper.

Fair silver lines the cloud of sternest duty,

There is a glow on all our week-day deeds;
 Through all the year there runs a string of beauty [beads.

Like the bright chain that holds our rosary
 Life is not hard, seen thro' the Resurrection;
 Nature, read rightly, helps us to perfection.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

SONG OF THE SERAPHIM.

Up where the King of Glory sits,
 Here where His people have their homes,
 Never the wing of a shadow flits,
 Never the wail of a sorrow comes: [thesun,
 But the glimmer of stars, and the gleam of
 And the light that streams from the high white Throne,

Shine while the heavenly anthems run,
 Where angels the words of love intone.

Out of the mists and above the din,
 Here, where the King of Glory reigns,
 Never a shadow enters in,
 Never a troubled voice complains:
 But angels sing the song of the Lamb,
 Whereat the trail of the Serpent ends;
 And the voice of the high-enthroned "I AM"
 A hope for man thro' the ages sends.

Up where the King of Glory sits,
 Out of the mist and above the din,
 Never the wing of a shadow flits,
 Never a sorrow enters in:
 But light and love, and prayer and praise,
 And charity that all invites,
 Make up the measureless, endless days,
 The days of Heaven that know no nights.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

A TIRED HEART.

Dear Lord! if one should some day come to Thee,

Weary exceedingly, and poor, and worn,
 With bleeding feet, sore pierced of many a thorn,

And lips athirst, and eyes too tired to see,
 And, falling down before Thy face, should say,

Lord, my day counts but as an idle day,
 My hands have garnered fruit of no fair tree,

Empty am I of stores of oil and corn,
Broken am I and utterly forlorn,
Yet in thy vineyard hast thou room for me?"
Wouldst turn thy face away?
Nay, thou wouldst lift thy lost sheep tenderly.

"Lord! Thou art pale, as one that travaileth,
And Thy wounds bleed where feet and hands
were riven;

Thou hast lain all these years in balms of
Heaven

Since Thou wast broken in the arms of
Death,

And these have healed not." "Child, be
comforted.

I trod the wine-press where thy feet have
bled,

Yea, on the Cross I cried with mighty breath,
Thirsting for thee, whose love was elsewhere
given;

I, God, have followed thee from dawn to
even,

With yearning heart, by many a moor and
heath,

My sheep that wandered!

Now on My breast, Mine arm its head be-
neath."

"Then if this stricken one cried out to Thee,
'Now mine eyes see that Thou art passing
fair,

And thy face, marred of men, beyond com-
pare,'

And so should fall to weeping bitterly,
With 'Lord! I longed for other love than
Thine,

And my feet followed earthly lovers fine,
Turning from where Thy face entreated me;
Now these grow cold and wander elsewhere,
And I, heart empty, poor, and very bare,
Loved of no lover, turn at last to thee"—

Wouldst stretch Thine hand divine
And stroke the bowed head very pityingly?"

"Shall not My love suffice through thy great
pain?"

"Ah, Lord! all night, without a lighted house,
While some within held revel and carouse,
My lost heart wandered in the wind and rain,
And moaned unheard amid the tempest's
din."

"Peace, peace! If one had sped to let thee
in,

Perchance this hour were lost for that hour's
gain;

Wouldst thou have sought Me then with thy
new vows?

Ah, child, I too, with bleeding feet and brows,
Knocked all the night at a heart's door in
vain.

And saw the dawn begin;

On My gold head the dew has left a stain."

KATHARINE TYNAN.

OLD AGE.

When age, with soft and secret wand,
Hath touched and changed the locks to
What diadem could mortal hand [snow,
So precious and so fair bestow?

If then religion's sacred rays
Beam on these hoary locks of thine,
What crown, that gems and gold emblaze,
Can with such holy radiance shine?

They form a glory round the head,
To charm the reverent gaze of youth;
A lustre o'er their steps to shed,
And guide them up the hill of truth.

Oh! 'tis a wreath of heavenly light,
Fair emblem of the crown divine,
That cherubs pure and seraphs bright
Around the brows of saints entwine.

WILLIAM H. DRUMMOND.

PRAYER FOR CALM.

When the disciples saw each surging hill
Of waters threaten that frail bark, aboard
Of which, rude-pillowed, lay their sleeping
Lord,

They roused Him, with affrighted prayers;—
and still,

He, only He, can calm the mind at will;
His sovereign Word alone with power reprove
Ambition's tumult, the unrest of love, [still.
And to the heart's wild waves say, Peace, be
If to ourselves, then, Christ now sleeping
seem,

If, in *our* hearts we feel those billows rave,
Let *us*, too, start to prayer from panic's dream,
And from a risen Saviour mercy crave:
Thy voice, O Lord, can still give calm
supreme—

Without Thee we are lost—but thou canst
save.

WILLIAM R. HAMILTON.

WHO IS THE FOE?

Who is the foe, my spirit tell,
 Or what the power of earth or hell,
 That shall my steadfast bosom move
 To quit my dear Redeemer's love?
 Shall tribulation's gloomy train,
 Or sad distress, or grinding pain,
 Or persecution breathing blood,
 Or peril by the land or flood,
 Or famine howling at my board,
 Or tyrant armed with fire and sword?
 Not these, nor worse, my soul appal,
 Thro' Christ I triumph o'er them all
 And in my secret soul I feel,
 Not danger, want, nor fire, nor steel;
 Not all the torments death arrays,
 Not all the glories life displays,
 Not empires, diadems, and thrones,
 Nor angels' joys, nor hell's deep groans;
 Not all the present hour reveals,
 Not all futurity conceals,
 Nor height sublime, nor depth profound,
 Nor aught in all creation's round,
 Shall e'er my steadfast bosom move
 To quit my dear Redeemer's love.

WILLIAM H. DRUMMOND.

STELLA MATUTINA.

I.

Shine out, O Star, and sing the praise
 Of that unrisen Sun whose glow
 Thus feeds thee with thine earlier rays,—
 The secret of thy song we know.

Thou sing'st that Sun of Righteousness,
 Sole light of this benighted globe,
 Whose beams, from Him reflected, dress
 His Mother in her shining robe.

Pale Lily, pearled around with dew,
 Lift high that heaven-illuminated vase,
 And sing the glories ever new
 Of her, God's chalice, "full of grace."

Cerulean Ocean, fringed with white,
 That wear'st her colors evermore,
 In all thy pureness, all thy might,
 Resound her name from shore to shore,

Her name, and His, that, like thy rim
 Of light the dusky lands around,
 Still girds Creation's shadow dim
 With Incarnation's shining bound.

Transfigured Earth, disguised too long!
 It falls—that Pagan mask of sense!
 Burst forth, dumb worlds, at last, in song
 Of Spiritual Intelligence!

II.

The night thro' yonder cloudy cleft,
 With many a lingering last regard,
 Withdraws—but slowly—and hath left
 Her mantle on the dewy sward.

The lawns with silver dews are strewn;
 The winds lie hushed in cave and tree;
 Nor stirs a flower, save one alone
 That bends beneath the earliest bee.

Peace over all the garden broods;
 Pathetic sweets the thicket throng;
 Like breath the vapor o'er the woods
 Ascends—dim words without a song:

Or hangs, a shining, fleece-like mass
 O'er half yon lake that winds afar,
 Among the forests still as glass,
 The mirror of the Morning Star.

Which, half-way wandering from the sky,
 Amid the crimson dawn delays,
 And (large and less alternately)
 Bends down a lustrous, tearful gaze.

Mother and home of spirits blest!
 Bright gate of Heaven and Golden Bower,
 Thy best of blessings, love and rest,
 Depart not till on earth thou shower!

AUBREY T. DE VERE.

NEW YEAR.

Light of the stars and worlds unknown,
 In whom all light and life abound!
 Descending from Thy glorious throne
 The sun has made his yearly round.
 Thou Ruler of all change and time,
 Again we hail the same bright sun,
 Rayed in Thy Majesty sublime,
 Another annual course to run.

'Tis God Omnipotent that reigns;
 Let earth the shout of gladness raise!
 Ye isles afar, join in the strains,
 And praise Him in your holy days.
 For Thou, from everlasting, Lord!
 To everlasting art the same;
 No shade of change is in Thy Word;
 The One eternal is Thy name.

Ancient of days! when day and night
 Shall cease to measure out Thy love;
 When time no more his lamp shall light
 At the eternal fount above;—
 May every soul, that came from Thee,
 In Jesus rise to Thee again;
 Thy praise be sung eternally,
 By every rank and tribe of men!

DAVID WHYTE.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.
 "Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind);
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
 Is born of David's line
 The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
 And this shall be the sign:
 The heavenly Babe you there shall find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, and thus
 Addressed their joyful song.
 "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace;
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
 Begin, and never cease!"

NAHUM TATE.

A PRAYER OF DOUBT.

The mystery of life, O Lord, do Thou disclose:
 Why riches, honor, happiness to those
 Who love Thee not are given without stint:
 While they who pray for only Faith, remain
 like flint:

Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.

Some feet are consecrate, O Lord, from birth
 to thee;

Mine have wandered, reckless and uncertainly:
 Show me the path—how sharp its thorny wall—
 O! take my hand or I shall faint and fall:
 Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief.

The souls that love Thee, Lord, Thy sweet-
 ness know;
 My soul is cold as mountain capped with
 snow: [divine:
 Touch Thou its crest with ray of warmth
 Lo! with Thy glory doth the mountain shine!
 Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief.

Some hearts Thou fillest, Lord, with radiant
 hope:

My eastern windows rarely, dimly ope:
 Glance Thou this way: the curtains are with-
 drawn—
 My house is burnished with Thine eyelids'
 dawn!

Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief.

MARGARET F. SULLIVAN.

A PRAYER.

Give me, O Lord, a heart of grace,
 A voice of joy, a shining face,
 That I may show, where'er I turn,
 Thy love within my soul doth burn!

Though life be sweet and joy be dear,
 Be in my mind a quiet fear;
 A patient love of pain and care,
 An enmity to dark despair;

A tenderness for all that stray,
 With strength to help them on the way;
 A cheerfulness, a heavenly mirth,
 Brightening my steps along the earth;

A calm expectancy of death,
 Who bloweth out our human breath;
 Who one day cometh in Thy name,
 And putteth out our mortal flame!

Press Thou Thy thorns upon my head,
 For I would bleed as Thou hast bled;
 'Tis meet that I should wounded be
 By that which sorely wounded Thee!

I ask, and shrink, yet shrink, and ask:
 I know Thou wilt not set a task
 Too hard for hands that Thou hast made,
 Too hard for hands that Thou canst aid.

So let me dwell all peacefully,
 Content to live, content to die,
 Rejoicing now, rejoicing then,
 Rejoicing evermore. Amen.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

MARY STUART'S LAST PRAYER.

A lonely mourner kneels in prayer before the
Virgin's fane,
With white hands crossed for Jesu's sake, so
her prayer may not be vain;
Wan is her cheek, and very pale,—her voice
is low and faint,
And tears are in her eyes the while she makes
her humble plaint.

O little could you deem from her, her sad and
lowly mien,

That she was once the Bride of France, and
still was Scotland's Queen!

"O, Mary Mother!—Mary Mother! be my
help and stay!

Be with me still, as thou hast been, and
strengthen me to-day!

For many a time, with heavy heart, all weary
of its grief,

I solace sought in thy blest thought, and ever
found relief:

For thou, too, wert a Queen on earth, and men
were harsh to thee,—

And cruel things and rude they said, as they
have said of me!

"O, gentlemen of Scotland! O, Cavaliers of
France!

How each and all had grasped his sword, and
seized his angry lance, [bride,

If ladye love, or sister dear, or nearer, dearer
Had been, like me, your friendless Liege,

insulted and belied!

But these are sinful thoughts and sad,—I
should not mind me now

Of faith forsworn, or broken pledge, or false
or fruitless vow!

"But rather pray, sweet Mary, my sins may be
forgiven,

And less severe than on the earth my judges
prove in heaven!

For stern and solemn men have said, God's
vengeance will be shown,

And fearful will the penance be on the sins
which I have done!

And yet albeit my sins be great, O Mary,
Mary dear,

Nor to Knox nor to false Moray the Judge
will then give ear!

"Yes, it was wrong and thoughtless, when
first I came from France, [dance

To lead courante or minuet, or lighter, gayer

Yes, it was wrong and thoughtless to while
whole hours away

In dark and gloomy Holyrood with some
Italian lay;

Dark men would scowl their hate at me, and
I have heard them tell

How the just Lord God of Israel had stricken
Jezebel!

"But thou, dear Mary!—Mary mine! hast
ever looked the same,

With pleasant mien, and smile serene, on her
who bore thy name. [not see

O grant that when anon I go to death, I may
Nor axe, nor block, nor headsman, but Thee
and only Thee!

Then 'twill be told in coming times, how
Mary gave her grace

To die as Stuart, Guise, should die, of Charle-
magne's fearless race!"

G. S. SMYTHE.

O BROODING SPIRIT.

O Brooding Spirit of Wisdom and of Love,
Whose mighty wings even now o'ershadow me,

Absorb me in Thine own immensity,
And raise me far my finite self above!

Purge vanity away, and the weak care

That name or fame of me may widely spread
And the deep wish keep burning in their stead,

Thy blissful influence afar to bear,

Or see it borne! Let no desire of ease,

No lack of courage, faith, or love, delay [way,

Mine own steps on that high thought-paven

In which my soul her clear commission sees;

Yet with an equal joy let me behold

Thy chariot o'er that way by others rolled!

WILLIAM R. HAMILTON.

ADVENT.

Morning cometh, wanes the night,

Dawns the day that endeth never;

Gird your loins, ye sons of light,

Darkness fades and flees forever:

In the East His sign appears,

Crown of all the coming years.

Through the skies a voice is heard,

Trumpet-tongued, more deep than thunder,

'Tis Jehovah's mighty word,

Kindreds, nations, hear and wonder.

Spread the tidings far and wide,

Triumphs now the Crucified.

Fair as early morning-beams,
 O'er the countless dew-drops shining,
 Wake the saints from peaceful dreams,
 Slumber and the grave resigning:
 Glad they rise, their Lord to meet,
 Follow to the judgment-seat.

Deep the awe, the fear, the joy,
 Now the Son of Man surrounding—
 Highest Angel-hosts employ
 All their powers His name resounding—
 Christ they praise, with one accord—
 Christ the Saviour, Christ the Lord!

Oh! when round the Throne we stand
 On that glorious Advent-morning,
 Gazing on Thy brow, Thy hand,
 Clothed with radiance, raised in warning,
 Jesu! may Thy smile of love
 Our Eternal gladness prove.

WILLIAM MCILWAINE.

EASTER.

What sound is that which wakes the gladsome
 morn?

Exultant strain from Judah's hill-tops ring-
 ing?

Ecstatic notes from joy ecstatic born,
 A ransomed world—a ransomed world is
 singing;

For in sublimest love
 Christ came from thrones above;

And He, to heal our mortal sin,
 Received Death's wound His heart within,
 Yet victor rose from hell,

And Death is dead, and Life is Lord!

Hail, hail to the immortal Word!

Let earth's proud pæans swell,
 Rejoice! Rejoice!

For burst is hell's dread prison.

Rejoice! Rejoice!

Swell your triumphant voice,—
 The Christ, the Christ is risen!

What gleam is that whereat the round world
 thrills,

His glorious triumphal car adorning? [hills,
 Lo! where his steeds have spurned the Orient
 Breaks showered light on dun-rolled clouds
 of morning!

Now He who walked the earth
 In guise of lowliest birth

Is crowned the royal King of Kings,
 For Whom the spacious heaven rings;
 And they of low degree

With joy of joy His coming greet
 Who hurls the mighty from their seat,
 And bids the slave be free.

Rejoice! Rejoice!

For burst is Death's dark prison.

Rejoice! Rejoice!

Swell your triumphant voice,

For Christ our Lord is risen!

Christ God! for Thee the sun-browed Nations
 wait,

Who hail Thy name and own Thy name for
 ever!—

O Thou who flungest wide the sapphire gate
 Of that new world where Life and Love
 part never!

Thine awful power appals

And splendour dread enthral;—

Yet from the glory of Thy face

There gleams an all-redeeming grace

That lightens woe's dark fen,

And 'neath Thy sway divinely mild,
 Glads Earth and Heaven, and Chaos wild,

And Eden blooms again.

Rejoice! Rejoice!

For burst is Sin's foul prison;

Rejoice! Rejoice!

Swell the triumphant voice

That Christ our God is risen!

ROWLAND B. MAHANY.

CHRISTMAS.

Lift high your notes,

Ye bright adoring throng

Who nearest stand

To God's right hand

Engaged in ardent song,

Pour out to-day, along your utmost line,

The richest measures of the art divine,

Through all your deeps let peal the lofty
 hymn—

The Christ is born to-day in Bethlehem.

And ye who roam

Amongst the spacious plains

In His employ,

Who is your joy,

Take up the inspiring strains,

And, while all heaven in silent wonder stands,
Clap, clap in unison, your myriad hands,
And to the sympathetic crowds proclaim—
The Christ is born to-day in Bethlehem.

Earth, earth take up
The full harmonious lay.
In hut and hall,
Let great and small,
Be one with heaven to-day.

No gladder news has thrilled the air before—
Hear it, ye lost ones, and be lost no more;
Awake to hope, ye sons of sin and shame,
The Christ is born to-day in Bethlehem.

To-day, to-day,
Brothers, rejoice, to-day
The clouds have fled,
The sun has shed

On every heart his ray.

Hail, Prince of Peace! hail, Uncreated Light!
We give Thee welcome, King of Truth and
Right!

Our hearts are glad to hear the loud acclaim—
The Christ is born to-day in Bethlehem.

WILLIAM COWAN.

THE HOPE OF THE SAINT.

City! brighter than the sun,
Than the silver moon more fair,
Height, by saints and martyrs won,
Climbed through want, and woe, and care—
Oft, methinks, I see thy gates,
Each a pearl of purest ray;
Hear the jubilee which waits
Those who walk thy golden way;
View thy walls, as crystal clear,
Built with gem and precious stone;
Bring thy vision'd glories near,
Catch the radiance of thy throne;
Pause to hear the central psalm
Rising round the fount of love,
Where the white robe and the palm
Grace that host, all hosts above.
And should earth come gliding in,
Such brief moments' bliss to blight—
Strong temptation, dream of sin,
Cloud of sorrow, shade of night—
Still thy brightness o'er me shed
Draws to heaven the silent prayer—
Oh! the paths of peace to tread!
Least and lowest—only there!

WILLIAM MILLWAIN.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Merrily the minster bells
Peal upon the morn
Cheerily their music tells
"Christ to-day is born."
'Tis the tale the angels told
To the shepherds in the fold,
Chanting heavenly melodies,
While God's glory filled the skies.

Let us chant that hymn sublime
That erst the angels sung,
Let every race and every clime,
And every heart and tongue,
Wake a world-wide song of praise,
As the joyful strain they raise,
Earth proclaim and heaven reply
"Glory be to God on High!"

Not myrrh, nor frankincense, nor gold,
The offerings we bring,
As royal Magians gave of old
To Child and God and King.
We give not part, we give the whole;
We give our spirit, body, soul;
We love, and worship, and obey,
The infant God-King born to-day

Minster bells, peal merrily
On this festal morn—
"Glory be to God on High!
Christ to-day is born!"
So sang the Church in ages past,
So shall she sing while time shall last,
Her hymn on earth, while warring, given,
Her hymn triumphant yet in heaven!

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

THE NATIVITY.

Uplift the voice of melody, your choicest
numbers bring,
Of grace divine the song shall be, and mercy's
flowing spring;
We'll celebrate the mighty love of Him, who,
throned on high,
Descended from that throne above, to suffer
and to die.

Uplift the voice of melody, to hail the glorious
morn,
That saw in Beth'lem's manger lie the won-
drous Virgin-born;

We'll follow in the shining train of that
seraphic band,
Whose voices bore, in choral strain, the tid-
ings thro' the land.

Uplift the voice of melody, "to us a Son is
given"—
Shout "peace, good-will" and victory, the
bonds of sin are riven;
He comes "the Sun of Righteousness," with
healing in His wings—
He comes, a ransom'd world to bless, and reign
the King of kings.

Uplift the voice of melody, "Hosanna to the
Lord"—
Let earth, let ocean, and let sky take up the
joyous word,
And hail with us the glorious day that gave
the Saviour birth.
To Him united homage pay—Emmanuel—
God on earth!

WILLIAM BLACKER.

CHRIST IS BORN.

Christ is born, go tell the story,
Tell the nations of His birth;
Tell them that the Lord of Glory
Comes from heaven to dwell on earth:
Let the tidings
Fill the world with sacred mirth.

See, He lies in yonder manger:
"Prince of Life," His title is,
'Midst His own, and yet a stranger,
All things seen and unseen His;
Yet neglected:
Wonder, O ye heavens, at this.

See fulfill'd prophetic vision,
"Unto us a child is born;"
Though an object of derision,
Though the theme of human scorn:
Yet His people
Hail His birth, and cease to mourn.

Hail, Emmanuel, child of promise,
'Lord of all' in humble guise;
Long detain'd, and absent from us,
Come at length to bless our eyes:
Hail, Emmanuel!
God the Saviour, only Wise!

THOMAS KELLY.

ON THE MOUNTAIN'S TOP.

On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile hands;
Mourning captive!
God himself will loose thy bands.

Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

God, thy God, will now restore thee
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end,
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redress'd;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor bless'd;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

THOMAS KELLY.

EASTER VOICES.

Ere yet the gloom of night had been
By morn's first glory chased away,
Weeping, stood Mary Magdalene
Beside the grave, where Jesus lay.
"Why weepest thou? be not afraid:
Why is thy faint heart bowed with fear?
Behold the place where He was laid:
He is not here!"

"Hear ye not still His voice, which saith:
'To Death they must deliver Me?
But I shall burst the bonds of Death,
And rise again, and live for thee!'
From thy sad heart Doubt's shadows chase!
For all hath been, as He hath said:
'The Lord is risen: lo! the place
Where He was laid:'"

O Easter Voices, holy, sweet!
O bright and hallowed Easter Ray,
That glittered at the head and feet
Of where my Saviour's body lay!

In faith, this morn, Thy Light I see,
And, gazing on Thy glory, sing:
"O grave, where is thy victory?
Where, Death, thy sting?"

Ere break of day my Lord arose:
O Day-spring of my soul is He!
O, what is Night or Death to those,
Dear Easter Light, who trust in Thee?
O, should one doubt my soul imprison,
Or any shade of earth be near,
Speak, Easter Voices: "He is risen:
He is not here!"

Thou art not here. From realms above,
Look down, nor let our spirits fail!
Grant us Thy peace, and to Thy Love,
Rabboni, bid our spirits hail!
Calm Thou our faint heart's transient strife:
O, bid our spirits cease from fear,
And turn to Thee, for that true Life
Which is not here!

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

O HEARTS OF OURS.

Who that a watcher doth remain
Beside a couch of mortal pain,
Deems he can ever smile again?

Or who that weeps beside a bier
Counts he has any more to fear
From the world's flatteries, false and leer?

And yet anon and he doth start
At the light toys in which his heart
Can now already claim its part.

O hearts of ours! so weak and poor,
That nothing there can long endure;
And so their hurts find shameful cure—

While every sadder, wiser thought,
Each holier aim which sorrow brought,
Fades quite away and comes to naught.

O Thou, who dost our weakness know,
Watch for us, that the strong hours so
Not wean us from our wholesome wo.

Grant Thou that we may long retain
The wholesome memories of pain,
Nor wish to lose them soon again.

EDWARD CHENEY FRENCH.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

For Good-Friday.

The hands of the King are soft and fair.
They never knew labor's stain.
The hands of the Robber redly wear
The bloody brand of Cain.
But the hands of the Man are hard and scarred
With the scars of toil and pain.

The slaves of Pilate have washed his hands
As white as a king's may be.
Barabbas with wrists unfettered stands;
For the world has made him free.
But Thy palms, toil-worn, by nails are torn,
O Christ, on Calvary!

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

UNISON.

Out from that darker line that marks the
Land,
Into the vast mid-ocean runs the song,
Shouting its praises to the Universe
In measures loud and long.

With deep resounding through the salty main
The swift-sent message of an iron throat
Reaches the monster of the nether-sea
In hoarse prolonged note.

Across the stormy petrel's swaying path
From polished decks the music in delight
Rushes, and, like the beating wings of birds,
Takes outward, upward flight.

Unto the Earth, its hills, its plains, its dales,
Gladness has come because the Christ is
born.

Concordant murmurs ever flowing out
Welcome the Christmas Morn!

The Morn that brings a promise every year
From seraphs watching near the Bethlehem
shrine

Or Fold, we call a Manger, but a Court
Whose Courtiers are divine:

The heart of Erin rings in all its bells.
England and Scotland, as in early days,
Give to the Heavenly Prince of Orient birth
Honor in words of praise.

In gold and white, and scarlet as the flowers
Investured are, as kings of ancient Rome,
The inner walls of each Italian fane
From lintel unto dome

Show the fair garb of holiday attire,
 With many a gleaming light that shines afar,
 In semblance of that jewel of the skies
 We name the Shepherd's Star.

From storied Rhineland's castle-bordered
 slopes,
 From stately spires of Switzer-Alpine vales,
 Broad surging hymnal greetings floating out
 Are borne on frosty gales.

Through Spain and Portugal, and France and
 Greece,
 In this our Land, from shore to farthest
 shore,
 Stirreth a sound of sweetness and of joy
 To Him whom we adore.

The bugler's silvery calling from the Fort
 Winds far across the prairie's untouched
 snow,
 Startling among the shallow reefed bluffs
 The sad-eyed, timid roe.

As o'er Pacific's angry, heaving tide
 The gun proclaims the dawn unto the
 West,
 So breaks the sweeter blast of bugle sounds
 The cold Sierra's rest.

ESMERALDA BOYLE.

ONE CORPUS CHRISTI.

"Flowers? Are they for a bride?" he said,
 And wondered if that graceful head,
 Now bent to catch the soft perfume,
 Was soon to wear their tender bloom;
 But when she raised her modest eyes,
 And answered him in half surprise,
 "No, they are for our Lord," he smiled,
 And thought: "This is indeed a child."

"Give me the loveliest," she said,
 "Delicate white and rosy red,
 And heliotrope and mignonette,
 All that you know and I forget;
 And heap these crimson roses, so,—
 Yes, they are costly, that I know;
 But what can be too fair and sweet
 To strew beneath His sacred feet?"

* * * *

The light was fading, broken flowers
 Lay scattered thro' the aisles in showers.

For all their fragrant wealth that day
 Had marked the Master's glorious way;
 And now, before the altar-rail,
 A girl knelt, motionless and pale.

A line of sunlight touched her hair,
 Her slender hands were clasped in prayer;
 In silent bliss the moments passed,
 For she had lingered to the last,
 Unconscious, in that holy spot,
 Of eyes that watched, and wearied not.

"How beautiful"—the whispered thought,
 All human, all of earth, she caught;
 And reading what that thought expressed
 By the one key-note in her breast,—
 Uplifting her adoring head,
 "Is He not beautiful?" she said.

A thrill of awe, a flush of shame,
 He knelt and named the Saviour's name,—
 Softly she glided from the place,
 He never looked upon her face:—
 Low bent to earth his suppliant head,
 "O Lord, make me a child," he said.

MARY E. MANNIX.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I say to thee, do thou repeat,
 To the first man thou mayest meet
 In lane, highway, or open street—

That he, and we, and all men, move
 Under a canopy of love,
 As broad as the blue sky above:

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
 And anguish, all are shadows vain;
 That death itself shall not remain.

That weary deserts we may tread,
 A dreary labyrinth may thread,
 Thro' dark ways underground be led:

Yet if we will one Guide obey,
 The dreariest path, the darkest way,
 Shall issue out in heavenly day.

And we, on divers shores now cast,
 Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
 All in our Father's house at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this
 Yet one word more:—they only miss
 The winning of that final bliss

Who will not count it that true Love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know—
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego.

Despite of all which seems at strife:
With blessing, all with curses rife,—
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

ON THE RIVIERA.

Under an aged olive, by the sea,
A charcoal fire, and fish thereon, and bread—
For there a fisher crew their meal had spread—
I saw; and as I saw, to Galilee [where said
My thoughts were borne, and to the beach
The Saviour to the Apostle, *Lov'st Thou Me?*
I could not speak like Peter, but, instead,
I felt mine eyes with silent tears grow dim,
To think how weak and faint my love to Him.

Yet I have served Him for a length of years;
I would not hide one secret from His sight;
And still I have not done with doubts and
fears;

My path is but a darkness crossed with light,
And Heaven most like a clouded heaven
appears;

His joy by flashes only have I gained,
His constant peace I never have attained.

And so it was with Peter and the rest.
They knew that He who died was raised again,
But knew not of the blessings they possessed,
And spread the net once more, their food to
gain.

And all the night they spread the net in vain;
But when the morning glowed upon the lake,
The Saviour stood upon the shore, and spake.

And unto me He spake, that summer day,
Under the olives, on Liguria's shore.
And though I made no answer, He will stay.
He stands beside me when I cannot pray,
He follows me and finds me when I stray,
And leads me back to bless Him and adore.

The pure in heart shall see Thee and be blest.
But am I pure? I know not; but I know
It is Thy will, my God, to make me so,
And in that knowledge I can safely rest;

And I rejoice to think that in my breast
There's not a thought or wish but long ago
Was known, my Saviour and my Judge, to
Thee.

Before Thy hand in secret fashioned me.
Therefore, I pray Thee, search and try my
And lead me in the everlasting way, [heart,
And cleanse me from my sin against the day
When I shall see Thee, Saviour, as thou art.

JOSEPH J. MURPHY.

WHEN MY LOVE IS FAILING.

When my love is failing,
Sin and earth prevailing,

Oh, Lord, remember me!
When my faith is weakest,
When the strayed Thou seekest,
Oh, then remember me!

When my foes endeavor
From my Lord to sever
This frail heart for ever,
Still I'll cling to Thee;
Let me never leave Thee,
Ne'er disturb or grieve Thee,
Oh! still remember me!

When, in hours of sighing,
Earth's bright joys are flying,
Then, Lord, remember me;
In the tomb when laying
Best lov'd forms decaying,

Oh, Lord, remember me
When my heart benighted,
Sees each fond hope blighted,
When the joys that lighted
All life's pathway flee;
Let Thy smile to gladness
Turn my tears of sadness,
Then, Lord, remember me!

When life's hours are closing,
On Thy love reposing,
Oh, Lord, remember me!
E'en in death's dark river
Thou canst save for ever,

Then, Lord, remember me;
When from heaven descending,
All Thy saints attending
Rocks and mountains rending,
Earth her Lord shall see;
When Thy throne Thou gainest,
And in glory reignest,
Then, Lord, remember me!

ISAAC ASHE.

THOU ART, O GOD.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine !

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven—
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are Thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord ! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

THOMAS MOORE.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at God's altar fervently kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot
heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name
saying—

"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot
cure."

Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings us,
What charms for aching hearts *he* can reveal,
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings
us—

"Earth has no sorrow that God cannot
heal."

THOMAS MOORE.

THIS WORLD IS ALL.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven !

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even ;
And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but Heaven !

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but heaven.

THOMAS MOORE.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

Thou hast pitied my heart's great needling,
Thou hast stooped to my low estate,
And opened unto my pleading
The long-sealed beautiful gate.

Thro' the wilds of gloom and sadness
Thou hast been my spirit and guard,
Into the light and gladness
Of the courts of Thy house, O Lord.

Why should I fear or falter
Under a roof so blest ?
Here, near Thy holy Altar,
Surely Thy child may rest.

Here in Thy house it endeth,
My quest that was so vain,
For the spirit of peace descendeth,
Stilling the olden pain.

In Thy house, my Father, never
Is grief that burns and stings,
Nor the anguish of lost endeavor,
Nor the shadow that chills and clings.

For Thy love makes rest of labor,
And gain of the bitterest loss,
And the glory and joy of Thabor,
In the shade of the dearest Cross.

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

BELOW AND ABOVE.

Down below, the wild November whistling
Through the beech's dome of burning red,
And the Autumn sprinkling penitential
Dust and ashes on the chestnut's head.

Down below, a pall of airy purple,
Darkly hanging from the mountain side,
And the sunset from his eyebrow staring
O'er the long roll of the leaden tide.

Up above, the tree with leaf unfading
By the everlasting river's brink,
And the sea of glass, beyond whose margin
Never yet the sun was known to sink.

Down below, the white wings of the sea-bird,
Dash'd across the furrows dark with mould,
Flitting with the memories of our childhood
Through the trees now waxen pale and old.

Down below, imaginations quivering
Through our human spirits like the wind,
Thoughts that toss like leaves about the
woodland,
Hopes like sea-birds flash'd across the mind.

Up above, the host no man can number,
In white robes, a palm in every hand;
Each some work sublime forever working,
In the spacious tracts of that great land.

Up above, the thoughts that know not anguish,
Tender care, sweet love for us below,
Noble pity free from anxious terror,
Larger love without a touch of woe.

Down below, a sad mysterious music,
Wailing thro' the woods and on the shore,
Burthened with a grand, majestic secret
That keeps sweeping from us evermore.

Up above, a music that entwined
With eternal threads of golden sound,
The great poem of this strange existence,
All whose wondrous meaning has been found.

Down below, the church to whose poor window
Glory by the autumnal trees is lent
And a knot of worshippers in mourning,
Missing some one at the Sacrament.

Up above, the burst of Hallelujah,
And (without the sacramental mist

Wrapt around us like a sunlit halo)
The great vision of the face of Christ.

Down below, cold sunlight on the tombstones,
And the green wet turf with faded flowers;
Winter roses, once like young hopes burning,
Now beneath the ivy dripped with showers.

And the new made grave within the church-
yard,
And the white cap on that young face pale,
And the watcher, ever as it dusketh,
Rocking to and fro with that long wail.

Up above, a crowned and happy spirit,
Like an infant in the eternal years,
Who shall grow in love and life forever,
Order'd in his place among his peers.

O, the sobbing of the winds of Autumn,
And the sunset streak of stormy gold, [yard,
And the poor heart, thinking in the church-
"Night is coming, and the grave is cold."

O, the pale, and plash'd, and sodden roses,
And the desolate heart that grave above,
And the white cap shaking as it darkens
Round that shrine of memory and love.

O, the rest for ever and the rapture,
And the hand that wipes the tears away;
And the golden homes beyond the sunset,
And the hope that watches o'er the clay!

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

THE PATRIARCHAL TIME.

O world! thou hoary monster, whose old age
Is gray in guilt! How purer and more fair
The freshness of thine infancy to share!
The primal records of the holy page
Tell how, amid thy morn, the Form of God
Lighted the valleys of our vernal earth—
A parent, with the children of His birth—
And smiled to dark the sunshine, as He trod!
Tending their flocks among the quiet hills
And shadowed waters of their orient clime,
The men of majesty, in early time,
Bore heaven upon their brow! Alas! it chills
The soul to mark the God-given spirit's
course,
Beam of the Eternal Sun, dis severed from its
source!

WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER.

A PSALM OF HOPE.

What mean they standing aloof, the people
who watch us and weep,

Tearing the hair in sorrow, and wailing and
beating their breast?

Is it aught if the stream roll wide, is it aught
if the waters leap,

Swollen by snows, by the storm lashed white
without pity or rest?

Have we not crossed many worse in our march
O God! as we follow

Leader or lord who has led for a time and
has fallen asleep,

Seeking to see Thee and feel Thee anear, go-
ing forth by the hollow

White glens cut aloft in the hills, by the
sands of the shore of the deep?

Would they bid us halt in our path? Would
they turn and go back in the night,

And abide with the beasts of the fields, and
herd in the dens of the rocks?

Nay, for our hearts are strong to the end, and
we fear no might

Of waters, or loud storm blowing, or horror
of thunder-shocks.

We will on through the night and the storm,
we will march to the bountiful land.

We scoff at the lightning's glare, we laugh
at the torrent's roar,

As we plunge in the hurrying tide, and beat
with a buffeting hand

Foam and eddying flood, and stem to the
further shore.

For, ever thou drawest us on in the track of
invisible feet.

Through the crisp white mountain snows,
through the pathless desert ways,

By the grisly wastes of wood, by the blossom-
ing gardens sweet,

By the dry sea-wolds of sand, by the curves
of the tideless bays,

High over the spears of crag a-drip with the
sunset's blood,

By the shores of the desolate lakes that
slumber in tracts of death,

'Mid the flakes of splintering rock where the
great snow-cataracts flood,

In the fume of the watery flats, in the sul-
phurous crater's breath.

Through sorrowful spaces and sweet we march
with resolute heart, [roll by:

Nearer and nearer to Thee as ever the years

And more and more as we move in the wan-
dering paths outstart

Signs that quicken the pulse, that brighten
the fainting eye:

For lo, in the tremulous flowers we have found
a shadow of Thee

In the purpled banners of day that flutter
about the west,

In the droves of the flaming clouds blown
nor'ward over the sea,

In the hues of the shining plumes, in the
gloss of the leopard's breast.

We have wrung from the clenched crags the
tale of Thy deeds of old,

We have heard the hurrying spheres in
music whisper praise,

And the leaves of Thy love have prattled, the
birds of Thy love have told

And the streams that flash, and the deer
that leaps, and the lamb that plays.

And we grow with the vision's growth, with
the dawn of Thy love and power,

Clearer of eye, and keener of ear, and
stronger of soul:

And pain is lightlier borne, and lighter the
driving shower,

As we push through storm and suns, and
strain to the utmost goal.

And sometimes, fair in sight, will flash in a
tide of light

A symbol of peace to be, a promise of power
to attain;

For sometimes while we pause on a moun-
tain's lonely height

Out of the stretching seas, behold, without
shadow or stain, [of gold,

A thousand marble spires, a cluster of domes
Will arise and fire our blood; on a land of

loveliest dyes,

Bowery plots and streams, and mountains,
fold on fold,

In the sheen of the moon or sun, breaks
sudden under the skies:

Or a rushing musicsings from far through the
waves and trees; [anear.

Or odor of mystic boundless gardens floats
Yea, we are strong in trust, we are strong in

the faith that sees,

And the love that yearns and clings, and
the hope that conquereth fear;

And dear, though rough, is the march, and
sweet is the sound of our feet

Treading in time together, and gay are the
voices blent,
As we sing in the lonely ways, and a mirthful
measure beat,

Brethren marching foot to foot ever on with
one intent.

Oh, 'tis good to live and strain, and pain but
turns to mirth,

And we hail the worst with smiling lips as
we march along to Thee;
For doing the deeds of men, we taste of the
blisses of earth,

We attain to the ampler life, we grow as the
angels free;
And ever Thou drawest us on, and ever we
follow sure,

And Thou waitest our coming, we know,
afar in invisible lands,
In the crowd of the spirits of light, in the realms
that ever endure,

To enroll us, born of Thee, at the last in the
deathless bands,
To clothe us anew with strength and the fer-
vor that shall not die,

For the glorious deeds of gods, for the do-
ing of works untold,
So soon as the years have run their span, O
God Most High,

And the season of man is spent, and the
cloud into darkness rolled.

GEORGE L. ARMSTRONG.

ON THE HEIGHT.

A dream of heat and labor,
Of climbing and holding one's breath,
Up steep, black rocks in the desert:—
The desert was grim as death.

Desperate toil that climbing,
Never daring a downward eye;
Beneath, a precipice deadlly,
Above, the strong blue sky.

And when I reached the summit,
Where the air and sun were sweet,
A pool of living water
Lay in the rock at my feet.

And a man, dusk-faced, white-turbaned,
Said, "Traveler, this is the spring
That the prophet Elijah drank from
When he fled from the wrath of the King."

I think the dream has a moral:
Only the feet that have trod
Rude rock and wearying desert
Come at last to the waters of God.

GEORGE T. LANIGAN.

HYMN FOR MORNING.

See, the star that leads the day,
Rising, shoots a golden ray,
To make the shades of darkness go
From heaven above and earth below;
And warn us early with the sight,
To leave the beds of silent night;
From a heart sincere, and sound
From its very deepest ground,
Send devotion up on high,
Wing'd with heat to reach the sky.
See, the time for sleep has run,
Rise before, or with the sun;
Lift the hands, and humbly pray
The Fountain of eternal day;
That as the light serenely fair
Illustrates all the tracts of air,
The sacred Spirit so may rest,
With quickening beams, upon thy breast,
And kindly cleanse it all within
From darker blemishes of sin;
And shine with grace until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.
See, the day that dawns in air
Brings along its toil and care;
From the lap of night it springs,
With heaps of business on its wings;
Prepare to meet them in a mind
That bows submissively resigned;
That would to works appointed fall,
That knows that God has ordered all.
And whether, with a small repast,
We break the sober morning fast;
Or in our thoughts and houses lay
The future methods of the day;
Or early walk abroad to meet
Our business with industrious feet;
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory still be kept in view.
O, giver of eternal bliss,
Heavenly Father, grant me this;
Grant it all, as well as me,
All whose hearts are fixed on Thee;
Who revere Thy Son above,
Who Thy sacred Spirit love.

THOMAS PARNELL.

A REVERIE.

I have ere now been half inclined
 To wish the present life were all;
 That death upon the soul might fall,
 And darkness overwhelm the mind;
 Not that I envied then the beast
 Which never thinks of good or ill,
 And only cares to eat his fill
 At mighty Nature's bounteous feast;
 But that our motives might be pure,
 And free our choice, and clear our way,
 The law of conscience to obey,
 Whether to act or to endure;
 To fight with sin, without regard
 To conquests in the battle won;
 To say at last, "My work is done:
 I die, and seek for no reward."
 And yet I know 'tis better far
 That faith should look beyond the grave
 On Him who died the world to save,
 And rose to be the polar star,
 For ever, of our hope and love;
 To guide us on, through death and night,
 To realms of deathless life and light,
 To mansions of the blest above.
 I know 'tis well to trust the Power
 Who makes the buried seeds to bloom,
 That He will raise me from the tomb.
 As summer's breath awakes a flower;
 To take a child upon my knee,
 Or lay what was my friend in dust,
 And feel a reverential trust
 That He who made them both to be—
 Who gives us death as well as birth,
 And maketh children grow to men—
 Will give us other life again,
 More blessed than the life on earth.

JOSEPH J. MURPHY.

EVENSONG.

On Summer eves,
 When the spirit of music awakes in the leaves,
 Whispering low sweet tones;
 When the stars look down on the quiet scene,
 As happy as if they were angels' thrones;
 No sound, I ween,
 Steeps the soul in a calm so holy
 As that now gay, now melancholy,
 Which dwells and swells

In the tinkling of the vesper bells.
 Listen, listen, and come, young and old;
 Enter the antique shrine; behold
 How slantingly the stain'd rays pour
 Their hues on the tessellated floor;
 The footfall's sound
 Thro' the pillar'd aisle runs round and round;
 The sainted figures as you pass
 Seem to smile from the tinted glass;
 The worshippers are upon bended knees.
 Heed not these;
 While the penitential prayer
 Swells full of sorrow on the air;
 The solemn aisles of the temple thrill
 Till the words of absolution fall
 Like the dew of heaven, to still
 The restless hearts of all.
 Hark! the chant hovers and floats
 Over the pealing organ-notes;
 Up to the choir of seraphim
 Rise the cadences of that holy hymn.
 The Soul, an athlete
 From the arena's dust and heat,
 Now drinks the cup of strength and youth,
 Drawn from the fount of the Word of Truth,
 Resting at Jesus' feet.
 The world shut out, the heart keeps tryst
 Alone and long with the Saviour Christ,
 Until the words of blessing shed
 Seal the grace to heart and head.
 In sooth, an image of joy divine
 At evensong is thine,
 If thou prayest thus at the day's decline.

R. W. BUCKLEY.

THE HEAVENLY FATHERLAND.

Within a vast cathedral pile the benediction
 hymn was pealing,
 Beside me in the crowded aisle a group of
 emigrants were kneeling;
 Their homely raiment shedding round the
 briny odor of the ocean,
 They bent their foreheads to the ground, the
 rough hands clasp'd in rapt devotion:
 And staff and bundle cast aside, were watered
 with the tend'rest tears,
 As soft the old familiar hymn was wafted to
 the exiles' ears.
 I heard them sob—I saw them lift their stream-
 ing eyes to that bless'd dome;
 Strange voices in a foreign land were carolling
 the hymn of home:

And backward o'er the dangerous seas in
Fancy's ships once more they floated,
The music of the billows heard that swelled
on Erin's coast devoted :

And trod once more the chapel-green, and
pluck'd the shamrocks from the sward,
And knelt again with dearest kin before the
altar of the Lord !

Oh ! sweetly sang the hidden choir : "*Qui
vitam sine termino,*
Nobis donet in patria," the simple strain was
clear and low ;

And, like a dream in troubled sleep, before
them rose the vanish'd scene,
(Alas ! how bitter are the tears that keep the
graves of mem'ry green !)

No busy ploughman in the field, no laughing
children at the gate ;
The cabin walls in ruin laid ; the mortgaged
farm, the lost estate ;

The gray-hair'd Soggarth bow'd in pain above
the pallet of the dying,
The precious dead (by sorrow slain), beneath
the turf and shamrocks lying—

Almighty Father ! if there were no blest abid-
ing place with Thee
How could the hapless exile bear the burden
of his misery !

If, through the rain-drops of his tears, he saw
no bow of promise shining,
How could the cloud of sorrow, touched by
hope, reveal its silver lining ?

But angels soothe him as they sing of endless
days and joys to come,
In Faith's eternal Fatherland, the exiles'
universal Home !

ELIZABETH C. DONNELLY.

LOTUS AND LILY.

Sometimes a dark hour cometh for us who
are bound to bear
The burden of lowly labor, the fetters of lowly
care ;

An hour when the heart grows sick of the
workday's weary round,
Loathing each oft-seen sight, loathing each
oft-heard sound !—

Loathing our very life, with its pitiful daily
need ;
Learning in pain and weakness that labor is
doom indeed.

And this the meed of the struggle :—tent and
raiment and bread ?
O for the "*Requiescant,*" and the sleep of the
pardoned dead !

O the visions that torture and tempt us (how
shall the heart withstand)—
The fountains, the groves, the grottos of the
Godless Lotus-land ?

O the soft, entreating voices, making the
tired heart leap.
"Come over to us, ye toilers, and we will sing
ye to sleep."

A fatal sleep, we trow ! but we are sad unto
death,
And the Lotus flower summons us with its
sweet and baneful breath.

We look to our fellow toilers—what help,
what comfort there ?
They're bowed by the self-same burden, beset
by the self-same care.

Falleth the ashen twilight—meet close for
the dreary day .
Hark to the chimes from the church-tower !
—but we are too tired to pray.

Ah, God, who lovest Thy creatures, sinful and
poor and weak,
Hear'st prayer in the tired heart's throbbing,
tho' the lips are too tired to speak ?

Is this Thy answer ? Is this the herald of Thy
peace ?
For the Lotus withers before him, the songs
of the Sirens cease.

And the palm-trees and the grottos, fountains
and streamlets bright,
Waver and change as he cometh, then fade
from our weary sight.

He is worn with care and labor ; he is garbed
in lowliest guise.
But we know the firm, sweet mouth, and the
brave, brave, patient eyes ;

And we know the shining lilies—no blooms
of mortal birth—

And we know *thee*, blessed Joseph, in the
guise that was thine on earth.

Thy hands are hardened with toil, but they
have toiled for Him.

Upon whose bidding waited legions of Sera-
phim.

Thy hands have trained to labor the hands of
Him who made thee.

Whose strength upbore thy weakness when
thy awful trust dismayed thee.

O lift thy hands in appealing for us who,
unwilling bear [care.]

The burden of God's beloved, lowly labor and

O pity our fruitless tears to-night, and our
hearts too tired for prayer.

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

THE TWO-FOLD MAY.

Thy merry welcome, rosy May,

The wild birds all are sweetly singing,

And every village heart to-day

Is joyous where thy flowers are springing.

Oh! where hast thou been all the year?

Day-dreaming in thy home of roses?

Or swelling youthful hearts anear

To breathe the sigh that love discloses?

Full brightly gleams thy robe of green,

And soft thy young cheek freshly glowing;

The wild flowers all proclaim thee Queen

And crown thy golden tresses flowing.

Oh! make thy home no more afar;

We'll wreathe thee here a fairy fountain,

And light it with the evening star,

When twilight steals adown the mountain.

Remain, the lonely home to cheer—

Remain, the gloomful path to brighten—

Remain to dry the mourner's tear.

And many a weary heart to lighten.

Ah! sweetest May, whose pleasures bring

My wandering thoughts to hours long
perished;

Where, oh! where is my lost Spring—

The friends I loved, the hopes I cherished?

Alas! they come not in the breeze,

With merry laugh or blowing roses;

Nor in the flow'ring orchard trees,

Where mute at eve the bird reposes.

Another May, then, shall I woo—

Another purer, rarer maiden;

My spring-time hopes, ah! she'll renew,

And soothe this heart with sorrow laden.

Her songs breathe not the purple wine—

Her roses bloom to wither never—

Her joy, her love are not like thine,

Which please awhile, then pain forever.

To yonder dome of starry blue,

Where sweetly dwells this Queen of Ocean,

Shall hence arise my song anew,

Shall hence ascend my soul's devotion.

And She this restless heart of clay

Will sweetly soothe beyond all other;

And She shall be my fadeless May—

Mary, *Jesu's* Virgin Mother!

PATRICK CRONIN.

THORNS AND ROSES.

She walked 'mid roses everywhere,

Her soul was languid with their breath;

The faint rich airs that feebly throbb'd

Were sick to most delicious death.

Thro' heavy lids she caught the sheen

Of alcoves lit with rubied glow,

Of dusky glades thick gemmed and flecked

With budding gold and flowering snow.

For there the amber rose of youth

Called down aurora for its guest,

And there the damask rose of love

Laid bare the fever of its breast.

And there the wild dog-rose of hope

Smiled ever on 'mid sun and shower,

And there the white rose, passion-blanch'd,

Peep'd out from many a secret bower.

And there, in close green draperies veiled,

The moss-rose blushed with virgin shame;

And there the musk-rose of delight

Breathed forth its heart of white hot flame.

And as she loitered, bound with spells,

A blossom here, a leaflet there,

She plucked with trembling, lusting hands,

And wreathed them in her spangled hair,

Till sudden, in a rush of fear,

She halted, dazed with pain, new-born,

And dumb with awe too great for cry,

Felt every rose become a thorn.

On careless brow and golden tress,

The trickling blood-drops left a stain,

And swift, fierce shafts of agony

Shot through and through her reeling brain.

Down sunk on unaccustomed knees,

She wept, she writhed,—and last—she
prayed,

"Help, God! ah help my short sweet youth,

Scarce budding, doomed in tears to fade!

"Help, Lord! no pain was e'er like mine!"

Then stirred the forest's sombre wings,

And strange cool winds came wandering by,

And far-off sounds of healing springs.

A silver glory smote the shade,

And pierced the curtains of her eyes,

And lo! before her shone the face

Of One more fair than halcyon skies.

"Wouldst thou,"—a voice fell soft and sad,

"Wear only roses on thy head,

When I, thy King, for thee have worn

The sharpest thorns of earth instead?"

She looked, she saw the gout of blood,

She saw the cruel crown of scorn; [wear

"Dear Christ!" she sobbed, "grant I may

Till death, what Thou for me hast worn."

Nay, 'twas no dream—as yet she knelt,

His smile with radiance flushed the gloom,

And on her brow, for every thorn,

She felt a rose of Sharon bloom.

Now once again, in bask and bower,

The roses swell, the roses burn,

And she walks on, with singing heart,

To tell how thorns to roses turn.

FANNY FARNELL.

HARVEST-TIME.

The seeds of spring have passed to summer
flowers;

The flowers of summer into autumn fruit:

Heavily hang the golden-freighted bowers;

The meads bend low beneath Love's ling-
ering foot.

The Lord is Love; and lo! His foot is here:

His ways are secret, like the hidden seed:

But lo! in perfect flower and ripened ear,

We know His ways are ways of Love indeed!

It was His smile that gave the sunshine birth,

The shadow was the brooding of His wing;

And lo! from sun and shade, the teeming
earth,

Ripened by Him for man's rich harvesting!

He came on earth, and sowed the seeds of
Faith: ears:

Blind were our eyes and deaf our ingrate

In love, He sowed them in the grave of Death.

And watered them with His compassionate
tears.

Spring in our hearts, seeds of immortal Youth!

Burst into flower, O seeds that cannot die!

Open the wide-leaved blossoms of your truth,

God-planted seeds of Immortality!

Death cannot crush you with his cruel foot:

But, sheltered by the shadow of His wing,

The seed shall pass to flower, the flower to
fruit, [ing!

Ripened by Death for God's grand harvest-

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

BEYOND THE SNOW.

Bare boughs; athwart each suppliant arm

The sun's pale stare at pale November;

No autumn's amorous breath to warm

His last red leaf's expiring ember;

House after house, a glimmering street;

A herald grain of coming sleet;

The struggling dayfire's lessening glow;

Hour when light ghost-winds wailing go,

When men least hope and most remember,

Before the snow, before the snow.

A village cot; eyes fiery blue,

Blithe voice beneath the roof's high rafter,

Ripe cheek, crisp curls of chestnut hue,

Quick heart that leaps to love and laughter;

That feeds on all, from star to sod,

And, loving all things, lives in God;

Light feet borne daily to and fro

On some sweet errand none may know,

Swift sped with hopes like wings to waft her

Along the snow, along the snow

A midnight room: the smother'd speech

Of those that watch with tear-stained faces

The helpless love-look bent by each

Who stoops, but speaks not, and embraces

Love braving Death with that last cry,
 "She is mine, she is mine; she shall not die!"
 Then homeward steps returning slow
 To the great tear's unworded woe,
 And many darkened dwelling-places
 Across the snow, across the snow.

A hollow grave; and gathered there [not;
 Strong breaking hearts that bear and break
 Round the closed eyes and lifeless hair
 Life's few that follow and forsake not
 Tears, the drink-offering to the dead,
 The bruised heart's grape-wine softly shed;
 Long downward looks; they will not go,
 They fain would sleep with her below
 In dreamless rest, with those that wake not
 Beneath the snow, beneath the snow.

A green plot sweet with shade and sound,
 A white porch and a name engraven,
 Where Death unveiled as Love sits crowned
 In garden-lawns with lilies paven;
 And she, a daughter of that land,
 A silent rose in her right hand,
 And in her left a scroll where glow
 Mysteries of might which man shall know
 In Love's warm-shadowed leafy haven
 Beyond the snow, beyond the snow,

HENRY BERNARD CARPENTER.

NIGHT AFTER HARVEST.

Hushed are the songs of the reapers,
 And the sheaves of grain are bound;
 And soft as the dews of twilight
 Falls silence, deep, profound,—

An odorous, dewy silence
 That haunts the whispering leaves,
 Like a spirit of the moist shadows;
 And beyond the gathered sheaves,

Like a white-faced Nun, in Heaven
 Kneels the vestal moon of June,
 But the mist above the harvest
 Kneels whiter than the moon.

What are ye, ye mystic vapors
 That gleam beyond so fair?
 Are ye tents where the Master campeth,
 Watching for man with care?

Ah, whiter than the moonbeams
 At night are His tents unfurled,
 As He walks through the dewy stubble,
 Guarding the silent world.

Yea, where man reaps in day-time
 His white feet walk at night,
 And the slighted straws He gleaneth,
 That waste shall cease, and blight.

CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

FAILURE.

The Lord, Who fashioned my hands for work—
 Set me a task, and it is not done; [ing,
 I tried and tried since the early morning,
 And now to westward sinketh the sun!

Noble the task that was kindly given
 To one so little and weak as I—
 Somehow my strength could never grasp it,
 Never, as days and years went by.

Others around me cheerfully toiling,
 Showed me their work as they passed away;
 Filled were their hands to overflowing,
 Proud were their hearts and glad and gay.

Laden with harvest spoils they entered
 In at the golden gate of their rest;
 Laid their sheaves at the feet of the Master,
 Found their places among the blest.

Happy be they who strove to help me
 Failing ever in spite of their aid!
 Fain would their love have borne me onward
 But I was unready and sore afraid.

Now I know my task will never be finished,
 And when the Master calleth my name,
 The Voice will find me still at my labor,
 Weeping beside it in weary shame.

With empty hands I shall rise to meet Him,
 And, when He looks for the fruits of years,
 Nothing have I to lay before Him
 But broken efforts and bitter tears.

Yet when He calls I fain would hasten—
 Mine eyes are dim and their light is gone;
 And I am as weary as though I carried
 A burthen of beautiful work well done.

I will fold my empty hands on my bosom,
 Meekly thus in the shape of His Cross;
 And the Lord Who made them so frail and
 feeble

Maybe will pity their strife and loss.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

HARVEST HYMN.

All bounteous Lord of harvest,
 Beneath whose gracious hand
 A thousand hills, rejoicing,
 Spread blessings o'er our land :
 The clouds above drop fatness,
 The valleys sing below,
 While wave the sheaves, bright golden,
 The streams in gladness flow.

All praise to Thee, Creator !
 Thy tender love and pow'r
 Still clothe the grass with verdure,
 With fairest hues the flow'r.
 All praise to Thee, Preserver !
 Thy ceaseless guardian care
 Spreads wide its shade and shelter
 O'er earth, and sea, and air.

From Thee the dew descended,
 From Thee the gentle rain,
 Thine was the sun that ripen'd
 Each bending field of grain :
 Thou crownest with thy gladness
 This joyous Autumn-tide ;
 While peace and smiling plenty
 O'er all our homes preside.

Praise for our labor ended,
 For barn and storehouse fill'd !
 Praise for the ripe fruits gather'd
 From fields that labor till'd !
 And when Time's course is over,
 Life's day of travail past,
 May we be safely garner'd
 With Christ's full sheaves at last !

WILLIAM MILLWAIN.

INDICATIONS.

To the soul that looks abroad
 Through unbiassed heart and senses,
 All is wonder, all is God,
 Settled facts and inferences ;
 Wondrous in what stands revealed
 To the eye of human reason—
 Premises to truths concealed
 In the endless diapason.

Should the Spirit droop in doubt,
 When its ken no farther reaches,
 While the speaking world without,
 An infinite wisdom preaches ?
 Why pursue effect and cause
 In the fossils and the strata ?
 For, who gives the atoms laws
 Is a Power beyond the atoms.

Were the sun ne'er veiled from view ;
 Earth ne'er into shadow bidden,
 Who'd believe, in yonder blue :
 Hosts of trailing stars lay hidden ?
 Were our senses less alloyed ;
 Or our souls more sublimated,
 Might we not in every void
 See His wonders still repeated.

And, until He deems it meet,
 To withdraw the veil that sunders,
 In the sward, beneath our feet,
 Have we not exhaustless wonders !
 Myriad bells of chaliced flowers
 Offering up their heart's libations ;
 Myriad warblers in the bowers
 Hymning forth their soul-sensations ;

Winds that sweep the mountain heads,
 And in wintry vesture wreath them,
 Wand'ring down the valley-beds,
 Spreading summer bloom beneath them ;
 Rivers hung in icy chains,
 In the furrows of the mountains
 Touched to life are golden veins—
 Nature's everlasting fountains.

Waves there are of sacred song,
 Pulsing ever through creation,
 Even amid the worldly throng,
 Seeking true articulation ;
 Every throb, if understood,
 On some healing mission drifted,
 Pregnant with celestial food,
 In the hearts to God uplifted.

There is science, weak and vain,
 Reason rash and self-deceiving ;
 Here runs nature's wondrous chain,
 Link on link to Him that's weaving,
 Telling souls that pine afar,
 They may, even within an hour,
 Tread on high from star to star,
 As on earth from flower to flower !

Wondrous texture !—warp and woof—
 Still His praise thro' night and day sings ;
 Prophets scanned the starry roof !
 Could they count His earthly blessings !
 Thou who guidest earth and sun !
 Thou of power beyond exploring !
 Let me when life's course is run,
 Die believing and adoring.

JOHN BOYLE.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

I would fain enjoy the sunshine,
 Yet the shadow ever falls,
 Something dark within, without me,
 Casts it on my prison walls;
 Then I questioned with my spirit,
 "Wherefore is thy day so dim,
 When God's light is all around thee,
 And its source is all in Him?"

And my spirit maketh answer,
 "Yes, God's light is all on earth,
 Like a river brimming over
 From the fountain of its birth;
 Spite of all man's aberrations,
 Scathe and sorrow, shame and strife,
 Like a sunlit sea it ripples
 Ever up the shores of life."

Then I answered to my spirit,
 "If God's light indeed be so,
 Like a fountain in its fullness,
 Like a sea-tide in its flow!
 Then the fault is mine, inherent
 In this dark and heavy clay,
 Kneaded up throughout my nature,
 Barring thus the light of day;

Yet the glory, unattained,
 Rests on all that round us lies,
 On the lily's silver chalice,
 On the rosebud's crimson dyes,
 On the green and flashing billow
 Bursting all in balls of light,
 On the thousand diamond dewdrops
 Weeping for the parted night."

Then resumed my spirit, "Surely
 These things have their shadows too;
 Time will dim the lily's lustre,
 Turn to dust the rosebud's hue;
 Underneath the bright green billow
 Blanch the million bones of men;
 Come and seek the dew at noon-day,
 Will you find its sparkle then?"

"Yet God's light is still around us,
 Shining on with temper'd ray,
 Through the many mists and sorrows
 That obscure His people's way.
 And, bethink you how the Saviour
 Walked in shadow all His years—
 Was *He* not 'with grief acquainted?'
 Was *He* not a 'man of tears?'"

Then I answered to my spirit,
 "If my Master wore the gloom
 Ere He won the glory, may I
 Humbly then His part assume;
 Still through light and shade press onward,
 With a soul serene and tender,
 Till the golden bells of heaven
 Ring me in to cloudless splendor.

R. S. BROOKE.

WE WILL PRAISE THEE.

Great Jehovah! we will praise Thee,
 Earth and heaven Thy will obey;
 Suns and systems move obedient
 To thy universal sway.
 Deep and awful are thy counsels,
 High and glorious is Thy throne;
 Reigning o'er Thy vast dominion,
 Thou art God, and Thou alone.

In Thy wondrous condescension,
 Thou hast stooped to raise our race;
 Thou hast given to us a Saviour
 Full of goodness and of grace.
 By His blood we are forgiven,
 By His intercession free,
 By His life we rise to glory,
 There to reign eternally.

God of Power—we bow before Thee;
 God of Wisdom—Thee we praise;
 God of Love—so kind and tender,
 We would praise Thee all our days.
 Praise to Thee—our Loving Father;
 Praise to Thee—Redeeming Son;
 Praise to Thee—Almighty Spirit;
 Praise to Thee—Thou Holy One.

JOHN WHITE.

THE PENITENT.

Within a dark monastic cell
 A monk's pale corpse was calmly laid,
 Peace on his lips was seen to dwell,
 And light above the forehead played.

Upon the stone beneath his hand
 Was found a small and written scroll,
 And he whose eye the record scanned
 From this dim part must guess the whole:

"There comes a thought at dead of night,
 And bids the shapes of sleep begone,
 A thought that's more than thought, a sight
 On which the sun has never shone.

"A pale, stern face, and sterner far
Because it is a woman's face;
It gleams a waning, worn-out star,
That once was bright with morning grace.

"An icy vision, calm and cold,
The sprite of vanished hours it seems;
It brings to me the times of old,
That look like, but that are not, dreams.

"It brings back sorrows long gone by,
And folly stained, not washed, with tears;
Years fall away like leaves and die,—
And life's bare bony stem appears.

"Dark face! Thou art not all a shade
That fancy bids beside me be;
That blood, that once in passion played
Thro' my young veins, beat high for thee.

"Now changed and withered all! My sighs
Round thee have breathed a sicklier air,
And sad before my saddening eyes
Thou showest the hues of my despair.

"Still, prayers are strong, and God is good;
Man is not made for endless ill.
Dear sprite! my soul's tormented mood
Was yet a hope thou canst not kill.

"Repentance clothes in grass and flowers
The grave in which the past is laid;
And close to faith's old minster towers,
The cross lights up the ghostly shade.

"Around its foot the shapes of fear,
Whose eyes my weaker heart appall,
As sister suppliants thrill the ear
With cries that loud for mercy call.

"Thou, God, wilt hear! Thy pangs are meant
To heal the spirit, not destroy;
And fiends from hell for vengeance sent,
When thou commandest, work for joy."

JOHN STERLING.

THE INNER LIFE.

Master, they argued fast concerning Thee,
Proved what Thou art, denied what Thou art
not,

Till brows were on the fret and eyes grew hot.
And lip and chin were thrust out eagerly;
Then thro' the temple-door I slipped to free

My soul from secret ache in solitude,
And sought this brook; and, by the brookside
stood me:
The world's Light, and the Light and Life of
It is enough, O Master! Speak no word,
The stream speaks, and the endurance of the
sky
Outpasses speech: I seek not to discern
Even what smiles for me Thy lips have stirred;
Only in Thy hand still let my hand lie,
And let the musing soul within me burn.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

PURE IS THE DEWY GEM.

Pure is the dewy gem that sleeps
Within the rose's fragrant bed,
And dear the heart-warm drop that steeps
The turf where all we loved is laid:
But far more pure, more dear than they,
The tear that washes guilt away.

Sweet is the morning's balmy breath
Along the valley's flowery side,
And lovely, on the moonlit heath,
The lute's soft tone complaining wide;
But still more lovely, sweeter still,
The sigh that wails a life of ill.

Bright is the morning's roseate gleam
Upon the mountains of the East,
And soft the moonlight's silvery beam
Above the billow's placid rest;
But, O, what ray ere shone from heaven
Like God's first smile on a soul forgiven!

JAMES J. CALLANAN.

MEETING THE DEAD.

When thou dost meet the dead,
Pass with uncovered head,
The Conqueror of Kings is on the road;
And one day we all must
Bow down unto the dust
Before this mighty Messenger of God.

He is no enemy
To injure thine or thee,
But a good friend in God's great mercy sent
To open the last door
That doth to life restore,
The pardoned to take back from punishment.

Had we still kept the road
We walked on once with God,
Death had no call to come amongst us here;
Life then had ever been
One long unfolding scene
Of joy—without a trouble or a tear.

But when the fatal Fall
Had so defaced us all
That God's fair image passed away from men,
Then come to us Death must,
To crush us back to dust.
That God might make us like himself again.

He knows how weary we
Of ruined life would be;
The wild heart beating at its prison bars,
Even in their decay,
Still strong enough to stay
Its upward flight to worlds beyond the stars.

Therefore He did us send
Death as a kindly friend,
The cage to open, let the bird go free;
Outside of the Pearl-gate
In Paradise to wait,
Until its body shall repaired be.

And that, in its repair,
It perfectly might wear
The fashion in which first it had been made,
The Maker, to re-make,
Upon Himself did take
His once fair image, now so sin-decay'd :

Then unto Death His brow
The Lord of Life did bow, [away ;
That He might take from Death its sting
And from the Grave that He
Might take its victory,
Bruis'd head and broken heart did in it lay.

That, what the First Man spoiled,
The Second might, unsoil'd
And pure and perfect, from the dust revive ;
That, as in Adam all,
Died through the fatal Fall,
So in the Christ might all be made alive.

Then, when thou meet'st the dead,
Pass with uncover'd head, [rest
And breathe a prayer, that the dear soul at
May, in the holy place,
Grow on in every grace
Here left imperfect, even in the best.

And that—not death—but Sleep,
Death's Christian name, may keep
That worn-out body safe in sacred ground ;
Until the morning when
Jesus shall come again,
And all His jewels shall by Him be found :

Until that morning break,
Until the sleepers wake,
And rise to meet their Saviour in the air ;
Until His sacred trust
Death render from the dust [fair.
To Christ, in Christ re-fashioned fresh and

Then will Death wearied lie
Down at Christ's feet and die,
That Life alone infinity may fill ;
The very life of Death
On to its parting breath
Only to know, and do the Father's will.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

FROM SORROW'S DEPTHS.

From sorrow's depths to Thee I cry,
O Thou, who knowest my inmost fear :
Th' unuttered prayer, the half-breathed sigh,
Now let it reach Thy pitying ear.

Unworthy as I am, from Thee
My soul with hope shall mercy claim,
For Thou hast made me—Thou canst see.
With mercy, crimes which man would blame.

If Thou should'st mark with eye severe
Thy children's fault's, ah ! who could stand ?
Ah ! who with boldness could appear,
Or bless his God's creating hand ?

Despair might then, with impious voice,
Mock the vain tears of penitence,
And curse existence—not his choice—
Sad boon of free Omnipotence.

But mercy ever dwells with Thee,
Still to forgiveness Thou art prone !
That all with fearful hearts may flee,
And find their refuge near Thy Throne.

On Thee; with humble confidence,
My suffering soul for peace shall wait,
Thy love shall comfort speak, and hence
Thy word my hopes shall animate.

The languid sufferer, doomed to weep,
While painful nights their course delay,
Hopeless of sweet, refreshing sleep,
Not more desires the morning ray,

Than this poor, harassed, troubled soul
Hath watched for inly-whispered peace.
Till mercy shall its fears control
And bid its anxious sorrows cease.

And still at mercy's sacred seat,
Let all Thy children, Lord, be found;
For love is there, and at Thy feet
Consoling hopes and joys are found.

MARY TIGHE.

TRUST.

With strength of righteous purpose in the heart,

What cause to fear for consequence of deed?
God guideth then, not we; nor do we need
To care for aught but that we play our part.
Most simple trust is often highest art
The issue we would fly may be a seed
Ordained by God to bear our souls a meed
Of peace that no self-judging could impart.
"All things work good for him who trusteth
God!"

Doth God not love us with a longing love
To make us happy, and hath He not sight
From end to end of our short earthly road?
This Lord! I hold, aye *know*—that Thou
wouldst move

The world to lead one trusting soul aright.

EDWARD HARDING.

THE PRODIGALS.

Clasp hands awhile and pray!
What is it we would say?
The aching of our hearts what words can ease?
World-worn of soul and sere,
What wind has blown us here,
Tossing these many days on stormy seas?

Come, let us beat the breast!
Where shall our souls find rest,
Unhappy toilers of the land and sea?
Haggard, and gaunt, and brown,
We wander up and down—
Where shall we hide, or whither shall we flee?

All clad in garments white
We stole forth in the night,
Flying His house wherein we knew no fear—
Poor beggars, wan and worn,
Of raiment soiled and torn, [dear?
Who now would know us as His children

Father, we loved Thee not!
Ungrateful, we forgot
Thy words of love and life, Thy fostering hand;
But though no words will come,
And quivering lips are dumb,
Wilt Thou not surely know and understand?

Blind fools to blind desires,
Misled by wandering fires, [sweet:
We held ourselves from nothing that was
To Thee we gave no thought,
We counted Thee as nought; [feet.
All dark and wicked ways have known our

Out of these evil ways,
Out of these empty days,
What now remaineth worthy to be kept?
From us the morn has past,
The noontide fled as fast,
And night fell darkly on us as we slept.

The joys that were so vain,
The pleasures that were pain
Pass, nor is left us the poor gift of tears.
Lo! we confess our sin—
That we have dwelt therein!—
Wilt Thou receive us after all these years?

Our weakness is our own,
Our strength from Thee alone,
Oh! help us, that we faint not in the way!
Loose not the avenging sword,
Nor send Thou forth, O Lord!
The arrows of Thy justice, strong to slay!

Turn not from us Thy face!
Our guilt deserves no grace;
But show Thy mercy rather than Thy power;
Close not on us the gate—
Let it not be too late,
Though thus we turn at the eleventh hour.

We have gone here and there,
And fallen in every snare,
In perilous places have our lives been cast;
Sad heart and empty hand,
All desolate we stand—
But Thou, O Father! lead us home at last.

May we not call Thee thus,
 Who gave so much for us,
 For whom Thy well-beloved lived and died?
 Our sins are black as night;
 We wither in Thy sight—
 Have mercy for His sake, the Crucified.

O Merciful and Just!
 In Thee we humbly trust.
 And low we bend beneath Thy chastening
 rod,

The while, in hope and fear,
 Up from these dwellings drear
 Rises our cry, "Be pitiful, O God!"

ARTHUR O'KEEFE.

SILENCE.

Who hath not felt the sacred hours
 Of stillness and of calm.
 When silence is more musical
 Than noblest chant or psalm;
 When words are like the rippling wave
 That dies upon the shore,
 While the great ocean-depth of soul
 Lies voiceless evermore:

When a spirit loved and loving
 Hath run out its mortal race.
 And the soul in radiance rising
 Drops its mantle on the face,
 When a gleam of heaven's glory
 On the marble brow is seen,
 All is solemn hush and silence.
 Where the voice of God hath been:

When the gentle moon arising
 From the dark mysterious sea,
 Shedding o'er its troubled waters
 Rays of peace and purity—
 Casts a path of silver glory,
 That trembles in the wind,
 As though an angel-host had passed,
 And left their track behind:

When the full-toned organ swelling,
 Poureth forth its music tide,
 Sweeping past the clustered pillars,
 Down along the minster wide
 Thrilling the raptured listener
 With a sudden rush of song,—
 Then the spirit, crushed with beauty,
 Sinks in silence, deep and long:

When the soul, in adoration,
 Prostrate lies before the throne,
 Words may never, never utter
 What the spirit breathes alone;
 Other ear may never listen,
 Other eye may never see;
 What the twilight silence covers,
 Lies between thy God and thee!

JULIA G. M. KIRCHHOFFER.

THE RAINBOW OF HOPE.

It is hope that creates the aurora of bliss,
 On the hills of futurity gleaming, [this,
 To attract weary man thro' a bleak world like
 Where happiness lives but in seeming;

For when Man was expelled from the garden
 of love,
 While happiness saw and forsook him,
 And innocence fled to the angels above,
 Hope pitied the pilgrim and took him.

The sharp-piercing thorn and the thistle are
 spread
 Where the outcast of Eden reposes;
 But hope makes the pillow so soft to his head
 That he slumbers, and dreams but of roses.

He awakens to woe, but she wipes off the
 tears
 That are sadly, though silently stealing,
 And points to a day, thro' the vista of years,
 The Holy and Just One revealing.

When the rainbow appeared, dove-eyed mercy
 was there
 To soften each hue that arrayed it;
 'Twas a beacon of joy in a land of despair,
 And Hope was the angel that made it.

Man wistfully gazed, and his grief-stricken
 heart
 Was soothed into such resignation,
 The tear that had gathered forgot to depart,
 For Joy was infused through creation.

And hence while fond hope leads us on through
 life's way,
 Though still disappointed with sorrow
 We sweeten our cup of affliction to-day
 With the bliss we reserve for to-morrow.

JOHN HUGHES.

MARY MAGDALEN.

To the hall of that feast came the sinful and fair.

She heard in the city that Jesus was there ;
She marked not the splendor that blazed on
their board.

But silently knelt at the feet of the Lord.

The hair from her forehead, so sad and so meek,

Hung dark o'er the blushes that burned on her cheek ;

And so still and so lowly she bent in her shame,
It seemed as her spirit had flown from its frame.

The frown and the murmur went round
through them all,

That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall ;

And some said the poor would be objects more meet

For the wealth of the perfumes she showered
on His feet.

She marked but her Saviour, she spoke but in sighs,

She dared not look up to the heaven of His eyes ;

And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave
of her breast,

As her lips to His sandal were throbbingly pressed.

On the cloud after tempests, as shineth the bow,

In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow,

He looked on that lost one—her sins were forgiven.

And Mary went forth in the beauty of Heaven.

JAMES J. CALLANAN.

THE GARDEN SEPULCHRE.

Into a garden, at the dawn of day,

I hastened. Flowers bright with dewy bloom
Were round me. All within was fresh and gay.

When suddenly I came upon a tomb,

And, shuddering, turned away.

"Must man be ever minded of his doom,

E'en in his hours of mirth ?

Garden, thou art a fitting type of earth

Whose flowers hide decay—

Farewell to thee, farewell !"

But in the evening some mysterious spell
Drew me unto that garden-tomb again.

[Just ere the sun had set.]

I found a great stone rolled against the door ;
The sepulchre was empty now no more.

A little group of mourners, too, I met,

As they departed

Broken-hearted ;

While such a scent of spices filled the air

That much I marvelled who was sleeping there.

Just then I found

A superscription fallen on the ground ;

And read, with deep surprise,

The name and royal title of a king,—

"A monarch" buried in such lowly guise !

But all surmise

To me was vain.

Startled by flutter of a wild bird's wing,

Which, in the awful solemnness around,

Seemed a mysterious and ghostly thing,

I lifted up mine eyes,

And lo ! their glance fell on

A man unaged, but of most reverend mien ;

A face more mournful I had never seen.

I ventured to draw near—

"Sir," I implored, "who is the sleeper here ?"

The superscription in his hand I placed ;

With awe I watched him while the words he traced.

"It is their King, whom they have crucified,"

With grief and indignation he replied.

Then, adding gently that his name was John,

On a low root all overgrown with moss

He made me rest beside him while he told

The wondrous story of Christ's life on earth,

From the great glories of His birth

Unto the latest anguish of the Cross,

To which He had been sold.

He talked until the moonbeams fell

Around us. When in a pause

I watched a muffled mourner sadly creep

Up thro' the olives. "See ! one comes to weep,"

I murmured softly. "Yea, and he hath cause,"

He answered. And a bitter wailing cry

Upon the air arose ;

"Alas ! and did I on this day deny

My Lord about to die,—

To Thee more cruel even than Thy foes ?"

John sadly told me then, "I now must hasten

To comfort her whom God doth sorely chasten,

To whom this day Christ gave me as a son

His mother :

But how shall I replace the Holy One?"

I cried, "One moment stay;
Methinks this shepherd of the sheep,

Whom death did obey,
Is far too great for death to keep.

Thou hast three resurrections seen
Where Christ hath been,

And with the morn thou shall behold another
Greater than that of Lazarus, Mary's brother."

ANNA ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

BLEST BE THAT STRAIN.

Oh! if the atheist's words be true,—

If those we seek to save,

Sink, and in sinking from our view,

Are lost beyond the grave!—

If life thus closed, how dark and drear
Would this bewildered earth appear,—

Scarce worth the dust it gave:

A tract of black, sepulchral gloom,
One yawning, ever-opening tomb.

Blest be that strain of high belief,

More heaven-like, more sublime,

Which says that souls that part in grief,

Part only for a time!—

That far beyond this speck of pain,

Far o'er the gloomy grave's domain,

There spreads a brighter clime,

Where—care, and toil, and trouble o'er—

Friends meet, and meeting weep no more.

THOMAS FURLONG.

THE PASSING BELL.

With measured pause and long drawn wail,
The minster bell swings on the gale,
And saddens the vale with its solemn toll—
That passeth away like a passing soul—
Pulse after pulse still diminishing on,
Till another rings forth for the dead and gone.

The minute-sound of that mourning bell
Is the lord's of the valley—the rich man's
knell;

While it swells on his lawns and his wood-
lands bright,

He breathes not, hears not, nor sees the
light:

On the couch of his ease he lies stiff and wan—
In the midst of his pomp he is dead and gone.

The pride has passed from his haughty brow—
Where are his plans and high projects now?

Another lord in his state is crowned,

To level his castles with the ground!

Respect and terror pass reckless on—

His frowns and favors are dead and gone.

Had he wisdom, and wealth, and fame,

Mortal tongue shall forget his name;

Other hands shall disperse his store—

Earthly dream shall he dream no more,

His chair is vacant—his way lies on—

To the formless cells of the dead and gone.

Passing bell that dost sadly fling

The wailing wave on the air of spring,

There is no voice in thy long wild moan,

To tell where the parted soul is flown,

To what far mansion it travels on,

While thou tollest thus for the dead and gone.

Yet, bell of death, on the living air

Thy notes come bound from the house of
prayer—

They speak of the valley of darkness trod,

On a path once walked by the Son of God,

Whose word of promise inviteth on,

Through the gate unclosed for the dead and
gone.

JAMES WILLS.

THE UNFOUND.

When youth and youthful dreams are fair,

And lovely blooms the tender cheek;

When softly waves the sunny hair,

And eyes tell more than words can speak;—

Why does the young heart restless sigh,

And pine beneath its native sky?

And wish for other years to come,

And long to other climes to roam?

But when those riper years appear,

All blooming, like the golden grain;

When loving hearts and friends are near,

To chase afar each brooding pain;—

Ah, still why heaves the lonely breast,

Sighing for future years of rest,

In hope that joys may meet it yet

In the calm eve of life's sunset?—

Yet when that eve falls softly down,

That turns to mist the eagle eye,

And frosted grow those tresses brown,

And youthful fancies droop and die,—

Why pensive grows the withered cheek?
 Why would the sad heart fondly speak
 Of youth, and joys, and friends that once
 Were dear in life's first innocence?

Ah, Lord! 'tis that the soul still craves
 Some unfound pleasure earth ne'er gives;
 It dreams and seeks, then sickens, raves
 O'er the fair phantom, and thus lives:
 At rosy morn 'tis found at noon;
 At noon 'twill smile with evening's moon,
 Till, cheated thus at every stage,
 The sad heart pines from youth to age.

Earth's treasures, youth and beauty, fade;
 Even love's young dream but cheats a while;
 Beyond life's sea is the fadeless glade,
 Our Aiden home, where angels smile.
 Ah! when we reach that deathless shore,
 Nor change, nor care can touch us more;—
 There to the ravished heart appears
 The unfound joy of earthly years.

PATRICK CROXIN.

INGRATITUDE.

That old, old story, known without the learn-
 By souls on earth to-day:— [ing,
 Ten lepers cleansed, and only one returning,
 To Christ his thanks to pay.

God showers upon us all His choicest blessing,
 We only crave for more;
 As though a perfect right we were possessing
 To goods from Heaven's store!

Oh, would we dare do thus at any portal
 Even of friend most true?
 Then unto God, eternal and immortal,
 Why is it thus we do?

Methinks that, glancing back o'er years
 Of youth or hoary age, [departed,
 Of joyful hours or hours spent heavy-hearted,
 On Life's deep-written page

Will glow hereafter in the vault of Heaven,
 Like stars—some great, some small;
 The graces, oft unheeded, God has given
 In Love to one and all.

And still the Saviour cries in voice of yearning,
 Thrilling with love divine,
 "Ten did I cleanse, one only is returning—
 Where are the other nine?"

MARGARET L. JORDAN.

A PENITENT.

Years, long years have passed and perished
 since I last this pathway trod,
 Since I humbly knelt in prayer within the
 earthly house of God
 Years I've spent in fruitless worship at how
 many an empty shrine!—
 Knowledge, power, fame, love, riches—these
 the things I deemed divine.
 Come I now all faint and weary to this olden
 lane again:
 Not alone, for ever with me moveth memory's
 shadowy train,
 Haunting me daily and nightly—even in the
 house of prayer
 They come with me to the altar—they kneel
 beside me there.
 Seen through the floating incense—heard
 thro' the organ's tone,
 Come back dear faces and voices from days
 that are dead and gone.

"Gloria in Excelsis" rings thro' the arching
 dome.

Like the song of exulting angels bearing rau-
 somed spirits home.

Once how my heart leaped upward with that
 triumphant strain:

Now, alas! it sinks back to earth with but a
 cry of pain,

As I think of the days I have wasted—of the
 good that I have not done

Of the evil I turned not away from; of the
 follies I would not shun;

Of the idle dreams that I nurtured; of the
 days and nights I have passed

Prayerless, faithless, godless,—weary and sick
 at the last!

O for the care-free heart of my youth—O for
 the innocent years

When my soul was unsoiled by passion and
 my eyes undimmed by tears,

When in the convent garden, walking amid
 the flowers,

I dreamed fair dreams of the future thro' the
 long sunny hours, [tide,

Or in the convent chapel, kneeling at even-
 I saw with the eyes of the spirit, forms of the
 glorified;

When the mild Madonna smiled on me, thro'
 clouds of incense dim,

And the breath of the roses blended with the
 tones of the Vesper hymn.

"Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus," lo! every head
is bowed,

While the grand prayers of the Fathers go up
from the kneeling crowd.

What do we here, O sinful heart, let us leave
this sacred scene,

Let us go out to the world again,---we are un-
clean, unclean.

Let us take up the faded roses, let us drink
of the vapid wine, -

Still set on high the human love,---we have
trampled the Divine!

Hark! like an answer from Heaven, bidding
despair to cease

One sweet voice breathes through the silent
air,---"Lamb of God, give us peace."

Give peace unto me, O Merciful One. I knock
at thy temple gat

Answer me not in those saddest words. "Too
late, lost soul, too late."

Dark is the sky above me,---lonely the path I
tread

Cold are the hearts of the living, silent the
lips of the dead

In the ways of sin I have wandered long, and
the night is falling fast,

Wilt thou take the wreck of a wasted life--wilt
Thou bear me home at last?

ANNA T. WILSON.

THE BURDEN OF THE DAY.

Oh! when we face some trying hour before us,
And feel the press of care on every side;

Behold the sky of life storm-clouded o'er us,
And hear the rolling, rumbling, ebbless tide

Of wearing, daily toil that never ceases,
Dulling the soul with its monotony;--

When hope dies out, and gloom of heart in-
creases-- [Thee,

Oh! then, dear Lord, if we would cry to

And (toiling still at some appointed labor)
In spirit rest upon Thy Sacred Heart,

Lo! Calvary, Thou wouldst change for us to
Tabor

And of our burdens bear the heavy part.

But no; in every petty tribulation

The soul unceasingly complains and frets;
In peace learns how to wrestle with tempta-
tion, [gets.

And when it comes, the lesson learned for-

Why this lament: "We've no time for devo-
tion?"

With pure intention work becomes a prayer;
Each trying thought worth more than sweet
emotion,

Each weary step a shining heavenward stair!

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

SAINT BRIGID.

'Mid dewy pastures girdled with blue air,
Where ruddy kine the limpid waters drink,

Thro' violet-purpled woods of green Kildare,
Neath rainbow skies, by tinkling rivulet's
brink,

O Brigid, young, thy tender, snow-white feet
In days of old on breezy morns and eves

Wandered thro' labyrinths of sun and shade,
Thy face so innocent-sweet

Shining with love that neither joys nor
grieves

Save as the angels, meek and holy maid!

With white fire in thy hand that burned no
man

But cleansed and warmed where'er its ray
might fall,

Nor ever wasted low nor needed fan,

Thou walk'dst at eve among the oak-trees
tall.

There thou didst chant thy vespers while each
star

Grew brighter listening through the leafy
screen.

Then ceased the song-bird all his love-notes
soft,

His music near or far,

Hushing his passion 'mid the sombre green
To let thy peaceful whispers float aloft.

And still from heavenly choirs thou steal'st
by night

To tell sweet Avés in the woods unseen,
To tend the shrine-lamps with thy flambeau
white

And set thy tender footprints in the green.
Thus sing our birds with holy note and pure

As tho' the loves of angels were their theme;
Thus burn to throbbing flame our sacred fires

With heats that still endure;

Thence hath our daffodil its golden gleam,
From thy dear mindfulness that never tires!

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

SAINT AGNES.

With modest courage, eyes undimmed by tears,

She stood before the tyrant in his might,
Her martyr-soul prepared for that high flight
Which soars above all earthly craven fears;
A fair child crowned with thirteen golden years.

Her rapt gaze fixed as on the vision bright
Of her Love's glory breaking on her sight.
She heeded not the soldiers' savage jeers;
She heard the Bridegroom's mystic whispering.

So sad, so sweet, as if from Calvary's height,
And Calvary's shadow touched her soul's bright wing

And in her virgin wreath she longed to twine
The crimson passion-flower with lilies white,
And shining roses, for her spouse Divine.

HELENA CALLANAN.

ON A PICTURE OF ST. AGNES.

It is but a simple picture, just above my table resting,—

Child-like face upturned in longing to the promise of the skies,

With a something like to sadness the sweet lips and forehead cresting,

And a look of heaven dwelling in the beautiful dark eyes;— [story,

It is but a simple picture, yet it tells a hallowed
Brighter, purer for the record sin's revolving cycles show,

Speaking to my thoughts—all human,—with its own unshadowed glory,

Of a heart that loved and suffered fifteen hundred years ago.

Not as we love, blindly stretching forth our hands in weak endeavor

To hold fast what God has branded with the brittle stamp of clay; [forever

Not as we, unwilling, suffer, moaning childishly
The defeat of an ambition born and buried in a day;

But as they love whom His brightness has encompassed with its shining,

Who have waited through the noontide in the shadow of the Cross,

Sharing in His crucifixion, with prophetic gift divining

In earth's short-lived compensations
Heaven's irreparable loss.

Daughter of a race of heroes, stranger to the touch of sorrow,

Free as snow-flakes in their falling from the tainted breath of sin,

Her young life had reached its fullness, each day promise of the morrow,

If the golden gates of Heaven had not yearned to take her in;—

If the dove had not descended where the haughty eagle flaunted

Its black wings above the threshold of her proud patrician home,

Those pale lips had never spoken, clear, defiant and undaunted,

Their own doom of death and torture in the halls of pagan Rome.

"Tear that white robe from her shoulders!"
Tyrant mandates know not pity;—

Droops she, clothed in her own blushes—could there garments be more fair?

Lo! downfallen from its fast'nings, before all that mighty City,

She stands mantled and enshrouded in the glory of her hair!

Then, as swift beneath the sword-flash streams the life-blood gently gushing,

The red current over-flowing bathes her whiteness in its sea,—

Maidens, cease your tender weeping, all your anguished sobs be hushing,

Pain is but a dream forever, and the martyr's soul is free!

Fifteen hundred years have followed one by one in sad procession,

Since the sun set over Tiber on that barbarous holiday;

Fifteen hundred waves of passage in the tide of retrogression

Flowing to the shore eternal from the world it wears away!

Creatures of our own poor moulding, seeking ever an ideal,

Weaving all a soul's best promise into oull and senseless rhymes,

Could our thoughts but seek the treasure, might our hands but clasp the real,

What were death, or pain, or torture, fifteen hundred thousand times?

O thou beautiful St. Agnes! when my heart grows sick or weary,

Tiring of the toil and struggle, throbbing at the touch of pain,

There is never hour so hopeless, there is never
day so dreary,

But the face upturned to Heaven can enliven
it again.

For mine eyes are not so blinded that they
cannot see the shining

Of illimitable brightness in the pathway of
the Cross,

And my soul is not so narrow that its faith is
past divining

In earth's short-lived compensations
Heaven's irreparable loss.

MARY E. MANNIX.

THE TESTAMENT OF ST. ARBOGAST.

St. Arbogast, the bishop, lay

On his bed of death in Strasburg Palace,

And, just at the dawn of his dying day,

Into his own hands took the chalice;

And, praying devoutly, he received

The blessed Host, and thus address'd

His chapter who around him grieved,

And sobbing; heard his last request.

Quoth he:—"The sinful man you see

Was born beyond the western sea,

In Ireland, whence, ordain'd, he came,

In Alsace, to preach in Jesus' name.

There, in my cell in Hagueneau,

Many unto the One I drew;

There fared King Dagobert one day,

With all his forestrie array,

Chasing out wolves and beasts unclean,

As I did errors from God's domain:

The king approached our cell, and he

Esteem'd our assiduity;

And, when the bless'd St. Amand died,

He called us to his seat and sighed,

And charged us watch and ward to keep

In Strasburg o'er our Master's sheep.

'Mitre of gold we never sought

Cope of silver to us was nought—

Jewel'd crook and painted book

We disregarded, but, perforce, took.

Ah! oft in Strasburg's cathedral

We sighed for one rude cell so small,

And often from the bishop's throne

To the forest's depths we would have flown,

But that one duty to Him who made us

His shepherd in this see, forbade us.

"And now"—St. Arbogast spoke slow
But words were firm, tho' voice was low—

"God doth require His servant hence,

And our hope is His omnipotence.

But bury me not, dear brethren, with

The pomp of torches or music, sith

Such idle and unholy state

Should ne'er on a Christian bishop wait;—

Leave cope of silver and painted book

Mitre of gold and jewel'd crook

Apart in the vestry's darkest nook;

But in Mount Michael bury me,

Beneath the felon's penal tree—

So Christ our Lord lay at Calvary.

This do, as ye my blessing prize,

And God keep you pure and wise!"

These were the words, they were the last,

Of the blessed Bishop Arbogast.

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

She once was a lady of honor and wealth,

Bright glow'd on her features the roses of
health;

Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every
fold:

Joy revell'd around her—love shone on her
side,

And gay was her smile as the glance of a
bride;

And light was her step in the mirth-sounding
hall,

When she heard of the daughters of Vincent
de Paul.

She felt, in her spirit, the summons of grace,
That call'd her to live for the suffering race;

And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of
home,

Rose quickly like Mary, and answered, "I
come."

She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And pass'd from her home with the joy of a
bride,

Nor wept at the threshold as onward she
moved,

For her heart was on fire in the cause it
approved.

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,

That beauty that once was the song and the
toast.

No more in the ball room that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.

Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame;
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barters for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet, that to music could gracefully
move,

Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume
and gem

Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;
That voice that once echo'd the song of the
vain,

Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
And the hair that was shining with diamond
and pearl,

Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed—a pallet; her trinkets—a bead;
Her lustre—one taper that serves her to read;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nail'd by her bed;
Her paintings—one print of the thorn-crown'd
head;

Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her
knees;

Her music—the psalm, or the sigh of disease;
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and
prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin
confined.

Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of
grief

She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief;
She strengthens the weary, she comforts the
weak,

And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his
breath,

Like an angel she moves 'mid the vapor of
death;

Where rings the loud musket and flashes the
sword,

Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-
tainted face

With looks that are lighted with holiest grace;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and

Who yield up to pleasure your nights and
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.

Ye lazy philosophers—self-seeking men,—
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,

How stands in the balance your eloquence
weighed [maid?

With the life and the deeds of that high-born

GERALD GRIFFIN.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

Sister of Charity, gentle and dutiful,

Loving as seraphim, tender and mild,
In humbleness strong and in purity beautiful,

In spirit heroic, in manners a child,
Ever thy love like an angel reposes

With hovering wings o'er the sufferer here,
Till the arrows of death are half hidden in
oses, [bier.

And hope-speaking prophecy smiles on the

When life, like a vapor, is slowly retiring,

As clouds in the dawning to heaven uprolled,
Thy prayer, like a herald, precedes him expir-
ing,

And the cross on thy bosom his last looks
behold: [listens,

And O! as the Spouse to thy words of love
What hundredfold blessings descend on
thee then!—

Thus the flower-absorbed dew in the bright
iris glistens,

And returns to the lilies more richly again.

Sister of Charity, child of the Holiest,

O, for thy living soul, ardent as pure,—
Mother of orphans and friend of the lowliest,—

Stay of the wretched, the guilty, the poor—
The embrace of the Godhead so plainly enfolds
thee,

Sanctity's halo so shrines thee around,
Daring the eye that unshrinking beholds thee,
Nor droops in thy presence abashed to the
ground.

Dim is the fire of the sunniest blushes,

Burning the breast of the maidenly rose,
To the exquisite bloom that thy pale beauty
flushes,

When the incense ascends and the sanctuary
glows;

And the music, that seems heaven's language,
is pealing—

Adoration has bowed him in silence and
sighs,

And man, intermingled with angels, is feel-
ing

The passionless rapture that comes from the
skies.

O, that the heart whose unspeakable treas-
ure

Of love hath been wasted so vainly on clay,
Like thine, unallured by the phantom of pleas-
ure,

Could rend every earthly affection away.
And yet, in thy presence, the billows subsid-
ing,

Obeys the strong effort of reason and will,
And my soul, in her pristine tranquillity glid-
ing,

Is calm as when God bade the ocean be
still.

Thy soothing, how gentle! thy pity, how
tender!

Choir music thy voice is—thy steps angel
grace,

And thy union with Deity shrines in a splen-
dor

Subdued, but unearthly, thy spiritual face.
When the frail chains are broken a captive
that bound thee,

Afar from thy home in the prison of clay,
Bride of the Lamb, and earth's shadows around
thee

Disperse in the blaze of eternity's day,—

Still mindful as now of the sufferer's story,
Arresting the thunders of wrath ere they
roll,

Intervene as a cloud between us and His
glory,

And shield from His lightnings the shudder-
ing soul!

As mild as the moonbeam in autumn descend-
ing,

That lightning, extinguished by mercy, shall
fall,

While He hears, with the wail of the penitent
blending,

Thy prayer, holy daughter of Vincent de
Paul.

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

THE SISTER OF MERCY.

We live in our lonely cells,

We live in our cloisters grey,

And the warning chime of the convent bells
Tolls our silent life away.

The loud world's busy hum

Murmuring evermore,

Breaks on our dim old walls,

As waves break on the shore.

Like the voices we used to hear

Long ago in childhood's prime,

Are the ties of a long dead world,

The thoughts of a long past time.

They tell of life's sparkling sea,

Of its dancing billows where

The voyager's laugh rings merrily,

From a heart as light as air.

But they tell not of the storms

That swell its angry waves,

The sunken rocks, the hideous forms

That lie in the ocean caves;

The wrecks that toss in the gale,

The lost that are buried beneath,

The struggle, the gasp, the drowning wail,

That follow so oft the sunbright sail

O'er the pitiless realms of death.

They number us with the dead,

With our hearts so cold and dry;

For us the sky is a roof of lead,

And earth is like the sky.

But the sinless soul hath wings to soar

Above these prison bars

To a glorious home of its own,

Beyond the golden stars.

The light of this seeming, dying life,

Faded out from the eye of clay,

Glowing in the franchised spirit,

Never to feel or fear decay.

They speak of a mother's delight,

They tell of wedded bliss,

They paint a world so warm and bright,

And say that world is this.

But the true world we sometimes see,—

Life in its house of withering bones,

Life on its couch of agony,

As it heaves and weeps and groans;

The father's broken heart,

The mother's about to break,

The crushing blow, the stinging smart,

O wedded love, we've seen what thou art,

And not what dreamers make!

Not years to judge the priceless worth nor
 yours-to-see the countless store
 Of grace and hope the cross can give the
 cross a Christian child next morn'!

ANONYMOUS.

THE GREAT DAY.

A week, one brief week only, and the day
 Of First Communion shall have dawned
 Dear friend

Thy Saviour cometh! Oh! prepare the way!
 He only wants a pure heart, undefiled—
 Wash from thine each thought unward and
 And grow more like to Him, this heavenly
 Guest.

More holy and more humble, and more mild
 So will he come with joy into thy breast.
 Lavish his treasures there, and sweetly take
 his rest.

Another week—But much is still to do—
 In turn thy members at the good priest's side
 Must kneel to purify their soul and
 In that life-giving, sanctifying tide—
 Where from the Sacred Heart flows life and
 No heart is pure enough for this great feast.
 Yet Christ would share it without any ill will.
 And his Heart's burnings never cease new
 wounds.

And now He comes to thee, his dearest
 through his least.

There are rich, still moments in life's day—
 Doubtless to young and young a quiet hour—
 Even angels to say that will not must not stop
 For this is earth's atmosphere and not heaven.
 The fullest happiness without time or place
 Of sin or sorrow, can be felt in none.
 More perfect than to the child that senses
 From a vast truth, a full thought or deed
 Sees in their hearing and the First Communion
 when.

The sun shines brightly out, as if it knew
 How many hearts are glad to see it smile.
 For all the drosses white and odorous are
 Burned a brighter glow than ever, when the
 Warm rays of sunshine are reflected from
 its face.

What matters how many the burning and
 Under scoured until the fire is visible—
 From the burning and the fire has passed the
 All sunshine bright as ever, the First Com-
 munion feast.

Yes tell the day's decline, for not till then
 These snowy garments shall be doled in
 bands.

Through lanes and hamlets and then home
 again.

They'll skip merrily with interwoven hands
 Lost gay but happier than their wont. Thy
 sister

O Time! should glide ere rapidly to-day
 But now the early morning yet there stands
 A still knot at stages on the way.
 Eager to come among the churchward-bound
 array.

Thus the procession gathers on its course—
 And in her order gains the chapel gate.
 Where Father John with pride reviews his
 flock.

Chiding the few who ever now come late.
 As those they will how long shall you wait
 Till to its proper time each first presents
 And follows then, although the strain is great
 Not to look round but kneeling grace we
 take—

The power of such as these the great God
 fears and loves.

And now the hymns are pushed. A final thrill
 Of deeper veneration, for at last
 The vestments are white and order still
 Is set and white the vestments flatter past.
 Each to his post with waters all white past
 A full glow and the sunshine. They all stand
 Head and hearted but none sharp passed
 Swearing his prayer to be trembling hand—
 A young and man, austere, yet kind and
 kind.

The choir stand that music must perform
 Unbrokenly, the choir which has grown
 To grow at that time. Unbrokenly of voices
 Each little heart its private prayer presents
 For see the blessing over the state, words.
 What Father John is surprised to see—
 What, surprise himself himself presents
 The day's sacrament presents to youth
 And natural maturity with quiet skill to be.

The Mass begins. They stand and wait the
 priest.

Know what he's about to stand and strike
 his breast.

At that moment—
 For when they are seated,
 The young and young—
 Of First Communion—
 pray and your best.

For time is passing, and the moment nears
For which so many prayers have been
addressed—

So many longing sighs and heart-wrung
tears,—

Pray now with tears to Him who falling tear-
drop hears.

The Gospel o'er, the servers seat them round
Upon the altar-steps; the rest sit too;
And nought is heard save the impressive sound
Of many silent hearts. "My children, you
Who are my joy and pride, my treasure true—"
So doth the Bishop his discourse begin,
Which I have sought in vain to preach anew,
For (more than words) his tones, looks, ges-
tures win

Their way to innocent hearts, undimmed by
care or sin.

"Happy, my children, happy, happy ye!
The Lord is with you. He who said of old
Suffer the little ones to come to Me,
The tender, snow-white lambkins of my fold—
He cometh now within your breasts to hold
Sweet converse, and his gracious gifts to
shower.

Ah! not by man's tongue can the tale be told
Of all the works of grace, and love, and power
That He, the hidden God, works in Commu-
nion-hour.

"List to his prayer: '*My child, give me thy
heart!*'

From this entreaty turn not cold away,
But beg Him of his bounty to impart
All gifts and graces of this blessed day,
And seal your hearts as all his own for aye.
So when the years, many or few, have fled,
Through which God willeth you on earth to
stay,

He who shall month by month your souls have
led

Will at the last come thus to bless your dying
bed.

"Oh! in the days or years 'twixt now and
then

May God be with you all, my children dear!
May you grow up good women and good men.
If God should spare you long to labor here,
May you live happy in his love and fear!
Most precious earnest of that love is given
To you this morn. Pray! for the moment's
near

For which to fit your spirits ye have striven—
He comes into your hearts whose smile is
heaven of heaven.

"Pray, then, my dear ones! Bow each heart
and head

Before the awful Deity that deigns
To stoop so low our wretched souls to wed.
On high, in glory, love, and light He reigns;
Yet on our altars hidden He remains,
To come into our hearts. Your hearts to-day
Will first receive Him. Children, still take
To welcome Him as sweetly as ye may; [pains
Pray on, then, in your hearts; pray, dearest
children, pray!"]

The solemn rites proceed. The sanctus bell
Is followed by the double chime that bends
Each head in worship. Wrong it were to tell,
In such rude rhyme, of Him who now descends
'Mid these his dearest and most cherished
friends—

The young, the poor, the simple. Let us pray
That these fresh hear' for ours may make
amends,

And that our icy chill may melt away [Day!
In these warm memories of First Communion

MATTHEW RUSSELL.

From "*The Irish Children's First Communion.*"

MOSES ON PISGAH.

With bold and tireless footsteps
By precipice and scar,
He climbed the steep Abárim,
And Nebo's range afar,—
Till the gray crest of Pisgah
The grand old Prophet bore:
His heart as warm, as strong his arm,
As a hundred years before.

His eagle-eye as piercing
As when, in youthful days,
O'er the strange old lore of Egypt
It burned with ardent blaze:
And to that eye of lightning
God showed the promised land,
In all its worth, from South to North—
From East to the utmost strand.

Lebanon's goodly mountain
The Old Man joyed to view,
And Bashan, with its oak-wreath'd crown,
And Carmel's fading blue;

And Gilead, and Tabor,
And Olivet's fair green;
And Zion's hill, with rapture's thrill,
And Calvary, were seen.

All pleasant were the valleys
O'er which his vision rolled;
Achor, with all its lowing herds,
And Sharon's verdant fold:
Jezreel showed its vineyards;
Jehoshaphat its stream;
And Eschol's vale, and Shaveh's dale,
Looked like a Prophet's dream.

The land of brooks and fountains
Lay 'neath the Seer's glance;
He saw the Arnon gambol;
He saw the Jabbok dance;
The ancient river Kishon
Swept on in wrathful force;
And the Kidron mild, like a playing child,
Laughed in its flowery course:

The Dead Sea and Gennesaret,
Like gems on a stately King,
Were joined on Canaan's royal robe
By Jordan's pearly string;
And the mantle green of the beauteous Queen
With many a jewel beamed;
For the distant rills amongst the hills
Like threads of silver seemed.

Oh, who can tell the rapture
That fired the Prophet's breast,
As, afar, he saw where the Oath was sworn
To his forefathers blest!
Old Mamre's plain and Sichem;
Bethel, by angels trod;
And Gerar, too, where the promise true
Was ratified by God.

But, alas! the princely quarry,
Which death pursued so long,
Upon the brow of Nebo
Is struck by the archer strong!
The eagle-eye grows strangely dim,
The beauteous landscape's fled;
And a funeral band of angels stand
Around the kingly dead!

He must not cross the Jordan,
Nor dwell in the goodly land;
But a better country welcomes him
To the glorious Prophet-band:

Not cedar trees, but trees of life
For ever flourish here;
Not Jordan's rush, but rivers gush
With living waters clear.

Thus oft the God of Moses
With sorrow bows the head;
For which He gems a crown of life
To crown the faithful dead.
Thus oft refuses earthly bliss,
While higher bliss is given;
Denies us health, denies us wealth,
But bids us enter heaven.

THOMAS McCULLAGH.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale, in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth,—
Noiselessly, as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly, as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard,
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
 His comrades in the war,
 With arms reversed and muffled drum,
 Follow his funeral car;
 They show the banners taken,
 They tell his battles won,
 And after him lead his masterless steed,
 While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land,
 We lay the sage to rest,
 And give the bard an honor'd place
 With costly marble drest,
 In the great minster transept
 Where lights like glories fall,
 And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
 Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the truest warrior
 That ever buckled sword;
 This the most gifted poet
 That ever breathed a word.
 And never earth's philosopher
 Traced with his golden pen
 On the deathless page truths half so sage
 As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,
 The hillside for a pall,
 To lie in state, while angels wait
 With stars for tapers tall,
 And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
 Over his bier to wave,
 And God's own hand in that lonely land
 To lay him in the grave.

In that strange grave without a name,
 Whence his uncoffin'd clay
 Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
 Before the Judgment day;
 And stand with glory wrapt around
 On the hills he never trod,
 And speak of the strife that won our life,
 With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
 O dark Beth Peor's hill!
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still.
 God hath his mysteries of grace,
 Ways that we cannot tell,
 He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
 Of him He loved so well.

JOSEPH FRANCIS ALEXANDER.

THE FOUR MOUNTAINS.

ARARAT.

O mount of hope! where rested our fathers
 long ago,
 And knelt, 'mid tears of gladness, to watch the
 golden bow
 Which o'er the clouded heaven its glittering
 radiance flung,
 To me, O hoary mountain, thou speak'st with
 angel tongue.
 An altar was thy rude peak, where sacrifice
 was poured
 Of prayer and praise ascending, well pleasing
 to the Lord;
 Upon thy slopes and hillocks the sons of
 heaven have trod:
 Old mount, thou standest ever a monument
 to God!

SINAI.

O mount of awful grandeur! O mount of
 smoke and gloom!
 O mount, whence spake Jehovah man's bless-
 ing and man's doom!
 Down thro' the vanished ages mine eyes can
 see thee now,
 With strange mysterious beauty upon thy
 cloud-capp'd brow:
 I hear the trumpet ringing—I see the dark
 smoke rise,
 I feel the firm earth tremble beneath the lurid
 skies.
 Into His holy temple the Lord of Hosts has
 passed:
 I hear His awful footsteps rush by upon the
 blast!

OLIVES.

O mount of vernal beauty, where our Re-
 deemer wept,
 As He o'er lov'd Jerusalem His lonely vigil
 kept;
 From every leafy covert, from every shelter'd
 grot,
 I hear the solemn whisper—"I would, but ye
 would not."
 His foot has prest these valleys, His presence
 has been here;
 Imagination pictures the Holy One as near.
 His robe has brushed the dewdrops from off
 yon leafy spray:
 Didst thou not hear His footsteps pass up
 the rocky way?

CALVARY.

But Oh, thou blessed mountain! all other
mounts above!
Where wondering thousands witnessed the
micht of Heavenly Love:
With bow'd and veiled forehead, with humbly
rev'rent knee,
O mountain, sweet and holy, I venture nigh
to thee.
O mountain, writ all over with one belovèd
name!
O mount, that flushes ever this cheek with
pain and shame!
O mount, by which ascending—like Jacob's
ladder—I
Catch glimpses of the glory that shall be by-
and-bye.
I hold my breath, O mountain, I dare not come
thee near.
As "Why hast Thou forsaken me?" pierces
my spirit's ear:
The wrathful sun is veiling in sullen gloom
his light;
The trembling earth is yielding up her dead
in sore affright;
The verdant turf is dripping with drops of
sweat and gore—
But hark! the "It is finished!" proclaims the
conflict o'er.
Mount of my Saviour's anguish—yet of His
victory,
Sacred art thou for ever, O blood-stain'd Cal-
vary!

ANNA LOUISA HILDEBRAND.

PAUL AT ATHENS.

Greece! hear that joyful sound!
A stranger's voice upon thy sacred hill,
Whose tones shall bid the slumbering nations
Wake with convulsive thrill. [round
Athenians! gather there: he brings you words
Brighter than all your boasted lore affords.

He brings you news of One
Above Olympian Jove: One in whose light
Your gods shall fade like stars before the sun.
On your bewildered night
The Unknown God of whom you darkly dream,
In all his burning radiance shall beam.

Behold, he bids you rise [shrine;
From your dark worship round that idol
He points to him who reared your starry skies,

And bade your Phœbus shine.

Lift up your souls from where in dust ye bow:
That God of gods commands your homage
now.

But, brighter tidings still!
He tells of one whose precious blood was spilt
In lavish streams upon Judea's hill,
A ransom for your guilt; [chain;
Who triumphed o'er the grave, and broke its
Who conquered Death and Hell, and rose
again.

Sages of Greece! come near;
Spirits of daring thought and giant mould,
Ye questioners of Time and Nature, hear
Mysteries before untold!
Immortal life revealed! light for which ye
Have tasked in vain your proud philosophy.

Searchers for some First Cause
Through doubt and darkness,—lo! he points
to One, [pause,
Where all your vaunted reason lost must
Too vast to think upon:
That was from everlasting:—that shall be
To everlasting still, eternally!

ANNA C. L. BOTTA.

KING EDWIN.

High sate King Edwin in his hall,
Around him ranged his wise men all;
Queen Ethelberga by his side
Was pleading for the Crucified.
Then thus the King:—"Ho, Sages, say,
Shall we Paulinus hear to-day;
Shall we our olden gods forsake,
And Christ our only Master make;
Speak, shall we at this council-board
Vow fealty to Christ as Lord?"

Coifi, chief of priests, the snows
Of decades on his head, uprose
And spake:—"O King, weigh well what now
Is preached to us; for, I avow
Those gods whom I have served so long
Have proven false, and wrought me wrong;
Others, who served them less, I own,
Are nearer to thy heart and throne.
If the new doctrines are more just,
In them let us repose our trust."

Another rose, of honor'd name,
 And spake approving of the same :—
 "The present life of man, O King,
 Seems like a bird upon the wing;
 A sparrow flitting through the room
 Wherein you sup in winter's gloom,
 Statesmen and captains feasting there
 In the huge log-fire's ruddy glare.
 When storms of snow abroad prevail,
 In flies the bird to shun the gale
 By one door, and then out again
 By the other; whilst he did remain
 Fair weather had he, safe and warm;
 But soon he passed into the storm
 Once more, and vanished from our sight
 Into the dark and wintry night.
 Such is the soul in life, I trow,
 Its whence and whither none can know.
 If, therefore, this new doctrine hold
 More certain knowledge, leave the old."

Thus wisely spake the wise; and, when
 The words seemed pleasant to all men,
 Paulinus—by the King's command—
 Preached to the nobles of the land;
 And kindled in all hearts the flame
 Of holy zeal for Christ's dear name.

R. W. BUCKLEY.

THERE IS A BLEAK DESERT.

There is a bleak Desert, where daylight grows weary
 Of wasting its smile on a region so dreary—
 What may that Desert be?
 'Tis Life, cheerless Life, where the few joys
 that come [home.
 Are lost, like that daylight, for 'tis not their

There is a lone Pilgrim, before whose faint eyes
 The water he pants for but sparkles and flies—
 Who may that Pilgrim be?
 'Tis Man, hapless Man, through this life
 tempted on,
 By fair shining hopes, that in shining are gone.

There is a bright Fountain, through that Desert stealing
 To pure lips alone its refreshment revealing—
 What may that Fountain be?
 'Tis Truth, holy Truth, that, like springs under
 ground,
 By the gifted of Heaven alone can be found.

There is a fair Spirit, whose wand hath the spell
 To point where those waters in secrecy dwell—
 Who may that Spirit be?
 'Tis Faith, humble Faith, who hath learn'd
 that, where'er
 Her wand bends to worship, the Truth must
 be there!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE TRIAL OF THE GODS.

[* On a regular division of the Roman Senate, Jupiter was condemned and degraded by the sense of a very large majority.]

Never nobler was the Senate,
 Never grander the debate;
 Rome's old gods are on their trial
 By the judges of the State!
 Torn by warring creeds, the Fathers
 Urge to-day the question home—
 "Whether Jupiter or Jesus
 Shall be God henceforth in Rome?"

Lo, the scene! In Jove's own temple,
 As of old, the Fathers meet;
 Through the porch, to hear the speeches,
 Press the people from the street.
 Pontiffs, rich with purple vesture,
 Pass from senate chair to chair;
 Learned augurs, still as statues—
 Voiceless statues, too—are there;
 Vestal virgins, white with terror,
 Mutely asking—what has come?
 What new light shall turn to darkness
 Vesta's holy fire in Rome?

Answer, Quindecimvirs! Surely,
 Of this wondrous Nazarene
 Ye must know, who keep the secrets
 Of the prophet Sibylline?
 Nay, no word! Here stand the Flamens:
 Have ye read the omens, priests?
 Slain the victims, white and sable,
 Scanned the entrails of the beasts?

Priest of Pallas, see! the people
 Ask for oracles to-day:
 Silent! Priests of Mars and Venus?
 Lo, they turn, dumb-lipped, away!
 Priest of Jove? Flamen dialis!
 Here in Jove's own temple meet
 In debate the Roman Senate,
 And Jove's priest with timid feet

Stands beyond the altar railing!
 Gods, I feel ye from above!
 In the shadow of Jove's altar,
 Men defy the might of Jove!

Treason riots in the temple
 At the sacrilege profound;
 Virgins mocked, and augurs banished,
 And divinities discrowned,
 Hush! Old Rome herself appeareth,
 Pleading for the ancient faith:
 Urging all her by-gone glory—
 That to change the old were death.
 Rudely answered the patricians,
 Scoffing at the time-worn snare:
 Twice a thousand years of sacrifice
 Have melted into air;
 Twice a thousand years of worship
 Have bitterly sufficed
 To prove there is no Jupiter!—
 The Senate votes for Christ!

Not aimless is the story,
 The moral not remote:
 For still the gods are questioned,
 And still the Senates vote.
 Men sacrifice to Venus;
 To Mars are victims led;
 And Mercury is honored still;
 And Bacchus is not dead;—
 But these are minor deities
 That cling to human sight:
 Our twilight they—but Right and Wrong
 Are clear as day and night.
 We know the truth; but falsehood
 With our lives is so inwove—
 Our Senates vote down Jesus
 As old Rome degraded Jove!

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE ABBOT OF INNISFALLEN.

I.

The Abbot of Innisfallen
 Awoke ere dawn of day;
 Under the dewy green leaves
 He went him forth to pray.

The lake around his island
 Lay smooth and dark and deep;
 And, wrapt in a misty stillness,
 The mountains were all asleep.

Low kneeled the Abbot Cormac,
 When the day was waxing red;
 And for his sins' forgiveness
 A solemn prayer he said.

Low kneeled the holy Abbot,
 When the dawn was waxing clear;
 And he prayed with loving-kindness
 For his convent-brethren dear.

Low kneeled the blessed Abbot,
 When the dawn was waxing bright;
 And he prayed a great prayer for Ireland—
 He prayed with all his might.

Low kneeled the good old Father,
 While the sun began to dart;
 He prayed a prayer for all mankind—
 He prayed it from his heart.

II.

The Abbot of Innisfallen
 Arose upon his feet;
 He heard a small bird singing,
 And O, but it sung sweet!

He heard a white bird singing well
 Within a holly-tree;
 A song so sweet and happy
 Never before heard he.

It sung upon a hazel,
 It sung upon a thorn;
 He had never heard such music
 Since the hour that he was born.

It sung upon a sycamore,
 It sung upon a briar;
 To follow the song and hearken
 The Abbot could never tire.

Till at last he well bethought him,
 He might no longer stay;
 So he blessed the little white singing-bird,
 And gladly went his way.

III.

But when he came to his Abbey walls,
 He found a wondrous change;
 He saw no friendly faces there,
 For every face was strange.

The strange men spoke unto him,
 And he heard from all and each
 The foreign tongue of the Sassenach—
 Not wholesome Irish speech.

Then the oldest Monk came forward,

In Irish tongue spake he :

"Thou wearest the holy Augustine's dress,
And who hath given it to thee?"

"I wear the holy Augustine's dress,
And Cormac is my name;
The Abbot of this good Abbey
By the grace of God I am.

"I went forth to pray at the break of day;
And, when my prayers were said,
I hearkened awhile to a little bird,
That sung above my head."

The Monks to him made answer,
"Two hundred years are gone o'er
Since our Abbot Cormac went thro' the gate,
And never was heard of more.

"Matthias now is our Abbot,
And twenty have passed away:
The stranger is lord of Ireland;
We live in an evil day."

IV.

"Now give me absolution,
For my time is come," said he;
And they gave him absolution
As speedily as might be.

Then close outside the window,
The sweetest song they heard,
That ever yet since the world began
Was uttered by any bird.

The Monks looked out and saw the bird;
Its feathers were snowy-white;
And quickly came unto it
Another bird as bright.

Those two birds they sang together,
And the two their white wings spread
They flew aloft and they vanished,—
But the good old man was dead.

They buried his blessed body
Where lake and greensward meet;
A carven cross above his head,
And a holly-bush at his feet;

Where spreads the beautiful water
To gay or cloudy skies,
And the purple peaks of Killarney
From ancient woods arise.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE CROSS OF MONTEREY.

Good Junipero the Padre,*

When 'twas dying of the day,
Sat beneath the dark tall pine-trees
By the Cross of Monterey,
Listening as the simple red men
Of their joys and sorrows told,
And their stories of the Missions,
And their legends quaint and old.

And they told him when Portala
Rested by the crescent bay,
Little dreaming he was gazing
On the wished-for Monterey,
That this cross on shore he planted,
And the ground about it blessed,
And then he and his companions
Journeyed northward on their quest.

And the Indians told the Padre
That Portala's cross at night,
Gleaming with a wondrous splendor,
Than the noon-sun was more bright;
And its mighty arms extended
East and westward, O so far!
And its topmost point seemed resting
Northward on the polar star.

And they told, when fear had vanished,
How they gathered all around,
And their spears and arrows buried,
In the consecrated ground;
And they brought most fragrant blossoms,
And rare ocean shells in strings,
And they hung upon the cross-arms
All their choicest offerings.

And the Padre told the Indians
"Ah, if rightly understood,
What you tell me of the cross here
Has a meaning deep and good;
For that light is emblematic
That the time is near at hand
When the faith of Christ the Saviour
Will illumine all the land.

"To the Cross cling, O my children!
In the storm and in the night,
When you wander, lost and weary,
It will be a guiding light;
Cling to it, and cares and sorrows
Very soon will all have passed,
And the palm and crown of glory
Will be given you at last."

* Director of the Catholic Missions of California.

Good Junipero the Padre
 Thus unto the red men told
 Of the symbol of salvation,
 And its meaning deep and old,
 Sitting by the crescent bay-side,
 When 'twas dying of the day.
 At the foot of dark tall pine-trees
 By the Cross of Monterey.

RICHARD E. WHITE.

ST. JOHN'S EVE.

With mirthful shout, with music, dance, and
 game,
 The youths throng round the ruddy Beal-fire's
 ray;
 The antique usage bears the mind away
 To ages when that sacrifice of flame
 Was Eire's homage to the God of Day.
 Yet through the gloom and mist of centuries
 gray
 Methinks this relic of the Pagan past
 Would scarce have lived, did not its flame
 reveal
 A mystic truth to Christian fervor dear—
 How when the Sun of Righteousness drew
 near,
 An earth-born witness rose, with glowing zeal,
 To image forth His glory and His love—
 To point the true believer's path above—
 And how Christ came, the fire of love on earth
 to cast.

And is not flame to heavenly things akin?
 Like prayer that mutely from the soul ascends
 Before God's throne, it ever upward tends;
 And even as Love divine o'ercometh sin,
 All earthly things its heat consumes or bends;
 Radiant as Hope, and strong as Faith, that
 lends
 Its torch to guide us through life's gloomy
 maze.
 Would all might learn thy love, thou emblem
 grand!
 That we, as children of the holy Light,
 So heavenward lived,—so imaged truth and
 right;
 And, as the peasant bears a glowing brand
 To bless his home from this new fire divine,
 Should we prepare within our hearts a shrine
 Where God's pure love might burn with still
 increasing blaze.

OLIVIA KNIGHT CONNOLLY.

THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

Of the Mission Church, San Carlos,
 Buildd by Carmelo's bay,
 There remains an ivied ruin
 That is crumbling fast away.
 In its tower the owls find shelter,
 In its sanctuary grow
 Rankest weeds above the earth-mounds,
 And the dead find rest below.

Still, by peasants at Carmelo,
 Tales are told and songs are sung
 Of Junipero, the Padre,
 In the sweet Castilian tongue
 Telling how each year he rises
 From his grave the mass to say,
 In the midnight, mid the ruins,
 On the eve of Carlos' day.

And they tell, when aged and feeble,
 Feeling that his end was nigh,
 To the Mission of San Carlos
 Padre Serra came to die;
 And he lay upon a litter
 That Franciscan friars bore,
 And he bade them rest a moment
 At the cloister's open door.

Then he gazed upon the landscape
 That in beauty lay unrolled
 And he blessed the land as Francis
 Blessed Assisi's town of old;
 And he spoke: "A hundred masses
 I will sing, if still life's guest,
 That the blessing I have given
 On the land may ever rest."

Ere a mass was celebrated
 Good Junipero had died,
 And they laid him in the chancel,
 On the altar's Gospel side.
 But each year the Padre rises
 From his grave the mass to say,
 In the midnight, mid the ruins,
 On the eve of Carlos' day.

Then the sad souls long years buried,
 From their lowly graves arise,
 And as if doom's trump had sounded,
 Each assumes his mortal guise;
 And they come from San Juan's Mission,
 From St. Francis' by the bay,
 From the Mission San Diego,
 And the Mission San José.

With their gaudy-painted banners,
 And their flambeaux burning bright,
 In a lone procession come they
 Through the darkness and the night,
 Singing hymns and swinging censers,
 Dead folks' ghosts—they onward pass
 To the ivy-covered ruins,
 To be present at the mass.

And the grandsire, and the grandame,
 And their children march along,
 And they know not one another
 In that weird, unearthly throng.
 And the youth and gentle maiden,
 They who loved in days of yore,
 Walk together now as strangers,
 For the dead love never more.

In the church now all are gathered,
 And not long have they to wait;
 From his grave the Padre rises,
 Midnight mass to celebrate.
 First he blesses all assembled,
 Soldiers, Indians, acolytes;
 Then he bends before the altar,
 And begins the mystic rites.

When the Padre sings the sanctus
 And the host is raised on high,
 Then the bells up in the belfry,
 Swung by spirits, make reply;
 And the drums roll and the soldiers
 In the air a volley fire,
 While *O Salutaris* rises
 Grandly from the phantom choir.

"*Ite, missa est,*" is spoken
 At the dawning of the day,
 And the pageant strangely passes
 From the ruins sere and gray;
 And Junipero the Padre
 Lying down, resumes his sleep.
 And the tar-weeds rank and noisome,
 O'er his grave luxuriant creep.

And the lights upon the altar
 And the torches cease to burn,
 And the vestments and the banners
 Into dust and ashes turn;
 And the ghostly congregation
 Cross themselves and one by one,
 Into thin air swiftly vanish,
 And the midnight mass is done.

RICHARD E. WHITE.

THE LOST CHURCH.

In yonder dim and pathless wood
 Strange sounds are heard at twilight hour,
 And peals of solemn music swell
 As from some minstrel's lofty tower.
 From age to age those sounds are heard,
 Borne on the breeze at twilight hour;
 From age to age no foot hath found
 A pathway to the minster's tower!

Late, wandering in that ancient wood,
 As onward through the gloom I trod,
 From all the woes and wrongs of earth
 My soul ascended to its God.
 When lo! in the hushed wilderness,
 I heard, far off, that solemn bell:
 Still heavenward as my spirit soared,
 Wider and sweeter rang the knell.

While thus in holy musings rapt,
 My mind from outward sense withdrawn,
 Some power had caught me from the earth,
 And far into the heavens upborne,—
 Methought a hundred years had passed
 In mystic visions as I lay,
 When suddenly the parting clouds
 Seemed opening wide and far away.

No mid-day sun its glory shed,
 The stars were shrouded from my sight
 And lo! majestic o'er my head,
 A minster shone in solemn light.
 High through the lurid heavens it seemed
 Aloft in cloudy wings to rise,
 Till all its pointed turrets gleamed
 Far flaming through the vaulted skies!

The bell with full resounding peal
 Rang booming thro' the rocking tower:
 No hand had stirred its iron tongue,
 Slow-swaying to the storm-wind's power.
 My bosom beating like a bark
 Dashed by the surging ocean's foam,
 I trod, with faltering, fearful joy
 The mazes of the mighty dome.

A soft light through the oriel streamed,
 Like summer moonlight's golden gloom,
 Far through the dusky arches gleamed,
 And filled with glory all the room.
 Pale sculptures of the sainted dead
 Seemed waking from their icy thrall,
 And many a glory-circled head
 Smiled sadly from the storied wall.

Low at the altar's foot I knelt,
 Transfixed with awe, and dumb with dread,
 For blazoned on the vaulted roof
 Were heaven's fiercest glories spread.
 Yet when I raised my eyes once more,
 The vaulted roof itself was gone;
 Wide open was heaven's lofty door,
 And every cloudy veil withdrawn!

What visions burst upon my soul,
 What joys unutterable there
 In waves on waves forever roll,
 Like music through the pulseless air,—
 These never mortal tongue may tell;
 Let him who fain would prove their power,
 Pause when he hears that solemn knell
 Float on the breeze at twilight hour.

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

From the German of Uhland.

THE CHILD AND THE ELDERS.

Softly fell the touch of twilight on Judea's
 silent hills;

Slowly crept the peace of moonlight o'er
 Judea's trembling rills.

In the temple's court conversing, seven elders
 sat apart;

Seven grand and hoary sages, wise of head
 and pure of heart.

"What is rest?" said Rabbi Judah, he of
 stern and steadfast gaze,

"Answer, ye whose toils have burthened
 through the march of many days."

"To have gained," said Rabbi Ezra, "decent
 wealth and goodly store

Without sin, by honest labor—nothing less
 and nothing more."

"To have found," said Rabbi Joseph; meek-
 ness in his gentle eyes,

"A foretaste of heaven's sweetness in home's
 blessed paradise."

"To have wealth, and power, and glory
 crowned and brightened by the pride

Of uprising children's children," Rabbi Ben-
 jamin replied.

"To have won the praise of nations, to have
 worn the crown of fame,"

Rabbi Solomon responded, loyal to his kingly
 name.

"To sit throned, the lord of millions, first and
 noblest in the land,"

Answered haughty Rabbi Asher, youngest of
 the reverend band.

"All in vain," said Rabbi Jarus, "if not faith
 and hope have traced

In the soul Mosaic precepts, by sin's contact
 uneffaced."

Then uprose wise Rabbi Judah, tallest, gravest
 of them all:

"From the heights of fame and honor even
 valiant souls may fall;

"Love may fail us; Virtue's sapling grow a dry
 and thorny rod,

If we bear not in our bosoms the unselfish love
 of God."

In the outer court sat playing a sad-featured,
 fair-haired child;

His young eyes seemed wells of sorrow—they
 were godlike when he smiled.

One by one he dropped the lilies, softly plucked
 with childish hand;

One by one he viewed the sages of that grave
 and hoary band.

Step by step he neared them closer, till, en-
 circled by the seven,

Thus he said, in tones untrembling, with a
 smile that seemed of Heaven:

"Nay, nay, fathers! Only he, within the meas-
 ure of whose breast

Dwells the human love with God-love, can
 have found life's truest rest;

"For where one is not, the other must grow
 stagnant at its spring.

Changing good deeds into phantoms—an un-
 meaning, soulless thing.

"Whoso holds this precept truly owns a jewel
 brighter far

Than the joys of home and children—than
 wealth, fame, and glory are.

"Fairer than old age thrice-honored, far above
 tradition's law,

Pure as any radiant vision ever ancient pro-
 phet saw.

"Only he, within the measure faith appor-
tioned—of whose breast
Throbs this brother-love with God-love knows
the depth of perfect rest."

Wondering, gazed they at each other, "Praised
be Israel evermore:
He has spoken words of wisdom no man ever
spake before!"

Calmly passing from their presence to the
fountain's rippling song,
Stopped he to uplift the lilies strewn the scat-
tered sprays among.

Faintly stole the sounds of evening through
the massive outer door;
Whitely lay the peace of moonlight on the
Temple's marble floor.

Where the elders lingered, silent since he
spake, the Undeiled—
Where the Wisdom of the ages sat amid the
flowers, a child!

MARY E. MANNIX.

THE LEGEND OF ST. DOROTHY.

Constantius fills the imperial throne—
Father of Constantine;
He, too, of mildness not unmeet
To found the Christian line.
But Diocletian's code at times
Yet wreaks its bloody will,
As waves will toss and foam and fret
After the storm is still.

Before the ruthless Governor
Of Cappadocia stands
The high-born maiden Dorothy,
Serene, with folded hands.
Her brow is fair, her cheek is red,
Her laugh breaks low and clear;
And young she is and innocent—
And wherefore stands she here?

But here are only smiles for her,
And counsels kindly meant.
"Blanch not, fair maiden," smirks the judge:
"Thou art but hither sent
To check those foolish, slanderous tales
Which link thy honored name
With his—the Wretch of Galilee—
Who died the death of shame."

"Who died the death of shame," she cries,
"To save the souls He made,
And for our ransom on the tree
His last red life-drops paid!
Be glory to the one true God,
One God in Persons Three!
Be glory to the Eternal Son,
Jesus, who died for me!"

"Hold!" cries the angry Governor,
"This impious jargon cease.
Adore the gods whom all adore,
And live thy life in peace.
Adore or die!" "Or die?" she saith:
"Choose sterner threat than this;
For death is but the golden gate
To radiant home of bliss—"

"That garden fair, whose Autumn fruits
'Mid flowers of Springtime gleam;
Nor blight nor tempest dares to break
The rose's Summer dream.
Ah! might I fade from this dark earth,
Melt quite away, and flee
To Him, my Lover and my Lord,
Jesus, who died for me!"

The young Theophilus o'erhears
The martyr's raptured sighs,
And with a not ungracious scorn,
"O Dorothy," he cries,
"If flowers and rosy fruits are there
In this rude season found,
Send me a few!" "I will," she saith.
The snow was on the ground!

The girl hath braved the tyrant's rage;
All tortures, threats, are vain,
Now butchers eager press, their steel
In virgin blood to stain;
While at the last before her kneels
Yon beauteous smiling child,
A basket in his tiny hands,
With fruits and flow'rets piled.

"Take these unto Theophilus!
Say Dorothy hath cried
To Heaven for mercy on his soul
Ere with glad heart she died.
Tell him I go, and he shall come
Where flowers and fruits abound
Of softer sheen, of sunnier tint."—
The snow was on the ground!

The snow shone white o'er all the ground,
 Save where the ruby gush
 From that young fearless Christian heart
 Forced pagan earth to blush.
 So Dorothy is throned on high,
 Close, close to Christ, her Spouse ;
 And by her side Theophilus,
 With laurel round his brows.

MATTHEW RUSSELL.

GERTRUDE OF SAXONY.

A cloudy pillar before Israel went,
 An angel kept Tobias in the way,
 A star led up the Magians to the tent,
 Wherein new-born the Child of Glory lay.
 Therefore the wayfarers will always say :—
 Praise be to Him who guides his servants' feet,
 Who keeps them that no evil will assay [beat,
 To do them harm—when storm or hot rays
 A refuge from the storm, a shadow from the
 heat.

On Saxon soil her journey had begun,
 A gentle pilgrim on a holy quest,
 Nor will she that long journey's end have won
 Until Alsatian soil her feet have prest ;
 This maiden there would be a convent's guest,
 Whereof the glory far and wide is told,
 And there she would take up her lasting rest ;
 For there, while love of many has grown cold,
 The earnest discipline of ancient times they
 hold.

And others in her company there were,—
 An ancient kinsman, and—intent on gain—
 Some merchants with them the same way did
 fare ;

Till once when night o'ertook them on the
 plain,

No shelter won, the merchants then were fain
 Re-seek their lodging lately left behind :
 The holy pilgrims might not so restrain
 Their eager steps, but trusted well to find,
 Ere night was fully come, some shelter to
 their mind.

But sooner than they looked for, thickest
 night
 Fell,—and they gazed around them, if per-
 chance

The lowliest cottage might appear in sight,
 For now return they could not, nor advance :

When of a sudden, on that plain's expanse,
 A palace of surpassing beauty rare
 Seemed to stand up before them at a glance ;
 Then gladly did they thitherward repair,
 Hoping to find due rest and needful succor
 there.

And being there arrived, they marvelled much,
 For doors and windows open wide they found,
 And all without doors and within was such,
 With such perfection of fresh beauty crowned,
 As though in that day's space from out the
 ground

New-risen. Entering in they wondering saw
 How all things for life's use did there abound,
 But inmate none appearing, they for awe
 And secret fear well-nigh were tempted to
 withdraw.

But when they for a season waited had,
 Behold ! a Matron of majestic air,
 Of regal port, in regal garments clad,
 Entered alone—who, when they would declare,
 With reverence meet, what need had brought
 them there

At such untimely hour, smiling replied
 That she already was of all aware ;
 And added she was pleased and satisfied
 That they to be her guests that night had
 turned aside.

And ere the meal she spread for them was
 done,

Upon a sudden One there entered there,
 Whose countenance with marvellous beauty
 shone,

More than the sons of men divinely fair,
 And all whose presence did the likeness wear
 Of angel more than man : he too, with bland,
 Mild words saluted them, and gracious air ;
 Sweet comfort, solemn awe, went hand in
 hand, [grims stand.

While in his presence did the wondering pil-

Then turning to the Matron, as a son
 Might to a mother speak familiarly ;
 He spake to her—they only heard the tone,
 Not listening, out of reverent courtesy :
 And then with smile of large benignity
 Saluting them again, he left the place,
 And was not more seen by them—only she,
 That Matron, stayed and talked with them a
 space,
 Whose words were full of sweetness and of
 heavenly grace.

And then she showed them chambers for their
rest.

And did not that tired maiden then forget
To take, and lead apart, her weary guest,
And pointing where a ready couch was set,
So with her own hands spread the coverlet
Above her, bidding her till morning rose
That she should render unto sleep his debt,
And suffer him her weary lids to close,
Then, with a blessing given, she left them to
repose.

The morning come, she bade them rise anon,
For now their fellow-travellers were in sight,
Journeying that way, and would be quickly
gone—

The merchants whom they quitted yesternight.
Refreshed they rose to meet the early light,
And to rejoin their company prepared:
But first due thanks they tendered, as was
right;

To her who had for them so amply cared:
And with those thankful hearts forth on their
way they fared.

So set they forward from that stately hall,
And now had journeyed for a little space,
When musing much, and wondering much at
all [their face,

Which had befallen them there, they turned
Its fair proportions once again to trace,
When lo! with newer awe their hearts were
filled;

For it had wholly vanished from its place,
Like some cloud-palace that the strong winds
build, [willed.
Which to unmake again they presently have

While this new admiration them did seize,
They saw some nobles of the land that way
Come riding; straightway they inquired of
these

If they had never seen, nor yet heard say,
Of some great dome that in that quarter lay.
But these to them made answer constantly,
How they had ridden past by night and day,
But that such stately hall might nowhere be,—
Only the level plain, such as they now might
see.

Thereat from them did thankful utterance
break [care
And with one voice they praised His tender
Who had upreared a palace for their sake,
And of that pomp and cost did nothing spare,

Though but to guard them from one night's
cold air—

And had no ministries of love disdained:
And 'twas their thought, if some have un-
ware

Angels for guests received, with love un-
feigned,

That they had been by more than angels
entertained.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

THE FIRST REDBREAST.

A Legend of Good Friday.

A quaint and childish story, often told,
And worth, perchance, the telling, for it steals
Through rustic Christendom; and boyhood,
bold

And almost pitiless in pastime, feels
The lesson its simplicity conceals;
Hence kind Tradition, to protect from wrong
A gentle tribe of choristers, appeals
To this ancestral sacredness, so long
In grateful memory shrined, and now in
grateful song.

One Friday's noon, a snowy-breasted bird
Was flying in the darkness o'er a steep
Nigh to Judea's Capital, where stirred
The rabble's murmur sullenly and deep.
Far had it sailed since sunrise, and the sweep
Of its brown wing grew languid, and it longed
To rest awhile on some green bough, and peep
Around the mass that on the hill-side thronged
As if to learn whereto such pageant stern
belonged.

The robin whitebreast spied a Cross of wood
That lifted o'er the din its gory freight;
Beneath, the sorrow-stricken Mother stood,
And silent wailed her Child's less cruel fate.
But lest she mourn all lone and desolate,
Has reason whispered to that fluttering breast,
Whom, Whom, on Whom those fiends their
fury sate?

Mark how it throbs with pity, nor can rest,
Till it has freed its Lord, or tried its little best.

And see, with tiny beak it fiercely flies,
To wrench the nails that bind the Captive fast.
Ah! vain, all vain those eager panting cries,
That quivering agony! It sinks at last,
Foiled in the generous strife and glares aghast

To see the thorn-crowned Head droop faint
and low,
Mute the pale lips, the gracious brow o'er-
cast;
While from the shattered palms the red drops
flow,
Staining the pious bird's smooth breast of
speckless snow.

That snow thus ruddied fixed the tinge of all
The after-race of robins; and 'tis said,
Heaven's fondest care doth on the robin fall,
In memory of that scene on Calvary sped.
Hence, urchins rude, in quest of plunder led
To prowl round hedges, never dare to touch
The wee white-speckled eggs or mossy bed
Of "God's own bird." So from the spoiler's
clutch
Would you, God's child, be free? Ah! feel for
Jesus much.

MATTHEW RUSSELL.

THE LEGEND OF EASTER EGGS.

Trinity bells, with their hollow lungs,
Their vibrant lips and their brazen tongues,
Over the roofs of the city pour
Their Easter music with joyous roar,
Till the soaring notes to the sun are rolled,
As he swings along in his path of gold.

"Dearest papa," says my boy to me,
As he merrily climbs on his mother's knee,
"Why are these eggs that you see me hold
Colored so finely with blue and gold?
And what is the wonderful bird that lays
Such beautiful eggs upon Easter days?"

Tenderly shine the April skies,
Like laughter and tears in my child's blue eyes,
And every face in the street is gay—
Why cloud this youngster's by saying nay?
So I cudgel my brains for the tale he begs,
And tell him this story of Easter eggs:—

You have heard, my boy, of the Man who
died,
Crowned with keen thorns and crucified;
And how Joseph the wealthy—whom God
reward!—
Cared for the corpse of his martyred Lord,
And piously tombed it within the rock,
And closed the gate with a mighty block.

Now close by the tomb a fair tree grew,
With pendulous leaves, and blossoms of blue;
And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast
A beautiful singing bird sat on her nest,
Which was bordered with mosses like mala-
chite,
And held four eggs of an ivory white.

Now when the bird from her dim recess
Beheld the Lord in his burial dress,
And looked on the heavenly face so pale,
And the dear hands pierced with the cruel
nail,
Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang,
And out of the depths of her sorrow she sang.

All night long till the moon was up
She sat and sang in her moss-wreathed cup,
A song of sorrow as wild and shrill
As the homeless wind when it roams the hill,
So full of tears, so loud and long,
That the grief of the world seemed turned to
song.

But soon there came thro' the weeping night
A glittering angel clothed in white;
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away,
Where the Lord of the earth and the heavens
lay;
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom,
And in living lustre came from the tomb.

Now the bird that sat in the heart of the tree
Beheld this celestial mystery,
And its heart was filled with a sweet delight,
And it poured a song on the throbbing night;
Notes climbing notes, till higher, higher,
They shot to heaven like spears of fire.

When the glittering, white-robed angel heard
The sorrowing song of the grieving bird,
And, after, the jubilant paean of mirth
That hailed Christ risen again on earth,
He said, "Sweet bird, be forever blest
Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed
nest!"

And ever, my child, since that blessed night,
When death bowed down to the Lord of light,
The eggs of that sweet bird change their hue,
And burn with red and gold and blue
Reminding mankind in their simple way
Of the holy marvel of Easter day.

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

HUBERT THE HUNTER.

Lord Hubert lived, long years ago,
In good King Pepin's reign,
The lightest heart and heaviest hand
In all broad Aquitain.

He loved his home, he loved his king,
He loved a winsome face,
He loved right well his noble self,
But better loved the chase.

The foremost in the kingly joust,
The first in hunting train;
The bravest brand in all the land
Was crossed with his in vain.

Small favorites with Hubert bold
Were bookish clerk and priest;
And sore he chafed when sport was barred
By frequent fast and feast.

'Twas in the blessed Lenten time,
The holiest week of all;
The silence of the Day of Woe
Fell like a funeral pall.

No joy-bell rang, no light was there,
Nor sight nor sound of mirth:
The sadness of the Sacrifice
Was on the mourning earth.

By holy men in penance garb
The shrouded cross was borne,
When o'er the hill rang loud and shrill
A merry bugle-horn.

The baying of a hound boomed out
Along the distant road;
With bow and spear and hunting gear
Lord Hubert reckless strode.

With mock obeisance spake the knight:—
"Good father, ban me not,
Nor saint nor Pharisee am I,
But sinful man, God wot.

"But deeds of grace may wash out sin,—
I pledge a hunter's word,
The fattest buck in gloomy Hartz
This night shall grace thy board."

Then answered mild the holy man:
"Forbear the awful crime
Of him who sheddeth sinless blood
In holy Easter time.

"An erring servant of the Lord
Nor ban nor curse may say,
But may the gentle Christ forgive
Thy foul affront, I pray."

The town is passed; the forest deep
Is cold and still and gray;
So silent, you might deem the brutes
Revered the sacred day.

Now deeper, deeper grows the wood,
And darker grows the gloom;
And colder chills assault the heart,
Like breezes from the tomb.

The broken twig hangs motionless,
The budding leaf is still;
The sunless winter of the North
Is not more dark and chill.

Lord Hubert bore the stoutest heart
In all broad Aquitain,
Yet, but for very shame, had wished
Him fairly home again.

So deadly calm the awful wood,
The winding of his horn
Was lost in space, nor echo e'en
Was backward to him borne.

"Good faith!" he cried, "the holy man
Shall venison lack to-day;"
When lo! before his startled gaze
A quarry stood at bay.

Stout Hubert drew a deadly shaft,
His aim was true and keen,
And fairer mark a hunter's skill
Has seldom found, I ween.

He drew the arrow to the head,
His aim was keen and true;
Then sudden fell the bow and shaft,
And fell stout Hubert, too.

For, 'mid the branching antlers there,
Upon a forehead white
The symbol of the gentle Christ
Was marked in dazzling light.

At holy cross on beastly front
The huntsman pressed the sod,
And heard, like him of Israel,
The accents of a God.

The joy-bells rang in Easter morn,
The good folk held the feast,
And watched the conscious rising sun
Dance gladly in the East.

Lord Hubert knelt in humbled heart
And prayed for grace to teach
The lesson taught by Heaven to him
Through brute's inspired speech:—

That gentle sport in season meet
Awakes not Heaven's wrath;
But wo the wretch for sinless life
Who no compassion hath!

That bird and beast are in his care,
Whose lives are but a span,
And he that wastes offendeth God,
Who gave the breath to man.

And honest sportsmen evermore
Are merciful indeed;
For good Saint Hubert blesseth him
Who heeds his gentle creed.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

"O MARY, QUEEN OF MERCY!"

There lived a knight long years ago,
Proud, carnal, vain, devotionless;
Of God above, or hell below,
He took no thought, but undismayed,
Pursued his course of wickedness.
His heart was rock, he never prayed
To be forgiven for all his treasons;
He only said, at certain seasons,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

Years rolled, and found him still the same,
Still draining pleasure's poison-bowl;
Yet felt he now and then some shame,
The torment of the Undying Worm
At whiles awoke his trembling soul:
And then, though powerless to reform,
Would he, in hope to appease that sternest
Avenger, cry, and more in earnest,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

At last youth's riotous time was gone,
And loathing now came after Sin.
With locks yet brown he felt as one
Grown gray at heart; and oft, with tears,
He tried, but all in vain, to win
From the dark desert of his years

One flower of hope; yet, morn and e'ening,
He still cried, but with deeper meaning,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

A happier mind, a holier mood,
A purer spirit, ruled him now;
No more in thrall to flesh and blood,
He took a pilgrim-staff in hand,
And, under a religious vow,
Travailed his way to Pommerland.
There entered he an humble cloister,
Exclaiming, while his eyes grew moister,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

Here, shorn and cowed, he laid his cares
Aside, and wrought for God alone.
Albeit he sang no choral prayers,
Nor matin hymn nor laud could learn,
He mortified his flesh to stone;
For him no penance was too stern;
And often prayed he on his lonely
Cell-couch at night, but still said only,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

And thus he lived long, long; and, when
God's angels called him, thus he died.
Confession made he none to men,
Yet, when they anointed him with oil,
He seemed already glorified.
His penances, his tears, his toil,
Were past; and now, with passionate sighing,
Praise thus broke from his lips while dying,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

They buried him with mass and song
Aneath a little knoll so green;
But, lo! a wonder-sight!—Ere long
Rose, blooming, from that verdant mound,
The fairest lily ever seen;
And, on its petal-edges round,
Relieving their translucent whiteness,
Did shine these words in gold-hued brightness,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

And, would God's angel give thee power,
Thou, dearest reader, mightst behold
The fibres of this holy flower
Upspringing from the dead man's heart
In tremulous threads of light and gold;
Then wouldst thou choose the better part!
And thenceforth flee Sin's foul suggestions;
Thy sole response to mocking questions,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

From the German of Simrock.

MORNING AND EVENING.

I.

In the morning of thy days,
 When thy youth is glad and strong;
 When thine eye hath glancing rays,
 And thy light step leaps along;
 When thy cheek is red with health,
 And thy locks are glossy bright;
 When in poverty or wealth
 Thou can'st equally delight;
 Holding in thy heart a store
 Of fresh hope to bear thee on,
 (Waves all rolling to the shore,
 Glittering in the rising sun!)
 When a circle of home-friends,
 Yet unbroken, hems thee round,
 And each voice its welcome sends
 With a sweet familiar sound;
 When the future, yet untried,
 Seems all promise and all joy:
 Love rewarded,—want supplied—
 Happiness without alloy;—
 Then, though brilliant be thy morn,
 Cloudless and serene thy sky.
 From the day when thou wert born
 Look to that when thou must die.
 Many a cloud of sin and strife
 Must obscure the distant heaven.
 Ere thou yieldest up thy life
 To the God by whom 'twas given!
 Therefore in the morning light,
 In the sultry noontide glow,
 Yea, till evening dew doth fall,
 Pray to Him through joy and woe!

II.

In the evening of thy day,
 When thy step is slow and weak;
 When thy locks are silver-gray,
 And thy tongue must feebly speak;
 When thine eyes can scarce discern
 Faces most familiar—dear;—
 And thy deaf ears vainly turn
 Where the song resoundeth clear;
 When thou creepest to the fire,
 Warming thy poor withered form,
 And the stretch of thy desire
 Is safe shelter from the storm;
 When thy years are garnered up
 In the harvest of the past,
 And the dregs of life's low cup
 Are brief days that cannot last;
 When thy home-friends, one by one,
 Have departed to their rest,
 Thou, the last leaf, fluttering on
 Boughs no more in verdure drest;
 When—the summons heard at length,—
 Death's strange shadows round thee close,—
 In thy weakness shall be strength,
 In thy weariness repose,
 If thou didst remember still
 Thy Creator in thy youth,
 Doing all His gracious will,
 Walking by the light of truth.
 Fear not then to lose thy way
 When the evening gloom hath come,—
 God, whom thou didst serve all day,
 Bids His angels guide thee home!

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

ALEXANDER, CECIL FRANCES.

Cecil Frances Alexander is the wife of Dr. William Alexander, Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. Before her marriage to Dr. Alexander she was Miss Cecil Frances Humphreys. Her poems, chiefly on moral and religious themes, are very numerous, and have made her name familiar in Ireland and England. The best known among them is the "Burial of Moses," which has been incorporated in various collections. An estimate of her success in the special field she has chosen may be formed from the fact that over forty editions of her moral songs, hymns for children, etc., have been published. She was married to Dr. Alexander in 1849.

ALEXANDER, WILLIAM (RIGHT REV.).

Bishop Alexander was born in Londonderry in April, 1824. He was ordained in the Episcopal Church in 1847, and in 1867 he was appointed Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. In his earlier years he wrote a number of poems, chiefly religious, which gained him a good share of literary reputation. They not only gave much promise, but possessed positive merit. A collection of them that was published several years ago has passed out of print. He is a frequent contributor of prose to ecclesiastical literature, and as a pulpit orator he has long enjoyed a reputation for marked brilliancy and power. If his poems were upon other than religious themes, they probably would be more widely known.

ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM.

The picturesque town of Ballyshannon, on the Erne, and in the County of Donegal, is the native place of William Allingham, who was born in 1828. His father was a man of some local repute as a banker, and the son received a good education, but no professional training. Going to London in his early years he found employment suited to his tastes, and a considerable part of his life has been passed there. It may be said that his first practical encouragement in literature came from Charles Dickens, who received and welcomed him in the pages of "Household Words." An appointment in the customs service, which he held until 1872, when he resigned it to succeed Mr. Froude as editor of "Fraser's Magazine," kept him above the necessity of writing merely for bread. Since 1864 he has been in receipt of a pension for literary service. He retired from his editorial position some time after the return of Mr. Froude from his unsatisfactory lecture tour in America, but did not abandon literary work. Mr. Allingham has published three or four volumes, and each has been well received. The subjects are taken chiefly from Irish peasant life. A long poem, entitled "Lawrence Bloomfield in Ireland," which ran through several numbers of "Fraser's," is a narrative of observation that reveals close and sympathetic study of the condition of the people. Another long poem, "The Music-Master," the scene of which is also laid in Ireland, shows his talent in a higher and more

artistic vein. Although not of the national school of Irish poets, he has written in a purely Irish spirit. His minor poems are marked by a simplicity, in the thought itself as well as the expression, for which naturalness is the best descriptive term. He depicts humble life and rustic scenes in colors which make the pictures easily recognized by all who know the realities of an Irish village or country-side. That he is a true poet is fully attested by the appreciation he has gained where Irish themes, even without political bearings, are not regarded with favor.

Michael," a spirited tale in blank verse, was written. He also wrote in the same form, "Avoca: an Idyllic Poem," "The Dargle: a Story of Wicklow," and "Glendalough: a Story of Wicklow." His mastery of blank verse, which tries the most experienced writers, was very remarkable in one so young. His short poems in the conventional forms are marked by tenderness and an easy grace of movement, and all his verse contains not only great promise, but much notable fulfillment. One of the most interesting papers among his essays is an extended study of Edgar A. Poe.

ANSTER, JOHN.

The most noteworthy work of John Anster, LL.D., is an admirable translation of Goethe's "Faust." His original poems, however, show a fair degree of merit. Dr. Anster was born at Charleville, Cork, in 1793. In 1810 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he took the full scholastic course, and obtained his degree. In 1824 he was called to the Irish bar, and in 1841 he was placed on the civil list, with a pension in recognition of his literary services. During his active years he was a valued contributor to "Blackwood's," the Dublin "University Magazine," and the "North British Review." He died in Dublin in 1867.

ARMSTRONG, GEORGE FRANCIS.

The quality of his work entitles George Francis Armstrong to exceptional distinction in the company of authors. His poems, both lyrical and dramatic, have certain special characteristics which show the working of a vigorous and original mind. Mr. Armstrong was born in the county of Dublin, May 5, 1845. He was educated at Trinity College, and at the age of nineteen he gained the highest honors for English verse. At twenty-one he received the gold medal for composition from the Historical Society; at twenty-two he was awarded a gold medal for essays by the Philosophical Society; at twenty-six he was appointed Professor of History and English Literature in the Queen's College, Cork, and a few years ago he was elected a Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland. His most ambitious work is a dramatic trilogy entitled the "Tragedy of Israel," the parts being respectively named, "King Saul," "King David" and "King Solomon." This production has received the highest praise from the best literary authorities. A long poem in blank verse, entitled "Irene," and remarkable for dramatic vigor and intense passion, has also been warmly commended. A later volume, "A Garland from Greece," the fruit of some travels in that country and Turkey, contains lines equal to the most spirited of Byron's tributes to Hellenic prowess and glory, and also some descriptive poems of rare beauty. In 1871 Mr. Armstrong published the "Life, Letters and Essays," and also a complete edition of the poems, of his brother, Edmund J. Arm-

ARMSTRONG, EDMUND J.

Dying before he had reached his twenty-third birthday, Edmund John Armstrong left literary effects of remarkable quality and variety for a life so brief as his. As placed before the public some time after his death by his brother, Professor George F. Armstrong, they comprise a large volume of poems, a volume of essays and sketches, and most of the material constituting his "Life and Letters," which his brother edited. He was born in Dublin in July, 1841, and in 1859 he entered Trinity College, where his winning character and exceptional talents soon made him a favorite among his fellow-students. An injury to one of his lungs brought on an illness which caused his death in February, 1865. He was not yet twenty-one years old when his principal poem, the "Prisoner of Mount Saint

strong. The poem, "Slain in the Fore-front," bears strong indications of having been inspired by his brother's death. His latest volume, "Stories of Wicklow," published in 1886, consists of poems which relate wholly to the picturesque part of Ireland named in the title. Mr. Armstrong's verse shows poetical power of a very high order, and both skill and scholarship in its execution. As one of Ireland's men of letters, he has gained an eminent place. The absence of political verse from his productions partly accounts for his not being more widely known in a national sense.

BANIM, JOHN.

"Soggarth Aroon" is the only metrical effort of John Banim's that has stood the test of time. His other pieces, with the exception of the pretty love-lyric, "Aileen," do not entitle him to recognition as a poet. As a writer of fiction he was undoubtedly a man of superior talent. In conjunction with his brother, Michael, he wrote a number of spirited tales of Irish life, which enjoyed great popularity in their time, and gained him a place in the company of successful authors. Like Griffin, Banim essayed dramatic work at the beginning of his literary life. He wrote the drama of "Damon and Pythias" in his twenty-fourth year, and had the gratification of seeing it gain a brilliant success on the London stage, with such eminent actors as Macready and Charles Kemble in the title parts. He was born in Kilkenny in 1798, and his death took place in August, 1842, after a protracted and most painful illness.

BARRY, MICHAEL JOSEPH.

The name of Michael J. Barry was familiar to the last generation in Ireland. Mr. Barry wrote a number of poems, and also prepared a collection of ballads, etc., which was published in Dublin, in 1845, under the title of "The Songs of Ireland." In that little book he made an effort, more earnest than convincing, to show that George Nugent Reynolds, not Thomas Campbell, wrote "The Exile of Erin." Some lines from one of his own poems, "The Place to Die," are often quoted. Inquiries concerning him have only elicited the statement that he is still living, somewhere on the Continent.

BERKELEY, GEORGE (RIGHT REV.).

Bishop Berkeley, author of the poem in which occurs the oft-quoted line,

"Westward the course of empire takes its way,"

was born at Kiltrin, county Kilkenny, in March, 1684. He died in January, 1753. With the approval of Swift, he formed a plan of establishing a college at the Bermudas, for the purpose of training pastors for the colonial churches and missionaries for the Indians, and it was in anticipation of the results of the scheme, which was not carried out, that he wrote the celebrated poem.

BLAKE, MARY E.

Mrs. Blake, whose poetical talent has received wide recognition, was born in Dungarvan, County Waterford, Ireland. Leaving her native place in early childhood, she has since lived in Massachusetts, chiefly in Boston, where she has gained much esteem in both social and literary circles. In 1865 she was married to Dr. J. G. Blake, a leading physician of that city. Like many other Irish-American writers, Mrs. Blake presented her first verses to the public through the columns of the Boston "Pilot." The first collection of her poems appeared in 1882, and was received with much favor. The high appreciation in which her talent is held was notably attested by the request of the civic authorities of Boston that she should contribute a poem to the memorial services in honor of Wendell Phillips. In complying with that request, Mrs. Blake produced an elegiac poem of rare power and beauty. Among her prose works are a volume of sketches of a trip to California, entitled "On the Wing," and published in 1883, and a series of interesting papers called "Rambling Talks," contributed to the Boston "Journal" over the initials of "M. E. B.," and running through several years. Her prose as well as her poems shows Mrs. Blake as a possessor of the true literary gift. She is especially happy in writing what may be called the poetry of childhood.

BOTTA, ANNE C. L.

Mrs. Anne Charlotte Lynch Botta was born at Bennington, Vermont. Her father, whose name was Lynch, was a native of Dublin.

At the age of sixteen he joined the patriotic movement led by Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Falling into the hands of the English, he became a fellow prisoner with Thomas Addis Emmet, Dr. McNevin, and other distinguished men who then sought their country's freedom. After serving four years in prison, he was banished for life, and came to America with Emmet and McNevin. He married a daughter of Colonel Gray, of the Connecticut line in the Revolutionary army, and he died in Cuba a few years later. His daughter, Anne Charlotte Lynch, was educated at Albany, N. Y. During her school-days she wrote several poems of much promise, which was fulfilled as her mind became matured. A volume of her poems, with fine illustrations by various artists, was published in 1848, and a revised edition, with some new poems, appeared in 1881. Her most important work, however, is a "Hand-book of Universal Literature," which was published in 1860. This is held in high esteem as a reference and text-book. In 1855 she was married to Professor Vincenzo Botti, of New York, a gentleman distinguished for learning and culture. She had then been a resident of New York a few years, and her home was noted as a place frequented by the brightest spirits of the literary and artistic world. In this respect it closely resembled the French *salon*. Her receptions were continued after her marriage, and have not yet wholly ceased. In later years Mrs. Botti has given attention to sculpture rather than literature, and her modelling has elicited much praise. Both her poems and her prose show deep feeling and sound reflection.

BOYLE, JOHN.

Manly thought and a womanly gentleness marked the poetical as well as the personal character of John Boyle, of whom a great deal more might be said here than the present purpose requires. Mr. Boyle was born near the town of Banagher, Kings County, Ireland, about 1822. He arrived in New York in 1842, and he resided there continuously to the time of his death — January 7, 1885. Before leaving Ireland he received a good education, which was enlarged by assiduous study and long expe-

rience as a teacher in New York. When his death occurred he was at the head of one of the most flourishing public schools of the city. Mr. Boyle was through life a diligent student of the history of his country and an ardent sympathizer with her people in their various efforts to place her in a better position before the world. His literary tastes took form at an early age, and he was for many years a writer of spirited and melodious verse, the greater part of which appeared anonymously, as it was not in his nature to attract attention to himself. All his literary work was done in such leisure hours as could be spared from his professional duties. In 1876 he published an interesting historical work. "The Battle Fields of Ireland," a study of the Williamite wars, which was well received. Had his duties as a teacher been less exacting, he would doubtless have done much more in literature, as by taste and talent he was well fitted for the profession of letters. He wrote with remarkable fluency, and was especially happy in the melodious turn of his verse. As to his personal character, it may be said that he was one of the most gentle, modest and lovable of men, the very soul of honor in all things, and sensitively faithful to every obligation of life.

BRENAN, JOSEPH.

The single poem, "Come to me, Dearest," would be sufficient to mark Joseph Brennan as a poet of superior rank. He wrote many other excellent poems, however, but his productions are not available in collective form, and only a few can now be obtained. Mr. Brennan was born in Cork, November 17th, 1828. He began his literary work in early years, and was a contributor to the national press in Dublin, whither he removed in 1848, at the age of twenty. Entering heartily into the "Young Ireland" movement, he had the distinction of being one of the many patriots who have made acquaintance with Kilmainham prison for devotion to their country. Soon after his release he left Ireland for New York, where he arrived in the autumn of 1849, and at once turned to journalism, which engaged his talents the greater part of the few years he was destined yet to live. He found time, nevertheless, to write several

poems and contribute some articles to the magazines. In August, 1851, he married Miss Mary Savage, a sister of his friend, John Savage, and he removed the same year to New Orleans, to fill an engagement on the "Delta" newspaper. An attack of yellow fever brought on a temporary blindness, an affliction which led to the production of one of his best poems. He returned to New York for a short time, but soon resumed his newspaper work in New Orleans, and remained there till his death, which took place May 27, 1857. For some of his poems in this volume the Editor is indebted to Mr. Savage, who intended publishing all his poems together several years ago, but was prevented by their unfortunate destruction by fire. There is much reason to regret that the lyrical remains of so true and gentle a poet as Joseph Brennan are not available in their entirety.

BRONTË, CHARLOTTE AND EMILY.

The gifted sisters, Charlotte and Emily Brontë, are associated wholly with the literature of England. Inasmuch, however, as their father, the Rev. Patrick Brontë, was not only an Irishman by birth, but, so far as is known, also by lineage, there is as good reason to introduce the sisters here as some other writers who, although not of Irish nativity, were or are at least partly of Irish extraction. Their mother, Maria Branwell, was an English woman, of reputable family. Their poetry does not reveal any special gift for verse-making, but it obtained some recognition when first placed before the public, and a certain interest is imparted to it by their great success as novelists. Its general tone is one of weariness, and it all has a strong personal bearing. Charlotte was born at Thornton, England, in 1816, and died in 1855. Emily was born in 1818 and died in 1848.

BROUGHAM, JOHN.

Few men have been more beloved by their fellows than genial, witty, generous, whole-souled John Brougham, comedian, dramatist, story-writer and poet. Brougham was born in Dublin in 1810, and his death occurred in New York in 1880. In 1830 he began the theatrical career which was for

nearly half a century one of the brightest in the annals of the stage. After an apprenticeship to his favorite art in Dublin and London, he came to the United States in 1842, and the New World was thenceforward his home, although between that period and his death he made a few professional visits to the Old. His fifty years at the footlights were an unbroken round of joyousness to the public, although the closing scenes, when age and illness had overtaken him, were sad and dismal to himself. In the course of his career he tried several experiments as a manager, but did not succeed with any. It was as a member of the famous old-time Wallack company that he became universally popular in New York, though he had previously gained much favor in the theatre managed by the comedian William E. Burton. Besides his numerous plays, he wrote some books and several short and charming stories, and he edited for a while a bright weekly paper of the humorous sort called the "Lantern." His pen was always busy, and always used for good purposes—to instruct, enliven and elevate. He was otherwise too busy to write many poems, but the few produced by him show that he could have done much under the tutelage of the Muses had his other occupations permitted him to court their favor. His humor, whether on the stage or among his friends, was irrepressible and inexhaustible, and his presence in any company was like a flood of sunshine in the freshness of morning. At a dinner given him at the Astor House in 1869, a poem was read by Mr. William Winter, in which some of his most winning characteristics were thus glanced at:

He walks the world for three-score years,
In trouble, as in triumph, gay;
He wakes our laughter, wins our tears,
And lightly charms our cares away.

In him conjoined once more we view
High powers to conquer and command,—
The heart to feel, the hand to do,—
The Irish heart, The Irish hand!

BROWN, FRANCES.

Stranorlar, in the county of Donegal, was the native place of Miss Frances Brown, whose entire literary work was done under the sad and great disadvantage of blindness, caused by an attack of small-pox in her

childhood. At an early age, nevertheless, by having others read to her, she acquired an extensive knowledge of books and authors, and when but a little past girlhood she entered the ranks of the latter herself. Her first printed productions appeared in the popular "Irish Penny Journal." She soon after obtained admission to the London "Athenæum," and subsequently to other English publications. In 1848, she took up her residence in England, where the remainder of her life was passed. She became well known in the literary world and her pen found steady employment. Her first volume of poems was published before her departure from Ireland, and the second, "Lyric and Miscellaneous Poems," during an interval that she spent in Scotland before settling in London. Fiction being more lucrative than poetry, Miss Brown turned her mind to novel-writing soon after her arrival in England, and in that department of literature she gained much success. Among the novels written by her are "My Share in the World," an autobiographical work; "The Castleford Case," "The Hidden Sin," "The Neighbors of Kilmaclone," "The House of De Valdez," and "1776," an American tale. Miss Brown was born in January, 1816, and died in August, 1879.

BROWN, JOHN PATRICK.

John Patrick Brown is of Irish parentage, and was born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1839. For a number of years past he has lived in Boston, following the law as a profession, and occasionally exercising an unusually fine literary talent. His poems are not numerous, but their quality justifies a regret that his pen has not been more freely used on the lines of metre and melody. The poem on the "Wedding" of the Juniata and Susquehanna is an exceedingly fine production, and the same may be said of the piece entitled "Givet."

BUTLER, WILLIAM A. (REV.)

Among Irish writers not so widely known as they deserve may be named the Rev. William Archer Butler, an Episcopal clergyman, who was born near Clonmel, Tipperary, in 1814, and died in 1847. He was a Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, a Pro-

fessor of Moral Philosophy, and subsequently a pastor in the diocese of Raphoe. He wrote much on philosophical subjects, and he also produced some very meritorious poems, chiefly on religious themes. His best poetical efforts, however, were inspired by nature, of which he was an intelligent and sympathetic student.

CALLANAN, JAMES J.

This writer, a native of Cork, was born in 1795. He was educated for the priesthood, but finding that his inclinations were not toward a clerical life, he became a tutor instead. After some vicissitudes he was engaged as an assistant in the school of Dr. William Maginn, in Cork, and through the influence of his employer, who soon discovered his literary talent, he became a contributor to "Blackwood's" and other magazines. Many of his poems are translations from the Irish, but he also wrote original verse of much merit. His most ambitious poem, "The Recluse of Inchidony," written in the manner of Byron, whom he greatly admired, has some good stanzas, but the best of his productions is "Gougane Barra," which so competent an authority as Allibone calls "the most perfect, perhaps, of all Irish minor poems, in the melody of its rhythm, the flow of its language, and the weird force of its expressions." He died comparatively young—viz., at the age of thirty-four.

CARLETON, WILLIAM.

The prolific author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," and innumerable novels depicting the manners, customs and general detail of the daily life of the people, with their needs, pleasures, passions and aspirations, made no endeavor to gain recognition as a poet. His weird ballad of "The Churchyard Bride," based on a familiar Irish tradition, is his only effort of note in that direction. William Carleton was born in the County Tyrone, in 1794, of parents in poor circumstances, who succeeded, however, in giving him a fair education. He was intended for the Church, but his inclinations did not favor that purpose; and the force of circumstances, it may be said, drove him to literature, which

proved to be the calling for which he was especially fitted. His first book did not appear until he was thirty-six years old. When nearly all his work had been done, and age was coming upon him, his friends procured him a pension of £200 per annum. He died in 1869, after an illness that was both long and painful. It was almost wholly as a novelist that he gained a place in the literary ranks.

CARPENTER, HENRY BERNARD (REV.).

Among the Irish-American members of the literary guild in Boston, is the Rev. Henry Bernard Carpenter, who was born in Ireland in 1840, and has resided in Boston several years. As preacher, lecturer and poet he is favorably known. A volume of his poems published in 1887 was well received. His verse is mainly philosophical, but not at all deficient in what is called human interest.

CASEY, JOHN KEEGAN.

As a poet of the Fenian period, John Keegan Casey, who was best known as "Leo," gained a special and somewhat enviable reputation. His lyrics and ballads, all attuned to the popular chord, were familiar in every neighborhood in which the Fenian spirit prevailed, and had a strong influence in keeping it active and aggressive. For his personal connection with Fenianism he suffered a dreary imprisonment of eight months, that undoubtedly hastened his death. He was born near Mullingar, County Westmeath, August 22, 1846; his imprisonment occurred in 1867, and he died March 17, 1870. So great was his popularity that as many as 50,000 people are said to have attended his funeral.

CHERRY, ANDREW.

A native of Limerick; born in 1762; died in 1812. At the age of seventeen he became a strolling player, and his career thenceforward was connected with the stage. He wrote a number of plays which were popular in their day, and several songs which also enjoyed favor. His latter years were spent in England, where he succeeded as an actor, and also became known as a theatrical manager.

CLARKE, JOSEPH I. C.

Joseph I. C. Clarke is a native of Ireland, but has been a resident of New York a number of years, engaged in the active duties of a journalist. He was attached to the New York "Herald" a considerable time, and at present he is the managing editor of the "Morning Journal." As busy journalists cannot devote much time to the muses, Mr. Clarke's poetical efforts are not as numerous as they doubtless would be if he were more free to follow his inclinations in that direction.

COLLIER, THOMAS S.

Thomas S. Collier, who has gained a place in the ranks of American poets, is but remotely of Irish lineage, the first emigrant among his progenitors having left Ireland for France shortly after the battle of the Boyne. From France he came to Virginia, where the American growth of the family began. The subject of this note has in his veins the blood of Ireland, France, England, and the old Knickerbockers of New York. He was born in New York City, November 4, 1842. In his fourteenth year he went to sea, and finding a sea-faring life suited to his taste, he entered the U. S. Navy in 1857, remaining in it till October, 1883, when he was retired, because of disability resulting from injuries received in the line of duty. He served in the navy through the war with the South, and both before and after the war he made cruises to nearly all parts of the world. Mr. Collier has done a great deal of good literary work, contributing poems, stories and general articles to the "Atlantic" and the "Century" magazines and other standard publications. The first of his poems to obtain popularity was "Cleopatra Dying." His spirited poem "Sun-burst," is as warm and vigorous a protest against English rule in Ireland as it could well be even if the author were of Irish birth. It and other poems relating to Ireland show true sympathy with the land of his ancestors.

COLLINS, WILLIAM.

Strabane, County Tyrone, is the birth-place of William Collins, author of numerous spirited ballads, and also a prolific writer of prose. Mr. Collins came to America at an

early age, served in one of the Western armies during the war with the South, and has since resided chiefly in New York, where his pen has been steadily engaged. His publications, besides a volume of poems, are, "The Wild Geese," a historical romance, and "Dalaradia, a Tale of the Days of King Milcho." His poems deal largely with individual heroism in Ireland's long resistance to oppression.

CONNOLLY, DANIEL.

This note is taken from the "Household Library of Catholic Poets":—"Daniel Connolly was born in Belleek, County Fermanagh, Ireland, in 1836. At the age of fifteen years he came to the United States, and he has since been a resident of New York. His first newspaper work was done during the war for the Union, when he furnished the New York 'Daily News,' then a leading morning paper, with correspondence from Washington and Virginia. After the war he became associate editor of the 'Metropolitan Record,' which had been established several years before as a Catholic paper, by Mr. John Mullaly, with the sanction of Archbishop Hughes. In 1872 he gave up journalism as a regular calling, to engage in business, but did not abandon it wholly. His poems, written at leisure times, would make a goodly volume, but they have not been collected."

CONNOLLY, OLIVIA KNIGHT.

Under the name of "Thomasine," a writer whose poems attracted much notice appeared in the Dublin "Nation" some time after the death of Thomas Davis. The new contributor was then Miss Olivia Knight, daughter of a professional man at Castlebar, whose death had left his family destitute. When Miss Knight began writing she was supporting her mother and herself by teaching. She afterward became employed at varied literary tasks in Dublin. In 1860 she sailed for Australia, at the suggestion of the Bishop of Brisbane, to aid him in carrying out an important scheme of education. Among her fellow passengers was Mr. Hope Connolly, a young journalist, who asked her to become his wife as soon as he should gain a footing in the colony. They were married a few years later, but Mr. Connolly's

health was feeble, and his wife was soon left a widow. In an introduction to a collection of her poems, published in Dublin, Charles Gavan Duffy speaks of Mrs. Connolly as conducting a school "near Warwick, on the famous Darling Downs, where she resides and finds happiness in her duties and studies." "In this distant land," he adds, "she is still serving her first mistress, the Dark Rosaleen of the poet; laboring, if not for her country, at least for her race, who are largely represented in the population."

CONWAY, KATHERINE ELEANOR.

Among modest writers of true merit may be named Miss Katherine Eleanor Conway, who has been an industrious worker with the pen for several years. Miss Conway was born in Rochester, N. Y., September 6, 1853, of Irish Catholic parents. She was educated in Catholic schools in Rochester and Buffalo until 1868, when, at the age of fifteen, her literary occupation began. In 1875 she began editing a Catholic monthly in Rochester, and continued it five years, contributing to other Catholic publications in spare intervals, and also serving as teacher of rhetoric in a convent school. In 1878 she became attached to the "Catholic Union and Times," of Buffalo, edited by the Rev. Patrick Cronin, and remained there another five years, when, owing to failing health, she retired and went to Boston for rest. In Boston she was invited to a position on the "Pilot," which she accepted, and still holds, exercising her bright talent in a way that must be agreeable to all readers of that paper. In 1881 Miss Conway published a volume of poems entitled "On the Sunrise Slope," and she has since written many other poems which have added to her reputation. In conjunction with Clara Erskine Clement she prepared for publication "Christian Symbols," a valuable book of instruction upon Sacred and Legendary art, and under the name of "Mercedes," she has written a good deal of fiction, of the moral sort, that has been well received.

COWAN, SAMUEL R.

One of the most prolific of the younger Irish poets is Samuel K. Cowan, a native of Lisburn, County Antrim, born August 13, 1850. Four volumes of his poems have

been published, and he is the author of over one hundred songs, which have been set to music by various composers, and gained much popularity. Mr. Cowan was educated at Trinity College, where he received the degree of M. A. He follows literature as a profession, and his work has made him well known in Ireland and England. Its merit fully entitles him to representation in a collection of this character. An Irish clergyman, writing of him to the Editor, says he has already gained much success, and is "destined to reflect credit on himself and Ireland."

CROKER, THOMAS CROFTON.

Thomas Crofton Croker, who was born in Cork, in 1798, performed a great deal of valuable work as an antiquarian. Among his works are "Researches in the South of Ireland;" "Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland;" "Legends of the Lakes;" "Historical Songs of Ireland;" "Popular Songs of Ireland," and several tales which are now no longer read. He was an accomplished artist as well as poet, and a friend of Maclise, Maginn and Father Prout. His original poems are good, but not remarkable. He held an official position for many years before his death, which occurred in 1854.

CROLY, GEORGE (REV.).

A versatile and industrious writer; born in Dublin, 1780; died in London, 1860; author of numerous works in prose and verse which attracted much attention in their time. Although educated for the Church, and taking orders in early life, Dr. Croly did not actually assume clerical functions until 1835, when the greater part of his literary work had been done. He then became rector of an Episcopal Church in England, and he subsequently became one of the most popular of pulpit orators. His versatility is indicated by the fact that he obtained distinction as a journalist, a poet, a novelist, a historian, a dramatist and a clergyman. Among his works are "Salathiel, a Story of the Past, the Present and the Future," "Tales of the Great St. Bernard;" "Sebastian, a Spanish Tale;" the "Political Life of the Right Hon. Edmund

Burke;" "Character of Curran's Eloquence and Politics," "Poetical Works," "Beauties of English Poets," and "Cataline," a tragedy.

CRONIN, PATRICK (REV.).

Priest, poet and journalist are combined in the Rev. Patrick Cronin, who was born near the village of Adare, County Cork, Ireland, in March, 1837. He came to the United States in 1850, and made his classical studies in St. Louis University, and his theological studies at St. Vincent's Seminary, Cape Girardeau, Mo. He was ordained in 1863, and for some years thereafter he was engaged on the city and suburban missions of the archdiocese of St. Louis. Since 1874 he has edited the Buffalo (N. Y.) "Catholic Union and Times." Passionately devoted to the land of his birth, Father Cronin has been active and zealous in every American movement promotive of its best interests. He enjoys a merited reputation as an orator, and he possesses the poetic gift in a high degree, but the duties of priest and journalist have prevented its full cultivation. His graphic poem read at the Marquette Monument Association in 1879 was much admired and widely reproduced.

DARLEY, GEORGE.

Although the name of George Darley is now known only to the students of literature, it was a familiar one in the early part of the present century. Darley was born in Dublin in 1785, but the greater part of his life was passed in London, where he died in 1846. His chief poetical works were "Sylvia, or the May Queen," and "Errors of Ecstasie and Other Poems." He also wrote "Thomas à Becket," a tragedy, "Ethelstan," a dramatic chronicle, and various educational works. One of the selections here given, "The Fairy Cavalcade," shows a delicate and picturesque fancy, and pleasing felicity of expression.

DAVIS, EUGENE.

Clonakilty, County Cork, is the native place of Eugene Davis, who was born March 23, 1857. He studied for the priesthood in Dublin, in Belgium, and in Paris, but discovering that his inclinations were not toward a

clerical life, he adopted journalism instead. He has been connected with the Continental, the Irish, and the American press, and it may be said that for a man of his years he has written a great deal and written well. In March, 1885, he was expelled from Paris, with the ex-Fennian chieftain, James Stephens, at the request of the British Ambassador, Lord Lyons, and he then took up his residence in Lausanne, Switzerland. A collection of his poems has been made, under the title of "Irish Lays and Lyrics, and Other Poems."

DAVIS, FRANCIS.

Cork's large brotherhood of poets includes Francis Davis, who introduced himself in literature as the "Belfast Man." He was born in Ballineellig, Cork, March 7, 1810, but in early manhood he settled in Belfast, where he learned the trade of a weaver. Many of his poems were written while he worked at the loom, but he also wrote several while traveling through England and Scotland. Having made a reputation by his pen he became the editor of a Belfast newspaper, subsequently engaging in general literary work, and becoming a contributor to various magazines and journals. His poems are numerous, and have appeared in three successive volumes. Many are intensely patriotic, and others show a sturdy personal independence characteristic of the writer. "Caste and Creed," for instance, might have been written by Burns. Mr. Davis was elected successively to the positions of Librarian in the People's Institute, Belfast, and Assistant Registrar in the Queen's College in the same place. He died in September, 1885.

DAVIS, THOMAS OSBORNE.

The Beranger of Ireland, as Thomas Osborne Davis might well be called, was born in Mallow, Cork, in 1814. Though Irish of the Irish in spirit, he did not belong to the Irish branch of the great Celtic family, his father being a native of Wales. The poet-patriot died in 1845, leaving a name endeared to all his countrymen by high national service and the exercise of splendid talents for the most ennobling of ends. From boyhood he was a diligent student of Irish history, and when, at the age of twenty-

six years, he entered earnestly upon the brilliant literary career that was so soon to end, his mind was stored with knowledge to ~~be deemed not often equalled~~ even in the case of men of advanced age, as assiduous as he, and favored with twice his length of years for study. It might almost be said that there was nothing in the history of Ireland which he did not know. Prior to 1842, when the Dublin "Nation" was established as the organ of a pronounced national party, the existence of his marvellous talent for reaching the hearts of the people through the medium of verse had not been suspected even by himself. He became a member of the "Nation" staff, and wrote some of the boldest and most valuable of the vigorous articles which gave its columns a character never before known in Irish journalism. His real work, however, was yet to be done. The hitherto unsuspected poetical talent soon made itself manifest, and the fount being once opened, the flow from it was incessant. Poem after poem almost flashed from his pen. He needed but to fix his mind a moment on the theme and the impetuous thought rushed at once into form in lines of pure melody and surpassing vigor. A better illustration of the adage that poets are born, not made, has never been known than appeared in the almost instantaneous ascent of Davis to a place of honor on the Mount of the Muses. His whole soul was in his work, and the patriotic fervor of his nature burned in the lines he wrote. His premature death was a sad loss to his country and its literature. Had he been spared to continue the labor for which he was so nobly qualified, even a more brilliant name than the one he bequeathed would have been placed on the roll of Ireland's poets. Writing of him in his work entitled "Young Ireland," Charles Gavan Duffy, probably the most intimate of his friends, says:—"Judging of him now, a generation after his death, when years and communion with the world have tempered the exaggerations of youthful friendship, I can confidently say that I have not known a man so nobly gifted as Thomas Davis. . . . Now that the transactions of that day have fallen into their natural perspective, now that we know what has perished and what survives of its conflicting opinions, we may plainly see,

that imperfectly as we knew him, the Irish race—the grown men of 1844—in the highest diapason of their passions, were represented and embodied in Thomas Davis better than in any man then living.”

DERMODY, THOMAS.

This erratic and uneven writer was born at Ennis, Ireland, in 1775. He possessed extraordinary talent, of which, however, owing to reckless habits, he made but little use. In precocity he somewhat resembled the English prodigy, Chatterton. At the age of ten he had accumulated a considerable amount of literary work, but, unfortunately, he had at the same age contracted the appetite that led to his early death. He wrote with a singular fluency and sometimes with remarkable power, but it can hardly be said that anything he produced possessed an enduring value. He died in England in 1802, leaving a large quantity of verse, which was subsequently collected and published in book form.

DE VERE, AUBREY (SIR).

The editor of the “Cabinet of Irish Literature” says of Sir Aubrey De Vere that he was perhaps “best known and loved among the people as a good landlord, who resided on his estate and found pleasure in doing his duty to his tenants and dependants.” The work by which he is best known in literature is his historical drama of “Mary Tudor.” The merit of his poems and sonnets has, however, received wide recognition. Among his productions of the latter kind are some of the best in the language. He enjoyed an intimate friendship with the poet Wordsworth, to whose example may be attributed—in part, at least—his fondness for the sonnet form of verse. He was born at Curragh Chase, Limerick, August 28, 1788; and, his life having been passed there, he died peacefully in the same place, July 28, 1846. His poetical talent was inherited and worthily employed by his son, whose career is next outlined.

DE VERE, AUBREY THOMAS.

Aubrey T. De Vere, third son of Sir Aubrey De Vere, was also born at Curragh Chase, the old family residence. Like so many

other contributors to the poetical treasures of Ireland, he was educated at Trinity College, where his course was marked by assiduous study. He manifested literary tastes from the beginning, and was a close student of religious works. Nearly all his poems show a devotional spirit, and many are entirely religious in character. They are elevated in motive and artistic in finish, and may be described as belonging to poetry of the higher class. He published a long poem entitled “The Waldenses, or the Fall of Lora,” in 1842; “The Search after Proserpine,” in the following year; “Poems, Miscellaneous and Sacred,” in 1856; “May Carols,” a volume of beautiful hymns to the Virgin, in 1857; “The Sisters Inisfail and Other Poems” in 1861; “Irish Odes and Other Poems” in 1869; “The Legends of St. Patrick” in 1872, and a dramatic poem, “Alexander the Great,” in 1874. Had he been an English instead of an Irish poet, there is no doubt that Aubrey De Vere would be more widely read. Several of his Irish poems are of the epic order. While not revealing any special force, they are excellent examples of careful literary work. His style is scholarly rather than popular, but his claim to the rank of a true poet cannot be called in question. He was born in 1814 and he died in 1883.

DE VERE, MARY AINGE.

Concerning the personality of this gifted and admirable writer, it is sufficient to say that she is of Irish parentage, and a native and resident of Brooklyn, N. Y. She has been for some years a contributor of poems to the leading magazines, and her name is already entered among those of favorite American poets. That she should also be placed in the company of Irish-American poets is manifestly proper. Her poems possess the excellent qualities of naturalness, simplicity and melody. The favor with which they have been received, and which is attested by their wide republication, is obviously well deserved.

DONNELLY, ELEANOR C.

Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly is a native and resident of Philadelphia, Pa. She is of Irish parentage and was born in 1848. Literature is to her a regular and enjoyable occupation.

She has been known for many years as a prolific and accomplished writer. Much of her poetry is religious in character and of high rank in point of merit. She has published several volumes of poems, and all have been well received. Catholic legends and the lessons of faith are her favorite themes. She writes with much facility and always in an elevated spirit. The author of a personal sketch in a recent Catholic periodical says of her: "Born of the blessed Irish race, she has inherited its gifts and graces in a special manner. Her faith and her people are the whole of her life: and her people are all loving souls who know her God. Personally, Miss Donnelly is a very womanly presence. She has soft, brown hair, Irish eyes, and an expressive, mobile mouth, which suits her pleasant voice and glad, gentle manner. She talks well and easily, very easily, and with that command of words her writings prove!" It may be added that she is a sister of the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota.

DOWDEN, EDWARD.

This accomplished essayist and pleasing poet was born in Cork in 1843, and educated at Trinity College, where he subsequently became Professor of English Literature. He is best known by his elaborate studies of Shakspeare, which have taken a place among the standard classics of Shakspearian literature. Mr. Dowden's poems, all short, and chiefly sonnets, may be described as of the artistic order. They are marked by a neatness of finish suggestive of highly polished gems. While full of a delicate beauty, however, they contain much fine thought, and show not a little spiritual elevation. Like much that comes from the new school of poetry, they are suggestive rather than expressive, and need some study in order that their merit may be fully perceived.

DOWLING, RICHARD.

It is chiefly as a novelist that Richard Dowling has made a literary name. He was born in Clonmel, Ireland, in 1846, but for several years past he has lived in London, where his pen is constantly employed. His best known novel, "The Mystery of Kin-

nard," brought him into notice immediately after its appearance, in 1879. Before going to London he was connected with the Dublin "Nation," and he was also for a short time the editor of the comic periodical, "Zozimus." His efforts in verse are graceful, but not numerous.

DOWNING, ELLEN.

"Mary of the Nation," was a term of affection in Ireland at the time when the "Nation" was the poetical voice of the country. The writer designated by it was Miss Ellen Downing, who used the *nom de plume* of "Mary," and became widely known under it. She was a Munster lady, of gentle character and ardent patriotism, who gave heart and soul to the Young Ireland cause. Her poems are marked by fervor, graphic power, and a winning sweetness. A tender and sad story told of her is touchingly echoed by her poem "Were I but His own Wife." It is said that she became deeply attached to one of the most gifted of the Young Ireland leaders, and hoped to be his wife. He was obliged to leave the country, the vows he had made were forgotten, and the dreams of the sweet singer were dispelled. She subsequently became a religious in Cork, under the name of Sister Mary Alphonsus, but after a few years she passed quietly to the grave.

DRENNAN, WILLIAM.

The most notable poem written by Dr. Drennan is the one entitled "Erin." The author was an ardent patriot, of the period of the United Irishmen, greatly esteemed for brilliant talents and sterling character. The term "Emerald Isle," was first applied to Ireland by him. Alluding to it many years later he said: "From the frequent use of the term since that time, I fondly hope it will gradually become associated with the name of my country, as descriptive of the primal beauty and inestimable worth of Ireland." The poet's hope has been fully realized. He was born in Belfast, in 1754, his father being a minister of the Presbyterian Church, and he died in the same city in 1820. A small volume of his poems was published in 1815.

DRUMMOND, WILLIAM H. (REV.).

An eminent scholar and distinguished Congregational clergyman; born at Larne, Antrim, in 1778; died in Dublin, 1865; wrote several historical and imaginative poems, numerous essays and some valuable biographies, and published interesting translations from the Irish under the title of "Ancient Irish Minstrelsy." Through all his long life his inclinations were strongly patriotic.

DUFFERIN, LADY.

Helen Selma Sheridan (Lady Dufferin), one of the three daughters of Thomas Sheridan, son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was born in 1807. Her sisters were the Hon. Mrs. Norton and the Duchess of Somerset. At the age of eighteen she became the wife of Mr. Blackwood, afterward Lord Dufferin, and in 1836 her only son, the present Earl of Dufferin, diplomatist and author, was born. Her poems are not numerous, but one, at least, "The Irish Emigrant's Lament," is unsurpassed for simplicity and tenderness. Her song "Katey's Letter," and the answer, "Sweet Kilkenny Town," have the same quality, coupled with a strain of humor that is distinctively Irish. After remaining a widow twenty-one years, her first husband having died in 1841, Lady Dufferin married the Earl of Gifford a short time before his death. Her own death occurred June 13, 1867.

DUFFY, CHARLES GAVAN (SIR).

The national literature and the political progress of Ireland owe much to Charles Gavan Duffy. It was mainly under his guidance, as chief editor of the "Nation," which, in conjunction with Thomas Davis and John B. Dillon, he founded in 1842, that the splendid politico-literary campaign preceding the "Forty-eight" movement was conducted. Born in Monaghan in 1816, he carried to Dublin, whither he went as a lad, to become connected with the "Morning Register," much of the energy and deliberation for which men of the North of Ireland have been distinguished. Under his direction the "Nation" attracted nearly all the spirited literary talent of the country, and became a greater moral power in

political affairs than Ireland had before known. Among the writers thus drawn together and combined in a single force were Davis, McGee, Mangan, Williams, McCarthy, "Speranza," and many others aglow with patriotic fervor. The "Nation's" sturdy nationalism incurred, as might be expected, the displeasure of the Government, and in 1844 its editor had the honor of being tried with O'Connell for fomenting disloyalty. In 1848 the paper was forcibly suppressed, and Mr. Duffy was subjected to four successive trials, each resulting in a failure to convict. After these failures he revived the "Nation" and continued as its editor a few years, when, becoming somewhat disheartened in the national cause, he retired from the post he had filled with signal ability, and emigrated to Australia. His rapid political rise in that country, where he held the position of Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, and also that of Prime Minister, simply demonstrated his remarkable intellectual force. In 1873 he accepted the distinction of knighthood, which he had previously declined. A few years later he returned to Europe, and he has since occupied his time with the production of an instructive work entitled "Young Ireland," and some interesting personal reminiscences of that brilliant period. All his poems were written in his earlier years. He then gave evidence of the possession of promising poetical talent, but it is on his prose writings and his political activity that his reputation will rest.

EGAN, MAURICE FRANCIS.

There is no better evidence of merit than its general recognition, and this has been given in a large degree to the work of one of the younger Irish-American writers, Maurice Francis Egan, at the present time editor of the New York "Freeman's Journal." Mr. Egan was born in Philadelphia, Pa., May 24, 1852. He received his education at La Salle College, in that city, and afterwards taught at the well-known Georgetown College, Washington, D.C. Being of Irish Catholic parentage, it is natural that his inclinations and sympathies are somewhat positively in accord with those of the race to which he belongs, and the religion in which he was reared. His first publication

in book-form was a modest volume of neat and graceful poems, to which the newspaper press gave a cordial greeting. These have since been reprinted in London, and their reception there has also been friendly and appreciative. Before becoming known as an author, Mr. Egan wrote a number of short stories, which appeared in the magazines, and these, with some of more recent production, have lately been put together in a book, under the title of "The Life Around Us." They reveal a talent for story-telling which has also been as widely recognized. A third publication is a small volume of thoughtful studies on the "Theatre and Christian Parents," in which the proper uses of the stage are brightly and intelligently discussed. Mr. Egan is a man of thought as well of artistic accomplishment. The work he has already done promises well for his future, and it is reasonably certain that his name will stand among those of American authors who reflect credit on their country. But while thoroughly American, he is always mindful of his origin, and grateful that the blood in his veins is both Irish and Catholic.

ENGLISH. THOMAS DUNN.

Although Dr. Thomas Dunn English is less an Irish-American than an American of Irish descent, he is not only fairly, but well entitled to a place in a book of this character. His father was of Irish lineage, being descended from an Irish settler who made a home in New Jersey nearly a century before the American Revolution, and his mother was of Irish birth. He himself married an Irish-American wife, and he has always taken an active interest in Irish affairs, and shown a sincere sympathy with the Irish people. The family name was originally Angelos, from which it became "Anglicized" to its present form. It went to Ireland with the Norman settlers, of whom it is said that they became more Irish than the Irish themselves. Dr. English was born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 29, 1819. In 1839, he was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania with the degree of Doctor of Medicine. In 1842 he was called to the bar, but his inclinations being toward literature, he made no effort to advance in the legal profession. He did, however, follow medicine, and he has been a practicing physician

many years. On July 4th, 1876, the great American Centenary, he was honored with the degree of Doctor of Laws by the venerable William and Mary College, of Virginia. His literary work, commenced in boyhood, has extended over a period of half a century. Forty years ago he was editor of a paper called the "Irish Citizen," and published in New York. He has written poems, novels, tales, plays, etc., innumerable, besides a number of controversial pamphlets and essays. His first metrical success was the ballad "Ben Bolt," printed in the New York "Mirror" in 1842. No less than eight airs were composed for "Ben Bolt," which gained great popularity and became a folk-song on both sides of the Atlantic. The author never thought as much of it, however, as the public. In a note to the present Editor, he says: "An unlucky thing, somehow. They named a Western steamboat and an Eastern sailing-ship after it. The steamer was blown up and the ship went down." Among his best known productions is a series of American historical ballads, which have appeared from time to time in various periodicals. These, with others, forming a complete battle-ballad history of the United States from the Colonial period down, have lately been published in collective form. All his battle poems are strong, ringing and picturesque, yet they do not show the author at his best. Such poems as "Kallimais" and "Akeratos" are superior to them when judged by literary rule. "Akeratos" will be found in this volume. Dr. English has resided in New Jersey over twenty years. He has taken an active part in public affairs, and served two terms in the Legislature of that State.

FARRELL. JOSEPH (REV.).

Dying at the age of forty-four years, the Rev. Joseph Farrell left behind him some excellent literary work, chiefly in prose. A collection of delightfully written meditative essays by him, under the title of "Lectures of a certain Professor," was published in London, and received much favorable notice. He also wrote a number of poems, some possessing very distinct merit, but most of them are scattered through the pages of periodicals. He was born at Maryborough, Queen's County, in 1841, educated at Car-

low and Maynooth, and ordained a priest in 1865. His death in the early part of 1885 was deeply regretted by a large number of friends, who held his character and talents in high esteem.

FERGUSON, SAMUEL (SIR).

Sir Samuel Ferguson, one of the most vigorous and picturesque of modern poets, was born in Belfast in 1810, and educated in Trinity College, Dublin. Having prepared himself for the bar, he was admitted thereto in 1838, and he followed the legal profession till 1867, when he retired to accept the office of Deputy Keeper of the Records of Ireland. In 1879 he received the distinction of knighthood, in recognition of his literary and professional merit. It may be said of Samuel Ferguson that he was the contemporary of all the Irish poets of the century. He began writing while Moore was still charming the world with his unrivalled melody, and he continued it down to the time when the distinction just named was conferred upon him. He wrote with a free, strong hand, a heart thoroughly in sympathy with his country, and a mind splendidly stored with the riches of her ancient literature. His service to the literature of Ireland is of the highest value. He pursued his studies of "the old Irish volumes in the company of such scholars as Lord O'Hagan, John O'Donovan, Eugene Curry and George Petrie, and from the stores of material—historical and traditional—then acquired, his fine constructive faculty created some of the noblest of modern poems. His "Lays of the Western Gael," his epics "Deirdre," "Conary" and "Congal," and his numerous ballads and lyrics, all throbbing with action and glowing with color, comprise a special and invaluable contribution to the literature of the century. His translations from the Irish bards are said by Irish scholars to be marked by a faithfulness that makes them almost absolutely literal, and his epics, all vigorous and well sustained, are conceived in the spirit of the far-off time in which their scenes are laid. Strength is the obvious characteristic of his verse, but the words are always well chosen, the rhythm sonorous and free, and the thought direct and clear. All his poems may be searched in vain for any sign of mere convention-

ality. "The Forging of the Anchor" was the first of his productions to attract notice outside of his own country. Fifty years after its original appearance it was republished in London as a single book, whereupon a critic of that town, "recognized" Samuel Ferguson as a writer of considerable promise, and was kind enough to say that he probably would make his mark in time. The poet was then past his seventieth year, and had made his mark doubtless before the critic was born. But it is an old story that English critics do not trouble themselves to know much about Irish authors. When Ireland again has a recognized national literature, much credit will be due to Samuel Ferguson for preparing the way for it. He died in Dublin, August 10, 1886.

FORRESTER, ELLEN.

Mrs. Ellen Forrester was born at Anyalla, County Monahan, Ireland, in 1831. Many of her years were passed in Manchester, England, and her death occurred there in 1883. Mrs. Forrester's poems gained much favor in her native country, and also among the Irish people in England, as well as those in America, chiefly through an unaffected simplicity that appeals directly to the popular heart and understanding. This characteristic is especially marked in "The Widow's Message to her Son," a poem widely reprinted on both sides of the Atlantic. Nearly all her themes are taken from what is called every-day life, and their treatment shows a warm and earnest sympathy with the poor and lowly, to whom no other life is known. Being kept close to these by her own necessities, she shared their feelings, and her verse was often the voice of both their sorrows and their desires. Mrs. Forrester left two children, a son and a daughter, who have inherited her literary gift. Her son, Arthur M. Forrester, was born at Ballytrain, County Monaghan, in 1850. He became an active contributor to the Irish national press, and also to newspapers in England. At the present time he is attached to the "Irish World" in New York. His sister, Fanny Forrester, was born in Manchester, in 1852, and still lives in England. Although her poems are not so well-known as those of her mother, she

has written a considerable number, and some have received the compliment of being reproduced in various places. A volume published by Mrs. Forrester some time before her death contained her own poems and several by her son and daughter.

FRASER, JOHN DE JEAN.

Born in Birr, Kings County, in 1809; died in 1849. Most of his poems appeared over the name of J. de Jean. He was by trade a cabinet-maker, whence arose the appellation he received of the "Poet of the Workshop." His verses, nevertheless, relate mainly to scenery and political subjects. A collection of his works, entitled "Poems for the People," was published in Dublin several years ago. His place among the minor poets of Ireland is creditable.

FURLONG, THOMAS.

A native of Wexford county; born in 1794; died in 1827. He obtained a fair education solely by his own efforts, acquired a knowledge of the Irish language, and made a good translation of the poems of Carolan. He was a friend of O'Connell and an active worker in the Emancipation movement. Among others whose friendship was useful to him were Thomas Moore and Lady Morgan. His best literary work appears in his translations.

GALLAGHER, WILLIAM D.

Philadelphia, Pa., is the native place of William Davis Gallagher, whose father, Bernard Gallagher, took part in the insurrection of '93, and emigrated to America soon after its failure. Mr. Gallagher was born in 1808. After his father's death, and while still a boy, he removed with his mother to Cincinnati, where he found employment in the office of the first newspaper published in that city. He learned the trade of a printer, and later became a writer upon miscellaneous subjects, and a contributor to various literary papers, magazines and reviews. During the war between the North and South, he held some important positions of trust under the Federal Government. His poems relate chiefly to the West, which was almost an unknown country when he settled upon the Ohio. A

collection of them was published in Cincinnati in 1881, under the title of "Miami Woods and other Poems." His literary work is extensive and all carefully done.

GEOGHEGAN, ARTHUR GERALD.

It has not often happened that an author's personality remained unknown to the general public for fully a generation after his work had received wide recognition. This has, however, been the case with Arthur Gerald Geoghegan, author of "The Monks of Kilcrea," and a number of spirited historical ballads. Most of the first generation of readers of his poems had passed away before his name as the author became publicly known. His principal poem, the one just named, constructed on a plan similar to that subsequently adopted by Longfellow for his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," had been translated and extensively read on the Continent long before his identity was revealed. Mr. Geoghegan was born in Dublin early in the century, and the greater part of his literary work was done in that city. For a number of years past, however, his home has been in London, where his pen has not been by any means idle. Even in his advanced years it finds exercise in the field that was his favorite in early life. It may as well be said in this place as elsewhere, that Mary Geoghegan, a few of whose poems appear in this book, is his daughter. She evidently inherits no small part of her father's excellent talent.

GEOGHEGAN, WILLIAM.

William Geoghegan was born at Ballymahon, county Longford, Ireland, in 1844, and has been a resident of New York since 1861. As a contributor of prose and verse to various Irish-American publications he is well and favorably known. His poems are mainly retrospective and find their motive chiefly in pastoral and domestic themes. Being engaged in business, he has but little time for literary occupation.

GILMORE, MINNIE.

Minnie Gilmore is a daughter of the well-known musician, Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, and a native of Boston, Mass. Her first communings with the Muse appeared in the

columns of the Boston "Pilot." Her poems possess a warmth of coloring and a rhythmic freedom which please the sense and show talent for the expression of bright thought in clear and picturesque verse. A volume of them published in 1886 was well received by the press. As Miss Gilmore is still young, it may be assumed that the literary work she has already done is but a beginning.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.

There is but little need of giving here even the briefest sketch of Oliver Goldsmith, who has been the subject of essay, lecture and biography until everything that could be said about him is exhausted. A son of the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, a minister of the Established Church, he was born at Pallas, or Pallasmore, County Longford, in 1728, and he died in London in 1774. The difficulties attending his education have been pleasantly described by himself and others. He contrived, however, to get through Dublin University, and he set out soon after for the Continent, with almost empty pockets, but a light heart and a serene confidence in all things turning out for the best. He had an idea of teaching English in Holland, but when he arrived there and found that he could not make himself understood, it dawned upon him that he should first have learned the language of the people he was to teach. His life in London, prior to the discovery of his genius by Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was thenceforward his life-long friend, was that of a drudge, who often suffered for lack of food. He was employed chiefly as a literary hack, and the pay that his work commanded was exceedingly small. When Johnson came to his relief he was a prisoner under the eye of the woman from whom he had hired lodgings, because he was unable to pay for them. Although, mainly by the aid of Johnson, he soon emerged from poverty, he frequently relapsed into embarrassment; for he had no knack of saving money, and all the sums he received for poems, plays, essays or historical works slipped from his fingers at once, so that he was often in debt when he should have been in comfort. Johnson's epitaph describes him as "Poet, Naturalist and Historian, who left scarcely any kind of writing

untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn." The monument bearing this inscription, and more to the same purpose, stands in Westminster Abbey. No poet has left a dearer memory than simple, gentle, always amiable Oliver Goldsmith.

GRAVES, ALFRED PERCIVAL.

Alfred Percival Graves belongs to the younger class of Irish poets, and while, in the treatment of his favorite themes, he is essentially racy of the soil, his style is more modern than that of most other poets who have found inspiration at the same source. He is a son of the Episcopal Bishop of Limerick, and was born in Dublin, in 1846. Although much of his writing has been done in England, it shows that the Irish impressions which he took thither have not been effaced by the change from the mountains of Wicklow and Kerry to the streets of London. He is especially happy as a writer of peasant songs, which are at once graceful, melodious and simple. Though lacking the brisk humor of Lever, his songs have a delicate playfulness of their own that has gained them much popularity. They are quaint, merry and musical, and almost sing themselves. That he can also write in the pathetic vein is shown by the touching spirit of "The Black Forty-six," "The Wreck of the Aideen," and others among his more serious poems. He has published two volumes, "Songs of Killarney," and "Irish Songs and Ballads," and the titles as well as the contents of his books show that he is quite willing to be known as an Irish poet. Outside of literature, his occupation is that of an Inspector of Schools.

GRAY, JANE L.

In the "Female Poets of America," edited by Mr. Griswold, Mrs. Jane L. Gray is described as "a daughter of William Lewers, Esquire, of Castle Clancy, in the north of Ireland." She was born in 1800, and was educated in a Moravian Seminary, near Belfast. At an early age she was married to the Rev. John Gray, with whom she emigrated to America, and settled at Easton, Pa., where Dr. Gray became well known as the pastor of a Presbyterian Church. The poems of Mrs. Gray are chiefly of a religious

character. She wrote wholly from her own experience and devotional feeling.

GRIFFIN, GERALD.

The brief life of Gerald Griffin, poet, novelist and dramatist, was one of bright promise and notable performance. He was born in Limerick in 1803, and his death occurred in the Monastery of the Christian Brothers in Cork, in 1840. Having been intended for the medical profession, he received a good education, which proved valuable in the literary pursuits he adopted while yet hardly out of boyhood. His first ambitious effort, made at the age of nineteen, was a drama, entitled "Aguire." In the following year he wrote the play of "Gisippus," which obtained much success in London, and drew attention to the remarkable talent of the youthful author. Dramatic literature, however, was not so much to his taste as fiction and poetry, and its field was soon abandoned. At the age of twenty-five, the best of his works, the admirable story of "The Collegians," from which Mr. Boucicault, many years later, adapted his popular drama of "The Colleen Bawn," was produced. Thenceforth for a few years, till failing health and some keen disappointments discouraged him in the struggle of life, he was one of the most prolific writers of his time. Both prose and verse came rapidly from his pen, and he gave promise of gaining a place among authors of the highest distinction. Notwithstanding both talent and industry, however, he found it difficult to earn sufficient money for decent maintenance. His experience with publishers was often unsatisfactory, and he complained much of unjust treatment, doubtless not without reason. Becoming weary of his work and of the world at the age of thirty-five, and finding that his health had suffered from the strain of almost incessant mental effort, he entered the Order of Christian Brothers in 1838, sad in spirit and feeble in body, and with less than two years of life still remaining to him. The most popular of his poems, "The Sister of Charity," was suggested by one of his sisters becoming a *religieuse* at an early age. Purity of thought is a leading quality of both his fiction and his verse. His nature was shy and sensitive, and deeply tinged with religious feeling.

GUINEY, LOUISE IMOGEN.

The quick recognition given by the literary press to the little volume of poems entitled "Songs at the Start," published by Miss Guiney in May, 1884, was an unusual tribute to so young a writer. Miss Guiney was born in Boston, Mass., in January, 1861. Her father, General Patrick Guiney, was a native of Parkstown, County Tipperary, and a gallant soldier in the war between the North and South. Her poetical inclinations began to manifest themselves in childhood, and her talent was well developed before the age at which many writers begin. Her first published verses appeared anonymously in the Boston "Pilot," but their merit soon caused sufficient inquiry about the writer to bring her into notice. It was only a few years later that she was honored by being invited to write the memorial poem for the public services in commemoration of General Grant in her native city. Poetry is not, however, her only literary pursuit. She has written much bright and agreeable prose, which shows taste, judgment and intelligent insight. Her father's family was originally French, but in Ireland it became most thoroughly Irish.

HALPINE, CHARLES GRAHAM.

What can be said here about Charles G. Halpine must necessarily be imperfect as a sketch of his work and character. The genial poet, soldier and journalist was born near Old-castle, in the County of Meath, in 1829. He was a son of the Rev. Nicholas J. Halpine, an Episcopal clergyman of marked ability, and for many years editor of the Dublin "Evening Mail," and his first literary work was in the form of contributions to the Irish press. He soon removed to London, where it was continued, and then to the United States, where his fame was to be made. His regular entrance into journalism took place in Boston, and in the course of his newspaper career he was connected with the Boston "Post," New York "Times," "Herald," "Tribune," "Leader," (of which he was for some time the editor), and the "Citizen," which he established. His humorous poems first attracted notice during the civil war, but he had written in the same vein some years before, and quite as well as after he had become known as

"Miles O'Reilly." At the beginning of the war he joined the well-known Sixty-Ninth New York Regiment, with the rank of lieutenant, and his advance in military knowledge was so rapid that in a short time he received an appointment as adjutant-general on the staff of General David Hunter. It was while serving in that capacity that he introduced "Private Miles O'Reilly" to the public, and so cleverly was the character sustained that for a considerable time the poetical and humorous private was supposed to be a real personage. During the latter part of the war he was on the staff of General John A. Dix, in New York city. Wishing to do something toward cleansing New York politics he established the "Citizen" as an independent weekly paper, some time after the war, and his work in its columns, following the general good will he had gained by the Miles O'Reilly lyrics, made him so popular that when he became a candidate for the office of Register he was elected by an overwhelming majority. One of his best poems, that addressed to the Irish Legion, was written in the last week of his life and was the last work of his pen. Among his sentimental poems, of which there are many, some of very sweet and simple tenderness, the most charming is "Janette's Hair," a song with music and exquisite beauty in each line. He died at the age of thirty-nine, from an accidental over-use of chloroform, in the fullness of his mental power, and with the path to greater distinction open before him. Shortly after his death his poems were collected by his friend, Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt, and published by Harper & Brothers. From this collection the selections in this volume are made, by permission of the publishers.

HARDING, EDWARD.

Edward Harding was born in Dublin, in 1849. He removed to Cork, and at the present time he is a Justice of the Peace at Westview, in that county. Although his poems do not belong to the ambitious class, they are graceful and pleasing, and have been received with a good deal of favor

HOLMES, EDMUND G. A.

Few of the younger poets have done better work than Edmund Gore Alexander

Holmes, who was born near Athlone, County Westmeath, July 17, 1850. His father, Robert Holmes, was widely known in Westmeath, and his mother belonged to the old family named Henn, of the County Clare—one of whom, Jonathan Henn, defended O'Connell in his famous trial. Mr. Holmes has published two volumes of poems in London, and although a stranger to the reviewers, his productions have been well received. It may indeed be said that they have met with an unusual meed of praise in high literary quarters. He appears to have a special talent for what is sometimes called landscape poetry. He is at ease with nature, and he not only paints her moods, but interprets her mysteries with graceful and sympathetic skill. His descriptive poems are rich in coloring and beautifully picturesque. Most of his years have been passed in England, and for some time past he has held the position of an Inspector of Schools in that country.

HUGHES, JOHN (MOST REV.).

New York's famous first Archbishop, the Most Rev. John Hughes, was born at Annaloghan, County Tyrone, Ireland, June 24, 1797. During his college days at Emmitsburg, Md., he wrote a number of poems, which appeared in a newspaper called the "Centinel," published at Chambersburg, Pa. The author's identity was concealed under the pseudonym of "Leander." In view of his subsequent great career as a Churchman, it is somewhat singular that only one of his poems was of a religious character. The two given in this collection are presented chiefly as evidence of his promise in verse-making in his early years. Archbishop Hughes died in New York, January 3, 1864.

INGRAM, JOHN KELLS.

Not many Irish national poems have gained more popularity than "The Memory of the Dead." Although originally published anonymously, it is known to have been written by John Kells Ingram, for some years past a professor in Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Ingram was born about 1820, and is, we believe, a native of the Irish capital. It is said that in late years he has not

desired to claim the poem, but he certainly has no good reason to disown it.

IRWIN, THOMAS CAULFIELD.

Thomas Caulfield Irwin is the author of four volumes of poems, a large number of tales and sketches, and instructive essays on numerous subjects. His style is chaste and scholarly, and his talents have been industriously exercised for good purposes. He was born at Warrensport, County Down, May 4, 1823, his father, Thomas Irwin, being a physician of repute. He received a superior education, including a thorough knowledge of the classics and acquaintance with several continental languages, and was thus well prepared for the literary career upon which he entered at an early age. By his industry with the pen he had made a reputation before reaching his thirtieth year. He was a contributor to the "Nation" in the time of Davis and Mangan, and also, for many years, to the "Dublin University Magazine." Owing to the completeness of his education, his knowledge has a wide range, and there are but few subjects on which he has not written with interest and intelligence. Although not belonging to the National school, in the sense in which it would be said that Davis and nearly all the young Ireland writers belonged to it, Mr. Irwin is widely esteemed as a poet of high merit, his poems showing a pleasing blending of gentleness, pathos, kindly philosophy and amiable humor. Probably the most popular of his poems is the "Potato Digger's Song," but this, although very happy in its phrasing throughout, is, in literary quality, below the average of his work.

JOYCE, ROBERT DWYER.

The author of the excellent epic poems, "Deirdre" and "Blanid," and of many spirited lyrics, Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce, was born in Limerick in 1830. After passing some years in the service of the Commissioners of National Education, he became a student at the Queen's College, Cork, in 1857, and in 1865 he graduated with high honors, and received the degree of M.D. He emigrated to the United States the following year, and settled in Boston, where he soon established a lucrative medical practice. While in the educational service

in Ireland, Dr. Joyce made many tours in various parts of the country, and it was during that period that his mind absorbed the store of history, tradition and legend which qualified him so well for his subsequent poetical work. His first book of poems appeared in 1861, under the title of "Ballads, Romances, Songs." In 1868 he published "Legends of the Wars in Ireland;" in 1871 "Irish Fireside Tales," and in 1872 "Ballads of Irish Chivalry." Before the appearance of "Deirdre," in 1875, his reputation as a poet was chiefly local, but that admirable poem attracted so much attention and was so warmly praised by the press that his merit obtained quick recognition on both sides of the Atlantic. It is unquestionably one of the freshest and most dramatic epics of modern times. It is founded on the old romance of "The Fate of the Children of Usna," which inspired a fine poem with the same title by Samuel Ferguson. "Blanid," which appeared in 1879, was also well received, but did not excite quite so much interest as "Deirdre." One of its charms is a profusion of exquisite lyrics, so full of melody that each seems to make music for itself. Soon after the publication of "Blanid," Dr. Joyce's health began to fail, and in 1883, only a few months before his death, he sailed for Ireland, in the hope that rest and his native air would make him well again. This, however, was not to be. A poet of positive worth was lost by his death, which occurred in Dublin. He was a man of ardent patriotism, generous character and sterling friendship. He gained high personal esteem in Boston, and his professional standing was of the best.

KEEGAN, JAMES (REV.).

The Rev. James Keegan, at the present time attached to St. Malach's Church, St. Louis, Mo., was born in the parish of Cloon, County Leitrim, Ireland, in January, 1860. He was educated in Carlow College, and ordained a priest in May, 1883. Nearly all the poems he has written are on Irish themes.

KEEGAN, JOHN.

In the varied peasant-poetry of Ireland there is none more true in spirit and form than

that of John Keegan, whose productions are marked by a simplicity that touches the chords of nature at once. This writer was born on the Nore, Queen's County, in 1809, and he died in 1849. The only education he received was obtained in that peasant's college of the old times, the "hedge school." With more favorable opportunities and a longer life, he would undoubtedly have left a brighter name. His best known poem, "Caoch the Piper," has enjoyed almost as much popularity, both in Ireland and America, as Banim's "Soggarth Aroon."

KELLY, EVA MARY.

Something has already been said about "Mary, of the Nation." Her sister in song, "Eva," who wrote at the same time, and through the same medium, was then Eva Mary Kelly, "daughter of a Galway gentleman," as A. M. Sullivan describes her. She subsequently became the wife of Kevin Izod O'Doherty, who was banished from Ireland to Australia for his part in the Forty-eight movement. The best known of her poems, if not actually the best in quality, "Tipperary," has been credited to more than one other writer, as often happens when a poem is published anonymously. The time of her birth cannot be given here, but as she was only a girl when she began writing "seditious" poetry, it may be assumed to have been about 1830. Her pen does not appear to have continued its excellent work after her marriage. She recently revisited Ireland, with her husband, and was warmly welcomed in remembrance of old times.

KELLY, WILLIAM D. (REV.).

The Rev. William D. Kelly is of Irish birth, but has been a resident of the United States since his childhood. He was born in Dundalk, County Louth, in 1846, and his first American home was in Quincy, Mass. Removing thence to Boston, he studied in the public schools of that city, and also in the Boston Latin School. He then went to Holy Cross College at Worcester, where he received the degree of A.B., and next to the Grand Seminary in Montreal, Canada, where he was ordained a priest in January, 1870. After serving on the Mission in Bos-

ton and Taunton, Mass., and fulfilling for some time the duties of Rector of St. Peter and Paul's Cathedral, in Providence, R. I., he obtained a leave of absence from his bishop, and has since resided in Boston. A natural inclination toward literary work has led him to an extensive connection with the Irish-American and Catholic press. He has written many poems, several of which have gained the distinction of being widely copied.

KENNY, JAMES.

A native of Ireland; born 1780, died 1849; lived chiefly in London, where he was for some years a clerk in a banking-house; published a volume of poems, written in a light and pleasant vein, and was the author of several successful farces and plays, two of which, "Raising the Wind," and "Sweet-hearts and Wives," once enjoyed a good deal of popularity.

KEPPEL, LADY CAROLINE.

A word is due in explanation of the introduction of this lady, who was not Irish in any sense, into the company here brought together, and it may be given in a statement of the origin of the favorite old song "Robin Adair." This song is not Scotch, as many persons suppose it to be. It was written in England, and the air is the old Irish air of "Eileen Aroon." Its hero, Robin Adair, was a young Irishman of good family, who was educated in Dublin and became a surgeon. About 1760 he set out for London, and he there met the lady who subsequently wrote the song—Lady Caroline Keppel, a daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. A warm attachment grew up between them, but the difference in their station caused the lady's parents to object to a marriage. They separated, and it was after the separation that Lady Keppel, who had learned the air of "Eileen Aroon" from Adair, wrote the song since known as "Robin Adair." Becoming alarmed by the rapid failure of her health, her parents finally consented to her marriage to Adair; but her disease had gone too far for cure, and a few years after her marriage took place she died. Adair became surgeon to George III., and was knighted, but though he lived to the age of seventy years his

heart remained true to his bride, and he wore mourning for her to the last. During their short married life, three sons were born, the last of whom, Sir Robert Adair, died in 1855. In both air and subject, at least, "Robin Adair" is an Irish song, and there is no warrant whatever for crediting it to Scotland.

KICKHAM, CHARLES JAMES.

The two special poets of the Fenian period were John Keegan Casey, already noticed, and Charles James Kickham. Mr. Kickham was born in Mullinahone, Tipperary, in 1825. He died in Dublin in August, 1882. His strong national instincts led him into the Fenian movement soon after its beginning, and for his part in it he was sentenced in 1865 to fourteen years' imprisonment. He was confined at Pentonville, Portland, and Woking, till 1869, when his release was ordered, and he returned to Ireland. His poems are not numerous, but all are fresh and vigorous, and one—"Rory of the Hills," written in familiar ballad style—gained great popularity among sympathizers with his political tendencies. He was an active contributor to the Irish national press, chiefly on topics calculated to arouse patriotic feeling, and among his efforts in fiction were two stories, "Sally Cavanagh; or Untenanted Graves," and "Knocknagow, or the Homes of Tipperary," which possessed sufficient merit to place him in the ranks of successful authors.

KNOWLES, JAMES SHERIDAN.

In the city of Cork, on the 12th of May, 1781, James Sheridan Knowles, a second cousin of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was born. At the age of fourteen years he had produced an opera, a tragedy, and a drama. At twenty-four he became an actor, and he followed that profession about twenty-eight years, retiring from it to enter into religious studies, and finally becoming a Baptist preacher in Scotland, where he died in 1862. As a dramatist his rank was nearly as high as that of Sheridan, although the style in which he wrote is now considered somewhat stilted and artificial. His plays include "Brian Boru," "Carnus Græchus," "William Tell," Alfred the

Great," "The Hunchback," "The Wife, a Tale of Mantua," "The Love Chase," "The Rose of Arragon," and the spirited tragedy of "Virginius." In his early years he published a small volume of poems called "Fugitive Pieces," and after his withdrawal from the stage he wrote two novels, "Fortescue" and "George Lovell."

LANIGAN, GEORGE T.

George T. Lanigan was personally one of the most popular, and professionally one of the most accomplished, of American journalists. He was of Irish parentage, born at St. Charles River, Canada, in December, 1845, and educated at Montreal. In the course of his career he held responsible positions on the newspaper press of Montreal, Chicago, St. Louis, New York and Philadelphia. He was also for some time the chief editor of the Rochester (N.Y.) "Post Express." It was while on the staff of the New York "World," that his best work was done. For a period of nine years, his admirable talents were in constant exercise in the various departments of that newspaper, and he became widely known as one of the most graceful and versatile writers on the American press. He was the author of a series of singularly clever papers called "American Fables," which gained much popularity, and were subsequently published in book form, under the title of "Out of the World." He also wrote a number of bright and amusing poems, dealing chiefly with matters of the moment, which revealed an excellent talent for verse-making. His more serious pieces, however, were written at a later period. He became connected with the Philadelphia "Record" in 1885, and he died in that city, February 5, 1886.

LECKRY, WILLIAM E. H.

William Edward Hartpole Leckey, the distinguished historian, was born near Dublin, in 1838, and received his education in Trinity College, where he graduated in 1859. It is unnecessary to speak here of the excellent work he has performed. The single poem presented over his name in this collection shows that he can write good verse as well as masterly prose.

LE FANU, JOSEPH SHERIDAN.

Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu claimed kindred with the Sheridan family, his mother, who married the Rev. Thomas Le Fanu, being a niece of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He was born in Dublin, August 28, 1814, and his death occurred there in February, 1873. He began writing at an early age, and a large part of his work was done for the Dublin "University Magazine," of which he was the owner a few years before his death. His writing was chiefly in the line of fiction, and some of his novels gained much popularity. His only metrical productions of any note are the narrative ballads, "Shemmus O'Brien" and "Phadrig Crohore." With the exception of Davis' "Fontenoy," there probably is not another Irish ballad of action that has been received with greater favor than "Shemmus O'Brien."

LEVER, CHARLES JAMES.

Ireland's most successful novelist, Charles James Lever, was born in Dublin, August 31, 1806. His father, James Lever, was an Englishman, and his mother, Julia Chandler, was a descendant of an old Cromwellian family in Ireland. It can hardly be said, therefore, that he inherited any Irish characteristics, yet, as one of his biographers observes, he proved himself "a true Irishman; proud, courageous, high-minded; a faithful husband, a devoted father, an affectionate friend, and a passionate lover of his country and countrymen." He was educated at Trinity College, and in 1831 he began practicing as a physician. His professional activity during the epidemic of cholera that prevailed in Ireland the following year gave him a good deal of distinction. He soon afterward entered the English diplomatic service, and remained in it, with occasional intervals, till his death, which occurred June 1, 1872. Lever made no attempt to be a poet, but the songs he introduced into his Irish stories are thoroughly racy, and could have been written only by a man born on Irish soil.

LOCKE, JOHN.

At the age of twenty years, John Locke, who was born in Ireland in 1847, found himself a prisoner for alleged complicity in

the attempted Fenian insurrection of 1867. Shortly after his release from prison, he left Ireland and settled in New York, where he has since been engaged in journalism. He has written several short tales as well as numerous poems. One of the latter, "Morning on the Irish Coast," has been widely reprinted, sometimes under the title "Top 'o the Morn'ing." This poem and the "Midnight Mass for Sarsfield," are good examples of free and picturesque expression.

LOVER, SAMUEL.

As Moore was Ireland's most gifted poet of sentiment, so Lover ranks as her chief lyrical exponent of humor. His songs are known the world over, and must be long remembered in other lands as well as his own. He was born in Dublin in 1797. At the age of twenty he was becoming known as an artist, and for several succeeding years he depended chiefly upon portrait painting for support. In 1837 he settled in London, and began to exhibit in the Royal Academy, where his works attracted much favorable notice. But when he began painting in Dublin he also began writing, and thenceforward, until failing eye-sight obliged him to give up work as an artist, pen and brush kept pace with each other. He wrote altogether some 300 lyrical pieces, nearly all songs of love, pathos and humor. The first of his songs to excite interest in the author was "Rory O'Moore," which was written at the suggestion of Lady Morgan. In 1833 he published the "Legends and Stories of Ireland," his novel, "Rory O'Moore, A National Romance," appeared later; "Handy Andy" was produced in 1842, and "Treasure Trove" in 1844. His works for the stage were the "Olympic Picnic," written for Madame Vestris; the "White Horse of the Peppers;" the "Happy Man;" an adaptation of "Rory O'Moore" for Tyrone Power; the "Sentinel of the Alma," "Macarthy More," and an operetta called the "Greek Boy." In 1844 he planned a musical and literary entertainment called "Irish Evenings," in which he appeared in London and Dublin, and subsequently in the chief American cities, with marked success. In 1856, a pension was granted to him "in recognition of his services to literature and art." A few years later his health began to fail, and in

1868 he died in the island of Jersey, whither he had gone some time before under medical advice. He was married twice, first to Miss Berrel, in Dublin, in 1827, and next to Miss Wandley, in England, in 1852. Ireland has had few more prolific writers than Samuel Lover, and none who gained more popularity in his own country and elsewhere. A "Life of Lover, with Selections from Unpublished Papers," appeared in London in 1874.

LYSAGHT, EDWARD.

A native of Clare; born in 1763, and died in 1810; a man of much versatility, and equally popular as barrister, wit and songwriter. He took an active part in the Volunteer movement of 'Eighty-two, and at a later period he opposed with vigor and eloquence the steps which led to the act of Union. One of his songs, the "Sprig of Shillelah," was long a favorite, but is now valueless except as an echo of the time when it was written.

MAGINN, WILLIAM.

With the splendid talents which he possessed, Dr. Maginn might well have enriched in some degree the poetical literature of Ireland. Very few, however, of his Irish poems are serious in purpose, or worthy of the author's power. His best metrical work was a translation of parts of the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*, which appeared under the name of "Homeric Ballads." It was as the author of innumerable witty and amusing sketches, essays and travesties that his chief success was gained. Dr. Maginn was born in Cork, in 1794. He was the son of a schoolmaster, and he himself followed that calling a few years. In 1817 he became a contributor to "Blackwood," and his career thenceforward was wholly literary. In 1830 he withdrew from "Blackwood" and established "Fraser's" as a rival magazine, and the experiment proved prosperous and profitable. Many of his productions, especially upon Irish themes, appeared under the name of Morgan O'Doherty. Prior to his death, which occurred in 1841, the "Homeric Ballads" and selections from his miscellaneous writings were published in book form. Several years later his relics were lovingly gathered by

Dr. Robert Shelton McKenzie, and published in New York. It must always be regretted that Irish poetry gained so little from talents so brilliant as those of Dr. Maginn.

MAHANY, ROWLAND B.

Born in Buffalo, N.Y., in September, 1864; son of Kean Mahany, artist, of the Dunloe (Kerry) family of that name; graduated with first honors from the Buffalo high school at the age of sixteen; was teacher in a classical school the following year; then entered Hobart College, where he remained two years, and next became a full course student at Harvard University. Mr. Mahany's poems have been received with marked favor. As the productions of so young a writer, they give unusually bright promise.

MAHONY, FRANCIS SYLVESTER (REV.)

Genial and versatile "Father Prout," was born in Cork in 1804. His remarkable classical knowledge was acquired during the completion of his education in a Jesuit college at Aniens. He studied theology in Paris and also in Rome, and took orders in the Eternal City. Having served as a priest in Switzerland and for a short time in Ireland, he became attached in a clerical capacity to the Bavarian Legation in London, and it was then that he made acquaintance in the literary circle of which he soon became a brilliant member. In 1834 he was a frequent contributor to *Fraser's Magazine*, and the humor and originality of his "Prout Papers" attracted general notice, which continued as the papers proceeded. A favorite practice with him was to turn current poems into Latin or Greek, print the original and the translation side by side, and then contend with much gravity that the original poem was a plagiarism. This was done with such show of learning and authority that many were puzzled and some almost persuaded by his quizzical misrepresentations. Moore was his chief victim in this peculiar sport, but other poets also received attention of the same kind. About the time he entered the literary circle as a regular member, Mahony ceased the exercise of clerical functions, but at no time on to his death would he tolerate any mention

of religious matters, or any allusion to his church, that was not strictly respectful. In 1846 he went to Rome as correspondent of the London "Daily News," and remained there in that capacity for several years. He subsequently took up his residence in Paris as correspondent of the London "Globe." In 1864 he laid his pen aside, retired to a monastery in Paris, and remained there till his death, which occurred on the 18th of May, 1866. "The Bells of Shandon" is his best-known production, but "The Mistletoe," which is believed to be wholly his own, has much more merit as a poem. A word concerning the real Father Prout may be added. "I have seen him, spoken with him, dined with him," says Dr. Robert Shelton McKenzie, in his "Bits of Blarney." "The Father Prout, however, of real life was very different from him of the Prout Papers. He was parish-priest of Water-grass-hill, midway between the city of Cork and the town of Fermoy. Prout was one of the old priests who, when it was penal for a Catholic to exist in Ireland, picked up the elements of education how he could, completed it at a foreign university, and came back to Ireland a priest, to administer the consolations of religion to the peasantry of his native land. . . . He had an unconquerable spirit of good humor, and it was utterly impossible for any one to be in his company for ten minutes without feeling and basking in the sunshine of his buoyant, genial good nature."

MANGAN, JAMES CLARENCE.

That James Clarence Mangan was a poet of pre-eminent gifts is quite as true as that he was a man of most unfortunate life. Born in Dublin in 1803, he died in the same place in 1849. He received but little education, as the circumstances of his parents were such as to force upon him early in life the necessity of providing for himself. This he succeeded in doing for several years by acting as copyist to a lawyer, who paid him small wages, but in whose office he found time for a good deal of reading, which served to qualify him for the literary work in which he was to engage at a later period. He was subsequently employed in the library of the Dublin University, and it was there that he acquired, by dint of study in spare hours,

the familiarity with general literature which his poetical labors reveal. His first productions appeared in the "Penny Journal," which many young writers of the time found a convenient medium of introduction to the public, but as his name became better known he found easy access to the Dublin "University Magazine," the "Nation," which attracted the best talent of the country, and subsequently the "United Irishman," conducted by John Mitchel, who held him in high esteem, and whose pen traced a graphic and appreciative sketch of his dismal life to preface a volume of his poems published in New York in 1859. His knowledge of languages was extensive, yet it does not appear to have included anything like full familiarity with the language of his own country. His translations from the Irish are generally believed to be simply a re-setting of prose renderings furnished to him by leading Irish scholars. He had more knowledge of German than of any other tongue except English, and he was, as his numerous translations show, a student and a lover of the German poets. His poems, ascribed to the Arabic, Ottoman, etc., are believed to be wholly his own, except in mere suggestions which came in his way in the course of his reading. He undoubtedly possessed the spark of genius, but it was often obscured. His neglect of himself, through weaknesses which excited pity rather than blame, prevented the accomplishment of much that he was qualified by nature to do. His place among poets is as difficult to define as that of Edgar A. Poe, with whom, both spiritually and materially, it may be said that he had much in common. Had his gifts been well balanced, he would doubtless have done great work. His life was one of distress and almost of despair, and its ending was not, perhaps, its most dismal part, although he died obscurely in a Dublin hospital. There is a weird foreshadowing of it in his poem, "The Saw-Mill," in which he hears "the song of the tree that the saw sawed through." In its plaintive song the tree seems to say :

"In a few days more, most lonely one,
Shall I, as a narrow ark, veil
Thine eyes from the glare of the world and the sun
'Mong the urns in yonder dark vale —
In the cold and dun
Recesses of yonder dark vale.

"For this, grieve not: Thou knowest what thanks
 The weary soul and meek owe
 To death: I awoke, and heard four planks
 Fall down with a saddening echo
 I heard four planks
 Fall down with a hollow echo!"

MANNIX, MARY E.

Mrs. Mary E. Mannix is of Irish parentage and American birth. She was born in New York city, in 1846, but the greater part of her life has been passed in Cincinnati, Ohio, whither her parents removed in her childhood. Her father's name was Walsh, and before her marriage her literary work was done over the initials, "M. E. W." She has been for several years the wife of Mr. John B. Mannix, a member of the Cincinnati Bar. Mrs. Mannix has written a number of very choice poems, and also many admirable studies and sketches in prose. All her productions show taste, reflection and refinement.

MARSTON, PHILIP BOURKE.

A note received from this gentle and most pathetic poet a short time before his death, said: "I am quite eligible for your scheme, being Irish on my mother's side." Concerning this Irish mother, one of the poet's biographers, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, writes: "When he was scarcely twenty, his mother died. To him this was such a loss as even a son who can see for himself can scarcely estimate. This mother to this son had been not only a mother—she had been his companion and his eyes. I have seen the many books in which she wrote out his early compositions, in her graceful, beautiful hand; and she was not alone scribe, but also critic, for she was a most accomplished woman." His father, Dr. Westland Marston, dramatist and poet, is of an old English family. Philip Bourke Marston was born in London, August 13, 1850. His beauty as a child was remarkable. It inspired the exquisite little poem, "Philip, my King," one of the purest gems of song—by his god-mother, Miss Muloch. An injury to one of his eyes, when he was three years old, gradually brought on blindness, and from about his twentieth year he lived in total darkness. Nearly all his poems breathe the most plaintive sorrow; for grief walked with him through life. Soon after the death of his

mother, he lost in the same way his intended bride. A sister who took his mother's place as a companion was next taken away. In the following year he was bereaved again by the death of another sister, the wife of his close friend and brother poet, Arthur O'Shaughnessy. Two years later, O'Shaughnessy himself died, and the blind singer found himself almost alone, in hopeless darkness. Some readers of his poems say they are too sad, but the sadness of his life was much greater. He knew little but sorrow from the beginning, but he bore it well, and made but little complaint. He published three books of poems—"Song-Tide," "All-in-All," and "Wind-Voices." His death occurred in London, February 14, 1887.

MATURIN, EDWARD.

Edward Maturin, who held a prominent place in New York literary circles for many years, was a son of the Rev. Charles P. Maturin, of Dublin, eminent as a novelist and dramatist, and best known as the author of the tragedy of "Bertram." Like his father, he was educated at Trinity College, in his native city. Reaching New York in early life he began a literary career that continued till his death, which occurred in 1882. He was then in his sixty-ninth year. Mr. Maturin was a man of striking appearance, with a soldierly air that always drew attention, and was somewhat suggestive of one of the dashing Spanish Cavaliers celebrated in his spirited Spanish lyrics. His scholarship was extensive and thorough, and the writing of verse was to him only a recreation in the course of more serious work. It may be made known here, for the first time publicly, that an important part of the revision of the New Testament, carried through a few years since by English and American churchmen, was entrusted to him. A collection of his poems, under the title of "Maturin's Lyrics"—about one half being on Spanish and the other on Irish themes—was published in 1850.

MEAGHER, THOMAS FRANCIS.

Even a word about the patriot, orator and soldier, General Thomas Francis Meagher, is almost superfluous. He was born in Waterford, in 1823. For his part in the ris-

ing of 1848, he was sentenced to death, but subsequently transported to Tasmania. In 1852 he escaped and came to America. In 1861 he joined the Union army as a Captain in the famous Sixty-ninth New York Regiment. A few months later he raised the Irish Brigade in New York, and was commissioned a Brigadier-General. At the battle of Fredericksburg he received a wound which incapacitated him for further active service. After the close of the war he was appointed Governor of Montana. On the night of July 1, 1867, he fell from a steamer on the Mississippi river, and was drowned. His body was not recovered.

MILLIKEN, RICHARD A.

"The Groves of Blarney" is the only composition by which Richard Alfred Milliken is remembered, although he wrote a few other things of some merit. The circumstances under which the song was written are worth mentioning. While visiting a lady in the country, Milliken heard a wandering ballad-singer vaunt the praises of his hostess, after the pretentious manner of his class. He was bantered to produce the equal of the grandiloquent verses, and the result was the composition that has preserved his name. It is chiefly as an amusing parody of the incongruous hedge-poet style that the stanzas have any value. In passing through the hands of many printers they have undergone numerous textual variations; but the version given here, with the comical refrain, "Och, Ullagone!" is most near the original. Milliken was born in Cork in 1767, became a barrister, and died in 1815.

MOORE, THOMAS.

The period that gave Ireland her most renowned statesman, Henry Grattan, and her most illustrious patriot, Robert Emmet, also produced her greatest poet, Thomas Moore. It was her period of national resurrection. Moore was born in Dublin, May 28, 1779—three years before England's concession of independence to the Irish Parliament. During his education in Trinity College his talent for verse making was frequently manifested, and several of his minor poems were then written. In 1797 his interest became fixed upon the old Irish melodies, which had

been rescued from threatened oblivion by Mr. Bunting in a work published the previous year. His intimacy with Emmet in college infused into that interest a strong national spirit, and to it was largely due the warmth and ardor with which, through the medium of the most exquisite song, he espoused his country's cause. When, in 1803, he received an appointment to a post in Bermuda, he had already gained distinction as a poet, although it was not till ten years later, when his "Irish Melodies" began to appear, that his true merit found recognition and appreciation. It was then seen that Ireland had found a new voice in the world, and one to which all the world listened. The "melodies" rose instantaneously to universal favor, and the echoes of their unequalled strains were borne around the globe. The spirit of Irish nationality, which, if thought of at all, was supposed to be dead and past resurrection, was revived and restored, and appealing to the heart of all mankind. To quote Mr. Alfred M. Williams, in his interesting "Poets and Poetry of Ireland;"—"The songs expressed as had never before been done in the English language an Irish and national feeling and patriotism, celebrated the beauties of Irish scenery, and paid tribute in a distinct manner, although names were not mentioned, to patriots like Emmet, who had suffered for treason according to the English law. Its history was illuminated and its beautiful legends presented in the most attractive form!" There has been a readiness to censure Moore for the tone of some of his American poems, but it should be remembered that he was but little more than a youth when they were written—shortly after his appointment to the post in Bermuda—and also that the condition of many things in America was very different at that time from what it has since become. During the latter part of his life he resided almost entirely in England. His death took place there—at Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes—February 25, 1852.

MUIR, MARION.

Although bearing a Scotch name, Miss Marion Muir is partly of Irish lineage, her mother, whose maiden name was Adelia Cole, having been born in Dublin. Her father, the Hon. Wm. Train Muir, a native

of Scotland, was favorably known on the bench of Colorado. Miss Muir was born in Chicago, but has lived in Colorado since her childhood. She has written both verse and prose with much spirit, and the merit of her productions has been widely recognized.

MULHOLLAND, ROSA.

Of the thousands who have been charmed by the stories of Miss Rosa Mulholland, probably but few are familiar with her exquisite work as a poet. Nevertheless it was in the domain of poetry that her first success was gained. Miss Mulholland is a native of Belfast, and a daughter of a physician of that city. She has been for several years an industrious contributor of both tales and poems to the English periodicals, and also to some in Ireland. One of the first persons to recognize her talent was Charles Dickens, who invited her into the service of his magazine, "All the Year Round," while she had yet to make a name. Miss Mulholland resides alternately in London and Dublin, and is one of the busiest of the many busy writers of the day. Her poems were published in collective form in 1886. Her stories, which have been extensively read on both sides of the Atlantic, include "Hester's History," "The Wicked Woods of Toberevin," "Eldergowan," "Dunmara," "Hetty Gray," "The Late Miss Hollingsford," "Marcella Grace," and "The Wild Birds of Killeevy." It may not be out of place here to say that Miss Mulholland is a sister-in-law of Sir Charles Russell, who was Attorney General for England under the Gladstone Government that retired in 1886.

MULLALLY, MARY.

Miss Mary Mullally is also a native of Belfast, but has been for a number of years a resident of New York. Her literary talents have been exercised in a quiet way, and without any desire on her part to attract notice. She has written several interesting tales marked by strength, brightness and sympathy, and her pen has also done some excellent newspaper work. Both her tales and poems have, in most cases, appeared without any other indication of their authorship than the initials, "M. M." During the war pe-

riod and for some time after, she wrote extensively, and always with a clear purpose; but for some time past her pen has rested in "inglorious ease," to the regret of those who know what it is capable of doing when employed.

MUNKITTRICK, RICHARD K.

"All the family on my father's side are Irish and it seems to me I belong there myself," writes Mr. Munkittrick, whose neat verses, each a cameo in words, have gained him recognition as one of the rising poets of the time. His father is a native of Ardee, Ireland, and his mother is American, but he himself was born in Manchester, England, March 5, 1853. He has been engaged in literary work about ten years, and during the past five years he has been editorially connected with the well-known New York publication, "Puck." His poems have appeared in the leading magazines, and have attracted notice by an artistic neatness that is never attained except by true talent.

MURPHY, KATHARINE.

"Bridgid" was the *nom de plume* of Miss Katharine Murphy, a native of the city of Cork, by whose death, in the early part of 1885, a poet of much power was removed from the ranks of Irish writers. Although her assumed name had been familiar for some years, it was only a short time before her death that her real name became known in connection with her work. "Bridgid" was widely read in Ireland, while Katharine Murphy lived a quiet and almost secluded life in her native city. The best known of her poems, "Sentenced to Death," possesses great dramatic power, and has been extensively reprinted. Poetry was not, however, her only literary occupation. She wrote a number of tales, some being historical in character, which won considerable success. Although all her work was not carefully done, the material in a great deal of it is of superior quality.

MCCARTHY, DENIS FLORENCE.

Born in 1817, and beginning to write at the age of seventeen, Denis Florence McCarthy

had already gained some distinction when the spirited poets directly associated with the "Young Ireland" period came upon the stage. His work is varied, comprehensive and valuable. In 1846 he edited the "Poets and Dramatists of Ireland," and the "Book of Irish Ballads," and in 1850 the first collection of his own poems appeared, under the title of "Ballads, Poems and Lyrics." In 1853 he began translating the plays of the Spanish dramatist, Calderon, and this work he continued at intervals for twenty years. Concerning it the poet Longfellow wrote to the translator in 1857: "You are doing this work admirably, and seem to gain new strength and sweetness as you go on. It seems as if Calderon himself were behind you whispering and suggesting. And what better work could you do in your bright hours or in your dark hours than just this, which seems to have been put providentially into your hands." In 1857 a second collection of Mr. McCarthy's poems was published, bearing the title, "Under-Glimpses and other Poems," and in the same year he also published the "Bell-Founder and other Poems." A work entitled "Shelley's Early Life," which received much critical attention, and showed careful research and study, appeared in 1872. His later poetical work consisted chiefly of noble centenary odes in honor of O'Connell (1875) and Moore (1879.) Either of his longer poems—"Ferdiah," "The Voyage of St. Brendan," "The Bell Founder," and the "Foray of Con O'Donnell"—contains sufficient merit to entitle him to a place of honor among poets. Nature, patriotism and the affections inspired his shorter poems in almost equal degrees. The "Bridal of the Year" and the "Progress of the Rose" are as fine examples of the poetry of flowers as English verse contains. Mr. McCarthy was educated for the law, but literature proved his choice, and he followed it over forty years. Nearly all his life was passed in the place of his birth, Dublin, where he died April 7, 1882. A volume containing all his poems, and edited by his son, John McCarthy, was published in Dublin in 1884. Alluding to the gentleness of the poet's character, his son says:—"His nature was most sensitive, but though it was his lot to suffer many sorrows, I never heard a complaint or an unkind word from his lips."

MCCARTHY, JUSTIN H.

Although still in the early years of manhood, Justin Huntly McCarthy, son of the historian and novelist, Justin McCarthy, has already made a creditable literary name. He was educated chiefly by his father, which accounts in some degree for the form of his literary tastes; and like his father, he is imbued with strong Irish national sentiments. At the present time both father and son are members of Parliament, sitting with the Home Rule party. Mr. McCarthy's publications thus far are "Serapion and other Poems," "Four Years under Gladstone," and several interesting studies of Irish history. He is also the author of a play, "The Candidate," which gained a marked success in London. Possessing both talent and industry, he is in a fair way to make a reputation as brilliant as that of his father.

MCCLURE, WILLIAM J. (REV.).

The Rev. William James McClure is of Irish parentage, and was born in Dobb's Ferry, on the Hudson, New York, in 1842. Before entering the priesthood he passed a few years in commercial pursuits in New York. His preparation for a clerical life was made in Canada, and his ordination took place there in 1877. His first appointment after taking orders was in St. Stephen's Church, New York, and at the present time he has a pastoral charge at Rhinecliff on the Hudson. He published a small volume of poems before his studies for the priesthood began.

MCDERMOTT, HUGH FARRAR.

Hugh Farrar McDermott was born at Newtownbutler, County Fermanagh, Ireland, August 16, 1833. Being intended for the law, he received a good general education, subsequently improved by classical studies. He arrived at Boston, Mass., in 1849, but instead of turning toward the bar for employment, he sought it in journalism, which was more congenial and in which he has since been steadily engaged. In addition to having done a great deal of newspaper work, Mr. McDermott has written a number of poems, which have been well received. Several of these have been collected in a volume entitled "The Blind

Canary," which has reached a second edition. He has been connected with various New York newspapers, and has contributed extensively to the literary press. At the present time he is the editor of the "Jersey City Herald." The poems here presented under his name show much tenderness of thought and a gentle felicity of expression.

MCGEE, THOMAS D'ARCY.

Carlingford, in the county of Louth, Ireland, was the native place of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, a man of the most vigorous and versatile intellectual force. He was born April 13, 1825, and in 1842, having then acquired an excellent education, he emigrated to the United States. At the age of nineteen he was engaged editorially on the Boston "Pilot," where his marked abilities found congenial exercise. Returning to Ireland a few years later, he became one of the most valued of the many brilliant contributors to the columns of the "Nation," and took an active part in the impetuous Young Ireland movement. On the failure of that movement he again sought American shores, and in October, 1848, he arrived in Philadelphia. Proceeding at once to New York he established the same month the "New York Nation," but a controversy with Archbishop Hughes proved serious to the fortunes of the paper, and in 1850, Mr. McGee removed to Boston and began the publication of the "American Celt." This was afterward transferred to Buffalo, and thence to New York, but, although popular for a while, it did not prosper as the editor had expected. Disposing of his interest in it in 1857, he removed to Montreal and established the "New Era." He then entered into Canadian politics, and in the course of a few years he became a popular and influential leader among his countrymen. In 1865 he again visited Ireland, and later he went to Paris as Commissioner from the Canadian Government to the French Industrial Exposition. He had already held the office of Minister of Agriculture, and when the Dominion of Canada was organized he was elected a member of the new Parliament. In Ottawa, on the 7th of April, 1868, he was killed by an assassin, whose motive is believed to have been political. Mr. Mc-

Gee had incurred much enmity by strongly condemning the Fenians. His poems, which fill a volume of 600 pages, display a lofty and rich imagination, and the most ardent devotion to his native country. Among other works produced by him, all strong, fresh and scholarly, are a "Catholic History of North America," "Irish Settlers in America," "O'Connell and his Friends," "The Irish Writers of the Seventeenth Century," the "Life of Bishop Maginn," "Attempts to Establish the Protestant Reformation in Ireland," and "A Popular History of Ireland."

MCLWAIN, WILLIAM (REV.).

A valuable collection of devotional poetry, entitled "Lyra Hibernica Sacra," and bearing the name of the Rev. William McLwaine, D. D., Incumbent of St. George's Church, Belfast, and Canon of St. Patrick's, Dublin, as editor, was published in Belfast in 1879. In collecting the poems, hymns, etc., contained in this volume, Dr. McLwaine performed an important service. The book is the only one of its special kind extant, and the editor says in his preface that his object in compiling it was a national one. Taking the "Lyra Anglicana" and the "Lyra Germanica" as models, he undertook to make an Irish collection of like character that would bear favorable comparison with these. The purpose was a worthy one, and Dr. McLwaine accomplished it in a creditable manner. While most of the writers represented in his book are of various Protestant denominations, Catholic authors also appear in it, and an effort evidently was made to avoid imparting to it a sectarian spirit. Many of the writers are unknown in other literary fields, but all have done well in this one, and the editor himself may be named among those who have done best.

MCMULLIN, MARY A.

This lady, who wrote over the name of "Una," and published a volume of poems in Cincinnati in 1863, was born in one of the Northern counties of Ireland, but nearly all her life was passed in America. She was for some years a resident in St. Martin's Convent, Brown County, Ohio, but subsequently she became the wife of Mr. August-

fine Ford and changed her residence to Brooklyn, N. Y., where she died a few years ago. A lady of literary note who knew her well describes her as "a true poetess and admirable woman."

NORTON, CAROLINE E.

A sad story is that of Caroline Elizabeth Norton, one of the three gifted grand-daughters of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. She was born in England in 1808, but a considerable part of her life was passed in Ireland. At the age of twenty-two she became the wife of the Hon. George Chappel Norton, a man of mean character and disagreeable habits, who caused her many sorrows and much mortification. Being without means of support, he importuned her to procure him employment from Lord Melbourne, upon whom she had some strong family claims. The employment was obtained, and several years later, the ungrateful husband brought an action for divorce, accompanied by a claim against Lord Melbourne for £10,000 damages. The jury, however, found a verdict against him without leaving their box. Before the beginning of the Melbourne trouble, Mrs. Norton contributed largely to her husband's support, wholly from her literary earnings. He died in 1869, and in the spring of 1877, a few months before her own death, and when it was known that the end of her own life was near, Mrs. Norton was married to Sir William Stirling Maxwell, whom she had known for many years. This marriage attracted much attention, on account of her advanced age, and the certainty that she had but a short time to live. Mrs. Norton's first book, the "Sorrows of Rosalie," was published in 1829. In the following year she published a poetical version of the legend of the Wandering Jew, under the title of "The Undying One," which received much critical notice. In 1836 appeared "A Voice from the Factories," and in 1840 her most ambitious poem "The Dream," in which much of her own unhappy experience was narrated, was published. Two other long poems from her pen are "The Child of the Island," and "The Lady of La Garaye," both marked by fine fancy and artistic finish. She wrote besides "The Martyr," a tragedy; three novels, "Stuart

of Dunleath," "Lost and Saved," and "Old Sir Douglas," and a number of sketches and essays.

OGLE, GEORGE.

Several sentimental songs, of a kind now out of vogue, were written by the Hon. George Ogle, a native of Wexford, who represented that county, and subsequently the City of Dublin, in the Irish Parliament. He was born in 1739 and died in 1814. The most popular of his songs, "Molly Asthore," is believed to have been addressed to Miss Moore, whom he afterwards married.

ORR, JAMES.

The only poem by James Orr that gained popularity, although he wrote many, is "The Irishman." Orr was born near Carrickfergus, in 1770. He became one of the United Irishmen and took part in the insurrection of '98. For this he was imprisoned, but released after some time, on condition that he should leave the country. He emigrated to America, but returned to Ireland a few years later, and died there in 1816.

O'BRIEN, ATTIE.

Born near Ennis, County Clare, June 24, 1840; died April 5, 1883. It was the misfortune of Attie O'Brien (or Frances Marcella O'Brien, her real and full name, although she preferred the other and used it in all her literary work) to be an invalid the greater part of her days. She contributed to the Dublin "Nation," the "Irish Monthly" and also some of the English periodicals. Her poems show deep feeling, and are marked by spiritual devotion and resignation. Had her health not been so poor, the productions of her pen would probably have been more varied and vigorous.

O'BRIEN, FITZ-JAMES.

Ireland has produced few more versatile men of letters than Fitz-James O'Brien, who was born in the county of Limerick, about 1828. His family being in good circumstances, he was educated at Dublin University, where he gained a full share of honors. Soon after leaving college he went to London, where he remained a few years,

engaged in such literary work as he could find to do. In 1852 he arrived in New York, with introductory letters, and in a short time he became favorably known as a contributor to literary papers and the magazines, although at the beginning he had to contend with many difficulties, as is the case with all who work with the pen. He wrote tales and poems with equal felicity, some of the former being characterized by an ingenuity and originality almost entitling them to rank with the weird and curious inventions of Edgar A. Poe. The quality of his poems may be judged by the examples in this volume. In 1861, soon after the outbreak of the Civil War, he joined the Seventh Regiment, New York National Guard, and went into service with it at Washington. He subsequently received an appointment on the staff of General Lander, commanding in Virginia, and in a skirmish on the 26th of February, 1862, he received a wound from which he died at Cumberland, Va., on the 6th of April, in his thirty-fourth year. His body was brought to New York and buried in Greenwood Cemetery. His friend, William Winter, who collected and published a volume of his works some years after his death, says of him:—"There was such a breezy audacity in his genius that, thinking of him after all these years, I feel a thrill of barbaric joy, as if youth itself were come back. He was like a giant oak, responsive to the midnight gale, and exulting in its rage. He was like the ocean swept by the tempest, that answers with clarion tumult and savage delight. . . . He did not approach literature with timid deprecation, but he fronted his work royally, and he performed it. He spoke his mind, and, he neither valued life nor feared death." It was at one time said that the title of Baron of Inchiquin belonged to O'Brien, but that proved to be a jest started among his jocose literary friends, and enjoyed by him in the spirit in which it originated.

O'CONNELL, DANIEL.

Among literary workers on the Pacific coast is Daniel O'Connell, a native of Liscanor, County Clare; born in 1848. After extensive travel in Europe and Asia, Mr. O'Connell arrived in New York in 1867, and

a few months later he proceeded to California, where he has since resided, chiefly in San Francisco. He is engaged in journalism and general literary work, and he has also published a volume of interesting poems. His father, Charles O'Connell, was a relative and intimate friend of the famous Liberator.

O'CONNOR, JOSEPH

A graceful delicacy, apparent alike in the sentiment and the form of his verse, marks the poems of Joseph O'Connor. Mr. O'Connor was born in Montgomery county, New York, December 17, 1841, of parents who had emigrated from Clonmel, Ireland. He was prepared for college at the Rochester (N.Y.) high school, and he went thence to the Rochester University, where he graduated in 1863. It was intended that he should follow the law, but after being duly prepared for that profession and admitted to the bar, he turned to journalism instead, and at an age when many journalists are still in the lower ranks, he was entrusted with editorial responsibilities. He has been editor of the Rochester "Democrat," the Indianapolis "Sentinel" and the Buffalo "Courier," and he was on the staff of the New York "World" in its best literary days. At the present time he is the editor of the Rochester "Post-Express." Editorial duties have necessarily interfered with the exercise of his purely literary tastes, but the few poems under his name in this volume show a degree of artistic execution which indicates that poetry has been a loser by the author's absorption in journalism.

O'CONNOR, MICHAEL.

The poems of Michael O'Connor, brother of the preceding, would doubtless be more numerous had his life been less brief. He was born at East Chester, Westchester county, N.Y., June 18, 1837, and he died in Virginia, December 28, 1862, a few months after entering the military service as a sergeant in the 140th regiment of New York Volunteers. He was trained to a trade, but his inclinations tended strongly toward literature, and in his leisure hours he wrote several poems which showed much promise. An appreciative study of

his literary work was published some years since by Mr. Rossiter Johnson. His poem, "My Beau," was widely copied in the war-time, and considered one of the best pieces then written.

O'DONNELL, JOHN FRANCIS.

There is reason to regret that no collection of the poems of John Francis O'Donnell has been made. They are scattered through various publications, in Ireland, England and America, and as many were published without the author's name, the identification of all his work in this line would be difficult. He began writing at the age of fourteen years, in his native town—Kilkenny, where he was born in 1837—and his pen continued actively employed, chiefly in London, till his death, which occurred in May, 1874. He wrote in the "Nation," the "Irish People," the "Tipperary Examiner," the "Dublin Review," "Chambers' Journal," and the London "Tablet," of which he was for a while the editor; and also in the Boston "Pilot" and some other American publications. He used various *noms de plume*, but the one best known was "Caviarre." Of the merit of his poems there can be no question. "Limerick Town" and "Ireland's Dead in Rome" are excellent examples of different kinds of work. His death took place in London and he is buried at Kensal green.

O'HAGAN, JOHN.

In his early years John O'Hagan, better known in recent times as Justice O'Hagan, was an enthusiastic nationalist. He contributed a number of spirited poems to the "Nation," mostly under the name of "Sliab Cui-linn." His "Dear Land" and "Ourselves Alone" were among the most popular lyrics of the 'Forty-eight period. He was born in Newry, County Down, in 1822, his father being a leading merchant of that place. The chief part of his life, however, has been passed in Dublin. As legal head of the Irish Land Commission, he has become widely known. He is an M. A. of Trinity College, and "Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Ireland." A translation of the "Song of Roland" is perhaps his most finished literary performance.

O'HARA, THEODORE.

America's foremost elegiac poet, Col. Theodore O'Hara, was born at Danville, Kentucky, February 11, 1820. His father, Kean O'Hara, was an Irish political exile, and a man of varied learning; and his mother, Helen Hardie, was an accomplished woman, of English descent. His education was finished at St. Joseph's Academy, Bardstown, Ky., where he won the first honors of the classical course. After an honorable connection with the press in Louisville, he entered the military service, with the rank of captain, in 1846, on the breaking out of the war with Mexico, and during its progress he gained special distinction by gallant conduct. He was subsequently with Lopez in Cuba and later with Walker in Nicaragua. He afterward filled editorial positions on the Mobile (Ala.) "Register" and the Frankfort (Ky.) "Yeoman." At the beginning of the struggle between the States he espoused the Southern cause, and in the course of the conflict he gained additional military distinction on the staff of Gen. John C. Breckenridge, and also on that of Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston, who fell in his arms on receiving his death-wound at the battle of Shiloh. After the war he engaged in business in Columbus, Ga., and later he retired to a plantation in Alabama, where he died June 6, 1867. The poem by which he is best known, as beautiful an elegiac poem as was ever written, and which has become standard under the title of "The Bivouac of the Dead," although it was originally named "Kentucky's Dead," was read by him at the dedication of a monument to the Kentucky soldiers who fell in Mexico, at Frankfort, in 1847. In 1872 the Legislature of Kentucky provided for the removal of his remains to the State Cemetery at Frankfort. Colonel O'Hara wrote many poems besides the two in this volume, but they have not been collected, and all efforts to obtain them have proved unavailing. A number of them were gathered up after his death, with the intention of publishing them in book form but in some way they became mislaid and lost, and no trace of them can now be found.

O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE.

No other Irish-American poet has gained so high a place as John Boyle O'Reilly, journal-

ist and novelist, as well as author of many poems of much power and striking originality. Mr. O'Reilly was born at Bowth Castle, in the county of Meath, June 28, 1844. He was well grounded in practical education by his father, William David O'Reilly, a successful teacher and accomplished scholar. While yet a youth his mind turned toward literature and the technical work of journalism. He learned typesetting in the office of a Drogheda newspaper, the "Argus," and going thence to England he found employment as a stenographer. Returning to Ireland when the Fenian movement became active—after the close of the American war—he enlisted in a cavalry regiment, the Tenth Hussars, for the purpose of learning the trade of a soldier. Inevitable discovery of his national proclivities soon followed: he was arrested on a charge of high treason, and at the age of twenty-one he had the honor of being sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for serving his native country. In November, 1867, he was placed on board a convict ship, with sixty-two other political victims, and sent to West Australia, where he arrived in January, 1868. His escape from Australia about a year later was an adventurous episode. After passing through many dangers and hardships while awaiting the actual means of escape, he was finally taken on board an American ship, the "Gazelle," of New Bedford, whose captain, David R. Gifford, aided him then and thereafter with hearty good will. The subsequent cruise of the "Gazelle" gave Mr. O'Reilly six months' experience of a whaler's life, and that experience, with more that followed, furnished him with themes and technical sea-knowledge for some of his most effective poems, notably "The Amber Whale" and "The Last of the Narwhale." He finally landed at Philadelphia in November, 1869, made a brief stay in that place, and then proceeded to New York, whence, in the following year he went to Boston and obtained employment on the "Pilot," of which in a short time he became the editor. In conjunction with Archbishop Williams he purchased the "Pilot" in 1876, and he has since conducted it with credit to himself and usefulness to his countrymen. The current of Mr. O'Reilly's poetical thought is broad and strong. His Irish poems

breathe a true Irish spirit, ardent, pathetic, pathetic, yet in none is there the slightest echo of any other poet. All his work in this direction is distinctively his own. His Australian poems, "The King of the Vasse," "The Dukite Snake," and others, depict what his own eyes have seen, as well as show the imaginative force, in the same manner as the sea poems already cited; while his American poems reveal the warmest sympathy with the life, ideas, work, joys and purpose of the people among whom he has made his home. His first volume, "Songs of the Southern Seas," was published in 1873. In 1878, he published "Songs, Legends and Ballads," and in 1881 a third volume of poems, "The Statues in the Block." Between the second and third came the novel of "Moon-dyne," containing much descriptive information about Australia, and presenting striking pictures of colonial life. His latest book of poems "In Bohemia," appeared in 1886.

O'RYAN, FRANCIS.

Francis O'Ryan was born near Cork city, and has been a resident of New York about thirty years. His occupation is that of a teacher, and he has been professionally connected with such educational institutions as Seton Hall College, New Jersey, and the College of St. Francis Xavier, New York. For several years past he has been engaged as a teacher of drawing in the New York public schools. His literary work is varied, and includes poems, short stories and plays. He has also made a translation of Juvenal's satires, and written a metrical romance founded on one of the earlier invasions of Poland.

O'RYAN, JULIA M.

Miss Julia M. O'Ryan is a native of Cork city. All her literary work has been done in Ireland. She has contributed some excellent poems to the "Catholic World," of New York, and also to the "Irish Monthly," of Dublin, and her pen has likewise graced some of the English magazines. Her themes are well selected, and the quality of her verse reveals talent that is both vigorous and versatile.

O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR.

An exquisite mingling of pathos and melody is the most obvious quality of the poems of Arthur O'Shaughnessy, whose brief life was rich in promise and far from deficient in results. Of their especial kind there are no more beautiful poems extant than his "Fountain of Tears," "Supreme Summer" and "Song of a Fellow Worker." Arthur O'Shaughnessy was born in England, in 1846. On his father's side, as his name plainly shows, he was of Irish extraction. In that order he belonged to the Galway branch of the O'Shaughnessy family, which has many divisions. His mother, a woman of refined character, was of English birth and descent. He began writing shortly after the introduction of the Rosetti style of verse-making, and his own style was influenced by it, though it cannot be said that he was in any true sense an imitator. His first volume, "An Epic of Women, and Other Poems," drew attention to him as a writer from whom some fresh and good work might be expected. From that time until his death, which occurred in January, 1881, his name was constantly before the public in England, and always welcomed. A volume that appeared in 1874, under the title of "Music and Moonlight," contained some of his more mature and notable pieces, and its reception was all that he could desire. He was a frequent contributor to the higher class of periodicals, in France as well as in England, and many French writers, including Victor Hugo, were counted among his friends. In 1873, he married a sister of the pathetic blind poet, Philip Bourke Marston. Her death in 1879 so darkened his life that he afterward saw nothing except with eyes of sadness. His own death two years later drew from Marston a tender elegiac poem from which we quote :

"First come of us, to leave the first thou wert, —
To fall from out the ranks of us who sang.
How clear along the ranks thy full note rang
With individual sweetness, lyric art :
Thou, who hadst felt John's spiritual stress,
What time he tarried in the wilderness."

OSSIAN.

The extract from one of the Ossian poems is given merely as a specimen. No change whatever is made in it except to substitute

lines for paragraphs, thus giving it the form of verse. It is quite needless here even to touch upon the vexed question of the genuineness of the poems attributed to Ossian, or that other question, whether he belonged to Scotland or Ireland. He is supposed to have lived in the third Century, but it was not till the latter part of the eighteenth that the remarkable productions published as his were made known to the modern world by James MacPherson, a Scotchman, who declared at the time of their publication, and maintained in subsequent controversy, that he had found the originals in Gaelic, partly in oral form and partly in manuscript, among the peasantry of the Highlands.

PARNELL, FANNY

The name of Fanny Parnell deserves a high and lasting place among the most beloved of Ireland's gifted daughters. Her sweetness of character, her ardent patriotism and her impassioned poetry, full of deep pathos and throbbing with lofty aspirations, won for her the most affectionate esteem, and should make her memory a treasure in every Irish heart. A nobler nature than that of Fanny Parnell has rarely been known even among the most famous of women. Only those who had opportunities to observe it by personal acquaintance with her could know its true value. This privilege the Editor of this book enjoyed during the period of her literary activity, and his chief regret in writing of her now is that he cannot put into words a proper measure of her worth, both as a woman and a poet. That she was a true poet, born to sing, and endowed with the best attributes of the children of song, it is needless to say. The proof of her gifts was her success in touching and stirring the hearts of the people. The great pity is that a life so full of promise was so brief. She died while the flower of her genius was not yet fully opened—died too, in the spring-time rather than the summer of her womanhood. Her place in the company of poets is beside that other rare singer of inspiring national songs, Lady Wilde. Some of her poems recall the noblest of "Speranza's" soul-stirring stanzas, written almost a generation before. Indeed Fanny Parnell seemed to

be the ordained successor of Lady Wilde in giving melodious voice to the national passions and aspirations of the Irish people. But while the spirited poems of Lady Wilde were written in Ireland, those of Miss Parnell were inspired and produced in America. Although born and educated in Ireland, those of her years which may be called mature were passed at the American home of her family—the old residence of her grandfather Commodore Stewart, at Bordentown, N. J., or in New York. Any further reference to so famous a family in this place is quite unnecessary. The name of Parnell is certainly one that will never sink to an obscure place in Irish history. It was conspicuous on the page of patriotism in the dark days of the Union, and in these later years it has challenged and held the attention of the world. Miss Parnell was born at beautiful Avondale, County Wicklow, and was about eight years younger than her distinguished brother, Charles Stewart Parnell. At the time of her death, which occurred at Bordentown, July 20, 1882, her age was about twenty-seven years. Her funeral, which called forth extraordinary public demonstrations of sorrow, took place, it may be said, in three great cities—New York, Philadelphia and Boston—and her remains were placed in the tomb of the Tudor family in the beautiful Mount Auburn Cemetery near Cambridge, Mass. The Tudor family, it may be added, is the American source of her mother's origin, one of its daughters having become the wife of Commodore Stewart, Mrs. Parnell's father.

PARNELL, THOMAS (REV.)

Among the earlier members of the Parnell family in Ireland, was the Rev. Thomas Parnell, Archdeacon of Clogher, who belonged to the period of Swift, Pope and Gay. He was born in Dublin in 1679 and he died in England in 1718. Although his poetical rank is not of the highest, yet some of his poems have stood the test of time. Goldsmith, who wrote his life, very briefly, speaks warmly of his talents, and describes him as "a studious and correct observer of antiquity," who "set himself to consider nature with the lights it lent him, and found that the more aid he borrowed from the one,

the more delightfully he resembled the other. . . . He has considered the language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys the warmest thoughts in the simplest expression." An epitaph written by Goldsmith runs thus :

"This tomb, inscribed to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasures flowery way ?
Celestial themes confessed his tuneful aid ;
And heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tributes we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below ;
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies."

READ, CHARLES ANDERSON.

Born near Sligo, 1841 ; died in 1878 ; author of several novels and tales and some creditable poems. His most ambitious work was the "Cabinet of Irish Literature," of which three volumes were completed at the time of his death. His biographer in the fourth and final volume says of him :—"With all the enthusiastic admiration of his country, its people, and its literature, which is characteristic of Irishmen, he regarded this work as one which ought to have appeared long ago ; he believed that it would prove of the deepest interest to his countrymen, enabling them to realize the long roll of poets, orators, and prose writers, which was their heritage, and he took it up reverently."

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB.

In the case of James Whitcomb Riley, as in that of one or two other writers represented in this book, it is to be said that claims of Irish lineage are somewhat slender. But they are not by any means without basis. Mr. Riley's name shows a clear Irish trace on the paternal side, at all events. He is himself distinctively American, but partly of Irish origin. His father, Reuben A. Riley, was a grandson of James Riley, who was brought hither from Ireland as a boy. The poet's mother was a Southern lady of French descent, and daughter of a minister, the Rev. John Marine. James Whitcomb Riley was born at Greenfield, Indiana, October 18, 1853. The first of his poems to attract attention were those in which the peculiar idiom commonly called

the "Hoosier" was so happily rendered. These poems also contain veins of humor thoroughly characteristic of the people among whom the author was born and reared. Both in spirit and form they are wholly unlike any other American dialect poems. A friend of the author writes: "However composite the elements in the blood of Mr. Riley, the quickness and brilliancy of his wit and the quaintness of his humor, are eminently Irish characteristics." A little volume of his dialect poems was published in Indianapolis in 1883, under the title of "'The Old Swinnin' Hole,' and 'Leven More Poems.'" He has also written a number of poems in what may be called conventional English, all of which have been well received and widely reprinted. In addition to his literary talent, Mr. Riley possesses the qualities of an effective public reader, a clever musician, and an intuitive artist.

ROCHE, JAMES JEFFREY.

James Jeffrey Roche is a native of Queen's county, Ireland, and was born in 1847. He reached American shores in boyhood, and was educated at St. Dunstan's College, Prince Edward's Island. His maiden effort in journalism was made as editor of a college paper, which, like many of its kind, died very young. Finding that opportunities for advancement were not very brilliant in Prince Edward's Island, he set out for Boston, where he engaged in commercial pursuits, but still kept his pen in practice by writing sprightly verse and prose for the literary press. He finally gave up commerce and became editorially attached to the "Pilot," to which he had previously been a frequent contributor. His poems show brightness and vivacity, and a pleasant turn of humor where the theme invites treatment in that vein.

RUSSELL, MATTHEW (REV.).

As editor of the "Irish Monthly" magazine published in Dublin, the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., has shown himself an active and sympathetic friend of Irish literature, to which his own pen has made some valuable contributions, both in verse and prose. He has published three books of poems, one

being entitled "Erin: Verses Irish and Catholic," another "Emanuel: Eucharistic Verses," and the third "Madonna: Verses on Our Lady and the Saints." Father Russell was born in Newry, County Armagh, in 1834. He was prepared for the priesthood at Maynooth College, but he subsequently passed some years in study in England and France. It is but little to say of his talents that they are much above the average order, but it may also be said that marked intellectual power has been conspicuous in his family. The late Very Rev. Charles W. Russell, D.D., President of Maynooth College, was his uncle, and the well-known barrister, the Hon. Charles Russell, is his brother. His poems are chiefly on religious themes, but he has also written many secular pieces, and all show reflection, feeling and a felicitous command of simple and appropriate words. His work as editor of the "Irish Monthly" is among the best of its kind that has been done.

RYAN, ABRAM J. (REV.).

The supremacy of the Rev. Abram J. Ryan as the poet of the "Lost Cause," is beyond question. "The Conquered Banner" alone would place him first among those who gave poetic voice to the spirit of the South in the great contest with the North. The exquisite pathos of this poem could come only from a heart imbued with the purest poetic feeling. But it is not the only poem conceived in profound devotion to the short lived Confederacy which shows the depth of the author's sympathy with the cause that died at Appomattox. The same intense but subdued passion pervades "Sentinel Songs," "The Sword of Robert Lee," "The Prayer of the South" and "In Memoriam," a most tender and almost fearful poem written on the death of his brother, Daniel J. Ryan, who fell on the Confederate side. To say that Father Ryan was beloved by the people of the South is to express but feebly their deep affection for him. No poet of the North, singing the songs of the great war, touched the hearts of his compatriots as he did. His religious and reflective poems are also remarkable for their power to stir the depths of emotion. It has been said that he is too sad, but no one can fail to see and feel that his pathos at

least is profound and true. In a brief preface to a collection of his poems published in 1883, he says he "never dreamed of taking even the lowest place in the rank of authors." "His feet know more of the humble steps that lead up to the Altar and its Mysteries than of the steps that lead up to Parnassus and the home of the Muses. And souls were always more to him than songs." Father Ryan was of Irish parentage and was born in Virginia in 1840. He was an editor as well as priest and poet, and as a lecturer he was heard in the principal American cities. He was educated at St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Missouri, and after his ordination he was located for some years at Knoxville, Tennessee. Going thence to Mobile, Alabama, his home was in that city till a short time before his death, which occurred in Louisville, Ky., April 23, 1886.

RYAN, CARROLL

Carroll Ryan is of Irish parentage and was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1839. From 1854 to 1867 he led a military life, partly of the roving kind, but in the latter year he exchanged the sword for the pen, and he has since had an extensive connection, chiefly editorial, with the Canadian press. He has published two books of poems and also an interesting work on the Canadian Northwest.

RYVES, ELIZABETH

Little is known of the early life of this writer, except that she was born in Ireland, of good family, about the middle of the eighteenth century. Most of her literary work was done in London, where she died in 1779. She wrote novels, plays and poems, but did not gain much success, and her death was due to poverty;—in truth, by depending on her pen, she invited starvation, and it came.

SADLIER, MARY A.

Mary Anne Madden, who became the wife of Mr. James Sadlier, a New York publisher, and, has since been known as a most prolific and interesting writer, was born in Cootehill, County Cavan, Ireland, in 1820. She came to America in 1844, was married to Mr. Sadlier in 1846, and is now living in

Montreal, Canada. Mrs. Sadlier has written a large number of Irish and Catholic stories, no less than fifty and odd volumes having passed from her pen, and her name is one of the foremost in Irish-American literature. Her poems are not so numerous as they probably would be if her time were not so much absorbed by other branches of literary work.

SAVAGE, JOHN.

John Savage was born in Dublin, December 13, 1829. Before completing his twentieth year he had played an active part as a revolutionist (in the Forty-eight movement) and gained distinction as a contributor to the Irish national press. Arriving in New York while still under twenty, he found employment as a proof-reader in the office of the "Tribune," then an ardent friend of the Irish cause. After about a year at that occupation, he began to write for the leading reviews and other publications, and by a combination of energy and literary talent he soon made himself favorably known. His first book, "Lays of Fatherland," published in 1850, was well received. In 1858 he produced a tragic play entitled "Sybil," which attracted much attention and gained a large share of success. From 1857 to 1861 he was engaged in journalism in Washington, as chief writer on the "States" newspaper. At the beginning of the war with the South he warmly espoused the Union side, and aided it with some spirited patriotic lyrics. In 1863 a collection of his poems appeared under the title of "Faith and Fancy," and a more complete collection entitled "Poems—Lyrical, Dramatic and Romantic," was published in 1870. Among his prose works are "'96 and '48," "Fenian Heroes and Martyrs" and "Living Representative Men." Most of the text of the interesting work known as "Picturesque Ireland" was also written by him, and the article on Ireland in the revised edition of the American Cyclopaedia is likewise from his pen. In 1879 he received the distinction of L.L.D. from St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

SEDULIUS.

Concerning this writer, the Rev. William McIlwaine, translator of the poem "De

Nativitate Domini," says in his "Lyra Hibernica Sacra:—"That Ireland may justly claim as her own this illustrious theologian and poet there can be little doubt, the epithet 'Scotus Hibernensis' being given to him in the ancient manuscripts and earliest printed editions of his works. He flourished in the middle of the fifth century, and was a voluminous prose writer, as well as an accomplished poet. It may be remarked that this author should be carefully distinguished from another of the same name, with whom our countryman is sometimes confounded."

SERRANO, MARY J.

Mrs. Mary J. Serrano, whose maiden name was Mary J. Christie, was born in Castlebar, County Mayo, Ireland, and has been a resident of New York since 1849. Her literary work has been almost wholly in the domain of verse, for which she possesses a happy aptitude. A strong religious feeling pervades all that she has written. A collection of her pieces, under the title, "Destiny, and other Poems," was published in 1883, and received favorable notice from the press. Mrs. Serrano is a lady of many social graces, and much esteemed for domestic virtues.

SHANLY, CHARLES DAWSON.

This graceful Irish-American writer was born in Dublin, in March, 1811. His education was finished in Trinity College, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In 1836 his father, a member of the Irish bar, emigrated with his family to Canada, where Charles held an appointment in the civil service till 1857. He then removed to New York, which offered a wider field for the gratification and exercise of his literary tastes and talents. The circle of writers of which he became a member included Fitz-James O'Brien, William Winter, George Arnold and others whose pens were equally graceful in either verse or prose. He was only an occasional writer of poetry, but the poems he did write were quickly recognized as bearing the stamp of more than ordinary merit. He possessed artistic talent of a high order, and it was in art criticism, and the writing of essays and sketches in which his artistic instinct had

free play, that his pen was chiefly employed. He also bore editorial responsibilities, having been successively the editor of "Vanity Fair," "Mrs. Grundy" and "Punchinello," neither of which, however, succeeded in gaining a firm footing. When departing for Florida, in shattered health, and not expecting to recover, he requested his friend, William Winter, to consider himself his literary executor, in the event of his death, which occurred in April, 1875. "Everything I have written," he said, "I leave to you, if you will take it, and perhaps it may be of some little use." In an obituary sketch of him in the New York "Tribune," Mr. Winter said:—"Nobility of character, integrity of conduct, fidelity to duty, cheerful submission to fate, sweetness of temperament and modesty of bearing, are rarer and richer virtues than intellectual brilliancy, and they were all combined in him. He was a kindly, quiet, thoughtful man, who worked hard, accomplished much, did all the good he could find to do, and never spoke of himself or his labors." Mr. Shanly's best known poems are "Civile Bellum," the "Walker of the Snow," and the "Brierwood Pipe."

SHEA, JOHN AUGUSTUS.

A native of Cork city; born in 1802; died in New York in 1845. He followed business pursuits in his earlier years, but varied them with literary occupation. Going to London in 1826, he became acquainted with literary men of note, and published a romance entitled "Rudekki," which was well received. In 1827 he arrived in America, and he soon after obtained employment at West Point, on the Hudson, where he resumed his literary work. He subsequently became connected with the "Chronicle" in Philadelphia, the "National Intelligencer" and the "Telegraph" in Washington, D.C., and the "Tribune," in New York. He had many literary friends and was recognized as a writer of much merit. Some time after his death his poems were collected and published by his son, Judge George Shea, of New York.

SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY.

Very little will suffice here concerning a man so famous as Richard Brinsley Sheri-

dan, dramatist, orator and statesman. He was born in Dublin in 1851, and he died in London, July 7, 1816, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His education began in Dublin but was finished in England, whither his parents removed during his boyhood. At the age of twenty-two years he married Miss Linley, an accomplished vocalist, on whose account he took part in two duels. Dropping the law, for which he had been prepared, he applied himself to literary work, and in the second year after his marriage his first play "The Rivals," was produced. His next effort was a farce called "St. Patrick's Day," which was followed by a comic opera, the "Duenna." After that came "A Trip to Scarborough," then the brilliant "School for Scandal," the finest comedy in the English language, and finally the "Critic." He entered Parliament in 1780, and two years later he was Under Secretary of State. The most notable event in his public career was his memorable speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings. It is chiefly by his work as a dramatist that his name survives. He was not in any large sense a poet, and the few pieces of verse written by him were only incidental to his plays.

SHERIDAN, THOMAS (REV.)

As an intimate friend of Swift, as wit, clergyman and musician in one, and as the grandfather of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the Rev. Thomas Sheridan deserves a word of remembrance. He was a man of note in his day, though at the present time his name is not often heard or seen. Scott speaks of him as "highly respectable for learning, and uncommon talent for the education of youth," and adds that he was distinguished for "a simplicity of character which ill suited with his worldly interest." Dr. Sheridan was born in 1684, and died in 1738.

SIGERSON, GEORGE.

Some of the best translations from the early Irish poets have been made by Dr. George Sigerson, a native of Strabane, County Tyrone, and at present residing in Dublin. They have the special merit of being faithful in both form and spirit, and devoid of any attempt to "improve" the original by

modern tricks of rhyme. The strongly dramatic poem, "Maire ni Mhícheál," is an excellent example of the author's directness and simplicity. Dr. Sigerson has also written some good original poems. He is a man of learning and industry, a Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland, and Professor in a Catholic Institution in Dublin. Most of his translations have appeared in a volume entitled "The Poetry of Munster."

SIMMONS, BARTHOLOMEW.

A native of Kilworth, in the county of Cork; died in 1850. Shortly after he began writing he obtained employment in one of the government departments in London, and retained it till his death. Some of his best productions appeared in "Blackwood's," to which he was a frequent contributor. Although not a poet of the national school, he was highly esteemed in Ireland for the intrinsic merit of his work. He wrote with power and even a degree of grandeur upon historical themes, and in describing scenery, especially in his native county, his pen was graphic and felicitous. In some collections of poems which contain examples of his work, his nationality is concealed.

STERLING, JOHN.

Although not a native of Ireland, John Sterling, a poet of superior talent, was of Irish parentage, and therefore deserves a place in this work. His father, Edward Sterling, once editor of the London "Times," was a native of Limerick, and his grandfather was Clerk of the Irish House of Commons. The poet was born in the Island of Bute, Scotland, in 1806. He took orders in the English Church in 1834, and was for a short time a curate in Sussex, England. His natural bent being toward independence of thought, he withdrew from active connection with the Church, and gave his time to literature and travel. His writings, and especially his poems, were received with great favor in the best critical circles. He died at the age of thirty-eight, and he found appreciative biographers in both Archdeacon Hare and Thomas Carlyle. As a man of letters, he gained a place of special honor for his years.

STOKES, WHITLEY.

In response to an inquiry about Professor Whitley Stokes, the late Sir Samuel Ferguson wrote to the Editor: "Dr. Whitley Stokes is a man quite illustrious in the world of learning. He is one of the leading authorities in Celtic and old Irish philology in all the universities of Europe. He resides in London, having retired from his office of Member of the Legislative Council of India. He is the author of many works in the field of old Irish learning, which are of the utmost value to this country." To this may be added that Professor Stokes is a son of the late Dr. William Stokes, an eminent physician of Dublin, and at one time President of the Royal Irish Academy, and a grandson of Whitley Stokes, also of Dublin, who died in 1845, and is noticed in Allibone's Dictionary of English Literature, as "of Dublin University, Barrister-at-law, and Assistant Secretary to the Government of India." His poems are chiefly translations, but they are evidently the work of a skillful hand.

SULLIVAN, MARGARET.

This vigorous writer, who has strongly impressed herself upon Irish-American literature, is a daughter of James Buchanan, a cloth manufacturer in Ulster, who died while she was an infant. Highly educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Detroit, Mich., and also by private tuition, she became assistant principal of a grammar school at the age of seventeen, but resigned the position to accept a place on the editorial staff of the Chicago "Times." Writing with remarkable force and intelligence upon the many topics which come before a daily newspaper for discussion, her articles in the "Times" attracted special attention. She also wrote extensively on musical and literary subjects, and became widely known as a thorough journalist. By this labor and as one of the staff engaged on the supplementary volumes of the American edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, as a frequent contributor to leading magazines and Catholic publications, and as the author of a valuable work entitled "Ireland of To-day," she has made an enduring literary reputation. In 1874 she was married to Alexander Sullivan, a successful member of the Chicago Bar, and an active worker in the Irish national movement in America.

SULLIVAN, TIMOTHY D.

When a poet's songs are taken up by the people, there is evidence at once that they are attuned to the right chord. The lyrics of Timothy Daniel Sullivan are more widely known in Ireland than those of any other poet of his time. They are mostly upon national themes, and are written in a simple and melodious style, yet possessing marked literary merit, and from the first they have been quick to reach the popular heart. Mr. Sullivan has, however, written several poems of a more ambitious order, and these have also obtained due recognition. He is a native of Bantry, County Cork, and was born in 1827. When the development of his poetical talent began, he was attracted to the "Nation," as so many others had been; and when his brother, Alexander M. Sullivan, became the "Nation's" editor, after the retirement of Charles Gavan Duffy, the poet joined him upon that journal as a member of the staff. Owing to failing health, A. M. Sullivan was obliged to resign the editorship in 1876, and it was then taken by T. D. Sullivan, by whom it is still held. Besides being a poet of much merit, he is a strong political writer and a speaker of considerable force. In 1880 he was elected to Parliament from Westmeath, and he has taken an active and useful part in the debates upon Irish questions. He had the honor of being tried as one of the "travellers" in the abortive prosecution of Mr. Parnell and his associate "suspects," and one of his lyrics, "Murty Hynes," was introduced at the trial to show the heinousness of his "disloyalty." In 1885, Mr. Sullivan received the additional honor of being elected Lord Mayor of Dublin, and the honor was repeated the following year. As poet, journalist, and man of affairs, he is highly esteemed by his countrymen.

SWIFT, JONATHAN.

Jonathan Swift, the famous Dean, was born in Dublin, November 30, 1657, and his death occurred October 19, 1745. His education was commenced in Kilkenny, continued at Trinity College, Dublin, and finished at Oxford University, England. In 1695 he took orders in the Episcopal Church, and in 1713 he was appointed Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. His mind, however, ran much

more on public than on religious affairs, and his celebrity rests almost wholly upon his bold and original political satires. To him may be ascribed the introduction of agitation as a national force in Ireland. He hated and despised the methods of English rule in his native country, and he denounced them with unsparing invective and an aggressive humor that bordered on the sardonic. Although he wrote trenchant verse almost as readily as the most masterly prose, it cannot be said that as a poet he gained a place of any special note. He was a rhetorical warrior rather than a singer of songs.

TAYLOR, UNA ASHWORTH.

The name of Una Ashworth Taylor appears occasionally in the Irish national press. Her poems show warm patriotic feeling and a pleasing ease of expression. The fact that she writes in an interesting way on themes that have been almost exhausted, in a literary sense, is evidence that she possesses good talent. The poem "In Exile" is much better than the average of its kind.

TIGHE, MARY.

It was of Mrs. Mary Tighe, daughter of the Rev. W. Blackford, that Moore wrote,

"If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here."

She was born in Dublin in 1772, and died in 1810. Her poems are marked by purity of sentiment and great delicacy of feeling. The principal one is a long poem entitled "Psyche, or the Legend of Lové," and is founded on the fable of the loves of Cupid and Psyche. It was regarded in its time as a highly meritorious production. Mrs. Hemans' beautiful lines on "The Grave of a Poetess" are a tribute to the memory of this gifted woman.

TODHUNTER, JOHN.

Although the name of Dr. John Todhunter is not widely known, he has written some poems of considerable merit. His publications include "Laurella and Other Poems," "Forest Songs," and some interesting dramatic poems. Dr. Todhunter was born in Dublin in 1839 and educated at Trinity College, where he took the degree of M.D. He

practiced medicine in Dublin for some years, but has latterly devoted himself wholly to literature, in which his talents entitle him to a creditable place.

TRENCH, RICHARD CHENEVIX (MOST REV.).

If Irish birth and Irish parentage make a man an Irishman, Archbishop Richard Chenevix Trench comes very distinctly into that classification, although he is sometimes credited to England. He was born in Dublin, September 9, 1807, his father being Richard Trench, and his mother a grand-daughter of Dr. Chenevix, once Bishop of Waterford. It is therefore very clear that Ireland, not England, is entitled to claim him. His education, however, was received in England, and before his promotion to the archbishopric of Dublin, he had filled ecclesiastical positions there, including that of Dean of Westminster, to which he succeeded on the retirement of his friend, Dr. Wilberforce. His appointment as Archbishop of Dublin was made in 1864, and after holding that high office twenty years, he retired from it in 1884, on account of infirmities resulting from advanced age. Dr. Trench was a prolific writer in both prose and verse, and the quality of his work is high. He published several volumes of poems, mostly moral and religious in character, and also a valuable and highly interesting book entitled "The Study of Words," besides various learned essays on philological subjects. Half a century ago he was declared by English reviews to be "among the foremost of our young poets," and some of the poems written by him at that time still find their way into newspaper corners. He died March 28, 1886.

TYNAN, KATHARINE.

A place of much credit among Ireland's younger writers has been gained by Miss Katharine Tynan, who has been in the literary world only a few years. Miss Tynan is a native of Dublin, and was born in 1861. Her name is already well known in Ireland, and her merit is warmly appreciated. It has also been recognized in England by many persons of literary judgment, including Cardinal Manning, her first volume published in London, under the title of "Louise de la Valliere and other Poems,"

having attracted a good share of attention, and been generously commended. From both the English and Irish press it received a cordial welcome. Miss Tynan writes with feeling and ardor upon Irish themes, and with a deep spiritual devotion upon those of a religious character. She has contributed extensively to periodicals and semi-literary papers in Ireland, England and America, and many of her poems have been widely reprinted. Her second book of poems, entitled "Shamrocks," was published in 1886.

WALLER, JOHN FRANCIS.

When this note is written, Dr. John Waller who was born in Limerick in 1810, is still engaged in literary work. At the age of twenty-three, after passing through Trinity College, he was admitted to the bar, and in 1853 he received the degree of L. L. B. and L. L. D. Many of his poems first appeared in the "Dublin University Magazine," of which he was editor for some years after the retirement of Charles Lever. He used for some time the *nom de plume* of "Jonathan Flake Slingsby," and it was under that name that he became known as the author of various popular songs and lyrics. A collection of his poems, under the title of the "Slingsby Papers," was published in 1852, and in 1856 appeared a more ambitious work, the "Dead Bridal." The playful humor of his versatile pen is happily illustrated in the "Spinning Wheel Song" and "Kitty Neil." He has, however, written a number of serious poems of genuine merit.

WALSH, EDWARD.

The poems of Edward Walsh, even those relating to the affections, show especially an intense national sympathy. Their author was born in Londonderry, in 1809, his parents, however, being natives of Cork. On reaching manhood he became a schoolmaster, and his active life was spent in that calling, although he was for a while sub-editor of the "Dublin Monitor," a position obtained for him by Charles Gavan Duffy. He was a good Irish scholar, and when his death occurred (in 1850) he had completed two volumes of translations from the old Irish poets.

WHITE, RICHARD EDWARD.

Richard E. White was born in Dublin in 1843. He came to the United States in 1865, lived a few years in New York, and went thence to San Francisco, where he has since resided. Although engaged in business, he has been an industrious contributor of both prose and verse to newspapers and the periodical press. In 1882 he published a small volume of poems entitled "The Cross of Monterey," in which the legends of the early missions of the Pacific Coast are admirably rendered. The leading poems are suffused with the mellow atmosphere of the time to which they relate, and have been commended for their value in preserving interesting traditions which the practical spirit of the present day is likely to overlook.

WHITMAN, SARAH HELEN.

Although Mrs. Whitman was of American lineage for several generations, the pride she took in her Irish descent, and her deep interest in all things relating to her genealogy, seem to be a sufficient reason for her introduction into the company assembled in this collection. She was a daughter of the third and last Nicholas Power, of Rhode Island, whose grandfather, also Nicholas Power, accompanied Roger Williams in his banishment, and assisted him in establishing a government based upon the principle of absolute freedom of conscience. The Powers of Rhode Island traced their descent from Nicholas Le Poer (of the old Norman family so conspicuous in Irish annals), whose Castle of Don Isle was destroyed by Cromwell. One of Mrs. Whitman's poems narrates the heroic defence of Don Isle by a lady of the family. The incident is historical and full of chivalric interest. The Le Poers were deeply involved in the troubles of 1641, and Cromwell pursued them with a special and relentless animosity. Mrs. Whitman diligently collected everything relating to the family, and plumed herself not a little, although modestly, upon her connection with it. She was born in Providence, R. I., in 1813, and she died in the same place in 1878. She was married at an early age to John Winslow Whitman, a descendant of Edward Winslow, the first Governor of Plymouth.

Her poetical talents were of an exceptionally fine quality, and she was not long in winning recognition as one of the foremost female poets of America. Among her prose works is a life of Edgar Allen Poe, whose genius and frailties she understood, and to whose memory she did sympathetic justice. In the composition of some of her poems, especially those of a legendary kind, she was aided by her sister, Miss Anna M. Power, who also possessed fine literary talents.

WILDE, LADY.

No more spirited national songs than those of "Speranza" have ever been written by a woman. When they began to appear in the "Nation," the author was Miss Jane Francesca Elgee, daughter of an Episcopal rector in Wexford. On the paternal side, her family is of Italian origin. In 1851, Miss Elgee became the wife of Dr. William R. Wilde, of Dublin, whose eminence as an oculist subsequently gained him the distinction of Knighthood. It was as "Speranza" that she was popularly known for many years after her literary activity began, but in the social world, where her brilliant gifts have won her much esteem, she is Lady Wilde. Her national poetry throughout is a marvel of passionate energy, and has done a full share in sustaining and guiding the fervent spirit of the people. She has, however, written extensively, and quite as strongly, in prose. It was as a prose writer that she first appeared in the "Nation." Speaking of her in his work, "New Ireland," Mr. A. M. Sullivan says: "In 1848 she was the Madame Roland of the Irish Gironde. When the struggle was over, and Gavan Duffy was on trial for high treason, among the articles read against him was one from the suppressed number of the 'Nation,' entitled 'JACTA ALEA EST.' It was without example as a revolutionary appeal. Exquisitely beautiful as a piece of writing, it glowed with fiery invective. It was in fact a prose poem, a wild war-song, in which Ireland was called upon that day, in the face of earth and heaven, to invoke the *ultima ratio* of oppressed nations. The Attorney-General read the article amid breathless silence. At its close there was a murmur of emotion in the densely crowded court, when suddenly a cry from the ladies' gallery startled every-

one. 'I am the culprit, if crime it be,' was spoken in a woman's voice. It was the queenly voice of 'Speranza.' The article was from her pen." A volume of Lady Wilde's poems was published in Dublin in 1865. She has also published many translations from Continental works, one being a remarkable German novel, entitled "The First Temptation." Her latest and probably most enduring work is an interesting and valuable collection of "Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms, and Superstitions of Ireland," published in England and the United States in 1887.

WILDE, OSCAR.

The poems of Oscar Wilde have received a large share of attention. Although belonging in the main to the peculiar school credited to Swinburne, they possess distinct merits of their own and show capacity in the author for true poetical work. Few better poems of its kind have been written than the one entitled "Ave Imperatrix." But the possession of poetical talent would seem to be the natural gift of the son of "Speranza," although it is not often that the genius of parents reappears in their children. Oscar Wilde was born in Dublin, and educated there and at Oxford, England. The award for the prize poem was won by him at Oxford when he graduated. He has written some plays as well as the poems which first brought his name before the public, and as a lecturer he has met with fair success. He has also had the distinction, such as it may be, of being made the central figure in one of the burlesque operas written by Mr. Gilbert and fitted with music by Arthur Sullivan—namely, "Patience."

WILDE, RICHARD HENRY.

In Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America," Richard Henry Wilde is recorded as of American birth. This, however, is an error, as Wilde was born in Dublin, in 1789. He was brought to the United States in childhood by his parents, who settled in Baltimore. After his father's death, young Wilde was taken to Augusta, Georgia, by his mother, and in that place he prepared himself for the bar, solely by study at home in spare

hours. So well did he store his mind with legal knowledge that he eventually became Attorney-General of the State. He also entered politics, and was three times elected to Congress. He studied and mastered several languages, and translated some of the French, German and Italian poets. His original poems show much beauty of thought, and artistic skill in versification. After a visit to Europe in 1835, he removed from Georgia to New Orleans, where he died in 1847.

WILLIAMS, RICHARD DALTON.

Among the many "Poets of the Nation," none wrote with a truer touch than Richard Dalton Williams. He was born in Dublin, about the year 1822, and he died at Thibodeaux, Louisiana, July 5, 1862. While still at Carlow College, in Tipperary, he began his contributions to the "Nation," and he rapidly won a place in the good company of Davis, Mangan, Duffy, and the other brilliant writers of their time. Some of his unpublished poems are dated in 1837 and 1838, showing that he began writing while a boy. He was educated to be a physician, and his humorous poems have all the dash, fun and drollery for which the Irish medical student is not the least distinguished. Going heartily into the Young Ireland movement, he became one of its most active literary workers, and when John Mitchel was struck down by the Government, and his paper suppressed, Williams and Kevin Izod O'Doherty set up another paper of the same kind, which they called "The Irish Tribune." They also were arrested for inciting insurrection. Williams was defended by Samuel Ferguson, who was even then a poet of much distinction, and the Government failed to obtain a conviction. When the Young Ireland movement went down, he obtained a medical diploma in Scotland, practiced awhile in Dublin, chiefly in Stevens' Hospital, and in the summer of 1851 he set out for the United States. Going to the South, partly on account of his health, he obtained a position as Professor of Belles Lettres in Spring Hill College, at Mobile. In 1856 he went to New Orleans, where he married a Miss Connolly, and he remained there some years, practicing as a physician and also continuing his literary work. He sub-

sequently removed to Baton Rouge, and thence to Thibodeaux, where he was living at the beginning of the war between the States. Some of his best poems were written during his residence in America. A short time after his death, his grave at Thibodeaux was discovered by the Captain of an Irish Company in a New Hampshire Regiment. Measures were at once taken to place a monument over the spot, and in a few weeks a simple marble shaft marked the resting-place of the poet. The incident was well celebrated by a brother poet, Thomas Darcy McGee, in the lines, "God Bless the Brave!" The inscription on the monument reads:—

Sacred to the Memory of
RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS,
The Irish Patriot and Poet,
Who died July 5, 1862. Aged 40 years.
This Stone was erected by his countrymen serving in
Companies C and K, 8th Regt., N. H. Volunteers,
As a slight testimonial of their esteem
For his unsullied Patriotism and his exalted Devotion
To the Cause of Irish Freedom.

WILSON, JOHN CRAWFORD.

John Crawford Wilson was born in Malloy, County Cork, in 1825. The greater part of his life has been passed in London, where he has followed literary pursuits and become favorably known. Among his poetical works are "The Village Pearl," "Lost and Found" and "Flights to Fairyland." He has written successfully for the stage, and he is also the author of a series of clever sketches and tales, collected under the title of "Jonathan Oldacre, or Leaves from the Diary of a Commercial Traveller." His principal poems are long, and the short ones hardly do justice to his talents, which have been chiefly exercised in depicting the pathetic and tender side of humanity.

WOLFE, CHARLES (REV.).

The author of the "Burial of Sir John Moore," which gained him more distinction than many poets have won by years of labor, was born in Dublin in 1791. His family was of good standing, and he was related to the brilliant patriot, Theobald Wolfe Tone. While a college youth of eighteen he composed a Latin poem which received a good deal of praise, and in later years he wrote a few minor pieces of a passable kind,

but the poem first mentioned was the only one of positive merit that he produced. He passed through two schools in England, and afterward through Trinity College, Dublin, and in 1817 he was ordained a curate of the Established Church and assigned to Donoughmore, in the diocese of Armagh. His lot was not happily cast, for he was obliged to lodge in a miserable house with an old soldier and his family as his only associates, and without either seclusion or comfort. It was while thus situated that he wrote the poem since linked with his name. His health soon failed, consumption set in, he removed to Cork in the hope of obtaining relief, and he died at the Cove of Cork (now Queenstown), in 1821. His grave in the church yard of Clonmel parish, near Cork, is sadly neglected. After a visit to it a few years since with one of her children, the gifted American poetess, Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, wrote the following lines:

Where graves were many, we looked for one.
Oh, the Irish rose was red,
And the dark stones saddened the setting sun
With the names of the early dead.

Then a child who, somehow, had heard of him
In the land we love so well,
Kept lifting the grass till the dew was dim
In the churchyard of Clonmel.

But the sexton came. "Can you tell us where
Charles Wolfe is buried?" "I can.
See, that is his grave in the corner there—
Aye, he was the clover man,
If God had spared him! It's many that come
To be asking for him," said he;
But the boy kept whispering, "Not a drum
Was heard,"—in the dusk to me.

Then the gray man tore a vine from the wall
Of the roofless church where he lay.
And the leaves that the withering year let fall,
He swept with the ivy away;
And, as we read on the rock the words
That, writ in the moss, we found,
Right over his bosom a shower of birds
In music fell to the ground.

... Young poet, I wonder did you care,
Did it move you in your rest
To hear that child in his golden hair,
From the mighty woods of the West,
Repeating your verse of his own sweet will
To the sound of the twilight bell,
Years after your beating heart was still
In the churchyard of Clonmel?



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